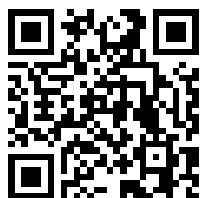

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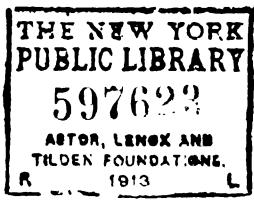
MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

VOLUME XIII.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

PHILADELPHIA:
CHARLES J. PETERSON.

1848.



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THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

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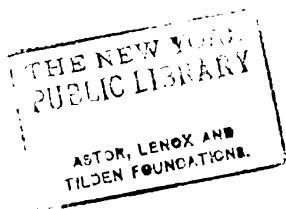


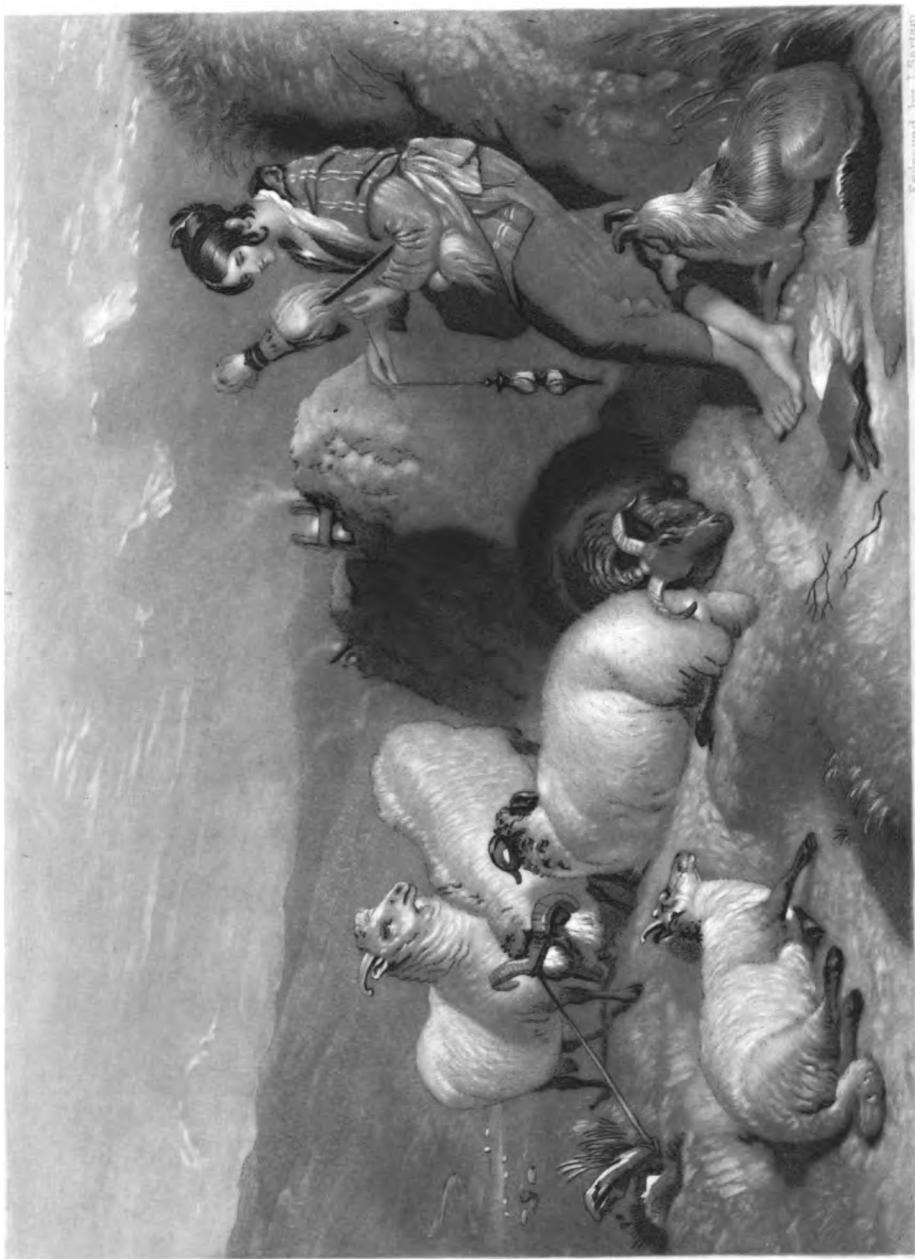


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blashed with gratified feeling. A smile beautiful in its brilliancy parted his lips, already warmed to a vivid scarlet and damp with wine. As the light poured over his white forehead, and the dishevelled hair that fell

gratulations. Now, my friends, let me claim one moment from your joy—one tribute to the dead. Let us drain a cup to the fame of my father—to the memory of my mother!"

VOL. XXI.—1

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1848.

No. 1.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAP. I —THE REVEL.

Black and more densely dark the brow of Heaven
Bent in its wrath above the heaving sea—
Fiercely athwart it surging clouds were driven,
And whirlwind's tore them in mad revelry.
Now watery mountains gather up the deep,
And wildly to their foam-capp'd heads on high,
Onward—still onward, bellowing they sweep,
Mocking the winds that rush so fiercely by.

"Fill up—fill up, one and all! Here's a health to old Rowley, and joy to old England. Hurra!"

They started up—those half dozen lordly revellers, and quaffed the toast standing. "Rowley—Rowley, and old England!" rang cheerily through the chamber, while the goblets flashed and circled on high, tossing a shower of ruby drops over the festal board and the Persian carpet, even to that space beyond, where a margin of the oaken floor lay uncovered with the polish of a mirror on its dark surface.

"Three times three," those voices shouted forth—"Rowley, Rowley, and old England!" Then one of the guests planted a foot upon the damask cushion of his chair, while he seized a flask and refilled his goblet to the brim.

Raising the costly vessel on high, he said. "And now fill up to our friend and host. Let us drink to the restoration of this noble estate, and more noble title! Fill up to the Lord of Bowdon!"

Again there was a clashing of crystal flasks and goblets as they jarred together amid the rich gurgling of wine, and the merry hum of voices, mellowed, but scarcely yet excited by the revel.

The goblets brimmed with wine again, and then all eyes were turned upon a young man, who, standing at the head of the table, had proposed the preliminary toast of his king and country. As the sparkling eyes of his friends were turned upon him, his fine features flashed with gratified feeling. A smile beautiful in its brilliancy parted his lips, already warmed to a vivid scarlet and damp with wine. As the light poured over his white forehead, and the dishevelled hair that fell

in perfumed curls to his shoulders, nothing could be imagined more perfect in manly beauty than the young lord of the castle.

"My lords, my friends," said the young man, and his fine voice trembled with generous emotion. "Upon this spot where, fourteen years ago, my father held his wife and son to his heart, before he fled from the land that had exiled his sovereign and banished his friends, I cannot receive your gratulations without many turbulent and conflicting emotions. The lands that my noble father sacrificed, rather than abandon the son of his murdered king, are now mine! King Charles II. has been munificent in his gratitude to the son of that man who struggled foremost, and lost in the cause of his martyred sire—the man who, spurning all favor from the traitor coward, abandoned the home of his forefathers—country, everything, to perish broken-hearted, an exile, and in want, at the feet of his young sovereign. The broad lands, this massive old castle, where his ancestors first saw the light, are mine—mine by the gift of the king he served—loved and died for. But even thus—even here—surrounded by so many warm-hearted and staunch friends—some mournful feelings will force themselves to a heart which should be filled only with gratitude, and to the lips that should breath nothing but welcome to guests so noble, and friends so true. Gentlemen this is a day of triumph to my house: and I, its just representative, should stand before you a proud and happy man. But you will forgive me, one and all. I cannot forget the price by which all this has been secured. I stand before you, Lord Bowdon, but of all my house I am *alone*. My noble father—the sweet and gentle lady who gave me birth—lie side by side in a foreign land. Therefore you will forgive the natural regrets that must perforceadden my voice and mingle with the grateful thrill of my heart, as I respond to your gratulations. Now, my friends, let me claim one moment from your joy—one tribute to the dead. Let us drain a cup to the fame of my father—to the memory of my mother!"

The young man had begun this little speech as we have said, with a flushed cheek and sparkling eyes; but as he went on, the color faded from his fine features, and mists stole over his eyes, giving them an expression tender and mournful, beyond any power of description which we possess. His hands trembled as he took up a wine flask, and filled the golden drinking cup before him.

"My father—my mother!" he said, in a clear, but subdued voice, bending his stately head reverently, and casting his eyes around the board, as his friends filled up their goblets in mournful silence.

"To the memory of as brave a man, and as fair a lady as ever perished for king and country!" answered one of the oldest guests, as the wine cups were raised with a sort of funeral solemnity.

Instead of the shout which had followed the two previous toasts drank that evening—this, to the dead—was followed by profound silence at the table, and by sobs, loud and deep, from a group of aged servitors who had crowded around one of the doors, eager to hear their young lord's speech.

Up to this moment the revellers at Bowdon had been so cheerfully occupied that they had given no thought to anything beyond the luxurious apartment in which the feast was spread. Warmth and merriment pervaded everything around them; wax tapers, pure and fragrant as perfumed snow, poured forth their light, down from the candlestick of massive silver upon the rich plate, intermingled with cut crystal and one or two old drinking cups, fretted inside and out with precious stones, till the sparkle of many jewels flashed up through the wine as it was quaffed. Further off, this pure flood of light was broken into flashes and shadows over the exquisite paneling of the walls: and the furniture of gilded and massive oak, upon which were cushions of crimson, damask, or velvet, was lighted up to the warm glow of a cherry, or shadowed down to a deep purple.

Again it glowed out, or was lost in the depths of rich gemmed velvet that fell in a thousand heavy folds over sashes of colored glass closed in with shutters, grappled to the thick walls so closely that no ordinary sound could penetrate to the lordly group seated around the table. Within, all was a scene of secluded and sumptuous enjoyment; and it was not till the young lord, hurried on by feelings which he could not control, had called upon them to drink that funeral pledge to his father's memory, that any of the revellers was aware of the tempest that had been gathering along the coast, and was then howling fiercely around the old battlements and turrets of the castle. But in the dead silence that followed that pledge the tempest made itself heard, for urged beyond all rules of discipline by a desire to hear their young lord when he addressed his friends, the retainers had flung open a door leading to the great hall, and, all at once, came the sound of the storm rushing through the old hall, along the winding corridors, and into that sumptuous chamber with a suddenness and violence that startled the guests from the profound silence into which they had fallen.

The wail of the elements thus coming upon the young lord and his friends, just as their feelings had been touched and saddened by an allusion to the

dead, had a powerful effect. One man started up, exclaiming—"Heavens, what a storm, why the night must be terrible!"

"You see," said the young lord, looking round upon his disturbed guests, and striving to rally his own spirits: "you see what reception the Cornwall winds are giving me, fortunately these old walls are used to them; many a gallant ship has been dashed to atoms against the rocks yonder, but not a stone of the castle has ever given way. Close that door, Wilson," he continued, addressing the aged butler: "close the door and let the winds rave on; they must be fierce indeed to reach us here. Come, my lords, fill up, fill up! I did not think to damp your spirits thus; Wilson bring us the flasks from you cooler; that wine is half a century older than I am, my lords!"

The storm was shut out once more, and the chamber resumed its festal aspect. The company was composed of men accustomed to sudden changes, and of that habit of life which gives complete control over the sensations. They were all cavaliers, or the sons of cavaliers, who had learned the self-command taught by danger and suffering: and by no means persons to give a mournful reminiscence more than its due claim upon their hearts. At the call of their youthful host they flung off the depression that had chilled them for a moment. Nothing seemed capable of checking the headlong spirit of their mirth. Like half England, at that time, Lord Bowdon's guests were beside themselves with the triumphs of the Restoration. The enthusiasm attending the return of Charles II. to his father's throne was still at its height. The popularity of this good humored monarch had met with no reaction; and, among all his followers, the guests at Bowdon had been most favored. It must have been a sad event, indeed, that could have permanently disturbed the triumphant mirth of a group like this. So, the revel commenced again.

CHAP. II.—THE RESCUE

And then was rent that fearful cloud
With gusts of fiery rain;
And Heaven's artillery thundered loud
Above the heaving main.
It seemed as if the stars, at last,
Shaken with mighty ire,
Had flung upon the raging blast
Their cataracts of fire!

THE feast was fast verging into a carouse when the door flew open once more, and the old housekeeper of Bowdon rushed in. She was pale as death, and her garments were dripping with rain.

"My lord, forgive me, but the storm is so dreadful; never in my life did I see lightning so late in the year; never at any time such lightning. There is a ship in the channel, a large ship, I saw it twice as the lightning struck. That ship, my lord, it will be dashed against the rocks. It was heading upon them then!"

Lord Bowdon started up, and instantly the festal board was abandoned. Flinging aside the drapery of a window that opened upon the channel, the young lord forced back the shutter and leaned forth. His friends crowded around him, and over them a storm of

sleety rain came driving into the warm apartment, saturating their rich garments and extinguishing the lights; while sheets of flame took the wind and leaping from the fire-place, rolled up the mass of sculptured marble that towered above it, sending a bright glare over the confused scene.

"Heavens! what a night!" cried one of the guests, shrinking back: "how the sea rolls. It seems leaping against the castle walls!"

"I can see nothing," cried the young lord, drawing in his head, and shaking the rain from his perfumed curls; "there may be a ship—if so, God help it. This terrible wind is blowing toward us, and nothing can withstand it."

That moment a sheet of lightning came, as it were, upon the wings of the wind, and rolled in waves of lurid flame over the channel. It was but an instant, but there, laboring among the waters, tossing and heaving like a wounded animal, was some sort of a vessel. It came driving along, directly upon a reef of rocks that lay hidden along the shore, and which formed the first strata of the bold eminence on which the castle was built.

"There is a vessel!" said Lord Bowdon, and his face was pale as he turned it upon his anxious guests, "with many persons on board!"

"What can be done?—how can we aid them?" cried one of the guests; for all had become agitated and anxious. "Is there no boat?—could one live in this roar of waters?"

"You forget; I but arrived to-day," answered the young lord, greatly agitated. "But I will see, there must be boats or something. Go, Mrs. Brown, call up the people. If that ship is lost, we must save the poor seamen!"

The housekeeper who stood by the entrance wringing her hands and greatly distressed, faltered out that the people had already gone down to the shore, and were about to launch a boat.

Again Lord Bowdon leaned out of the window. The cold, Autumnal rain came down in sheets. The winds grew more furious each instant, and seemed to tear the lightning into threads of fire as it fell, giving startling effect to the darkness, but revealing nothing. At last a flash, more broad and powerful, gave the vessel to sight. She was tugging at her anchor, the waves tossing and roaring about her like a battalion of white war horses mad with the scent of battle. Every plunge she made dragged her nearer and nearer to the shore. The lightning revealed for one moment the whole terrible scene. A group of men, Lord Bowdon's retainers, were upon the rocks striving to launch a boat. That single flash saw it dashed back upon the rocks literally into atoms. Then came inky darkness again, in which the elements seemed to wrangle and shriek more and more fiercely.

"I can stand this no longer," cried the young lord. "Let us go down to the shore, and be ready to give help: we can find ropes if nothing else."

"Yes, let us go! Let us go!" cried the cavaliers, ready for any enterprize where danger was to be found: and the group sallied forth.

"And I," said the brave old housekeeper: "I too will go, there may be women on board—God help them!"

And the housekeeper mingled with the lordly group, lighting their way through the storm with a small lantern, which was ever and anon almost twisted from her hand by the wind. Through the lawn and copice down to the beetling rocks the cavaliers made their way, guided only by the feeble lantern, and unable to see the peril which surrounded their descent along the rocks that had been rendered slippery by the drifting spray. It was now deep in the night, and the storm still increasing. Long before they reached the shelf of rock upon which Lord Bowdon's retainers were assembled, the group of cavaliers was drenched through and through. But they took their station among the humbler, but scarcely less courageous men, who had preceded them in an errand of mercy, and braved the elements with the meanest: united purpose and strong feeling for a time levelling all ideas of difference and rank.

And now the lightning came less frequently, but in broader flashes. Every gleam of fire lighted up a scene more terrible than the last. The foam-crested waves dashed together with more maddening violence; the winds grew sharper and howled among the waters. The rocks loomed over them black and dripping with foam; and there in the midst was that fated vessel heaving slowly—but oh, how surely—on to her fate. There stood the dark group from the castle with a feeble lantern in their midst, shuddering and chilled to the bone, but ready to risk life and limb when such risk could avail in saving life.

And so hours went by, till at length there came upon the horizon, below the massive wall of blackness that shut in the Heavens—a line of pale grey light—the gloomy dawn that was to usher in a scene of death. Slowly, and as if some reluctant spirit was withdrawing the torn folds of a pall from the face of the waters—that ship was revealed scarcely a cable's length from the rocks that here and there lifted their black heads amid the foam—and now those upon the shore could see all that was passing on the deck of that doomed vessel; and terrible, terrible was the sight!

Women were kneeling there, white with fear, drenched, and cowering to the wet planks; the wind tearing through their garments, and tossing their wild tresses, now over the white and upturned faces, then out among the ropes or around the arms, stretched forth in fearful entreaty to the black Heavens, or to the group on shore. Men too, stout men were groveling upon the deck, terror-stricken even as the women, and more abject, more helpless in their dread. Others stood up pale, courageous and statue-like, looking death firmly in the face, and yet quick and resolute to seize upon any chance of safety that presented itself. Old weather beaten sailors were stretching their brawny arms to Heaven, or tossing them wildly toward the shore; some were busy lashing themselves to the rigging; some stood motionless: and other brave old tars gathered the children to their bosoms, and tried to shelter their chilled limbs from the storm, and encouraged the despairing women to cling around their iron limbs for support. Oh, it was terrible that crowd of doomed beings drifting inch by inch into eternity—every tug at the cable, every groan of the rifted timbers was answered by gasps of fear, and by

shrieks that the winds mocked like demons. On—on—the vessel drifted, and still the storm increased.

And those on shore watched the vessel. It came through the storm of waters with sharp, half curbed plunges, like a wild prairie horse with its hot blood on fire with the first girding of a lasso. Every sweep of the sea was dismantling her. The wind crashed through her already shattered rigging, tearing off spars, masts, and cordage with every howl. Inch by inch she had dragged her anchor. A ledge of rocks lay just beneath her bow. Still the cable held, and in that was a few minutes more of life. Those few minutes, oh, how terribly precious they seemed! How those poor creatures prayed, not for life—they knew that all was over—but for a few minutes more of the sharp agony that was all of life left to them.

They did not hear the cable when it broke, the storm was too loud—but oh, what a yell was that when the vessel leaped up in the mad waters, and plunged upon the reef half over those black rocks. Her mighty hull was broken. A sharp crash of timbers; a cry—oh, that cry, never did the wind rise in after years that its memory did not chill the hearts of those who could hear, but give no aid.

She went down, that noble vessel, stern foremost between the rocks that had torn her asunder, and then flung her off—and with her—oh, Heavens! with her went down all of life that had cumbered her deck a moment before.

And those who watched from the shore saw it. The ropes already coiled dropped from their hands. The women covered their pale faces, and sank shuddering upon their knees; groans burst from the white lips of the men, and they gazed wildly at each other.

Not all—not all. There had yet a breath of life escaped from that vessel. A broken spar came toward them, rising and falling with the waves—and upon it—yes, yes, it was not foam, but the white garments of a female, and clinging to them, grappling her with his arms to the spar, was another human being. Man or child no one thought to conjecture: it was a human being—there was something to do—something to be saved.

"Disperse along the shore; the spar may drift to any point!" cried Lord Bowdon, casting off his saturated tunic, and leaving his person free for a plunge into the waves.

Instantly the platform of rock upon which the cavaliers had been grouped, was abandoned by all but Lord Bowdon; the rest were ready at various points with ropes and such means of succor as were at hand.

The spar was yet tossing upon the waters, and still those two forms clung to it. Now the white garments of the female were whirled in the eddying foam, then both the spar and those who held to it shot down into the gulf of waters, and seemed lost forever. Still it neared the shore a little with each wave. The two helpless creatures were evidently almost exhausted; the female still held feebly to the spar; but the other was dashed off and swept in among the rocks. Lord Bowdon could restrain himself no longer. Reckless of the danger, he plunged into the boiling sea; that moment the female lost her hold on the spar, but Bowdon caught her, and buffeted his way to the shore, bringing her in his arms. He bore her back to the shelter of a cliff, and laid her gently down, shouting aloud for his companions. They came, carrying with them a young boy apparently quite dead. Lord Bowdon saw, for the first time, that the creature he had saved was a young girl. The very heart in his bosom was benumbed with cold, but a thrill as of fire passed through it as he gazed upon those sweet and marble like features. Her dark tresses were still flaked with foam; and the long, wet lashes upon the round, but deathly white cheek, was all that relieved that form from the beauty and lifelessness of a statue. The garments clung around it in close, heavy folds: and the small hands that were half lost in them were cold, stiff, and perfect as the most beautiful fragment of ancient sculpture.

As his companions came up, bearing the other sufferer, Bowdon hastily snatched his own dripping surcoat from the rock, and, kneeling down, spread it reverently over the senseless girl. He could not endure that other eyes should gaze upon her beauty as he had done.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.

A BALLAD OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MARY E. LEE.

It was a night of festival in Windsor's crowded halls,
For England's red cross, victor wav'd o'er Poictier's
distant walls;
And British rank and chivalry, and beauty all had met
To pay with homage unrestrain'd, high valor's mighty
debt,
While chief amid the courtly throng, that form'd a circle
wide,
Sat Philippa, the lovely, her young son at her side!

Bright was the scene; for o'er that full, and richly-laden
board,
A hundred perfum'd tapers, floods of purest lustre pour'd;
Reflected in unnumber'd rays, from many a steel-clad
breast,
Playing like lightning 'mid the folds of many a jewel'd vest,
And kindling that ancestral dome, until the eye might
trace
Each quaint device and rude attempt at statuary's grace.

Free flow'd the wine-cup; music rose in glad, triumphant swell,
And every heart responded fast, to pleasure's thoughtless spell,
Saving Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, a knight from Gallia's land,
Who, as an honor'd captive sat, at Philippe's right hand,
Yet with such rigid form and face of melancholy gloom,
As though that kingly hall for him were a sepulchral tomb.

"Oh! victory is but empty boast, if this must be its cost,"
Whisper'd young Edward to the Queen, "far better had we lost
The fair estate of Poictier's, than press such needless shame
On you brave cavalier, whose deeds might swell the lists of fame,"
And as with animated air, he urg'd his secret suit,
His pleading tones were musical as breathings of a flute.

"Nay! have it as thou wilt, my son! for charity's sweet sake,
I grant thy generous prayer," and scarce the loving matron spoke,
Than springing forward, with flush'd cheek, and eye that flash'd delight,
The princely boy bowed courteously unto the captive knight,
And cried aloud, "so help me, God! however small it be,
Name but thy ransom, valiant sir! and thou at once art free."

The statue mov'd; his hand unclench'd; the weight of great despair
Pass'd from Du Guesclin's furrow'd brow, like shadow from the air,
And seizing from the festive board a massive silver cup,
He pour'd the red wine till it leapt in diamond sparkles up,
Then quaffing deep the teeming draught, he said, in accents bold,
"A hundred thousand crowns, I pledge to pay in virgin gold."

"Nay! be not thou so rash," rejoin'd Britanna's nigh-born heir,
And fervent admiration rose above his boding fear,
"Think how the chance of ruthless war thy kingdom hath o'erthrown,
Leaving thee nought but valor's pearl, that thou canst call thine own,
And count it not mistrust, true knight, if I, thy princely host,
Question how thou canst hope to win thy freedom at such cost."

Then spoke Sir Bertrand; and his mien reveal'd, right proud was he,
To tell the source of hidden wealth, he pledged thus fearlessly;
"Tis true, God wills it, that I stand a prisoner here to-day,
1*

Dismantled by a foreign foe, of my ancestral swyng,
The stranger sits within my home, no more can I defend
Those ancient towers, beneath whose roof, I hop'd my days to end."

"Yet Heaven be praised that I may set my ransom still as high,
As when Gaul's lily banner wav'd its folds triumphantly;
For in my native Bretagne dwell a hundred noble knights,
Ready to mortgage their last fields to buy me freedom's rights;
And e'en if these by reckless fate are swept away from earth,
I ask no grace, nor rate myself beneath my real worth."

"Why need I?—since by woman's truth, that fail, was never known,
I wager there is not in France, from cottage to the throne,
One female heart, that does not bleed in sorrow for my sake,
Who, since my youth, in their good cause, ne'er fail'd a lance to break,
Yea! the tired spinner at her wheel, a double task would ply,
Ere her tried champion should be left in foreign land die."

"Strong in thy faith, thou well may'st be," replied the beautiful Queen,
For gentle spirits ne'er forget their gratitude, I ween;
And for the love of my poor sex, I pray thee, noble sir!

Accept this tribute as a mark of gratitude from her,
Who, though the consort of thy foe, not longer would detain
A sword, that for weak woman's help, was never drawn in vain."

And loosening from her rounded arm, a jewel'd circlet bright,
Where diamonds on a pearl-sown ground, glitter'd like stars at night,
With look and step magnificent, as royalty should wear,
Yet rise with all that winning grace, that quick dispelleth fear,
The lovely Philippa advanc'd amid the courtier band,
And laid the costly gift within the astonish'd Bertrand's hand.

"Lady! I ask no higher fame," the joyous prisoner cried,
As low on bended knee he sunk, o'erwhelm'd by feeling's tide,
"But long as life shall last, I vow, oh peerless dame, to fight,
As best my heart and strong arm can, for none but woman's right,"
And well he kept his knightly troth, for chroniclers declare,
Bertrand du Guesclin left no stain on his escutcheon fair.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

A STORY OF THE SCOTTISH GLENS.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

"The moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over."—*ETTRICK SHEPHERD.*

I.—LASSIE HERDING SHEEP.

BEAUTIFUL as the heather bell of her own glorious land was Helen Graeme. She was the only child of her parents, and dwelt all alone with them in a Highland glen, sharing her solitude with the wild waterfall and the eagle that floated a speck in the sky overhead. Sweetly as a dream of early infancy—gently as some silver flowing stream her placid existence had glided by! If you could have heard her warbling some simple ballad out of sight, you would scarcely have thought it a human voice, but have looked to see what lark high up filled Heaven with music. Her light step, as she tripped over the hills, was like that of some aerial being, and, in the distance, you half expected to see it float into the air. Worshiped she was by all, but especially by young Roland Glenco, the blitheest, boldest and handsomest lad in Scotland's thousand glens! Often, after she had passed, he kneeled to kiss the heather she had trod upon. Often still he wished he was a prince, that he might lay his riches and rank at her feet. But as he wished, he sighed, for alas! he was an orphan, depending on his daily labor for his daily bread, while the father of Helen was the owner of a Highland hill, and a rich man for a peasant. So, poor Roland, fearing to press his suit, sighed, and was silent.

But when was lassie loved, and ignorant of it? Helen saw the downcast eyes, the embarrassed air, and blushing cheek of the young shepherd; and knew, by these tokens, that his heart was hers. Her own bosom throbbed when a suspicion of this first darted across her mind, and the crimson tide that suffused her cheek, spread over neck and shoulder, until even her snowy bosom flushed as rosily as Mount Blanc at sunset. She had never thought of such a thing before, but now she knew that she loved Roland. Insensibly her affection for the young shepherd had grown up in her breast. They had walked together by the braes, they had watched their flocks on neighboring hills, and in the long winter evenings he had sat at her father'single-side talking with her parents and herself; and whenever they met he had always a smile, or sometimes a wild flower for her; and so it happened—have not such things happened before?—that his image became entwined with all her associations, and being ever present to her thoughts, led her on unawares to love. And yet, when she discovered the existence of this affection, though she trembled and blushed, all alone as she was, she did not weep;

} but on the contrary a thrill of delight went through her heart, and visions of a happy, holy wedded life rose before her pure imagination. In the innocence of her sweet soul she thought nothing of the difference between her father's wealth and that of Roland. Yet she saw, when her lover looked but dared not speak his love, that something held back the words that trembled on his lips, and she wondered—dear lassie!—what it could be.

It was on a bland, Highland morning, many a long year ago—for this little legend is told in the glens as happening in far distant times—that Helen, as she watched her father's sheep, leaned against the hill-side and twirled her distaff busily; for, in those days, no peasant girl, or indeed no ladye even of high degree, kept her fair fingers idle, but was ever occupied, either in spinning whitest linen for the cottage loom, or in embroidering some knightly surcoat or bit of silken tapestry; and so Helen, working and singing, was thinking of one manly form alone, when suddenly a step startled her ear, and Roland himself stood before her. She looked up with a faint cry. He was attired as for a journey. There was something, too, so sad, so earnest in his face that the color left the cheek of Helen, and she dropped her eyes.

"Helen!" said Roland, and hesitating an instant, he took her hand—he had never done this before, and Helen's agitation increased—"Helen, I am going away."

He stopped here, as if the words choked him. One quick look of wondering inquiry, sudden as the lightning flash, Helen gave him; and then again her eyes sought the ground, and she colored to the tips of her delicate fingers.

"Perhaps I shall not soon return—perhaps never," he continued, speaking very fast, and in much emotion, "the old man who brought me here, an orphan, when a child, has sent for me to the Lowlands, and I go to obey his behest, for he is the only father I have ever known. I feel like one going to the scaffold, too, Helen—every step I take from the glens is like a dagger thrust through my heart. But, as the old man says, I am but a poor shepherd lad here, and down in the Lowlands I may become a soldier and advance my fortunes. But for that thought, Helen, I would not go. But Helen, dear Helen—for now I can make bold to lay open before you the heart of an honest lad—I have dared to love you, humble as I am, and rich as you are; and I sometimes think—forgive me if it is

a folly—that if I had gear as great as your own, your father might not spurn my suit, and that, perhaps, you yourself would not despise it. Nay, Helen, do not be angry—do not turn away your head in indignation—it was a vain dream, and I do not know what madness urged me on to speak thus to you. Overlook my rash words, and bid me a good bye; and I will try to forget you, though that I can never, I fear."

So humbly did he speak, and so heart-broken—with a tone that would have cut you to have heard—that, as he let drop the fair hand he held in his own, Helen suddenly turned her face and for one moment, one moment only, looked at him. There was no anger, but tears in those sweet eyes; and a glance shot from them, so tender, reproachful and confiding—oh! you should have been there to have seen, for no language of ours can describe it.

"Do not go, Roland," she said, "I am sure father—"

She stopped, all in confusion, and again hid her head from his sight; but this time it was on his shoulder: and Roland, wild with rapture, clasped her to his heart. That look had told all, even without her words. He was beloved: and every nerve in his frame thrilled at the thought!

At first everything was forgotten but Helen's sweet confession. But then came the recollection of her parents, who, though esteeming him, would certainly object to bestowing their daughter on a penniless shepherd lad. Soon, too, followed other thoughts. The message he had received from his foster father was a peremptory one, to come to the Lowlands, and take up the trade of a soldier. Could he have heard of Roland's love, and knowing its folly, sought this cure? Whatever might be the reasons for the exercise of his authority, Roland acknowledged its force; and so, with a sad heart, he prepared to tell Helen that he must prosecute his journey. She wept, but was at last convinced. He pictured to her imagination hopes he scarcely dared entertain, to reconcile her to the separation, promising to return soon, perhaps before the Summer was over. "I may win gold—who knows?—or my foster father may give me some gear to begin with. Oh! Helen, believe me, I will prove faithful, and Heaven will yet bless our love, and unite us happily."

And so the sweet lassie dried her tears, and smiling on her lover, accompanied him part of the way on his journey: then, standing on the brow of the hill, and shading her eyes with her hand, gazed upon him until he was lost to sight. Alas! when hearts thus part, how little do they know when they shall meet again!

II.—THE OLD KEEP.

It was a hot Summer day, a month after Roland and Helen parted, when hale old man and blithe shepherd lad, approached one of those old castellated towers that still frown occasionally over the landscapes of Cumberland, but were then far more frequent than now.

Roland, for the youth was our hero, had met his foster father at Stirling, according to the message; but, instead of being at once informed of the old

man's purpose, had been told he must prepare for a longer journey; and accordingly the two had set out together, and travelling by easy stages, for they walked all the way, had at last arrived at the old keep.

Roland's companion sighed as he paused and looked up at that grey tower; but speedily his eye kindled, and seeming to get rid of his momentary melancholy, he called gaily to our hero to follow him, as he entered the open door and began to ascend the somewhat ruined steps, for the place was uninhabited. Roland followed in silence, wondering at this strange demeanor. When they arrived at the top, which commanded a wide view, the old man seized his companion's arm and said—

"I am now going to tell you a strange tale: and have waited until I had brought you here to tell it. Do you see yonder blue hills far away to the North, which we crossed two days ago—and here to the South that swell of upland, twenty miles distant as the bird flies—and off to the West that thread of silver on the landscape, which looks like a brook, but is a river—and to the East the dark wooded elevation, half a day's journey hence:—well then, my boy," he exclaimed, as Roland nodded assent to all his questions, "all within those boundaries are yours—for all these are the ancient lands of the Clifffords—and now, since bloody Gloster is no more, and Harry of Lancaster rules the realm, the son of the Clifford shall have his own again."

The old man had spoke with rapidly increasing enthusiasm, and now he fairly clasped the youth in his arms, and wept aloud for joy.

"But how—where—what do you mean?" exclaimed Roland, bewildered; for all this appeared to him like some strange dream.

"What do I mean," said his companion, holding him at arm's length, and gazing proudly at his features. "Why this, that I see before me the only child of the murdered Clifford, and the lineal heir of that ancient and noble line."

"Explain—how can this be?—you fool me, old man," said Roland, placing his hand on his forehead, yet leaning for weakness against the battlement, for, in the wild hope that this tale might be true, he trembled like a girl.

"I am, or was once a knight in your father's train," said the old man, "and when the rose of York triumphed over that of Lancaster, and the race of Clifffords was hunted down like wild beasts, took you, the only child of my master, and fled with you to the Scottish Highlands, where I had you brought up as a shepherd by a cousin of one of my henchmen; while I myself took service in the Scottish ranks, that I might be near to watch over you, and bring you to your own again, if ever Lancaster should triumph over York. That happy day has come, and now I see a Clifford once more on Clifford soil!"

It seemed like a dream to Roland, and it was long before he could feel that all this was not visionary—that he was indeed the possessor of these broad lands—that he was a noble, and of England's proudest chivalry. But the old knight had proof for every thing he asserted. He produced, from a bundle he had carried all the way, the identical clothes in which

Roland, as a babe, had been dressed, on the night of the flight to Scotland, together with the costly trinkets, marked with the Clifford arms, that the child had worn. He carried him down to the neighboring village, where still lived the foster mother who had nursed him, and who recognized her boy immediately, telling him of marks on his person, of which Roland had believed no one but himself knew. There were aged retainers, too, who testified that his features, and his air was that of the undoubted Clifford line: and so Roland was fain to believe all this was true; and with what rapture did he admit it, when he thought of Helen!

"She will be mine now," was his first reflection, "nothing can separate us. I will make her my countess, and there will be none to rival her in the land. Oh! how she will be surprised when she hears of it."

Roland, full of these thoughts, would have hurried back to Scotland to claim his bride; but this, on second thoughts, he could not do; for it was necessary first to travel up to London, with the old knight, and exhibiting his proofs, claim from Henry VII., then fresh from the victory of Bosworth field, the heritage of the Cliffords. This occupied time, and there was, at first, some delay. But the evidence was too strong to be long resisted, and so, finally, Roland was placed in possession of the rich domains of his ancestors. But his romantic story had got abroad in London—and reader there was as much curiosity and enthusiasm then as now—so, at the monarch's express command, the young Lord Clifford was forced to abide in London for awhile, to grace the royal court. Efforts were made, by more than one fair lady, to win this hero for a husband.

III.—THE ORPHAN.

Away!—away to the glens again, and to sweet Helen Graeme.

Months had elapsed since the departure of her lover, when, one evening in winter, Helen sat by the bed-side of her mother. She and her parent were now the only inhabitants in that Highland home. Roland had been gone scarcely a month, when her father sickened and died. Helen saw his venerable form borne to its last resting-place, and then returned to their cot with her mother to weep, in sacred privacy, over the loss which they had never fully felt until this moment. Oh! how, at this sad crisis, her thoughts at times went abroad, far from those Scottish hills, down to the then almost unknown Lowlands, wondering where Roland could be and wishing for his presence to soothe her sorrow. Her mother, prostrated by the blow, at first appeared about to yield her own life also; but days passed, and then weeks, and finally her health rallied, until all danger was considered past. Up to this period there had been one or more female relatives constantly with the Graemes, but these now took their leave, and Helen and her parent were left alone. One or more of the neighbors, however, from the surrounding glens, visited them daily; for all around, for miles, the sympathy with the stricken family was deep and fervent.

But one wintry day, when a snow storm had been

threatening even from early morning, there were no guests at the cottage; and Helen, when she saw the flakes begin to fall at noon, gave up the expectation of seeing any one that day. She sat down, all alone, for her mother was asleep in the inner room, and thought of the absent Roland, until the tears rose to her eyes, and she felt, oh! how desolate. For Helen began to fear that either he had forgotten her, or lost his life. He had solemnly promised her to return before winter, and now more than half of that inclement season had past. Never had she felt more lonely. Not even the hired shepherd was at the cabin, for he had gone down in the morning to shelter the sheep; and had not returned. She looked at the dark wintry sky, and at the flakes, which now began to fall fast; and a sensation of abandonment, amounting almost to despair took possession of her.

Suddenly she heard her mother calling her faintly from the other room; and hastening in, she forgot all other thoughts, in anxiety at the fatal change visible on her parent's face.

"Mother—dear mother," she said, "what is the matter with you? Do not look so strangely at me. Can it be the glare of the snow storm that I see on your countenance, or—" and she paused, blanched with terror; for she could not utter the word that came into her heart, freezing its pulses almost still.

"Or can it be death?" answered her parent, "that is what you would say, dearie. Yes! it is death, Helen. Nay! do not weep. Mine has been a long journey, and I am weary of this world. I shall lie, once more, side by side with my gudeman. Sixty and two years we have sat by the same ingle; and to be separated, even for this little while, is a pang. I should go, with rejoicings, but that I leave you alone, you who are the last and only surviving one of all our bairns. But God will protect the fatherless."

Her mother paused exhausted. Helen wept so that she could not speak. Soon the dying parent began again.

"Nay!—cheer thee, my darling," she said, extending her withered hand to draw Helen to her. "Roland will return and make this a happy home for thee. Believe the words of one about to die—he is still living—I feel it with a sort of prophetic insight. Bless thee, my child!"

She could utter no more, but sank back speechless. They were the last words which she ever breathed. Helen, with a shriek, clasped her fainting mother in her arms; then speedily bethought her of restoratives, and strove to reanimate the cold frame. At first there were no gleams of returning life, but finally the assiduity of our heroine prevailed: the mother opened her eyes, smiled on her child, and feebly pressed the hand of Helen. But she could not speak.

Hour after hour elapsed, and darkness began to gather in the room. Still Helen watched her mother, never once taking her eyes from that pale face. Long after breath had apparently ceased, Helen continued to lean over the still living form. But at last a shadow passed over the countenance, as when a stormy night suddenly shuts in on the moor. Then Helen, with a wail, fell senseless on the body.

When she recovered, all was dark, and the fire had

gone out. She staggered to the door to throw it open—but it resisted her efforts. Only, as she shook it, some snow fell through the crevice from the top; and then the fearful truth flashed across her. The hut was buried in an avalanche. The living was entombed with the dead.

IV.—THE SNOW-STORM.

A wan glare all around! Two hours there were yet before sunset; but it already was as dark as twilight. The air was full of snow-flakes. The clouds swept wildly overhead, stooping low and dark as they whirled onward: the wind shrieked in the ravines and down the hill-side; while the tall cliffs jutted up like islands, from that white ocean that buried every thing, far and near, in its insatiate depths. Cabin and mountain path, and every landmark of whatever character, had disappeared; while faster, faster, faster came down the pell-mell snow!

Up that long mountain, in the midst of that fearful tempest, a litt'e cavalcade had toiled all through the wintry afternoon. At first the way had been beset with only ordinary difficulties, and the adventurers had marched boldly forward; but finally it grew so tempestuous as to be safe for neither beast nor man. Then the greater portion of the company took shelter in a rude Highland cabin; but he who appeared to be their leader insisted on proceeding. He was richly dressed, and seemed of high degree; but his servitors shrank from following him further, and finally, by a large bribe, he persuaded the host, himself a shepherd, to accompany him.

Up the weary mountain-side they toiled; and just as twilight set in, reached the foot of the glen whither they were bound.

"Can you see the place?" asked our hero, for the stranger was he. "To think of their being all alone, on such a wild night as this."

"I cannot see it," said the man, after a long survey. "We have lost our way."

"Surely that cannot be," said Clifford. "Here are the outlines of the old hills that overlook the cottage, I am sure."

"I do not know," replied the man. "In this gloom, and amid the whirling flakes, we might easily confound one glen with another. But you can look for yourself."

Our hero gazed around for some minutes without speaking. Then he shook his head despondingly.

"I can see nothing of the place," he said.

"We shall die of cold, if we stay here," said the shepherd.

"They are not here!" said Clifford.

There was no other word uttered, but, as if by one impulse, the two turned to retrace their steps. They went down the glen, seeking for their late footsteps to guide their return; but the marks were already obliterated.

Suddenly a long, low, melancholy cry, like the wail of some spirit swept by. The two men started, paused, and looked at each other in inquiry. After a moment that peculiar sound rose and died again upon the ear.

"It is the voice of a wraith," cried the shepherd, in terror. "We shall never reach our homes alive!"

"It is the howl of a dog," said our hero, "some one is in distress; and God has sent that wail to warn us, we can be of assistance. Hark! there it is again. It comes from up the glen. Follow me, and we shall soon know what it means!"

And the shepherd, now reassured, and with all his sympathies excited—for they who live in peril feel most speedily for the dangers of others—followed our hero, and, in a few minutes, stood with him in front of the cottage of Helen, or rather of what had once been the cottage; for now only a huge snow bank was visible. Yet, from the recesses of the fallen avalanche, rose the stifled howl of a watch-dog, like the mournful note of some wailing for the dead!

"There is some one buried here—it is the cottage of Helen—in God's name assist me to free them!" cried our hero.

How they labored, those two; for the almost frantic Clifford infused a portion of his own spirit into his companion! They might have labored in vain too, for they had no shovels with which to work, if Clifford had not remembered that, in the close, hard by, such utensils were kept, and recovered them from the snow, which drifting had left them nearly bare. But it was full three hours before they began to approach the roof. The storm had ceased, and the moon struggled through the clouds, when, at last, breaking a hole through the turf, Clifford saw, by the faint light of that luminary, the inanimate form of Helen's mother, lying on the bed beneath him, and Helen herself, seemingly as lifeless, stretched across it.

He leaped down, he seized that form in his arms, he chafed the cold hand, he called her by a thousand endearing epithets. Still cold, cold and motionless. He pressed her to his bosom wildly, and implored Heaven for mercy—only to restore her to him for a little while, a short year. Still as inanimate and frozen as ice. Then, with a cry of heart-breaking agony, he dropped senseless across the bed, with Helen still clasped to his heart.

When Clifford recovered his consciousness, Helen was bending over him, and the room was full of his followers and others. The storm having abated, succor had been sent. I arrived in time to resuscitate Helen, and subsequently our hero. All was now joy, where had been sorrow. Yet not all, for the mother of Helen lay dead before them.

What more have we to tell? Do not the annals of that day narrate the rest of the story? How that Lord Clifford married a lady of low degree, but who withal was the sweetest and loveliest woman of the whole court—how she died in a few years, leaving himself childless and disconsolate—and how, in memory of that happy wedded life, he refused a second alliance, and retiring to the old keep in Cumberland, which he had fitted up, spent his days in contemplation and study.

Parts of this legend are preserved even to this day in Cumberland, where the peasants point out the tower where the "warlock Clifford" studied; for, in those times, all men of science were considered necromancers.

And so ends our legend!

"MY FORTUNE'S MADE!"

4

BY MARY ALEXINA SMITH.

My young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as if, to use a common saying, just out of a band box. Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these, was a young man named Edward Douglass, who was the very "pink" of neatness, in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceeding particular in his observance of the little proprieties of life.

I saw, from the first, that if Douglass pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest; and so it proved.

"How admirably they are fitted for each other," I remarked to my husband, on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits so much alike, that no violence will be done to the feelings of either, in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person and orderly by instinct; and both have good principles."

"From all present appearances, the match will be a good one," replied my husband. There was, I thought, something like reservation in his tone.

"Do you really think so?" I said, a little ironically; for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"Oh, certainly! Why not?" he replied.

I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking; but made no further remark on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic, nor sanguine; and did not mean, in this instance, to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the marriage state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky man to secure for his companion through life, a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid to Cora, one day, about six weeks after the honey-moon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject, and awoke some unpleasant doubts. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlor, looking like a very fright. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper; her hair was in papers; and she had on dirty stockings, and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me, Cora!" said I. "What is the matter? Have you been sick?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my dishabille rather on the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh, well! No matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," said I.

"I'm married, you know."

"Yes; I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now."

(18)

"Why not?"

"Did 't I just say?" replied Cora. "My fortune's made. I've got a husband."

Beneath an air of jesting, was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard to taste and neatness in order to win Edward's love?" said I.

"Certainly I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith! Do you think my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry indeed to think that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora. But remember, that he cannot see what is in your mind except by what you do or say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do. And, depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him, day after day in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes, pray do you dress? You are as neat when abroad, as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress well when I go upon the street, or into company; to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue as strongly in favor of your dressing well at home and for the eye of your husband, whose approval, and whose admiration must be dearer to you than the approval and admiration of the whole world?"

"But he doesn't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dress maker would have against him in that event. Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball room attire is one thing, Cora; and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad, she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was care'ess and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her to realize that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before. But even this, did not last long. I noticed, after a few months, that the habits of home were confirming themselves, and becoming apparent abroad. Her fortune was made, and why should she now waste time, or employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before; and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast table in the morning without being shaved; nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen, annoyed him seriously; and still more so, when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted any thing on the subject, she did not hesitate to reply, in a jesting manner, that her fortune was made, and she need not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel very much complimented; but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied; on one occasion, quite coolly, and indifferently. Next morning he made his appearance at the breakfast table, with a beard of twenty-four hours' growth.

"You havn't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly. "It's a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look so much better with a cleanly shaved face."

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort, everything," said Douglass.

"But common decency, Edward."

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaven face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglass, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth. His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and, with slip-shod feet, and head like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you knew how dreadfully you looked."

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what's come over you all at once?"

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know; I am just as well off to-day, as if I had. So much saved at any rate."

But Cora urged the matter, and her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look!" said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as well; and why need I care about what others say or think?"

On the following morning, Douglass appeared not

only with a long beard, but with a bosom and collar that were both soiled and rumpled.

"Why, Edward! How you do look!" said Cora. "You've neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and run his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking, indifferently, as he did so.

"It's no matter. I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress, is waste of time; and I'm getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglass went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband looking so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was. In her own person she was as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage, we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone, quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged and could not come until after tea. My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly with that of the other ladies who were present; and I could not help suggesting to her that she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied to me—

"You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. It's a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door of the parlor opened, and in walked Mr. Douglass. At first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut! His uncombed hair was standing up, in stiff spikes, in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days; and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled; his boots unblacked; and there was an unmistakable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room, with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why my dear fellow! What is the matter?" said my husband, frankly; for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and that the gentlemen were looking at each other, and trying to repress their risible tendencies; and therefore deemed it best to throw off all reserve on the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?" Douglass looked grave.

"Well may he ask what's the matter?" broke in Cora, energetically. "How could you come here in such a plight!"

"In such a plight?" And Edward looked down at himself; felt his beard, and run his fingers through his hair. "What's the matter? Is any thing wrong?"

"You look as if you'd just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on, and come off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"Oh!" And Edward's countenance brightened a little. Then he said, with much gravity of manner—

"I've been extremely hurried of late; and only left my store a few minutes ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go home to dress up. I knew we were all friends here. Besides, *as my fortune is made!*"—and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken, toward his wife—"I don't feel called upon to give as much attention to mere dress as formerly. Before I was married, it was necessary to be particular in these matters, but now its of no consequence."

I turned toward Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few moments she arose and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came

after us, pretty sore. He found his wife in tears and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me, aside, half laughing, half serious. "So help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder."

"But its too bad in you, Mr. Douglass," replied I.

"Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson to Cora," he whispered. "It had to be given, and I thought I could venture to trespass upon your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," said I. in return.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired, and in spite of good breeding and everything else, we all had a hearty laugh over the matter, on my return to the parlor, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves, I never inquired. But one thing is certain; I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterwards, at home or abroad. She was cured.

FATHERLAND

BY EMILY HERMANN

"I visited the haunts of my boyhood, but the scene was changed; I also was changed, and the new fatherland was dearer to my affections!"

I love thee well, old Fatherland!
Thy vales are soft and green,
But I have found a fairer home
Beneath the sunset sheen.

I love thee well: thy bulwark towers,
That brave the northern breeze,
Enclose thee, like a treasured gem
Amid the shining seas.

I love thee for the hearts that beat
In many a lowly cot;
The strong high hearts of toiling men
Who bless their humble lot.

The patient, hardy fishermen
Who dare the breakers' foam
To keep the hearth-fire burning bright
In many a softer home.

I love thee for the marshy plains
Where shepherds gladly dwell,
And for the old remembered strains
Of many a chiming bell.

Those shepherd homes were bravely kept
In many a fierce affray,
When Dithmarsch prowess told how dear
Were those low huts of clay.

Oh keep thy high and noble heart,
Thy love of Freedom, till
Her glorious ensign gaily float
O'er every Northern hill!

I love thee—for I mind 't was here
My mother blessed her boy.

But turn me to my Western home,
With undissembled joy.

'Tis a new fatherland I know
To many a one beside,
Whom thou would'st spurn, with haughty brow,
Amid thy halls of pride.

The poor man there may rear his home,
His firelight red may glow,
But Want and Misery may not come,
Like bleak December's snow

To blanch his locks and chill his heart,
And quench his joy-lit hearth;
With children clustering round his knee,
He finds a Heaven on earth.

He blesses God for every thing
His grateful hand receives,
As, bending o'er the generous soil,
He binds his well-filled sheaves.

He blesses God for every thing,
But most for that good land
Where foul Oppression may not claim
His broad brown laboring hand.

He blesses God, and so do I,
As, o'er the feathery foam,
I trace my steps, no more to leave
My own adopted home

America, new Fatherland!
Thou fill'st my soul with cheer!
I kneel to kiss thy welcome strand,
The stranger's home is here!

THE FAIR PILGRIM

BY MISS M. J. WINDLE.

It was a sweet moonlight night in October. The soft rays fell in a flood upon a fair hamlet in Old England. All around bespoke the serenity of nature at peace. Not a voice of living thing—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough—not a breath of wind disturbed the stillness. Beds of violets perfumed the air: for almost every dwelling had a garden before it—some very small, but nearly all gay: and the sweet-brier, honeysuckle, and other climbers hung their clusters over the gable ends, or crept between the latticed windows—now peeping in, now hanging down their heads like timid children in their play. It was a pretty and secluded spot. And in the distance might be seen the simple church, its delicate spire mixing itself with Heaven, at once a monument of the faith to which it was devoted, and a landmark to point to the final destination of its worshippers.

In the centre of the village stood a cottage, about the appearance of which was something that indicated in its inhabitants a certain superiority to their neighbors. The jasmine and the woodbine clustered there more luxuriantly, and were trained in better taste; the garden was more flourishing, the hedge-rows more accurately trimmed, the gate more newly whitewashed.

The moonlight slept in quiet shadow over the green turf in front, and through one of the lower windows might have been seen a group of self-devoted and pious men; who had at length met, at this solemn season of midnight, to make their final arrangements in regard to an enterprise in which their most ardent hopes and anticipations had long been enlisted, and which was now, after repeated delays, on the eve of successful fulfilment.

At the moment our story opens, they had assumed the posture of supplication: and the owner of the little cottage, in a trembling and impassioned voice, poured forth a prayer that God would smile upon and bless an undertaking so full of peril. And as the still and shadowy light which filled that lowly room as with the presence of a spirit fell upon the upturned face of the speaker, it gave to his features an additional and not wholly earth-born solemnity of expression, contrasting strongly with the less ethereal and sun-burnt countenances of those around him.

The prayer ended, and, after a lengthened conference, a young girl entered the room. There was something more interesting than beauty in the smooth, fair brow of Bessie Gray, over which the dark hair was plainly braided: while the neatness and simplicity of her attire added a peculiar character to her appearance. She approached the table with a modest grace, and received from her father a letter, with strict injunctions to deliver it on the following day, and await a reply.

VOL. XIII.—2

It was a still, sweet morning when Bessie Gray found herself approaching the park which led to the castle of the Earl of D——. There was that delicious mildness in the air which renders some days in Autumn so inexpressibly delightful. The flower and the vine, not yet killed by early frost, put forth their few remaining buds: the birds, not yet flown to warmer climes, poured out their most melodious notes, as though, like a well-skilled belle, they had reserved their richest and fullest strains for a final song.

The broad, smoothly gravelled and well-kept road wound through a noble park, thoroughly stocked with deer. The castle seen in the distance was a beautiful relic of the architecture of the middle ages—a taste which we have lived to see revived. The extent of the building was sufficient to render it imposing in effect, while the style of it was calculated to unite comfort with the greatest magnificence.

As Bessie Gray looked upon that splendid pile, and the broad lands that pertained to it, she sighed at the thought that the gentle child of its noble owner had much to leave if she should indeed determine to join in the enterprise of their humble band; and she feared for the success of her mission. Stilling her beating heart by an internal prayer, she ascended the steps and reached the large hall-door. The footman who answered her ring seemed determined to dispute her entrance—telling her that the Lady Alice could receive no one at that time. But her modest and gentle perseverance at length overcame his reluctance; and he led the way through a corridor, into a large and lofty library, fitted up with almost regal splendor.

At the extremity of this library was an immense folding-door. This had been left partly open, so that a view of the apartment beyond met the eye of the humble visitor, while she herself remained, unobserved. It presented a perfect picture of ease and elegance united: a manner of life unnoticed by those accustomed to it, but which produces so much effect upon the senses of such as are habituated to scenes more simple. The massive, carved and gilded furniture, the rich damasks and velvets were in perfect unison with the idea of grandeur inspired by the vastness of the building.

Upon a low ottoman at the further end of the room sat the two young ladies of the castle: embroidering tapestry, which was at that time thought a fit occupation for females of rank. They were both beautiful—eminently so: but the Lady Alice was taller and fairer than her sister. Yet so delicate was the order of her beauty, so pure and soft her complexion, that her appearance almost gave token of fragile health. Her eyes, of a deep blue, wore a thoughtful and serene

expression, and her forehead, higher and broader than is usual in woman, gave indication of a certain nobleness of intellect, and added dignity to the more tender characteristics of her beauty. The peculiar tone of her mind fulfilled the promises of her features, and was thoughtful and elevated in the highest degree. As a gazer could not look upon the loveliness of her face and turn away again without regret, so those able to appreciate her beauty of intellect could not draw from its clear and rich fountains without feeling a desire to linger there perpetually and enjoy their freshness. It was her delight to exercise her superiority of mind to the improvement of those with whom she was thrown. In guiding the erring theorist into the path of truth: in unveiling the unwise philosophy of the sinful votarist of pleasure: in directing into proper channels the pursuits of her friends and companions—these were objects upon which the energies of her expansive intellect chiefly unfolded themselves. From childhood her disposition had ever been gentle, self-sacrificing and sincere. As she grew older, these natural traits, instead of being repressed by intercourse with the world, expanded through religious principle: and had recently beautifully exhibited themselves in many acts of disinterested sympathy, denial and benevolence.

The Lady Julia, younger by some years, was of a character less original and marked. She was a fresh and lovely creature, and the sunlight of a happy and innocent heart sparkled in her face. She felt pride without a shadow of envy at her sister's surpassing superiority, and looked up to her as a being of a higher order than herself. Bereft of their mother in early life, without other companions of their own sex, it would be difficult to imagine a stranger bond of union than that existing between these two sisters.

Such were the daughters of the Earl of D——. He the father, stood in the deep recess of a window, his eye thoughtful and his lips compressed, as if absorbed in some unpleasant reflections. He was in the very prime of life, and of a mien and air strikingly noble: so much so, that Bessie Gray could not but feel, as she looked on him, that if birth has indeed the power of setting its seal upon the form, this was never more conspicuous than in the lofty person of the descendant of a race by whose memorials she was surrounded.

Extended upon a couch, lay a young man of about twenty years: loosely attired in a dressing-gown of black velvet, his whole appearance stamped with the fatigue of travel.

Pacing the floor was Sir Charles Seymour, the lover of the Lady Alice, who had, with her brother, just arrived from London.

Bessie Gray stood fascinated, gazing at the scene; when suddenly the earl broke the silence which had hitherto been observed, and said abruptly—

"My son, what news from court? has King Charles given any more proof of his zeal against the heretics?"

"No," was the reply, "but the duke has given another proof of his folly: he has allowed them a grant of land: and a fresh cargo are to sail in a few days."

"Truly I am astonished," answered the father, and

his pale cheek flushed. "I should think the land had godly savor enough from those who are already gone: the vile, disloyal hypocrites! But if reports are true the bears and Indians will soon cool their enthusiasm."

"But," said Sir Charles, "the most singular trait about this people is, that the more they are persecuted, the more they flourish."

"And may not that indicate the goodness of their cause?" murmured a soft voice that struck the ear of Bessie Gray with its sweet and rich distinctness.

"Oh!" said the earl, turning with a stern glance toward his eldest daughter, "a young lady who is so much wiser than all her relations had better give the finish to her preference, and join the holy fanatics."

"And if I should, it would be but emulating the noble example of those who have already proved that they prized religious freedom above every other privilege," urged the Lady Alice.

"I confess," said her lover, smiling half contemplatively, "there is danger of my becoming a convert, if I listen to these vindications from such gentle lips. Do you not think so?" he added, turning to her brother.

"Disturb not my dreams," replied the latter, in a tone of mock gravity. "Even now I am picturing this fair devotee in the homely garb of these saintly dissemblers. But, my pious sister, you must lay aside that tapestry and accustom your fair fingers to more humble employment."

He paused: for a choking sob smote upon his ear. His sister made no reply: but rising, she walked slowly to the door, her step unsteady, and her face of a deadly paleness.

As she passed out, the earl cast on her a stern and angry glance of disapproval, and said: "Heavy, this is no theme for jesting. If I had serious reason to believe that a child of mine would ever so disgrace her birth as to assimilate with these religious rebels, that moment should she become an outcast from my heart and home."

Such scenes were of daily occurrence, and were bitter trials to the feelings of Lady Alice. But the time was coming when the thorns upon her path, thick set and constant, would give her reason to bless the lessons of endurance these occasions were teaching her.

In a few moments a light hand was laid on the arm of Bessie Gray, and the same sweet voice she had heard before, said: "you wished to see me: but this is not a fit place for a private interview." And the Lady Alice led the way to her chamber.

There everything was costly and elegant: yet it was simply in accordance with the fashion of the times—the result of a certain style due to her rank in society, rather than a matter of selfish luxury. Her first care on entering, was to lock the door to prevent intrusion. She then opened the letter which she received from Bessie Gray, who watched her countenance as she read. Her cheek flushed and faded, and her frame shook: but after a time she became more composed, and, covering her face with her hands, she breathed a silent, fervent prayer that she might do her duty in the might of a strength that was not her own.

"I ask until to-morrow to decide, and will call at the cottage by twelve o'clock with my answer."

The door had scarcely closed upon the retiring form of the humble messenger, when a servant summoned the Lady Alice to the library below.

On her entrance, Sir Charles approached, and throwing his arm about her, said: "Alice, I have sent for you to beg you to forget our foolish remarks in the drawing-room. None of us spoke seriously in classing you among those ignorant enthusiasts. But your sweetness of disposition, dearest, seems in this instance to have overcome your customary sound judgment, and to have led you to apologize for a sect of which your better reason must certainly disapprove."

The struggle in Lady Alice's mind was great as she listened to these words. She felt that in honor she ought to avow her private connection with the people he so bitterly denounced. But the woman triumphed and she could not find courage to brave the anger and contempt of one so dear to her. She only laid her head on his shoulder and wept there.

"Alice," he said, tenderly, "did my last words convey reproof that they have affected you so deeply? But surely it cannot be otherwise than that your usual good sense had deserted you when you took the part of those fanatics, whom, for the sake of your tears and my sympathies, we will dismiss for the future."

"One word more about them," she replied, looking up with recovered self-possession, and her wonted dignity—and she thought of the letter she had a few moments before received, and felt that on his reply hung the tenor of her answer to that letter, and the decision of her destiny. "Would it change the nature of your feelings for me," she asked, "were you to know that I felt not merely indulgence toward the sect alluded to, but also union of sentiment and faith?"

He looked almost seriously at her for a moment as he replied: "Alice, it is for the superiority of your mind, as well as for the charms of your person that I have loved you, and through that I now look forward with such happiness to your becoming my companion in the dearest of all relations. But could I think it possible for you to evince such puerility of character as to forsake the religion of your father and the church of England, all my hopes of happiness in our union would be destroyed. But how foolish," he added, "to be discussing thus seriously a question so absurd: or why suppose a case that can never occur?"

At that instant, before she had time to reply, dinner was announced.

That night the Lady Alice resigned herself to communion with her own heart and with her God. We will not occupy the attention of the reader by violating all the secrets of that lonely room: nor lay open the severe conflict she sustained. Appealing for guidance to the throne of Heaven, where pure and humble prayer is never unheard, whether inspired by holy trust, or merely prompted by the urgency of mortal need, the result was a clear and calm conviction that it was best for her to leave home and friends, and a full confidence that the trial was required of her in wisdom and mercy. The remarks made that day by her father and lover had convinced her that longer

concealment of her religious tenets would be highly dishonorable. This consideration was the chief, if not the sole motive in deciding her to avail herself of the opportunity now offered her, of leaving a land which was daily becoming less tolerant to her faith; and a home, to which she was at length assured, she must by her avowal of that faith, forfeit her natural claims.

Her decision was made, and she arose from her knees, glided softly to her desk, and meekly bending over it, wrote as correctly as she could to her lover, informing him of a change in her intentions, requesting him to make no struggle in claiming her past promises, as it was now impossible for her ever to become his.

The morning came, and found her externally the same as before, watchful of all in which the good of happiness of others was concerned: and even the expression of her countenance was but slightly altered. Her breakfast, however, was a meal of pretence rather than reality, and as soon as it was over, she left the castle to bear her answer to the cottage.

In returning, she crossed the park, and threw herself in a shady nook upon the turf, that the gentle breeze might cool her burning brow. She had received no answer to the letter to her lover which had been handed to him soon after it was written. She had in it endeavored to make her rejection of him clear and decisive, in spite of the gentle words in which that determination was clothed. Yet with the inconsistency of one who loves, she now wondered that he should submit to that rejection without appeal. She was startled from her reflections by the voice of him who was the subject of them. He had approached her unheard, the mossy turf giving no echo to his tread.

He came forward, greeted her kindly, and said in a low, subdued tone, "Alice, I have known you so long and so well that I feel assured caprice is impossible to your nature—least of all toward me. Why then, after permitting me to hope so long, have you suddenly destroyed that hope, just as circumstances have made our immediate union desirable? I have lived for months upon the anticipation of the future which was to make you mine: what has happened to break my dream? Why, oh, why am I to lose my heart's best hope?"

She had continued silently to weep by his side since his first allusion to their love. What answer should she make? what reason should she give? She sat in doubt, and her thoughts imagined her near separation from him—a separation without term or limit—and she felt then for the first time the full force of her attachment for him. It was the severest drop in the cup of her present trials thus to sacrifice her love to her religion.

Again her lover questioned her, while he pressed her fondly and sadly to his heart.

At length, in a faltering voice she replied: "Events have occurred of late—" and she stopped.

"What events, my Alice? Are you to reject me and not even tell me why?"

"I cannot, Charles, it is impossible. This only believe—that I have loved you, and do love you with the fondest and firmest affection that ever woman felt:

I have thought it happiness to walk in the same path where you had walked: that the tones of your voice have haunted me like a pleasant dream. And yet we must part. And God grant that whoever you may hereafter choose to fill my place may love you as I have loved." She looked up at him as she spoke with a woman's holy confidence—more beautiful, more touching from a slight mingling of consciousness and maiden bashfulness.

"No, Alice," said her lover, "I give you no boy's affection, which can fade, or change, or turn to another object. Your image will go with me to the grave."

There was a pause. Alice pressed the hand she held, and rose as if to bid farewell. Her lover detained her.

"Have patience with me but a moment," said he. "Whatever may be your reasons for this wild, this unexpected resolution, it cannot surely last forever. Set me a term of hope: say you will be mine ten, twenty years hence, and I shall not depart utterly comfortless."

No: she would free him from all pledge, and leave the future to that God on whom she depended for strength to do her duty. And in a few brief, but explicit words, she refused this last request, destroyed the remaining hopes of him she loved so tenderly; to whom, in spite of her feminine reserve, she had protested that love: and faltering out the earnest "God bless you," which she knew was to be answered by his own farewell, she turned to leave him. A pleading look: a sentence she scarcely heard: a moment that she never might forget: and the Lady Alice and Sir Charles Seymour parted never to meet again with the hopes of youth before them.

When the Lady Alice reached the castle, the painful flush which had crimsoned her cheek during her interview with her lover had subsided. A death-like paleness, however, evinced in some measure the deep emotion she had undergone.

Julia was at her toilet, and sprang forward to meet her as she entered the dressing-room.

"My dear sister," she said, "company has arrived from London: and here have I been lecturing this awkward curl for the last ten minutes, but it will not fall gracefully all I can do. But no one can accuse you of such vanity, for I verily believe you have not glanced in your mirror since morning: and that plain dress is so becoming without any ornament. Yet you look pallid:—stay, let me remodel you, or Sir Charles will say I have stolen your gems, as well as your bloom in very spite. See," she added, as Alice sat passively gazing on her, "I have tied this scarf in a true lover's knot, and it has become quite graceful under my magic touch." Then with a bright smile, she took her sister's arm, and they descended together to the crowded drawing-room.

With surpassing self-control, the Lady Alice exerted herself to entertain the gentlemen who crowded around her. But there are moments when depression so destroys the elasticity of our spirits that the effort of concealment we are most anxious to make becomes impossible. Lofty and self-possessed as she was, and studious to seem cheerful as usual, there were times

when she turned with a vacant and absent expression to ask the repetition of phrases, while her sad heart swelled well nigh to bursting, in the attempt to prison back her tears.

"I have come to make kind, not rude remarks, dear Alice," said her brother, pressing through the knot of gentlemen, and taking a seat beside her. "Let me present you with this to make amends for my offence yesterday." And he clasped a bracelet on her arm. "Now let us hear one of your plaintive ballads."

This was a trial she would gladly have been spared. But she could not refuse the request of one so dear to her, and she mechanically seated herself at the harp, and selected a melody:—if selection that could be called which was rather the result of a sudden burst of feeling beyond her power to control. Both she and Julia were proficients in music: but there was a difference in their voices, and it was this—the singing of Julia was superior in execution, and charmed most at the moment; that of Alice lived in the memory long after Julia's most exquisite performance was forgotten—the one gratified the ear; the other vibrated on the heart.

Her father stood by proudly gazing on her as she sang. How could he fail to be proud of such a child. He was anticipating the time when, as the wife of Sir Charles, she should take her place at court. How well she would grace that noble station with her lovely person, her gifted mind, and rare accomplishments! Such were the thoughts that suggested themselves to the earl as he stood by and listened to her song with the fulness of a parent's pride. Alas! could all these shield her from those griefs which some time or other must obtrude upon the brightest and smoothest path on earth? could they avert sickness and pain, the loss of friends, the certain hour of death? No. But ere long they were destined to serve holier purposes than the homage of the idle crowd by which she was now surrounded. That beauty was fated to shine at one day not far distant beside the ill and the dying in foreign lands: that mind to unfold its stores for the encouragement of companions in suffering: that voice to send its accents up in prayer in many an hour of need.

The chords of the harp had just ceased to sound when the tears which the Lady Alice had so long endeavored to repress would no more be restrained: they rose to her eyes, and trembled on the dark lashes. Rising and turning away, she whispered to Julia to take her seat at the instrument: and seizing the moment when her sister was the object of attention, she retired to a recess and wiped away the betrayal of her emotion. But her unwonted moment of sadness had not passed unnoticed. A movement beside her caused her to look up. Her father stood by and took her hand.

"You are ill, you are agitated, my dear child," he said: "we will excuse your absence from the drawing-room until you can appear again with fresh bloom: you had better retire."

Her lovely face beamed on him for a moment with an intense and eager affection: and she drew closer to him as if seeking for the kiss he had been used to give her in the days of her childhood. He stooped

and pressed his lips to her brow, but did not speak: he could not—her simple and entire affection was a rebuke to the mingling of pride that alloyed his.

"Am I not a dear and precious brother," said Henry, as she passed through the door, "to procure your banishment from the drawing-room so sea-sonably."

"You are dear and precious," she replied, turning on him a glance of love so pure, that ever after, in the long years of her absence, it haunted him like the dream of a seraph. It was the last look from his favorite sister that ever met his eye: those were the last tones from her voice that ever fell upon his ear.

She reached her own room: the agony of concealment was over. The midnight drew near: and the preparations for her departure were completed. Her plainest clothing, the miniature of her lost mother, and a few other relics of trifling value, were all she took from the boundless wealth of her father.

Taking up her light, she now proceeded with stealthy steps to the apartment of her sister, and approached the bed where Julia lay, wishing, but hardly daring to expect that she might have sunk into a peaceful slumber. Her wishes were gratified, for Julia slept.

Seating herself upon the side of the couch, she looked steadfastly upon the countenance of her who lay with a placid smile upon her lips—calm and peaceful as if she had found joy in escaping from the allurements of fashion, and closing her eyes upon the empty pleasures of earth, sought serenity and contentment in the untiring freshness of a land of dreams. The face of a sleeper, except where age has stamped its indelible footmarks, almost always reminds us of the days of infancy. And Lady Alice's thoughts, as she gazed upon her sister, went wandering back to the nursery, and the happy time when she had played with her beneath the hawthorn, and plucked for her the sweet spring flowers. Then came the memory of after years, when the dying mother's head was placed upon her head, commanding Julia to her care: and with the memory of those years came rushing upon her thoughts afresh the bitter extent of the sacrifice she was making to her religion. Here was that bright being before her, radiant in more than the beauty of childhood—no longer the object only of her watchful love and solicitude: but also her friend and dear companion—still, however, in need of her counsels and guidance. But they were to be severed; to part forever, and tread the path of life separately. Oh! beautiful, and rare as beautiful that piety and self-devotion which could triumph over so strong a tie. Its kindred feeling must be felt before it can be fully appreciated. It can never have been comprehended by worldly minds.

"Farewell, my own dear sister," she murmured; and stooping down, she kissed her gently, and arranged the wandering tresses of her hair, while tears of unutterable tenderness burst from her eyes. "You will think of me sometimes: yes, even among all your other sources of interest and occupation, I know you will think of me. And when you do, remember that my fate is in God's hands, and that what he wills is best."

* * * * *

The voyage was effected with much difficulty and hazard. Oh! the monotony of that long and boisterous sea-course. When the cry of "land! land!" was shouted all rushed upon deck.

"The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the winds, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When that band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore."

In disembarking, the water was found so shallow that they were forced to wade; and thus the very act of getting on land sowed in the Lady Alice the seeds of that disease which afterward produced her death.

When they reached the wild shore, they knelt upon the flinty Rock of Plymouth, which a grateful posterity has marked, and built an altar to religious freedom: and the consequences of that act are continually unfolding themselves as time advances.

Wasted by the rough and wearisome voyage, ill supplied with provisions, that self-devoted band (whose emigration has imparted a character of intelligence and a moral elevation to New England, which it has nobly sustained to the present hour,) found themselves at the opening of winter on a barren and bleak coast, in a severe climate, with the ocean on one side and the wilderness on the other, and none to show them kindness or bid them welcome. Danger, too, in a new form pressed upon them. Straggling Aborigines began to visit the settlement: more than one alarm had occurred, and several acts of violence had been committed. Indeed, so constant was the apprehension of danger from the savage that regular watch was set, and maintained nightly. The weather, too, increased to the rigor of winter, attended by successive falls of snows, until the earth was entirely covered with firmly compressed masses of the frozen element. This, with a dreadful pestilence which raged in the colony, reduced the settlers to the extremity of suffering.

Then and not till then were the heights and depths of the Lady Alice's character fully appreciated. Some pictures appear best in one light, some in another. Some most excite our admiration in strong, clear light, some touch our hearts and win our praise in soft and shadowy dimness. And thus it is in characters. Some stand boldly out, their noblest qualities strengthened and developed by the necessity which calls them forth. Even so it was with the Lady Alice. Noble powers of endurance and self-denial, that, had she remained in her father's halls, might ever have slumbered unobserved, now shone in surpassing beauty. Cheerfully and unmurmuringly she endured her share of the bitter privations to which the little band were exposed: and through all self-regardless and devoted, her zeal and solicitude in behalf of her companions in wretchedness never wavered. It dwelt unpretendingly, but actively in her bosom, like a great and moving principle of life. She quietly busied herself in administering to those, who, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, were employed in exploring the surrounding wilderness, and guarding against the attacks of the savage. Among the sick and the dying,

she went and came like a ministering angel, bringing consolation to the sufferer and mourner.

At this crisis, a ship sailed for Eng'land. The Lady Alice embraced the opportunity of addressing a letter to her father, explaining the cause of her deserting her home and those dear to her: beseeching his forgiveness for her union with the sect her conscience approved, and begging him at least to remember her kindly, and let her name not altogether cease with her presence to be a household word.

By the first return from England she looked for a reply. A letter was handed her. "My father's writing," she said, pressing it to her lips, while her temples throbbed and her heart beat tumultuously. It was some moments before her trembling fingers could break the seal. At length she did so. The date was London. Her own letter was returned unopened: and a few sentences, brief, harsh and decisive, with no word of affection at the commencement, no term of endearment at the close. They ran thus:

"For the last time I address one whom I no longer own as a daughter. My resolution is never to hold any correspondence with her who so far forgot her birth as to leave her father's house clandestinely. Let those who tempted her to sin support and comfort her. From that place in my heart which she has deserted at my hearth I cast her off now and forever."

From the hour she read that fatal scroll a marked change in her health grew visible. Her step became languid, and her color, which upon the slightest emotion mounted to her cheek, was immediately followed by an unnatural paleness. She herself seemed at first unconscious of any important change: and continued to exert herself far more than was consistent with her situation. But the sure symptoms of consumption were rapidly gaining ground. The climate, too, was unsuited to her peculiar constitution, and a series of bad colds left a chronic cough and a hectic fever. Deep hollows traced themselves beneath eyes which grew even brighter in their loveliness: and in the centre of the fair, smooth cheek burned one deep spot—fatal sign to those who have witnessed the progress of the most deceitful of our national maladies. Still the expression of her countenance increased in interest and beauty, and the spirit grew more distinctly visible there—even as a lamp shines brightest through the most fragile and transparent vase.

At this period, she became aware of her condition, and wrote the following letter to her father, enclosing it in a few lines to Sir Charles Seymour, containing a request that he would use his influence in gaining it a perusal, as it was a dying communication.

"I write you, my dear, my unforgotten father, the last letter this hand will ever trace. Till now, it would have been a crime to write to you—perhaps it is so still. But dying as I am, and divorced from all earthly thoughts and remembrances, save your displeasure, I feel that I cannot quite collect my mind for the last hour until I again entreat your forgiveness. I will not afflict you, my dear father, by dwelling upon the anguish your letter gave me, nor the many tears I have shed upon it: but in the long night watches of my illness, and in the daily yearnings of my heart in this strange land, your angry image is ever with me.

I would fain have your pardon, if but that I might turn away from the last regret that binds me to earth.

"There is one other thought that bears heavily on my mind. I know not what it is—perhaps my approaching death—makes me seem to have obtained the right to be your monitor. Forgive me, then, if I implore you to think earnestly and deeply of the great ends of life: think of them as one might think who is anxious to gain a distant home, and who will not be diverted from his way. Oh! could you know how solemn and thrilling a joy comes over me as I nurse the hope that we may meet at length and forever!

"Again I entreat your forgiveness, dear father. May God bless and watch over you, and elevate your heart to Him. My love and care for you will, I feel, ere long cease in the grave. Farewell."

* * * * *

"Lady Alice, this is one of the most lovely days we have had since we came to America. Don't you think if you were to come to the window a little while it would do you good. There is an English ship coming in, and everything smells so sweetly and looks so brightly. Do let me wheel the chair nearer."

The dying girl turned her head toward her gentle nurse, and a short, hollow cough preceded her attempt to speak.

"I have been wishing to move for some time," said she, "but I feel so weak that I dread the smallest exertion: and the stir and the sunshine almost fatigue me while I gaze on them. I love the silence of this little shaded room, and your tranquil and watchful face better than any other sound or sight."

Bessie Gray bent and kissed the invalid's brow, shut the reading desk with a gentle hand, and slowly advanced the sick girl's chair to the window.

The blinds were drawn aside, and the breeze that swept through the open casement brought with it the rich scent of geraniums and roses. It was the Sabbath. Just at that moment, the voices from the church below stole upon the silence with their solemn notes. There was something in the strain of this sudden music that was so kindred with the holy repose of the scene, that it struck upon the feelings of the Lady Alice with irresistible power, and brought her heart into keeping with the whole.

The moment of devotion passed away: and as she continued gazing, her wandering thoughts and yearning heart flew back in dreams to the halls of her father, and the forms of those she had forsaken. At that instant her eyes reverted to the English ship, with all its swelling canvass spread, coming proudly and gallantly on, a welcome visitor to that little settlement, where so many pined for news from home.

"Bring me the telescope, Bessy," she said.

Bessie Gray obeyed, and watched the expression of her face as she gazed long and earnestly at the captain's boat, which was now struggling to the shore.

"Bessie," said Lady Alice, faintly: "the passengers are landing. But that lady's dress is too gay, and that cavalier's step too proud for pilgrims. Who can they be?"

The silence had remained unbroken for some time,

and the Lady Alice had laid aside the telescope, and overcome with the slight exertion, had closed her eyes as if in pain, when the door was opened suddenly, and her faded, dying form was folded to her sister Julia's breast.

"My dear, my only sister," was all Lady Alice could articulate, as she sank back insensible.

When she again lifted up her eyes, they encountered those of her father, and one to whom her unwearyed affections had strangely clung: and a smile, sweet, comforting, and full of hope passed the lips which were about to close forever as she murmured: "It is pleasant to die now and thus. Give me your blessing, dear father," and she clung caressingly to his breast. "Put your hand on my head, and say if my conduct has given you a moment's pain, I am forgiven."

"Forgiven! my child," exclaimed he, in a burst of uncontrollable emotion, "never did I feel what an angel had left my hearth until now. Here on my knees, beside your dying form, in sight of God and angels, I forgive you."

The physician took his hand, and strove to draw him aside, but the attempt caught the eye of the sufferer.

"Let him stay," said she, faintly; "I know I am dying, but death is not yet in my heart. Can you not give me a moment's strength? a few words are all I want to say: I cannot die without saying them."

A glass of restorative drops was given. Either they revived her, or expiring nature felt the unconquerable strength of affection. Even to the last she sat half upright, supported by her lover. There was now no disguise between them: all that had been before obscure was now rendered clear as noonday. And in a low, touching voice, she endeavored to convince him that a religious life is not incompatible with happiness: that practical piety is not opposed to refinement, and that an intellectual being can have no higher aim than the establishment of moral good. "Promise, dear Charles," and she clasped his hands in her relaxing and wan fingers, "that you will no longer misuse the faculties which God has given you, but devote to purposes of religion the powers of your expansive mind, and the resources of your ample fortune."

Again her head drooped, and she was, for some moments, motionless. Life was fast ebbing away. She lay white as the pillow on which she rested for the last time.

All at once her eyes kindled, and she again raised herself up, put her hand under the pillow and drew from thence a small bible.

"Father," exclaimed she, "this has been my constant companion: let it be henceforth yours. It is my latest gift:—may it teach you, even as it has taught me, the blessed hope in which I die. Not in vain have these divine words been spoken whose comfort is with me even now. I die in their glorious faith, and in their cheering hope. Could I leave you as I do, beloved father, with words of consolation, but for that divine belief whose hope is a happy immortality."

She then, with her hands raised in the attitude of prayer, and her eyes cast upward, poured her soul out in the fervent language of one standing on the brink of eternity, acknowledging neither hope nor title to an inheritance in the regions of eternal peace, save what depends on the sanction of a holy Redeemer, and the mercy of a gracious God.

A solemn silence succeeded this soul-felt prayer: and Sir Charles bent over that hushed and death-like form. "Alice, beloved Alice"—but that faithful and loving heart was deaf to his voice, and the film grew rapidly over the eye which still with fondness sought him out through the shade and agony of death.

Sense and consciousness were gone: yet the parted lips moved inaudibly. They stooped to catch the last sound as she murmured incoherently, "Father—Charles—Julia—seek—inheritance—fadeth—not."

The breath was stilled: the pure spirit passed to another world. Her last thoughts had proved a forgetfulness of death in her anxiety for the eternal happiness of those she loved on earth.

Sir Charles looked upon her cold corpe with tearful eyes: and turned away with a deep and abiding change within him. He saw the fresh green sod heaped over it, and kneeling upon the sacred turf made a vow to devote himself to that cause to which the departed had sacrificed her life, that in their death, at least, they might not be divided.

Her grave is among those of the early Pilgrims of New England: but her spirit is reaping its everlasting recompence for the sacrifices of time.

Such is the touching story of Lady Alice D——: otherwise the Lady Arabella Johnson, whose history a sainted brother Pilgrim has beautifully expressed in these brief words: "She left the pomp and pleasures of an earldom, and took New England in her way to Paradise."

SONNET ON WINTER.

WINTER has come. The flowers of sweetest breath,
That bloomed beneath a genial sky so fair,
And bathed with rich perfume the Summer's air,
Mid gloom now withered lie in icy death.
Yes, mournfully, goes by the wayward wind,
As through the forest trees it lightly stealth
In music tones:—its chilly breath congealeth

The sparkling dews, that lie in beauty shrined
Upon the faded grass; and, far as eye
Can scan, the sombre hues of Winter's blight
Rise up in gloominess before the sight,
Like spectres o'er the soul when death is nigh.
Alas! that earth's sweet flowers of beantuous ray
Should thus by Winter's breathings fade away

X. M. S.

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

BY J. S. BELL.

The rays of the setting sun, which had deserted the vallies below, still lingered upon the heights above the village of S—, as if loth to quit a scene so rich in every element of rural beauty, and bathed in an atmosphere of gold the form of a young hunter, who stood leaning on his rifle and gazing upon the summer sunset. Though covered by a canopy of richly tinted clouds, the glowing orb had strength enough to struggle through the vapor, and, to the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, hundreds of mountain pinnacles received the mellow radiance on their leaf-crowned summits, which shone as if covered with myriads of gems, sparkling with countless, varied hues of golden green. Gradually, as the quivering rays grew fainter, the emerald tints assumed a deeper dye; one by one the dying peaks were forced to lose their short-lived splendors, the dusky shades of evening crept upward like huge ghosts along the mountain side, and the whole of the bright prospect faded away into the uniform gray of summer twilight. Our young hunter, whose spirit was attuned in unison with nature's sweetest harmonies, felt all the influence of the peaceful scene, and, fixing his eyes upon the full-orbed moon which had just begun to illuminate the Eastern heavens, sank into a pensive reverie.

Not many minutes had elapsed, when the stillness of the forest was interrupted by a strain of music, so clear, so soft, so exquisitely sweet, that the solitary listener was half disposed to think that it proceeded from some tuneful Sylph, rather than from one of mortal mould; and this fancy was not dissipated when, by cautiously stealing round a little thicket of underwood, he beheld the singer. It was a young and lovely maiden, who had been sportively decorating herself with such a profusion of wild flowers, woven into such a variety of fantastic wreaths and many colored garlands, that it would not have required any great luxuriance of imagination to have converted her into a wood-nymph or a sylvan goddess, or even into one of the "tuneful Nine." She sat upon a moss grown rock, with her head thrown back against a tree, and had doubtless been gazing upon the glorious sunset, until her rapturous admiration overflowed in the sweet strains of the "evening hymn," which now vibrated on her lips. Her flower-besprinkled hair fell about her shoulders in rich, luxuriant tresses, and wherever an ebon ringlet was lifted by the Summer breeze, it disclosed a skin of dazzling whiteness, which was only rivalled in purity by the pearls displayed within the ruby casket of her parted lips. The color of her eyes could not be seen, but they must have been charming beyond comparison if their beauty could much excel that of the snowy lids and jewy lashes by which their orbs were shaded.

Our young hunter was rooted to the spot where he stood with surprise and admiration. Though not a resident in the village of S—, he had been a frequent visitor to its beautiful valley, and he knew that though it could boast of many pretty faces, it never numbered among its daughters any one that could be at all compared with the vision of transcendental loveliness which had been so suddenly revealed to his astonished gaze. "Dazzled and drunk with beauty," he lost all consciousness of surrounding objects, and surrendered both eyes and ears to that magic influence which from that moment was to rule his destiny.

The brief limits which we have assigned to our little tale will not allow us to enlarge upon the interview which now took place between the youth and maiden; we will merely give the reader some idea of its results, both immediate and more remote. Unlike very many of those beauties which captivate "at first sight," Alice Masdyn had a soul which did not honor the beauteous temple in which it was enshrined, and when young Allowby, the hunter, found means to consummate the acquaintance so romantically begun, his reason fully ratified the choice his eyes had made so rashly on the Lurra mountain.

Alice was on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Trippe, who was one of the female magnates of S—, and, on the evening above referred to, had been strolling on the mountain, with a party of young people, after visiting a mineral spring which had often afforded an excuse for similar rambles to the more juvenile portion of the population. In her eager search for some rare flower which was said to be a denizen of Mount Lurra, she had wandered from her companions, until, overcome by fatigue, she had thrown herself upon the rock where George Allowby found her. He accompanied her home, and three weeks afterward, by the same moss-covered rock, after witnessing a similar sunset, he hid her burning blushes in the bosom of an accepted lover—an affianced husband.

Time rolled on, and the wedding day was fixed. It was to take place in S—, and under the auspices of her aunt; for Alice was an orphan, and entirely dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood, with the exception of the little assistance that could be given by her only brother, a lieutenant in the navy.

It was late in the afternoon of a beautiful day in October, that Alice, with her friend and expectant bridesmaid, Julia Cramer, arrived on her second visit at the village of S—. She had never looked more beautiful, for her heart was full of hope and joy, and it glowed on her cheek and danced in her happy eyes. She was to meet George Allowby, who had been called to the South by important business, a few weeks before, and the marriage was to be solemnized as soon as possible.

"Where is George?" asked Alice, of her cousin Sarah, the moment she alighted.

"He is not here," was the brief response.

"Not here, cousin!"

"He is not in S—."

Poor Alice trembled excessively, and was hardly able to enter the house. Her aunt and her cousin Margaret received her with a coldness which increased her anxiety, until it amounted to positive terror, and, when the former put a sealed letter into her hand, her emotion was such that she was utterly unable to open it. With a convulsive grasp which smothered the words her lips were striving to articulate, she handed the letter to Julia Cramer, who managed to break the seal, though her sympathizing heart had rendered her fingers almost as powerless as those of her friend. Alice placed the open sheet upon her lap, brushed away the tears which were starting into her eyes, and, almost the next moment, with that awful shriek which is the death-knell of a breaking heart, fell backward on the floor, devoid of sense or motion. Poor Julia was so much affected herself as to be unable to assist her friend, but Mrs. Trippé and her daughters were "strong minded women," and were never known, in all their lives, to manifest one atom of emotion beyond what was strictly decorous and "proper." They accordingly proceeded, with all due deliberation, to do what was necessary for the restoration of their kinsman, and, after she had somewhat recovered, took the earliest opportunity to inform her that it was altogether desirable that she should return to the place whence she came with all convenient promptitude.

The wretched girl was so stupefied with what she had just read, that she was incapable of acting for herself, and hardly able to understand what was said to her. Her friend Julia, indignant at the conduct of her aunt and cousins, which she considered unfeeling under any possible circumstances, took the unhappy maiden by the arm and hurried her away. In their route to the stage-office—whence a return coach was fortunately about to start—they encountered several persons, who had, within a few weeks, been among the most devoted of Alice's "dear five hundred friends." A stare of cold and pitiless curiosity was the only token of recognition they had now to bestow upon the miserable creature who had dared to forfeit the good will of her rich relations. But how? That was the very question that Julia Cramer had been asking to no purpose for the last half hour. Poor Alice! all she knew about it was contained in the bitterly laconic epistle of George Allowby, and that, indeed, was all she cared to know. In those few words, incomprehensible as they were, lay concealed the material of a life-long agony; and as the ear which has been deafened by thunderbolt becomes insensible to all minor sounds, so did this grief-stricken soul disregard all sorrows less poignant than that which at one fell stroke had blighted all its budding hopes forever. The letter contained merely these words:—

"Madam—Your own conscience will tell you why it is that you can henceforth be nothing more than a stranger to
GEORGE ALLOWBY."

The two young ladies were sitting in the stage-office, and, with a cheek flushed with indignation, Julia Cramer was crushing in her hand the fatal paper which she had just perused. At this moment the coach drove up, and Alice, with great difficulty, managed to reach it, supported by the arm of her friend. They were hardly seated, when a rabble rout of boys surrounded the carriage, hooting and screaming.

"Stop thief!—stop thief! There's the women what stole the gloves from Smith's store! Thief!—thief!"

The driver cracked his whip, but, before the coach could be started, a handful of mud and gravel was flung into the window, and, tearing away the gossamer veil, came rudely into contact with the soft cheek of Alice Masdyn. Alas! what a change for the petted, cared-for, and almost worshipped darling of two little weeks ago! Alas, what a shock for the peculiarly refined and sensitive feelings of one who was "the very son of honor!" And what had done this? The wretched, idle, gossiping, slanderous, lying tongues of half a dozen "busy-bodies!"

Poor Alice was taken to the house of Mrs. Cramer, Julia's mother, where she remained in a state of impotency, mental and bodily, having never recovered from the shock produced by that fatal letter. About a fortnight after this occurrence, Lieutenant Masdyn returned somewhat unexpectedly, from the Pacific, to find his beloved, his almost idolized sister, a miserable, mindless wreck. The sight almost drove him to distraction, and, if Allowby had been within his reach, there would probably have been another and a bloodier act to be added to our tragedy. Fortunately for all parties the faithless lover was not to be found; he had sailed for Europe almost immediately after leaving S—, and Masdyn could not leave his sister to pursue him. The lieutenant's next object was to trace the foul slander to its source, and, unpleasant as was the task, he resolved to undertake it without a moment's delay, and for that purpose went immediately to S—.

The first inquiry was made of Mr. Smith, the store-keeper. He informed the young officer that he had lost several pairs of gloves from his store, and, after a close cross-examination, he confessed that he had heard it reported that Miss Masdyn had taken them; but he denied most positively that he had ever said so, or that he had ever in any way given currency to the rumor. The lieutenant next called upon Mrs. Trippé. She received him with a triple proportion of stateliness, and informed him that she was most unwillingly compelled to say that there could be no doubt of his sister's guilt, since she had received her information from her very particular friend, Mrs. Harbottle, who had kindly taken upon herself the melancholy duty of acquainting her with a fact which had long been notorious among the inhabitants of S—, viz.: that her niece had in several instances purloined gloves and other articles from the store of Mr. Smith, and had even had the effrontery to confess it in the presence of several highly respectable ladies.

Young Masdyn, with great difficulty, controlled his indignation during this interview with Mrs. Trippé, and felt that he could not trust himself to say a single

word in reply; he, therefore, took his leave as soon as she had done speaking, and bent his steps to the residence of Mrs. Harbottle. This lady was all politeness, and all regret, and assured the young gentleman that nothing but the imperative call of duty and of conscience would have induced her to assume the unpleasant task of informing Mrs. Tripple of the real state of the case. Masdyn cut her short in the midst of a most pathetic *jeremiad*, and requested her to tell him exactly and precisely what she knew about the matter, and whence she derived her information. It was no easy thing to confine her to such narrow limits, but she was eventually brought to confess that she knew nothing about the affair, except what she had learned from Miss Penderly, and that she could not remember that Miss Penderly had said anything about repeated thefts, but she had told her that there were six pairs of gloves stolen, and that Miss Masdyn had confessed that she took them; in whose presence the confession was made she did not know.

Miss Penderly was stiff and solemn. She would have been "not at home," only the young officer happened to get a sight of her as she was reconnoitering through the parlor window. She declared positively that Mrs. Harbottle had misrepresented her, for she had only spoken of *three* pairs of gloves, and that she had received her information from Mr. Plush, the apothecary.

Rejoiced that he had found a *weak* to deal with at last, Lieutenant Masdyn hastened to the shop of Mr. Plush; but a disappointment awaited him, for the man of drugs was not at home, and he would probably be absent for several days. The mistress of the establishment, however, in the course of certain remarks which she thought proper to make, gave our young officer to understand that Mr. Plush had received his account of the matter from Mrs. Hackley, over the way, and to Mrs. Hackley he went forthwith. She declared solemnly that she had been belied among them somewhere, for she was willing to take her oath that she had spoken to Plush of *one* pair of gloves, and only one, and she had told him the very same story that Miss Twayley had told her.

We would fatigues our readers to little purpose were

we to follow the movements of Lieutenant Masdyn from Miss Twayley to Mrs. Bean, from Mrs. Bean to Mrs. Wrench, and from Mrs. Wrench to Miss Polly Carraway; suffice it to say that Miss Polly informed him that Mrs. Bittles, from whom she had her information, had told her that she had heard the thing from Mrs. Fyler, who had heard Miss Masdyn confess it.

Believing that he had now arrived at something tangible, the lieutenant knocked at the door of Mrs. Bittles, but to his great mortification he found that this lady, one of the most important links in this chain of abominations, was not 'o be found. Mrs. Fyler however, was at home, but she positively denied having ever said v h t was attributed to her by Mrs. Bittles. She had told Mrs. Bittles that Mrs. Carboy had told her that on one occasion while walking in the street behind Miss Masdyn and Miss Anna McLush, she had heard the former say something to the latter about *stealing a pair of gloves*. The poor lieutenant gave a groan of mingled vexation and exhaustion. His patience was sorely tried, but he was determined to ferret out the root of the matter, and, therefore, proceeded to hire a horse and ride out to Mrs. Carboy's.

The last named lady talked very loud, and talked a great deal, for the purpose of making it appear that she was a saint, and her dear friend, Mrs. Fyler, not a bit better than she should be, since "she had said that she said what she did not say." She had simply told Mrs. Fyler that she had heard Miss Masdyn say something to Miss McLush about *gloves and steel*!

The lieutenant now posted back to S—— to take the deposition of Miss Anna McLush, which was in substance as follows: the day before Miss Masdyn left the village she had accompanied her to Smith's store, where they had each of them purchased a pair of gloves, and on their return to Mrs. Tripple's, Alice had made the remark—"these gloves are as tough as steel!"

We have little more to tell. Lieutenant Masdyn compelled the slanderers of his sister to make a public statement of the truth; but it was too late, for on the very day that George Allowby returned from Europe a pale and conscience-stricken man, the spirit of Alice Masdyn "returned to God who gave it."

SONNET.

BY ELIZABETH J. RAMES.

Oh! early lov'd and lost! I see thee still
Though 'neath earth's covering mantle lowly laid,
Never again the vacant place to fill:—
Thy form in dust is dim, yet ne'er shall fade
The memory of the spell, thou heldest o'er me—
Still through the mist of dreams thou art before me—
Rob'd in the hues of manhood's morning prime.

Oh! sadly bright thou shadowest my vision
Friend of my soul! could but that earlier time
Return with all its glories, and hues Elysian—
I wrong thee by such thoughts! thy rest is won,
Thou with Life's triumphs, and its woes hast done
Oh! early call'd to rest! 't is well with thee—
Ask of the One thou'st near to give such rest to me.

THE TROTH PLIGHT.

A STORY OF LEE'S LEGION

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

"He pauses—from the patriarch's brow
There beams more lofty grandeur now;
His reverend form, his aged hand,
Assume a gesture of command."—MRS. HEMANS.

"HARK!"

The speaker was an old man, whose long silvery locks shaded a countenance full of benignity. Placing his hand on the shoulder of his only child, a daughter of seventeen, who had been reading aloud to her parents, he remained in the attitude of one listening intently.

The period when our narrative begins was a few months after the battle of Camden, and toward the close of 1780. By the defeat of Gates, South Carolina, as is well known, fell a prey to Cornwallis; and the tories, whose rapine had been heretofore checked by the whigs, now rose to the ascendant, and maintained it with savage ferocity. Especially were they to be dreaded in the wild and unsettled district where Mr. Arden resided. Houses were plundered; plantations given to the flames; slaves carried off; fathers of families murdered; and not unfrequently wives and daughters treated with the last indignity by these brutal and lawless men. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Arden trembled for the fair and gently nurtured child beside him, when, between the intonations of her voice, he fancied he heard the sound of numerous footsteps approaching.

And no one could have seen Alice Arden then without partaking her father's feelings; for her beauty was of that gentle yet heroic kind which enlists the sympathies at once. Of a complexion delicately fair, and a face that beamed with intelligence and feeling, Alice was very beautiful. She had been sought by many a suitor, though hitherto without success; for her heart was wrapped up in her parents. To them she devoted every thought. For them she sang, for them she sketched, for them she practised her embroidery; because she knew they were proud of her accomplishments, rare in that day. For them too on Sunday evenings she read aloud from the Bible, a holy task in which she had been interrupted by her father's exclamation.

"Hark!" he said again, raising his finger.

For a moment there was death-like silence in the room, and then there came to the ear, loud and distinct, the hurried tramp of men.

"Are the doors fastened?—are the windows barred?" he cried, springing to his feet.

Alice, pale with alarm, rose also, answering in the affirmative.

"It is well," he said, walking to the door to examine. "In these perilous times, we know not who may be abroad. Pray God these may not be tories, though I hear they are rising in the district. Let us barricade the door to be prepared for the worst."

With some difficulty the massive dining-table was dragged, rather than lifted to the required position, where it formed a sort of rude barricade. By this time the sound of footsteps was close at hand. Alice stood a little behind her father, half supporting her other parent, who trembled violently. The daughter was more resolved, for she inherited something of her sire's spirit, but still, not a shadow of color remained in her face. There was a moment's breathless suspense, and then came a loud knock on the door, as if with some heavy instrument, like the butt end of a musket.

"Who's there?" asked Mr. Arden.

"A friend," was the reply.

"And who is a friend?"

"Open and see," answered the speaker, rapping impatiently with his musket against the panel.

"There is something I should know in that voice," retorted Mr. Arden, in a loud, firm tone. "But as these are wild times, I must be excused for not opening until I know further of my visitors."

There was now a low muttering on the outside, which continued for more than a minute. Several voices could be distinguished, and some difference of opinion apparently existed as to what should be done next. At last, the first speaker resumed aloud—

"Open, Mr. Arden," he said, "or it will be the worse for you. We know you to be a whig, and if you would escape harsh usage, you had better let us in without further parley."

"And I know you now, James Hardy, for your voice has betrayed you," replied the old man, in a resolute tone. "Go your way, and let me and mine alone; for enter here, you shall not—unless over my corpse."

What made Alice shudder and cling suddenly to her mother as these words were pronounced? Why did that parent fling her arms convulsively around her child and burst into a passion of tears? And why was it that the sire, even while he thus boldly spoke, glanced a moment at his child, with a look of unutterable anguish, gone indeed in an instant like the lightning's flash, but like it for that one instant

earfully distinct? It was because each and all too well knew now the purpose of this visit. Hardy was the reputed leader of a band of tories, or regulators, as they called themselves; and had once been indignantly rejected by Alice, to whose fair hand he had presumed to aspire. This had been during the period of the whig ascendancy. He had then been heard to swear that, if ever the tables turned in war, he would make the Ardens rue their haughtiness. Too many atrocious acts had already occurred, in the short interval since the subjugation of South Carolina, to leave any doubt as to his present intentions.

The sire, as he spoke, with a sad but firm face, had turned and taken down a musket from the wall, and now, he advanced to the door, waving his wife and daughter back.

"You will not be so foolish, Mr. Arden, as to resist," replied Hardy, "we are ten to your one. Open the door quietly, and I will promise that neither you nor your wife shall be harmed, though my lads must have free leave to help themselves of course, and Mistress Alice must make up her mind to accompany us."

The blood came and went in that old man's wintry cheek, like volcanic fires shooting up amid the snow; and his fingers trembled excessively as he nervously handled his piece; yet he did not utter a word in reply. But now Alice broke from her mother's arms and stepped quickly to the door, speaking eagerly.

"James Hardy," she said, yet her clear, silvery tones, notwithstanding her efforts at composure, were a little tremulous, "are you not ashamed to avow such baseness? What! assault a weak, defenceless girl, and her two aged parents. Depart while there is yet no sin upon your soul! Think better of what you propose to do, James Hardy, and do not commit a deed which will haunt you to your dying day."

A brutal oath was the only answer to this appeal, and a blow was dealt upon the door that made the house ring. The panel split into fragments. As the blow fell, Mr. Arden gently pushed his daughter back, and the click of his fire-lock was heard, while every lineament of his face grew rigid with desperate resolve. But the assailants, before repeating the blow, parleyed again.

"Will you open, I say; and without any further preaching?" asked Hardy, in an angry voice. "I should be sorry, Mr. Arden, to have you come to harm. But if you will resist, your blood be on your own head; for carry my purpose I will, so help me God!"

A shriek from the aged mother answered this terrible threat; and she would have clung to Alice, as if those weak, old arms cou'd have protected her darling. But Alice herself did not give way to similar weakness: on the contrary, with a resolution and presence of mind above her years, she hurried to pile on the table what chairs and other furniture was near at hand, to strengthen the barricade.

The blows now fell in rapid succession, and soon a second panel was shivered into splinters. But the frame of the door was unusually massive, and, for sometime, stoutly resisted the efforts of the assailants. Those were moments of terrible suspense. The sire, nerved with the courage and energy of youth, thought

only of saving his daughter, and stood there, like a lion at bay. The mother had sunk into a chair, and was wringing her hands, weeping and calling on Heaven for aid by turns. Alice, with clasped hands, and lips moving in supplication, remained a pace or two behind her father as if to assist him in an emergency, yet gazing, with pale cheek and eyes wild with terror, on the shattered door, between the broken panels of which the forms of the assailants could now be discerned. Oh! how her fears and hopes alternated, as she saw the strong frame quivering under the blows, yet still resisting them. At last a crash, more terrible than any that had preceded, announced that some article far weightier than the butt of a musket had been brought up to beat in the door; and simultaneously the splinters flew in every direction into the room, and the stout frame tumbled in ruins to the floor. At the same instant her sire fired, and one of his foremost miscreants fell. A wild howl, as of a pack of angry wolves, arose from the tories, and they rushed forward, in a dense mass, completely blocking up the entrance.

But their eagerness, for a time defeated their purpose, as they were in each others way. Besides, though the door had fallen from its hinges, the barricade remained to pass, and this could not be done in a moment. Its unexpected appearance induced the foremost to spring back. At this crisis, Mr. Arden, clubbing his musket, brought the heavy walnut stock down, with all the force of a father's despair, on the head of the nearest intruder. With a dull, crashing sound, it smote the skull of the aggressor, and he fell, a second victim. The rest recoiled immediately.

But it was only for an instant. The voice of Hardy, who had remained somewhat in the rear, was now heard, inciting them to vengeance.

"On—on," he shouted, "there is but one old man, and two women! A bold rush, before he could have recovered himself, would have given us the victory. What do you fear? Pick him off with a gun! Or, let me take the front—I'll drag the old toothless mastiff down, I warrant you."

A coarse laugh was the only answer to these words; and simultaneously one of the tories fired. Mr. Arden's arm fell powerless at once. With a yell of savage exultation the assailants rushed forward at this sight, and bearing down the feeble barricade by the mere weight of numbers, poured into the apartment.

Alice, seeing her father's wound, had sprung to his side with a shriek, and flinging her arms around him, sought thus instinctively to shield him from harm. Facing the intruders, and forgetting her own peril, she addressed them in tones of agonized entreaty

"Oh! spare him—spare my father," she cried—"Hardy—James—mercy!—he is an old man—"

She paused, and as she stood there with lips half parted, her beautiful hair dishevelled over her shoulders, even those rough men hesitated a moment, a wed by her beauty, or moved by her piteous appeals.

It was a pause of breathless silence, which was prolonged by an unforeseen event; for suddenly, there swept by a strange, rushing sound, distant, yet approaching nearer. At first it seemed the wind among the trees, then the brawling of a torrent, and

finally the rapid trot of horsemen. When the character of the noise became unmistakable, the tories turned their faces anxiously toward each other. Nearer, nearer, nearer came the sound of those rapid hoofs! And now they were close at hand. A sort of stupor of bewilderment and alarm had, up to this moment, appeared to hold possession of Alice; but now, suddenly she rushed toward a window that looked on the road, uttering a succession of shrieks, and exclamations for succor.

"Help—help—here—for the sake of Heaven," she cried.

She could pronounce no more, for the strong arm of Hardy dragged her from the window, while his broad hand was placed over her mouth. But she had seen enough to know that succor was close at hand.

There was no moon indeed, but the stars shone brightly, and by their light she recognized about twenty horsemen, clad in the green uniform of Lee's legion. They had seen as well as heard her, she knew; for with a hurrah, they turned their horses aside into the yard of the dwelling, leaping the garden fence in gallant style.

CHAPTER II.

"A creature not too bright, nor good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smooches."

A few minutes, and the strife was over, if indeed that can be called a strife where the one side took to flight the instant the character of the other became known. Hardy himself, perceiving who his enemies were as he dragged Alice from the window, flung her angrily across the room, and sprang out the door, one of the first to seek safety in retreat. Flying into the neighboring wood, which approached on that side of the house to within twenty rods, the tories effected their escape, with the exception of three, who were cut down by the troopers in the interval between the door and the forest.

Alice was kneeling by her father, who had fainted, when the doorway was again darkened by a shadow. Her first impression was that the tories had returned, and she looked up in alarm. But the cry, that rose to her lips, subsided as she saw before her a tall and handsome form, attired as an officer of Lee's legion. The intruder lifted his cap courteously.

"I hope these villains have done no harm," he said, in bland tones. "Ah! he is wounded—your father, I presume," he continued, advancing and kneeling by Mr. Arden, whose hurts he proceeded to examine. There was but one, however, that in the arm, and this he pronounced comparatively slight. "Take courage, my dear lady, there is no danger—I have some knowledge of surgery—and see, he revives!"

There was something so gentle and kind in the tones and manner of the speaker, that Alice, on the first moment of leisure, looked at him with interest. She was surprised to see how handsome his face was, especially when lighted up by sympathy. Nothing could be more refined and delicate than his conduct. Stepping to the door, he had requested his men to

remain outside, only allowing one to enter, and he for the purpose of assisting to lift the wounded man to a bed. He then bared the arm, examined the wound, and tied it skilfully up, Alice aiding him whenever necessary. The mother, indeed, was still incapable of rendering the least assistance, for her aged nerves had not yet recovered entirely from their shock.

"He will do now very well," said the officer, "allow me, therefore, to retire. I am Lieutenant Stanhope, of Lee's mounted legion. We are attached to Greene's army, and have come into this district for a few days. I was going a mile or two further on to encamp, but I do not like to leave you unprotected; so we will bivouac close by. Farewell!" And with a graceful bow he was gone.

The next morning Stanhope called early and found Mr. Arden sitting up, and far on the road to recovery, his wound having been comparatively slight. From that hour the lieutenant was a constant visitor at the Ardens. The legion of Lee had been recruited from the best families of the middle states, so that to be an officer in that corps was a proof of unusual merit. Our hero had received the best education the colonies afforded, and was about embarking for Europe to pursue the study of his profession, when the war of Independence broke out, and changed the medical student into the soldier. Accustomed to the best circles of Philadelphia, then the wealthiest city in the colonies, he had, since he entered the army, been almost excluded from female society, a severe deprivation to one of his elegant and chivalrous tastes. His meeting with the refined and accomplished Alice Arden, in the wilds of upper Carolina, surprised, not less than fascinated him. He thought, and thought truly, that he had never seen her equal in grace and manner, much less in intelligence. Mr. Arden had not always been what he now was. Formerly a wealthy planter on Cooper River, he had gone abroad to educate his daughter, but during his absence a fraudulent steward had nearly ruined him, and on his return, he was forced to seek shelter on a little estate high on the Catawba, the sole remnant of his once large possessions. Here he had been residing for three years, totally forgotten by his old equals.

Alice was as sportive as she was intelligent; and it was this union of qualities, perhaps, which fascinated Stanhope. Of a superior intellect himself, he found a delight in conversation like hers. Having lived very secluded, her time had been chiefly spent in reading, and her mind accordingly was rich with acquired stores. Hour after hour would Stanhope sit, discussing favorite authors with her. Neither he nor she dreamed of danger. Indeed, as was natural to a disposition like hers, Alice railed at love. Rosalind could not have been more arch.

"Your sex are so vain," she would say, "that I wonder any woman of sense can gratify you, by loving you. There's not one of you worth our hearts. We give you our undivided affection, and you return it by sharing yours with a thousand rivals. Ambition, wealth, and glory, these you pursue, as the real purposes of life; while you condescend only to amuse your leisure with us."

"But all men are not so," replied Stanhope: "can you not picture to yourself one who would love a wife above all earthly things, ay! treasure her every look and word as a holy thing in his inmost heart, yet give his attention also to glory or duty. Believe me, he cannot be a true man who is not either ambitious for distinction, for doing good, or for some other high purpose in life. And I can imagine no prize more noble for one of your sex to win, than such a man, who will love as I have described."

There was an enthusiasm in his words that heightened the color on the cheek of Alice, but she rallied and continued.

"Oh! what a poet you would make. I declare you have drawn a perfect sir Charles Grandison, a sort of modern Sydney, redolent of the Arcadia; a very paragon of love and duty, chivalry, and all that! Your imagination runs away with you, Mr. Stanhope. Finish the picture, by supposing that this 'mirror of knighthood' would go to the world's end for his lady-love, or like Tasso's Rinaldo, dare the perils of enchanted grounds for her sweet sake. You read too many romances, I fear. Recollect Scuderi has gone out of fashion, and that Cervantes has jeered down Amadis of Gaul. Nobody but sentimental misses, or antiquated old maids, believe in such love now-a-days."

This silenced Stanhope for that time, but one day he said suddenly—

"I think you confess yourself a skeptic in love, Alice."

"I would not believe in it, if one rose from the dead. You don't know what an incorrigible creature I am."

"Not if one told you he loved!" As he spoke, his voice trembled slightly, though he strove to assume an air of banter.

"Not then! Who could trust such a profession?" she added quickly, looking aside; and then she hummed the words, "Men are deceivers ever!"

Stanhope sighed, but very faintly, yet still Alice detected the sigh; and perhaps her heart smote her, for she could not but have perceived, under his assumed indifference, a real seriousness. But Alice was wilful at times, as the best are, and she was in one of her wild moods now. Looking gaily up, she said—

"What a lack-a-daisical air you wear, Mr. Stanhope."

"Do I?" he said, rousing himself as from abstraction.

"Yes! and one would think you had been in love and jilted; and had resolved to make me your confident and intercessor. But don't, I pray you! I shall begin to tire of you dreadfully, if you become sentimental. I liked you because you were animated; but positively you sighed, just now, as if your heart was breaking. What a splendid Niobe you would make, drenched in tears!"

Stanhope's face had betrayed a variety of emotions while she was thus speaking. Suddenly he seized her hand, looked her a minute earnestly in the face, then dropping those fair fingers as quickly as he had taken them, he said hurriedly—

"Farewell. I am not fit company for the gay

to-day; since to-morrow we move our quarters. But this is nothing to you—farewell!"

He rushed from her, sprang on his horse who stood at the door, and galloped down the road, never once turning to look back. Alice was taken by surprise. Not until his last words had she known that the legion was to march on the morrow; and with this knowledge, every trace of gaiety suddenly vanished from her heart. Stanhope had left her in anger, and perhaps forever! Her own foolish words, too, had sent him away thus. Bursting into tears, her first impulse was to rush to the window that overlooked the road; but he did not look back; and in a moment maidenly pride came to her aid, so that she hastily withdrew into the room, covered with burning blushes. Yet that night, when no eye could see her, and when her pillow hid her face even from the darkness itself, what tears of self-reproach Alice shed! For she now discovered that she loved. The most earnest hearts frequently wear a mask of gaiety, as the deepest rivers ever have the brightest ripples on the surface. Such had been Alice.

A tempest of stormy emotions raged in Stanhope's bosom as he galloped down the road. He had enjoyed the society of Alice too much to think of analyzing the real character of his feelings toward her, until the order to move his quarters woke him, like a thunderbolt, from his delicious dream, and revealed his true condition, by one instantaneous flash. At once he resolved to learn his fate from the lips of Alice. He was not without hopes that her interest in him was similar in character to that he felt for her; yet, like all who truly love, he feared more than he hoped. These fears increased when he stood in her presence, but especially when he approached the subject dearest to his heart.

"She saw my aim and wished to spare me the pain of a refusal. Oh! God—the dream of happiness is over forever."

He struck his brow with his clenched hand, as he thus spoke, and spurring his horse until the blood spouted under the sharp steel, dashed off again in full gallop. For hours he kept the saddle, going he knew not whither. In this rapid motion he found some alleviation for his emotions. At last, exhausted almost to stupefaction, he let the reins drop on the neck of his wearied animal, and in this mood reached his quarters after nightfall.

The next morning an orderly arrived with fresh commands, postponing the march of the troop another day. It was a welcome respite to Stanhope. Not that he thought of returning to the Ardens; but yet he knew not how to tear himself away from the vicinity. Once or twice it occurred to him that Alice might not have meant all she said, that she would repent, and that he would be summoned to her side. He little understood the sex, much less Alice. Now that she knew the true state of her heart, she bitterly reproached herself for the past, yet she would have endured thousand deaths sooner than have betrayed, by a message, how dear he was to her.

"No, he must seek me again," she said, proudly, yet weeping, "and that he will never do."

All that day Stanhope remained in a state of feverish

excitement. Evening came, without a word from Alice. He was torn by conflicting emotions. Now he resolved to throw himself again at her feet, and remove all doubts by another rejection; now he called himself a fool, for thinking there could be room for doubt. At last he seized his cap and sword, and setting out on foot, found himself, without intending it, close to the house of Alice. There was a faint moon, and by its light he discerned a familiar form at the French window that opened into the garden. An irresistible impulse hurried him forward. Alice was in a deep reverie, and his noiseless tread did not arouse her, until he almost stood at her side. She started up, with a deep blush, while undisguised joy sparkled in her eyes.

"You here—I thought you had gone—" she exclaimed, in a tone of glad surprise, clasping his extended hand in both of hers; then, suddenly letting it fall, she drew back in confusion, exclaiming—"how you surprised me!" And there she stopped.

Stanhope's own feelings had undergone a rapid revulsion, for nothing could be warmer than her first welcome, nor did her present embarrassment dampen him. It rather increased his new born hopes. She was now trembling violently, and indeed had to lean for support against the window; while the flutter of her white kerchief betrayed how her bosom was agitated.

"Alice," he said, entering, and taking her hand, "Alice, you know now how I love you, one word, is there hope?"

She gave him a single glance and burst into tears.

Three hours later, they parted, mutually betrothed, by the consent of her parents. As he departed, Stanhope took a ring from his little finger, and said—

"This was my mother's, Alice; but I cannot put it to a holier purpose than to make it the gage of our betrothal. Give me, in exchange, that plain gold one you wear, and I promise never to part with it while life remains."

"Unless you cease to love me," added Alice, looking timidly into his eyes, as they exchanged rings.

"I am safe in allowing the exception," said he, smiling to reassure her. "Let Heaven here take witness to my vow to keep holy this troth-plight!"

Just then a cloud sailed across the moon and threw a momentary shadow over them. Both looked up, Alice with a shudder. But, even that quickly, the cloud had gone; and their eyes meeting, with a smile of mutual love, even more quickly had the sadness faded from their hearts.

CHAPTER III.

"Wo to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!"—BRYANT.

DURING the three weeks, whose lapse we have recorded in the preceding chapter, the great battle of the Cowpens had been fought. Though victory had attended our arms in that engagement, the number of Greene's troops was too few to make head against the combined forces of Cornwallis, and accordingly as soon as the Marquis, thirsting to revenge Tarleton's defeat, began the pursuit of Morgan, a retreat became

necessary. The army, in consequence, broke up from its old positions and retired on North Carolina. The history of the memorable retreat that ensued we presume to be familiar to our readers, and shall, therefore, not dwell upon it here.

Toward the close of the retreat, when the main army had nearly reached the Dan, a body of picked men was placed under the command of Col. Williams to form a rear-guard. In this corps was included the legion of Lee; and to them was assigned the task of bringing up the extreme rear. Mounted on active horses, they scoured the space between the two armies, keeping a constant watch on the enemy, halting, and starting again when he started. Frequently the advanced parties of the British, and the rear of Lee's legion were within musket shot of each other; but the enemy's dragoons never ventured on a pursuit, well knowing that the horses of the legion were swifter and faster than their own.

Greene had led Cornwallis to believe that he intended crossing the Dan at the upper ferries, where the latter knew he would have the American general in his power; but, in fact, had secretly collected boats lower down the river, and thither he turned off. He left the corps of Williams, however, to maintain the delusion, by marching in front of the Marquis on the old route. The stratagem succeeded. For awhile Cornwallis was completely deceived. Having kept the Marquis on the wrong scent as long as he thought advisable for the safety of the main army, Williams suddenly struck across the country, early one morning, in order to gain the high road leading to the lower ferries.

The little corps had halted for a late breakfast, the only meal allowed in the whole twenty-four hours, and was gathering around the fires, for the morning was cold with a drizzling rain, watching the meat on the coals, and inhaling the fragrance of the corn cake in the ashes, when a countryman, mounted on a lean horse, rode up and gave the startling intelligence that the enemy had discovered the rose played on him, and was now in full pursuit. The countryman had been burning brushwood, he said, at his farm only four miles behind, when he saw the British coming up the road, and instantly taking the first horse he could find, had hurried to give the intelligence to his friends. Lee's legion was immediately despatched to reconnoitre. After proceeding two miles, with no sign of the enemy, Lee determined to return. He left Stanhope, however, with two dragoons, to keep a look out. The countryman, still asserting that the British were close at hand, asked for a better horse, as his own was worn down, and in case of a pursuit, would ensure his being overtaken. Accordingly the buglar of the troop, a lad of tender years, was dismounted, and made to exchange horses with the countryman. Then Lee striking into the woods, left the party.

Our hero and his guide rode forward, but, in less than ten minutes, suddenly came in sight of the British van. So close was the enemy that no hope of safety existed for our little party, except in instant flight. Down the road accordingly they sped, the enemy's dragoons giving chase with a hurrah. Three men against thirty was fearful odds, but Stanhope and his

soldiers were well mounted, and scoured over the ground as if on winged horses. The main body of the pursuers soon fell behind, but four or five, whose steeds were blooded ones, held their way, and even gained on the fugitives. The race had continued for more than a mile, when, all at once, Stanhope heard a shrill cry, and looking back he saw that the dragoons had drawn in, having discovered the little buglar in the woods at the edge of the road, where the lad, unable to escape, had taken refuge. Our hero was not too far off to hear what passed, yet was too distant to render succor in time. He could distinguish the little fellow, whom he knew to be unarmed, pleading for quarter; but in vain. The boy had got down from his horse, and was on his knees in the road, where, with uplifted hands, he besought the dragoons to spare him for the sake of his mother. He addressed those who were inexorable. Stanhope saw the flash of a sabre, and the helpless child fell to speak no more, wounded by a deep gash in his head. Again and again the sabres of the five miscreants wreaked their vengeance on that poor boy. Stanhope could endure the sight no longer.

"I will avenge him," he cried, "though at the cost of life. You will follow, comrades—wheel—charge!"

With eyes flashing as he spoke, he turned his steed sharp around, and, accompanied by the two soldiers, galloped to the desperate encounter. The dragoons saw him coming and advanced to meet him. At the first shock the foremost of them went down beneath Stanhope's indignant arm, the sword cleaving his skull to the very chine.

His two companions had been equally successful, having actually ridden over their antagonists; and the others would have fled but that the remainder of the dragoons were now within pistol shot. Stanhope might have seen that he and his followers must finally be overpowered, but with feelings still boiling at the sight of the brutal murder of that lad, he could not pause to think.

"Vengeance!" he shouted, turning on another.

But at this instant a wild huzzah was heard behind, which proceeded from the rest of the legion; for the

sound of the pistols fired at Stanhope in the pursuit, had reached the ears of Lee, who hurried to aid his lieutenant. At sight of the solid masses of the American cavalry, thundering along the road, the joy of Stanhope broke all bounds, especially as, simultaneously, the British dragoons turned to flee.

"Hurrah," he cried, rising in his stirrups, and, waving his sabre on high, "we have them now. Let us be first in at the end of the chase."

He gave spurs to his horse as he spoke, and attended by his two companions, both splendidly mounted like himself, sped along the road. It was not long before one of the dragoons was overtaken, and Stanhope's sabre was already flashing around his head, when the man cried for quarter. A moment's hesitation, and then Stanhope's better feelings prevailed.

"Take it," he said, as he shot by, like an arrow, "and report yourself a prisoner to the legion behind."

On drove the fugitives, and on followed those three legionaries, Stanhope gradually gaining on his companions until a considerable distance ahead of them. Every few moments another dragoon was overtaken. Each one in turn, without attempting resistance, like a craven at once cried for quarter; and to each it was granted, until fifteen of the enemy, including their captain, were thus taken prisoners and sent back on parole. Hurried away by excitement, Stanhope forgot how far he was from the legion. Just before him was a dragoon whom he would overtake, with a few more leaps, when suddenly, at a turn in the road, he saw the whole British army in front. At the same instant he heard a shout from the nearest of his companions—

"Fly, fly, lieutenant," were his words, "we are surrounded!"

Stanhope looked over his shoulder, and found that the warning was true, but had come too late. Most of the captured dragoons, perceiving that the rest of the legion had not pursued, had suddenly resolved to turn the tables on their three captors. Accordingly they were coming down the road, in nearly a solid mass, cutting off all hope of escape from our hero.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YIELD NOT!

BY F. G. GAGE.

Dost thou pine in thy heart for some measureless sphere
Where the mountains of glory encircle the seas;
Where the Spirit of Beauty, untarnished by tears,
Sits all the day long in the bowers of ease;
And the Spirit of Light with its pinions unfurled
Fills the air with the incense of Pleasure and bliss?
You may fancy such lands—you may dream of such worlds,
But you've never seen worlds that are brighter than this!
Oh! then, ere the hours of thy being grow dim,
Be thy hands to their labor—thy heart to its hymn!

Though the darkness of night gather over thy way,
Never yield to the canker thoughts of despair,
For the darkness will flee at the coming of May—
Never yield! but toil on, though the Heaven be not fair!
For Life's but a taper, and dimly 'tis burning,
And soon shall be shrouded in darkness and night;
And each moment that passes is never returning
To gladden thy bosom with Pleasure's delight!
Oh! then, ere the hours of thy being grow dim,
Be thy hands to their labor—thy heart to its hymn!

A G R E E A B L E N E I G H B O R S .

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

"You don't know what a beautiful new parlor carpet the Henleys have just bought," said my wife to me, as I came in to dinner; "and it was only a dollar and a quarter a yard. It's worth almost as much again as ours was when new, and we paid a dollar thirty-seven and a half."

"Carpets are cheaper now than they were when we bought," I returned, a little coldly.

"True. That was a long time ago. I have just been looking at ours. They are really very much defaced. Don't you think we can afford to buy new ones? I feel quite ashamed of them; they are so worn and faded."

"You did not think so indifferently of them until you saw Mrs. Henley's new one."

"Oh, yes I did. But, I thought, maybe, you might think we couldn't afford others, and so I didn't say anything about it. But now that the Henleys, who are really no better off than we are, have put down a beautiful new carpet on their parlor, I feel as if we ought to do the same. Ours look awfully shabby."

"To carpet our parlors will cost at least fifty dollars, Jane."

"Oh, no it won't, nothing like it."

"It is easy to make the calculation. Figures never lie. It will take twenty yards for each parlor."

"Not more than eighteen," replied my wife.

"It takes five breadths, and each room is four yards long."

As I said this, I took a rule from my pocket, and, in a few moments, proved the assertion I had made as to the length of the room.

"Four fives make twenty," I said, as I arose from my bent position, "and twice twenty make forty. Forty yards of carpeting at a dollar and a quarter a yard, will cost just fifty dollars."

"Ain't you mistaken?" returned my wife, who is not overly smart at figures. "Forty yards at a dollar a yard is only forty dollars. The forty quarters won't make ten, certainly."

"Divide four into forty, and you have ten. Or, multiply ten by four, and you have forty. Forty yards of carpeting at a quarter of a dollar a yard, will, therefore, make ten dollars; and ten dollars added to forty dollars will make just fifty."

"True enough! But I wouldn't have thought it. Fifty dollars is a good big sum; but then, you know, we don't want parlor carpets every year. It is six or seven years since these were bought. We shall have to get new ones very soon at any rate, and we might as well buy them now as at any other time; and better too, for I don't believe they will be as cheap in six months from this."

My wife was fairly set out for new parlor carpets,

and meant to carry her point. This I understood very well, and not caring to fight a battle in which the odds were all against me, abandoned the contest, and gave my wife fifty dollars to buy the carpets, inwardly anatomizing Mrs. Henley, and wishing her a thousand miles away.

I had a very comfortable income of a thousand dollars a year, out of which I laid it down as a rule that I ought to save at least two hundred dollars. This I had been able to do for a couple of years, until, unfortunately, the Henleys moved next door, and my wife made the acquaintance of the very agreeable Mrs. Henley, whose husband received a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum, all of which was regularly spent by the year's end. I had nearly four hundred dollars snugly laid away in the Saving's Bank when the Henleys became our neighbors. The amount had already dwindled away until only two hundred remained, when the parlor carpets were to be replaced by new ones. These new neighbors and acquaintances were very agreeable people, certainly. I liked Henley very well, and my wife was perfectly fascinated with Mrs. Henley, who was a woman of some taste, but rather extravagant notions for one in her circumstances.

Our style of living had been plain from the beginning, and with this style we were both very well satisfied. At the time of our marriage I had about a thousand dollars laid by, and this sum we expended in furniture, keeping in view comfort and convenience, rather than show. For two or three years, we found it necessary to expend all that could be saved out of my salary, which, during that time, was only eight hundred dollars, in completing the comforts of our little household. After that my salary was increased, and I was able to save something. With the pleasant prospect, if health continued, of being able to save enough to purchase, in time, a comfortable dwelling, I was going on in a very self-satisfied state of mind, when the Henleys moved next door. Three weeks were allowed to go by, and then my wife suggested that it was no more than right for her to call upon our new neighbors, who were, she had ascertained, very respectable people. I had no objections to offer, and, therefore, made none; and she, accordingly, one day made the proposed complimentary visit.

"I called to see Mrs. Henley this morning," she said to me when I came home to dinner.

"Well—how did you like her?" I returned, half indifferently.

"Very much indeed," replied my wife, expressing herself warmly. "She is one of the most agreeable women I ever met—a perfect lady in her manners. She says that I am the first one who has yet called

upon her. She appeared pleased; and said that she should put me down at once in the number of her friends. They have everything very nice about them. Mahogany chairs in the parlor, which is one long room, and a beautiful marble-top centre-table. On the mantle they have a vase of flowers in the centre, and candelabras at each end."

As my wife said this, she glanced toward the mantles in our plainly furnished parlors. On one of them was a pair of cut glass lamps, and on the other nothing.

"I really think we might afford a pair of candelabras," she digressed to say. "They furnish a room so well, and only cost twelve or fifteen dollars."

I said nothing in reply; but thought our glass lamps looked very well, and that, for the mere appearance of the thing, twelve or fifteen dollars was too much for persons in our circumstances to spend for candelabras.

For some time my wife continued to run on about her agreeable neighbor. She had noticed everything in the parlor arrangement of her house, and the minutest particular of her dress, all of which she described.

Two days only elapsed before Mrs. Henley returned the call, and asked my wife if she wouldn't go shopping with her on the next day. This she promised to do, and as she had several articles to purchase herself, asked me for ten dollars with which to buy them.

"I declare!" she said to me, when I met her at dinner time, after the shopping expedition with Mrs. Henley, "I've been out the whole morning and spent all my money, without buying an article I intended to get. I was going to buy you half a dozen pocket handkerchiefs, a piece of muslin to make up, and some canton flannel for you, not one of which articles have I got."

"What have you bought?" I asked.

"I will show you," she replied, and brought out a bundle from one of her drawers. As she unrolled it, she said—"we met with some of the cheapest collars I ever saw in my life. Real French lace, and only two dollars a piece. There, just look at that?"

And my wife displayed before my eyes a worked collar that was no doubt all she alleged in regard to it, but as I was no judge, I could not be qualified to the fact.

"Isn't it sweet?" she said

Of course I could do no less than assent.

"And it was only two dollars and a half. Mrs. Henley bought one without a word, and I couldn't resist the temptation to do the same. I hadn't a single handsome collar to my name, and felt really ashamed when I went out with Mrs. Henley, who had on one that didn't cost less than five dollars, and mine was a mean, common looking thing, that I had before we were married."

I hadn't a word to say.

"Wasn't I right to get it?" my wife asked, looking me intently in the face.

"Certainly, my dear. You needed a fine collar, and you did right to buy one."

"Now look at this."

A rich, showy dress pattern, met my eyes.

"Isn't that lovely?" said my wife.

"It is," I returned.

"Now, how much do you think it was a yard?"

"Indeed I don't know."

"Only forty cents," said my wife, with an air of triumph. "Last season nothing like it could be had for less than fifty cents. Mrs. Henley said she had not seen anything so cheap or handsome this season, and she has been about a good deal. She took a pattern at once, and as I am in want of a good dress, I did the same. It will make up beautifully. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think it will." What else could I say? My wife needed a dress, and this she considered both pretty and cheap. If it pleased her, I was satisfied.

Half a dozen little matters, of which I did not clearly understand the use, completed the list of purchases—things my wife would not have dreamed of wanting had she not been out shopping with her agreeable neighbor. On the next day I furnished ten dollars more to get the muslin, canton flannel and pocket handkerchiefs, which my wife said must be had immediately. As she had been so kind as to go shopping with Mrs. Henley, that lady very kindly consented to go out with my wife. The piece of muslin was bought, but the handkerchiefs and canton flannel were omitted. The ladies saw a couple of silk bonnets, the price of which was only six dollars each, which so struck their fancies that they forthwith concluded to buy them.

"It is just the thing!" said my wife to me, drawing the really handsome and becoming bonnet upon her head, and looking twenty per cent younger and prettier. "Now don't you think so?"

"I do indeed," I could not help saying, and with a warmth of manner that greatly pleased my good wife.

"I should have had to get a winter bonnet in a few weeks, and pay at least six dollars for one neither so good nor handsome as this. They were selling off, and I could not let the opportunity for securing a bargain like this, pass."

I had nothing to advance by way of objection. Ten dollars more were supplied for shopping purposes, and the canton flannel and pocket handkerchiefs secured this time.

Thus began my wife's acquaintance with her agreeable neighbor, Mrs. Henley. From that period money went more rapidly. It cost, for shopping purposes alone, just double what it had done before. My wife's appearance and that of our two little ones was very much improved, and this was agreeable enough, but I could not help feeling that it was all costing too much. I found that, instead of having fifty dollars at the end of the quarter, to lay up, I hadn't a dollar. All was not spent in shopping, of course; but what was true in the clothing department, was true in every other department, also.

Before the Healeys had been our neighbor's three months, the glass lamps had disappeared from the mantle of our front parlor, and a set of candelabras were to be seen in their place.

Mrs. Henley, upon whom my wife insisted I should call, I found an intelligent, agreeable man, and frequently spent a pleasant evening with him. As for the ladies, they were soon as thick as pick-pockets,

and saw each other every day. From the first week of their acquaintance, the ideas of my wife began gradually to enlarge, and her taste to become refined. The thought of economy gradually faded from her mind. Mrs. Henley became her model, and Mrs. Henley's ideas of things her ideas. She used, every fall, to put up a few jars of preserves—and these were generally confined to peaches and plums, the cost of which did not exceed five dollars. But this, the first season of her acquaintance with Mrs. Henley, she was visited with a regular preserving mania. Quinces, peaches, pears, plums, pine apples, watermelon rinds, and the dear knows what all! were boiled down in the best double refined loaf sugar, and sealed up in glass jars, the number of which I will not pretend to give. Brandyed peaches, too, had to be put up in the best white brandy, for which I paid somewhere between three and four dollars a gallon. Altogether, I am sure the brandy, fruit, sugar, and jars did not cost a fraction less than thirty dollars. I said so to my wife, but she scouted the idea as preposterous.

And so the thing went on for more than a year, before the new carpets were bought, my deposits in the Savings' Bank steadily decreasing, until I had not over two hundred dollars left. I really began to feel serious, and to wish that Mrs. Henley had been married to the man in the moon.

The new carpets looked very fine. I had to acknowledge that. But the chairs and the card-table appeared rather ashamed of themselves in such genteel company.

"Mrs. Henley says our chairs will never do."

I had been looking for this.

"Confound Mrs. Henley!"

Dont suppose, reader, that I uttered this aloud. I was not quite so rude. I only thought it.

"We were looking at some excellent mahogany chairs, when we were in Walnut street this morning, at four dollars apiece. That would only be forty-eight dollars a dozen, and we paid twenty-five for these cane seats. It's a pity we hadn't bought mahogany chairs when we were about it. But these will do very well for the chamber."

When my wife gets a thing into her head, there is no getting it out. After she had said this, I saw the new chairs already in our parlors. This was in imagination; but the real vision came soon. A draft upon my deposits in the Savings' Bank for fifty dollars, furnished my wife with the means of gratifying her desire to have a set of cushioned chairs. Mrs. Henley pronounced them beautiful, but suggested that there was still something wanting to complete the effect. There must either be a sofa-table, or a centre-table, with a marble top.

"Mrs. Henley is very kind in her suggestions," I could not help saying, a little sarcastically. My wife did not like this at all, and met it with a warm defence of her agreeable neighbor. I was silenced. No more was said about a centre or sofa-table for a week or two. Then my wife, with the aid of her friend, discovered the very thing that was wanted, in a handsome sofa-table, with black Italian marble slab, the price of which, exceedingly moderate, was only twenty-two dollars. As there was a pair of them,

and the Healeys bought one, although they had a handsome centre-table already, I couldn't object very strongly, and I did not.

Carpets, chairs and sofa-table, were costly articles, and their purchase made quite a distinct impression upon the little fund I had saved. But, besides these marked impressions, there was a gradual wasting away of my cherished deposit. Mrs. Henley was a woman who always wanted something, and never was satisfied unless she were spending money. In the course of a year and a half, she had so filled my wife with her spirit, that our current expenses, instead of coming within eight hundred dollars, exceeded a thousand per annum, and my four hundred dollars were all drawn out of the Savings' Bank. I had cause to feel sober.

"This will never do," I would say to my wife. "We are living beyond our income."

"I am sure I try to be economical," she would answer. "I don't see how I could spend less. We live no better than other persons in our circumstances live. I am sure Mrs. Henley spends two dollars on herself where I spend one."

"We used to get along very comfortably on eight hundred dollars a year. But we have not only spent a thousand dollars a year for the last two years, but have drawn everything out of the Savings' Bank we had laid up."

"Yes, dear, but look how much furniture we have bought. These carpets, those chairs and tables, and that elegant rocking-chair; besides the dressing-bureau, wash-stand, and mahogany bedstead."

"True. But are we any happier than we were?" I replied. "To speak for myself, I can say that I am not."

"We shall not have them to buy again. They will last us our life-time," suggested my wife, by way of consolation.

"Yes, but my dear, we are living at an expense of at least eleven hundred dollars, and my salary, you are aware, is but a thousand."

My wife looked very serious.

"I don't know what we shall do," she said, in a deponding tone.

"If you don't, I must find out," was my mental reply.

When I left home I took the way direct to the store of my landlord.

"Mr. L——," said I, "have you another house a mile or two away from the one I now occupy?"

"Vacant, you mean?"

"Of course."

"Yes. I received the key this morning of a very excellent house up in Spring Garden District. But the rent is two hundred and fifty."

"Fifty dollars more than I now pay. No matter. That will do. Now, Mr. L——, I want you to write me a formal notification to leave your house within three days."

"Why so? That is a strange proceeding."

I gave him a history of the effect produced upon my finances by our very agreeable neighbors, and declared that if he did not do as I wished, I would be ruined.

My landlord laughed at me, but promised to do as I desired. You may judge of my wife's surprise when a peremptory notice to quit was received.

"He can't get you out until the end of the quarter," suggested Mr. Henley.

"I wouldn't go for him!" said Mrs. Henley, with strongly marked emphasis.

But I affected to be greatly indignant at the landlord's note, and said I wouldn't live in his house another week if he gave it to me rent free for a year. On the next day I took my wife out to see the new house in Spring Garden. She strongly objected to going so far away.

"So far away from where?" I asked.

This she was not able to answer very satisfactorily.

When, however, she saw the house, and found it to be so much larger, handsomer, and more convenient than the one we had left, she waived all objections, and we were snugly settled in it before a week had elapsed. The only thing that my wife regretted in the change, was the loss of her agreeable neighbor, Mrs. Honley. I need not express my feelings on that subject.

Soon we had matters and things going on in the old way, and I am now laying up from one to two hundred dollars a year, and shall continue to do so I hope, unless the Henleys take a fancy to move into our neighborhood, which Heaven forbid!

So much for our very agreeable neighbors. They were pleasant people certainly, but their acquaintance cost too much.

BESSIE BELL.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Luz de mi Alma.

I.

Do you know the modest Maiden,
Pretty bonny BESSIE BELL,
Queen of all the flowers of Aiden,
Whom my heart doth love so well?
Ah! her eyelids droop declining
On her soft cerulean eyes,
Like an unbought Beauty's, pining
For the Harem's Paradise.

II

All her soul seemed full of blisses—
All her heart seemed full of love—
Which she rained on me in kisses,
Like Heaven memna from above.
Sought, the young Fawn in her wildness
Is not wilder in the Dell;
Unapproached, the Dove in mildness
Is not mild as BESSIE BELL.

III.

Like the sweetest of Heaven's singers,
ISRAEL about his Lord,
Music smote her lily-fingers
From the Heavenly Heptachord.
You should know this modest Maiden,
Pretty bonny BESSIE BELL,
Queen of all the flowers of Aiden,
Whom my heart doth love so well.

IV.

Like some sorrowing soul atomsing
For her sins with sobbing sighs—
Wasting, wailing, melting, moanin'
Out her heart in agonies;

Sang this saintly modest Maiden,
Pretty bonny BESSIE BELL,
Queen of all the flowers of Aiden,
Whom my heart doth love so well.

V.

Like the psychical vibration
Of the BUTTERFLY's soft wings,
Dallying with the rich CARNATION—
Played her fingers with the strings.
Israelian in its dearness—
All her heart's deep love to tell—
Bell-like silver in its clearness,
Fell the voice of BESSIE BELL.

VI.

Like some ruby Rose exhaling
Its perfume upon the air,
Her sweet lips kept ever wailing
Out her soul in words of prayer.
Do you know this modest Maiden,
Pretty bonny BESSIE BELL,
Whose sweet heart is overladen
With such love as none can tell?

VII.

A fierce thrill of deep devotion
Then vibrated through my heart,
Broken into rapt emotion
By the magic of her Art.
How I love this modest Maiden,
Pretty bonny BESSIE BELL,
Queen of all the flowers of Aiden—
None on earth can ever tell.

POOR JOHNNY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

ABOUT half an hour's ride from the thickly settled portions of New York, is one of the most beautiful little islands that you ever set eyes upon. Just where the banks of the East River are the most broken and picturesque on the main bottom shore, and the sunny slopes of Long Island are most verdant in their arca-dian beauty, the river opens its bright waters, and Blackwell's Island rises, green, verdant, and beautiful from its azure bosom. Beautiful, even now, is that island; but it was more so, years ago, when its hollows were fragrant with wild roses, haunted with black-birds and thrushes; when its shores were hedged in with the snow-white dog-wood, wild cherry and maple trees, joined together with scarlet ivy and a thousand clinging vines, that even now hang along its shores, like torn banners left on a battle field. Then, the island must have seemed a mile's length of Paradise chopped into the waters—but now, alas, Blackwell's Island has other inhabitants than the singing birds, and the sweet wild blossoms. Its extremities are burdened, and crushed down, as it were, to the very water's edge, with an edifice of massive stone, while human crime and human misery are crowded together in masses appalling to reflect upon.

On one end of the island, naturally so quiet and beautiful, rises the rugged walls of the Penitentiary, flanked by out-houses, hospitals, and offices, every stone of which is eloquent of human degradation. Here, a thousand wretched beings, bowed with misery and branded with crime, are crowded together. All the day long, herds of these degraded beings may be seen in their coarse and faded uniform, burrowing in the earth, blasting and shaping the rocks that are to form new prison walls, and filling the sweet air with groans and curses which once thrilled only to the Summer-bird songs.

At the other extremity of the island stands the Insane Asylum, a beautiful pile, towering proudly over a scene of misery that is enough to make the heart humble with awe and sympathy. From its grated windows you may hear every sound, horrid or pathetic, in which the insane mind expresses its ravings. At one window is a wild face peering through the bars, and looking wistfully at the passer by with eyes full of entreaty, and the wan hand waving fainter and fainter as the wild gesture is unheeded; from another shrieks ring out upon the water, as the poor maniac calls for his mother to come out from the woods—a beautiful grove that rises afar off on the Long Island shore.

"Mother—mother, come, come, I have waited—I
(30)

have pleaded—I have prayed for you to come. Mother! mother!"

This is the daily cry of a poor German boy. The fisherman hears it as he glides by the walls of that gloomy mad-house, and lifts his oar with a sort of terror, as if his own freedom were a mockery to the poor creatures blocked in by those massive and iron-girt walls from the sweet sunny air—the passengers that float by in our palace steamboats sometimes hear a wild shout, rising even above the noise of the engine, and see an arm thrust wildly through the iron bars of the window where this boy is confined—and in the still night, that cry of "mother, mother, come," rings over the woods; and dies in plaintive murmurs amid the roar and turmoil of "Hell Gate."

Other sounds there are issuing from that dismal dwelling—curses that chill the blood—pleadings that might melt a heart of stone—wild, riotous laughter, and wit, often more keen and satirical than springs from the most brilliant intellect. Besides all this amount of living misery, every association, painful or horrid, seems crowded on this beautiful spot—there is a little mound scarcely a stone's throw from the water, and surmounted by a motley trimmed apple tree, that looks like some pretty hillock, left by the gar'ener as a pleasant object to greet the poor maniac as he gazes from the window of his cell. Quiet and verdant it seems, with the calm sunshine sleeping on it, and the shadow of the slender tree pencilled delicately on the sward, as if nothing less beautiful had ever touched its surface. Yet that is the gallows tree! Under its young boughs year after year, was the fatal timbers reared from which one human soul after another was rudely thrust into eternity. That soft grass, so bright and beautiful, has been trodden over and over by the executioner. Those young boughs have trembled to the death-agony of many a wretched convict. Legally murdered, amid the shouts, the sneers, the horror of his fellow men—and yet the scene from that tree is so beautiful, the blue expanse of the river sweep around one broad mirror of sunshine and water. The shores all around are indented into fairy promontories, and rise in the most beautiful slopes that ever gave birth to a world of wild flowers. Close by, the waters of "Hell Gate" toss up their foam, and sparkle in the sunshine, and in the purple distance sleeps many a scene of rural loveliness that is more than arca-dian in its rural beauty. Yet with all this beauty slumbering around, there stood the gallows tree—there looms the Insane Asylum, and there the black Penitentiary is sequestered like some loathsome monster

upon the spot which was not many years since a perfect jungle of sweet briar and swamp roses.

Am I wrong then in saying that on this little slip of earth is kneaded together more of human wretchedness than can be found in the same space throughout the length and breadth of our land. The moment your foot touches the shore you feel oppressed with the crowd of feelings that seem inexplicable—pity, horror, and a painful blending of both crowd upon the heart with every breath you draw. Nothing but the air seems free; nothing but the blue sky above seems pure, as you walk from one scene of distress to another. You feel the more oppressed because human effort seems so powerless to alleviate the misery you witness. All that humanity can accomplish; all that sympathy can do to alleviate distress, is already extended by those who are entrusted to regulate the charities of a great city—but what can minister to a mind diseased? What can take away the deformity and the sting of guilt? Where lies the power to lift pauperism from the degradation that the haughty and evil spirit of man has flung around it? This very heart grows faint as it beats in this wilderness of woe, and finds no fitting answer to questions like these.

But there is still one remnant of beautiful nature left on Blackwell's Island—one spot where the flowers are yet left to bloom in the pure breath of Heaven—where the trees are yet rooted to the earth, and filled, as of old, with the music of Summer birds. On the very centre of the island is an old mansion house, formerly the residence of its proprietor before the paradise became city property. It is a rambling old building, with wings of unequal length, shaded with some magnificent old willows, and surrounded by shrubberies, pretty lawns, shaded with fine old trees; terraces, beautifully lifted from the water's edge; and gravel walks, with here and there a grape arbor flung over them, and bordered with some of the thickest and heaviest box to be found within ten miles around. A neglected and rude old place it is, but perhaps the more lovely for that. Neglect only seems to add to the wild luxuriance of every thing around, the hedges and rose thickets are tangled together. Great snow-hall trees,—trumped vines, and honeysuckles seem to shoot out more vigorously from want of pruning, and the trees have become dressed in the majesty of their age.

You can stand in the old hall and see the river on either hand sparkling through the spreading branches—now and then a snow white sail glides by, and at sunset the water seems heaving up waves of gold wherever your eye is turned.

This is the Children's Hospital. In the low chambers, and the fine old fashioned rooms, from a hundred and fifty to two hundred children lie upon their little cots, in all the stages of suffering to which infancy is subject. Oh, it is a mournful sight,—those helpless little creatures, orphaned, or worse than orphaned, in the morning of life. Their wasted features wearing such looks of pain, and yet so pliant. God help them!

The physician in this hospital is a relative of my own, and many a heart ache has it given me to watch

the brightening of those little faces, as he or the good matron pass into the wards, ministering to their comfort; poor things, by a kind look and soothing word, where medicine might often less avail. Strange manifestations of character have I witnessed among those little creatures—fortitude, that might have shamed a warrior—patience, the most saint-like; and again, but why should I dwell upon the evil that sometimes exhibits itself, full grown, in the heart of an infant? But there was one little child, whose history, simple as it is, yet to me, full of touching interest, I am about to relate. There is no romance in it—nothing to excite, but still I think the reader will not turn away from what I have to tell of poor little Johnny, without a feeling of sympathy, a sigh, perhaps a tear. I shed more than one when they told me that his little coffin rested among the dead heaped together in Potter's Field.

We had gone up to spend an afternoon with my relatives, and were sitting out upon the piazza that runs along the front of the hospital, enjoying the delicious fragrance that come up from the shrubberies, and speaking, now and then, a word to a group of little crippled children that were lying around the steps, when the commissioners' boat, from the Alms House, at Bellevue, came in sight, with two or three of the young physicians of that institution on board. They landed, and came through the grounds, one of them bearing a mop of red flannel and grey fustian in his arms, amid which a pale hand falling over the doctor's shoulder, and a thin little face, resting upon his bosom was just discernible. As the group passed us and entered the hall, the child's head was fully lifted, and he turned upon us a face so meek, and yet beaming with vivid intelligence, that it made the heart thrill painfully to look on him.

His dress was of the coarsest kind, neglected, and even squalid. A red flannel under garment, which had belonged to some full grown man, was huddled about him in coarse folds, and fastened to his thin waist by a nether garment, also much too large—but the legs were rolled up in a soiled mop, through which his thin ankles and torn shoes protruded, and the long red sleeves were folded back to the shoulder over his long and deathly white arms. I had often seen sick children carried into the hospital before, and never without a thrill of pain, but there was something about this child so singular, that I could not cast him from my mind—his face had all the intelligence of an old man's, worn out in struggle with the evils of life. Yet there was something saint-like and holy in the large eyes, that the heart could feel, though the pen would altogether fail in conveying an idea of it.

After a time, I went up to see the little stranger. He had been put in a bath, and his rags displaced by clean and wholesome garments. The thin, golden hair was combed back from his forehead, and altogether, he had a look of cleanliness and comfort that had something cheering in it. He seemed to feel the genial effect of this change, for his large eyes had brightened somewhat, and on his hollow cheek lay a faint tinge of red. The child was not handsome, perhaps had never been so in health—but the heart

yearned toward him with a feeling holier a thousand times than infatuate beauty could excite.

I sat down by the child, who had seated himself on a stool, near the foot of his cot, and taking his little hand, asked if he were ill.

"A little," he said, in a voice that corresponded with his meek face.

"What is the matter—have you been ill long?"

"Yes, a little ill—nothing very bad though—my back is burned a good deal, but it will be well soon, now that I am here, and everybody so kind."

He turned his eyes from the comfortable and clean cot to my face, and then dropped them to his hands that were clasped and resting on his knees.

"What is your name?"

"John—but my mother and aunty call me Johnny."

"Then you have a mother?"

"Yes!"

His eyes drooped down, and his fallen voice was still more faint. I saw that there was something wrong; some thought at the child's heart which it would pain him to drag forth. I would not question him further, but proceed to say a few encouraging words to him, and was about to leave the room, but the boy turned his eyes upon me as if he had something to say, so I went back.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Johnny. I am going home now, but shall come up again soon—shall I bring you some oranges, or apples, or cake?"

He lay still, and kept his eyes down, and I saw, that unlike any child I had seen there before, he did not seem elated with the offer of these dainties—he hesitated; moved on his stool; said he thanked me very much indeed, but did I live in New York?

"Yes!"

"Well, then, if it would not be too much trouble—if I would just as lief do it as to give him the apples—would I go and see his mother, and tell her how comfortable he was, and that he wanted to see her very much—and aunty, too, he would like to see them both—would I go?—his aunty had brought him to Bellevue four days ago, but she might not have heard about his coming up here, and so it would be a long time before they found him, would I be so kind?"

"Would I be so kind?" had that child asked me to walk fifty miles with that voice, and those pleading eyes, I could not have denied him. So taking his mother's address I gave the promise.

"Tell her that I want very much to see her by Wednesday—if you please, ma'am, I don't feel as if I could wait longer than Wednesday!"

"She will come—I will tell her all, and perhaps come with her," I said, fully resolved that the sick child should have his wish.

Well, I returned home with my thoughts full of this pamper child—this little sick child with his lips all parched, and his eyes kindled with a death glow, who could ask sight of his mother instead of the grateful fruit that even healthy children will sacrifice so much for! His mother, too!—I was curious to see the mother of this singular child, surely she must be something superior—an intelligent and feeble woman broken down by misfortune, and at last compelled to separate from her offspring. These thoughts were

in my mind the last thing as I went to sleep that night.

I wanted two days of Wednesday, and I went in search of Johnny's mother. I had the address in one of those streets where misery pays a high price for the privilege of existing, and after finding my way up two flights of dirty stairs to the attic, I found a passage through sundry wood-tubs, half full of dirty water, two or three unwashed kettles and a broken stove that furnished the outer garret—and knocked at a rickety door, through which the sound of a low, faggy sort of voice came, as if some one were muttering to himself within. The voice was lifted in answer to my knock, and I entered a little hole of a room containing a pile of rags in one corner, a broken table, on which was a bottle, a tea-cup and some fragments of "cold victuals," on a dilapidated old chest sat a bloated, slip-shod woman, seemingly with no garment on but a ragged gown and more than half intoxicated, though it was quite early in the morning. A little boy of three years old, perhaps, sat near the fire-place almost without clothes, and playing with some dirty shavings that littered the hearth.

Could this woman be the mother of little Johnny—that meek and sweet faced child? I could hardly ask the question—yet so it was! When I told her of the child, and gave his simple message, she got up from the chest and began curtseying to the ground over and over again, mumbling out her thanks that the "likes of me" should come to see her, and adding a series of disgusting and half intelligible excuses for the state of her room and dress.

To my inquiries if she would go to see her sick child on the following Wednesday, she gave me to understand that she thought a great deal of Johnny—that she would like to see him of all things, only she had no money to pay for a ride in the stage, and no time to wash her dress; then she fell to weeping, and I left her in a fit of maudlin lamentations over the evils of her fate, which terminated as I went out in a burst of those vulgar blessings that are so revolting in the mouths of the vile—all because I had promised to pay her stage fare, and supply her with a clean dress if she would promise to be in condition to go and see her child on Wednesday.

And this was the mother of little Johnny! this woman—so vile, so utterly debased! Her inebriate kisses had warmed his infancy. In her loathsome bosom that pale child had slept. I went home heart sick and shocked beyond measure; poor little Johnny—he had now become more than ever an object of compassion. What a heart he must have thus to pine for the sight of a mother like that! I could now understand the blush that lay on that poor cheek, and the faltering of his voice when she was mentioned. He was ashamed of the drunken mother that he loved so much.

On Wednesday I sent early, to know if the woman was ready to visit her dying child. She was so intoxicated that it was impossible to obtain a definite answer from her.

I went up to the hospital alone. Johnny was sitting out by the piazza, crouched all in a heap, with the sunshine falling brightly around him; his fine eye

lighted up when he saw me, and his face beamed with the most beautiful smile I ever saw; he looked eagerly down the walk as if expecting some one to follow me.

"She could not come, my child," I said, answering the look: "your mother was not well!"

He fixed those large, earnest eyes on me for a moment. Then they drooped to the earth, and I could see tears swelling under the lids.

"She will come very soon though," I said, filled with pity for his disappointment, and perpetrating an harmless fraud, I gave him a couple of oranges as if from her. His face brightened. He took the oranges, held them a few minutes, and then crept round a wing of the building where a couple of little hunch-backed cripples were standing, and gave one to each.

"I don't care so very much for oranges," he said, coming back with a smile on his lips, and crouching down on the turf again; "and no one ever brings them anything. They are orphans, you know."

"Doctor," said Johnny, that day, as my brother was passing through the ward, "have you some paper and a pen and ink, I should like very much to write a letter to my mother." This was a singular request from a child of eight years old, and it quite startled the doctor—but he ordered the writing materials for the boy, and offered to have a table sent, but he drew a stool up to his cot, and turning a tin pan bottom up on the bed, began his letter on that.

It was a touching epistle, well written, and pathetic in its manifestation of earnest affection. He spoke of his comforts, of the care and kindness extended to him, and begged her to come very, *very* soon. He should watch for her now every day—she need not wait till she had money to buy something for him, he did not care for that, all he wanted was to see her. During the whole week that woman was never sober enough to read or understand the purport of this pleading letter.

Johnny was in a consumption. The doctor told me this on my next visit; and, as the burn on his ack healed, the hectic fever and racking cough grew worse. For a little time, while the Autumn sunshine was warm and golden, the poor little fellow might be found in the open air with his shadowy limbs gathered under him, and that sad, patient smile forever on his lips. He never complained, and yet never spoke of getting well. Everything given him was received with thankfulness: every little attention acknowledged with a smile so sweet, and patient enough to give a heart-ache to the most hardened. I never saw him that he did not ask for his mother.

"I have waited," he said, after weeks had gone by, and he was growing more feeble every day: "I have waited so long, expecting her every day, that sometimes I seem to get discouraged. Perhaps she is staying away because she has no money to buy things for me," he would say, "but she needn't wait for that. I don't care much for nice things! Besides, I haven't breath to eat them. Tell her this—tell her all I want in the wide world is to see her and aunty and Joseph."

I did tell her! Again and again I went to that squalid garret. I informed the woman that her child was dying, that a few weeks must end his life. I

urged, entreated, persuaded—but always to a brain so clouded with drink that it seemed incapable of remembering for ten minutes anything I might say. She promised to be ready each time, but never kept her promise, or seemed to remember that she had made one. At length, when the boy was so feeble that he was obliged to be brought from the wards in the arms of his nurse, and was still pleading for a sight of his wretched parent; I resolved to make one more effort. So very early in the morning I sent the woman word not to go out, for at ten I should call for her, with a clean dress which she was to wear on a visit to her child.

I went at ten: but scarcely reached the garret when the sound of voices joining in a riotous song met my ear. Through the chinks of the door, and over the litter of pails, brooms and kettles came the unseemly sound; and most hateful of all was the thickened tones of that mother rising coarse and loud above the others. I opened the door, and there around a bottle of some kind of spirits, a tin dipper, two teacups and a broken sugar-bowl, sat three women. All of them were more or less inebriated, and in the full tide of their horrible enjoyment. The song was hushed as I entered. The woman that I came to seek arose—her face flushed, her eyes heavy, and staggered toward me.

I shrank from the wretch with loathing, and forgetting the absurdity of resentment with a creature so lost—spoke severely to her.

"Why! I am ready. I have been at home waiting all the time. I'm ready! give me the dress," she said, holding herself up by the table.

"You are in no situation to visit a dying child," I said. "You have been drinking."

"Is it me that has been drinking?" cried the wretch, making an effort to conceal the bottle under the ragged folds of her dress. "Me, indeed; there is sister can tell you that not a blessed drop has passed my lips this morning—drinking indeed!"

"She is in no condition to go," said the woman to whom this appeal was made, and who seemed a few degrees more respectable than herself. "But if you will pay the stage fare I would go and see the poor, dear child."

The woman shed a few tears that seemed to be natural: and so transferring the clean dress, and a more tidy bonnet and shawl to her person, I prepared to take away the woman whom Johnny called "aunty," instead of his degraded mother.

All this time the little boy had been crying pitifully in a corner of the room, protesting that some one was going to take his mother to prison, and looking the very picture of infantile misery. This was Johnny's brother; so after procuring some decent clothes, in which the little fellow really looked very well—and arming him with a big orange and a large apple—the aunt and brother were fairly started for Blackwell's Island.

When I reached the hospital, there was little Johnny sitting on the steps, where the pleasant Autumn sun was shining—nestled close to his aunt and sheltered by her shawl. His eyes were bright as diamonds, and the smile that beamed over his wan face like that of an angel. Still you could see that he was on the very

brink of the grave; his breath came with a painful quiver at every word; and his pale lips were even now tinged with the hue of death. His head was upon his aunt's lap: and at his feet sat the little brother, holding the orange in his hands, and looking so cheerful and healthy. The contrast was enough to thrill the hardest heart with pain.

I sat down behind the group and listened to what passed, for Johnny was talking, and his sweet, feeble voice fell like a plaintive lute-strain on my spirit.

"Aunty—dear aunty," he was saying, "tell her how much I think of her: how I dream of her at night, and watch for her all the day long. Tell her this, will you, aunty?—but let her be clean like you, and—and—" here his voice sank to a whisper—"oh, beg her not to drink anything for that one day. I think that I should die that minute if she came here among all these sick children. You know how, aunty—this—is this one reason why I won't to see her so much. If she could only know how short of breath I am—and—how the fever burns me at night—if she could feel my hot hands, and know as well as I do

what is coming next. I am sure—oh, quite sure that she would never drink again. I must see her—oh, aunty, aunty, dear—I must, must see her. She did not drink so when father went to Heaven; and if I should go there, oh, aunty, I could not tell him about her! as she is now!"

The child lifted his head as he uttered these words, a faint color rose in one cheek, and the other was white as marble. In my life I never saw eyes so vividly bright, they absolutely burned with holy inspiration. I arose and went away, the scene had become too painful.

The next time I saw the child he was lying on his little cot gasping for breath, and almost speechless. Yet the poor fellow smiled, and thanking me, said—"that he did not suffer so very much." He cast a wishful look through the door as I came in, which I could understand too well. This was the last time poor Johnny ever asked for his mother. When I inquired for him the next time, the doctor pointed to his empty cot, and his eyes were wet as well as mine.

LINES TO CORA.

BY T. F. WOODFORD.

DEAR CORA! in my dreams of youth
Thou, loveliest of woman kind!
In beauty, innocence, and truth,
Art ever present to my mind!

Unto my soul thou seemest as fair
As when—arrayed in loveliness,
Thine eyes, blue as the azure air,
Bemend on me in their tenderness!

I mind me of the happy even,
When, in the moon-lit willow grove—
Naught witnessing, save the stars and Heaven—
I whisper'd unto thee my love!

I look again in thy soft eyes—
Those eyes which depth of love reveal!
I hear once more thy silvery tones,
And almost deem that they are real!

But ah! too soon do I awake
To cold, and sad reality!
From these bright dreams of bliss, to know
Of all I've lost in losing thee!

I know that thou art dead, but yet—
Though many a year hath pass'd away—
Thine eyes with Sorrow's tears are wet;
As on that day—that woful day!—

When thy sweet Spirit left this earth
To soar unto a brighter clime—
Unto the Hand that gave it birth—
Far from the blighting touch of Time!

What though thou 'rt in the damp earth laid—
My heart was buried with thee there!
And though, in youthful smiles arrayed
The good, the beautiful, the fair

I see in Fashion's brilliant halls,
My heart doth ne'er the wretched own
Of one amid the lovely throng—
But still doth beat for thee alone!

I fondly dream, though dead thou art,
Thy spirit hovers near me still!
A guardian angel o'er my path—
Warning and shielding me from ill!

Sweet Spirit! oft when wein'd with ease
Methinks I hear thy whisper low,
Bidding me banish dark despair,
And look where joys forever flow:

I fondly trust, when Life hath flown,
To meet thee on that distant shore—
That Land where sorrow is not known—
That Land where parting is no more!

THE FRIGHT; OR, "APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL."

BY FANNIE OF FARLEIGH.

"ELLEN, what a fright that Miss Blayne is! How long before she goes home?"

"I hope, brother, she will remain long enough to alter your opinion of her pleasant face."

"Pleasant face, indeed! Eyes, small and greyish; a mountain of nose; ears like the wings of a bat; unlimited mouth; and chin, decorated with a hair mole; and then her figure! ungraceful and awkward, and—"

"Nay, nay; now listen to my description: Eyes, small 'tis true, but piercing and intellectual in their expression; nose, aquiline, and according to Lávater, denoting genius; ears, too large for beauty, but which never listen to calumny; and that unlimited mouth, Harry, containing a tongue, which never uttered a slander."

"Do praise that mole, Ellen, and say the figure of your friend is perfection: I am quite prepared to hear you announce, a beautiful foot, and dimpled hand."

"Both of which, she has; one day, perchance you will sue for the latter."

"Whew! but in sober earnest, dear Nell, what did induce you to become so desperately intimate with her?"

"Because, in my eyes, she is altogether lovely."

"Humph! I know I shall hate her, dressed so countryfied too; I do wish you had never met her, Ellen."

"And I do wish you would learn that I am not to be controlled in my likes, or dislikes, by the whims of a spoiled brother," said Ellen, playfully.

"Well, have your own way, but rest assured, I shall not exhibit myself in public with such a fright."

Just at this moment the fright opened the door, and entered the room where Harry and his sister sat, and from the slight blush which mantled her cheeks, it was feared she had heard the last sentence. But she smiled, in spite of her large mouth, when Ellen introduced her to him, for she thought within herself, she must have looked frightful enough, the previous evening, to justify his opinion; as the stage in which she came from Glenmore, had been overturned, and broken her bonnet, though not her bones; the accident, also, having been the means of covering her with dust and mud. Harry had, unfortunately for a first impression; seen her from an upper window, at which he had been standing, when the coach arrived, and after his sister's too flattering description of Miss Blayne, his disappointment was not to be wondered at. Breakfast over, let us follow Miss Blayne to her chamber, and peep over her shoulder while she pens an epistle to her cousin, Mary Hansell.

"I have arrived here at last, dear Mary, after various accidents by the way. We had but few passengers: an elderly gentleman, and a lady still older, were the only occupants of the coach for a time, the latter serving to amuse me considerably, by the anxiety she expressed, to regain a mysterious bundle she had left behind, and which we discovered was her medicine chest—she talked on, all the way, lamenting her loss, sometimes to herself, sometimes to me—but her loquacity became at last rather annoying. At the first stopping place, we took in a live dandy, the most insufferable specimen of his class I ever beheld, and his mode of eyeing me, reminded me very much of the style of Sim Tappertit's, glances towards Dolly Varden; but finding I was a green country girl, resembling 'Miggo,' rather than the aforesaid Dolly, he relapsed into the contemplation of his own personal decorations. It was nearly dark, and excessively dismal, I thought, to be shut up in a coach, with a fat old man, a wheezy, and grumbling old woman, and a whiskered and fierce looking dandy. I tried to remember other forlorn ones, and pictured the entrance into great cities, of various damsels, as set forth in romances, but it was poor consolation, for all I could bring to mind, was connected in some way or other, with disaster. I had read of similar scenes, but either the dandy had run off with the lone maiden, or the old woman had turned out to be her grandmother (which Heaven forfend in this instance,) or the elderly gentleman had, in some inexplicable manner, become sufficiently interested in her, to tell her his history, which somehow or other, brought out the fact, that she was anybody's child, but her own parents, and had been stolen away by gypsies in her infancy. The upshot of the matter generally, being noble parentage, and a splendid estate. All this, and more, passed through my mind, while we drove on, and entered a long narrow street, the old lady assuring us there had been more coaches upset here than anywhere else in the whole world, though for her part, she was prepared to die at any moment, that was, as soon as she got her bundle back, which she never should. In the midst of this harangue, tit, went the stage over, into a muddy rut, and though fortunately escaping with unbroken bones, and but few bruises, we looked rather the worse for our adventure. I took a cab, and before long was standing, bag and baggage, in the vestibule of my city friends. Did I quake and tremble all over? did I blush and stammer? when the ebony gentleman, with his gauntlets and brass buttons, asked me, 'if I was sure I had got to the right place?' Not at all, cousin mine; I moved toward the parlor

poor, which just at the moment opened, and dear Ellen Grey ran out to receive me. Hastily explaining our mishap, I entreated to be shown to my chamber, and though still twilight, I concluded to remain, and not make my appearance till morning, especially when catching a view of myself in the glass, I perceived, besides my bonnet being broken, there was a rent in my dress, and every article of my apparel variegated with mud. And now for this morning; to give you an idea of Ellen's kindness is impossible, but shall I confess it?—I fear I am not to the rest of the family a welcome guest, especially to a haughty and rather impertinent looking brother, whom I overheard quite accidentally, affirming his determination, never to exhibit himself in public with such a fright. I know I am homely, and therefore forgave him, remembering he did not intend I should hear his private resolves regarding myself. During our morning meal he sat at the same side of the table with me, but unfortunately for himself, opposite a mirror, looking into which, I could see him executing various grimaces, expressive of dislike, and distorting his countenance into all the ludicrous expressions possible, by way of giving a pictorial illustration of a fright; I suppose, for that I was the object aimed at, I knew full well. I felt rather unpleasantly, of course, but again recollecting that he was not aware of my seeing him, I took no notice of it, and I believe somewhat astonished him, by appearing entirely unawed by his presence—that he is a spoilt and saucy youth, and that no one but Ellen is aware of it, I can readily perceive; nevertheless, he appears to have something like a heart, and I hope to convince him, that a fright may have feelings as well as a beauty. Mr. and Mrs. Grey are what you would call examples of negative goodness, they are both polite, but betray little interest in the strange friend of their daughter—and I fancy if Ellen had not been accustomed to having her own way, your orphan cousin would still have been lingering at Glenmore. I have not yet determined on the length of my stay; you are aware my invitation is for six months, whether you see me before that time, will depend upon circumstances. Miss Murry, a friend of Ellen's, has included me, in an invitation to her party next week, which I have accepted, though I know not what Harry Grey will think of exhibiting himself with me, when he sees I cannot afford to dress stylishly."

Stand no longer there, gentle reader, a spy upon our homely little maiden, but let the wheels of time go noiselessly by, till a week shall have passed, and then, under the duenna-ship of one privileged to enter, join the charmed circle of bright young faces, who have gathered to-night to share in the festive enjoyments, occasioned by their schoolmate's acknowledged entrance into the world as a woman; for Miss Murry is just eighteen, and long has this period been looked forward to as an epoch in her life. Just eighteen; the golden age of maidenhood, the happiest time of life—while the flowers are in their fragrance, and the morning dew is as yet unexhaled upon them. Who that has been just eighteen, does not look longingly back upon the time, when shutting forever the Eden gates of her girlhood, she stood without them, a

woman? Who that is to be just eighteen, ever thinks that the crippled hand of care will be laid upon her, or that the thorns, now scarcely seen or heeded, will grow upon her pathway, and pierce the foot, dancing along so joyously? But let us not stop to meditate—for there, under the chandelier, is Miss Blayne; and Harry Wetmore enquires of his friend, Frank Darnell, "who that excessively homely girl is?"

"I know not, Harry," he answers; "but her conversation is quite interesting, and she creates admiration in spite of her unattractive exterior; she has quite captivated old Mr. Weatherly I see. Let us obtain an introduction."

"Not I; you are welcome to become better acquainted with her charms, but here comes beautiful Delia Heyward, and I prefer beauty with twenty thousand, to ugliness with forty, though I doubt whether the interesting young lady possesses a shilling."

Now it so happened, that Miss Blayne overheard the whole discourse, and not being anxious for an introduction to either of the gentlemen, moved to an ottoman, at a little distance, and thus found herself near the beauty, who was surrounded by a crowd of admirers, all eager in their devotions. She was a beauty, but a soulless one; statue-like, and inexpressive she stood, as though expecting admiration.

"I saw you at the concert, a few evenings since," said Harry Wetmore, "how were you pleased, Miss Delia?"

"Oh! delighted, of course; but if I may be so bold, who was the lady with you, whose hair was arranged so beautifully? I was quite absorbed in the contemplation of her head, during the performance of the oratorio—her whole air was decidedly tonish—which was she? Mr. Wetmore."

"A cousin of mine, from Virginia," he replied,—"but she requires ornament to set off her attractions, with which none can dispense as well as yourself;" he remarked, seeing the lady wore no jewelry.

Absorbed in the contemplation of a head dress, while every heart was thrilled with the very soul of harmony! thought Miss Blayne. Can she be so beautiful, yet unmindful of that rarer beauty, which quickens, and spiritualizes the whole nature? But no: I mistake her, absorbed, was the wrong word, she heard and observed, perhaps, at the same time.

"You admired my cousin's glossy hair, then?"

"Yes, even more than the music," she answered, with a light laugh.

If Miss Blayne was homely, her countenance was expressive, and Mr. Weatherly, (in whom she had discovered the elderly gentleman of the stage coach,) coming up at the moment, said, abruptly—

"You think her a heartless piece of fashionable nonentity," inclining his head towards Delia.

"Nay—judge me not thus—I have not known her long enough to form an opinion."

"But you have formed it, nevertheless."

"Why do you think so, Mr. Weatherly?"

"Perhaps it was a mere guess; perhaps the expression of your countenance indicated as much."

"Then I will still leave you the privilege of guessing my thoughts; but pray do not misinterpret the

expression of my face. Delia is very lovely looking, and so fair a casket should contain a jewel."

"So it should, but 'appearances are deceitful!'"

"Mr. Weatherly, we want you as umpire," said a young girl, calling him to her, "for we are tossing to and fro, an apple of discord, come and decide for us," and again Miss Blayne was left for a few minutes alone.

"Go, Harry," said Ellen Grey, seeing her thus, "and ask Miss Blayne to dance."

"Dance with a fright! never—"

"But it is your place as a gentleman, to bestow some attention upon our guest."

"If I must, the sooner over the better," said he, and approaching Miss Blayne, he requested the pleasure of dancing with her. She peremptorily, but politely declined. Harry was surprised, but said nothing to induce her to alter her determination, and as soon as he could find opportunity, left her.

As the night wore on, Miss Blayne made many pleasant acquaintances, all of whom forgot her face was homely, and her figure dumpy, under the influence of her lively conversation and agreeable manners. Just before leaving, Mr. Weatherly came up, and begged permission to call on Miss Blayne, which was readily granted. And much bantering ensued from Ellen during their ride home on her conquest of the rich old bachelor.

"Well, my dear brother," said Ellen, the next day, "the fright was quite admired, notwithstanding your dread of an exhibition with her."

"Admired! yes, if trying to insinuate herself into the good graces of *rich* Mr. Weatherly was being admired, she was—Delia Heyward asked me if she expected to be a legatee."

"Delia Heyward! a vain, frivolous girl, who has nothing to recommend her but her beauty."

"You forget her twenty thousand dollars."

"Harry, is it possible you admire that girl more than my unobtrusive friend?"

"Yee—and now do not bore me about your friend whom I wish you had never seen. I will try to be civil to her while she stays—but that is all."

"Civil to her! I am really angry at you for your unkind remarks, but you know not how incapable she is of a mean action, or you would not have thought of her trying to insinuate herself into the good graces of Mr. Weatherly—*N'importe*

'A change will yet come over the spirit of your dreams.'

A year had rolled by since Miss Blayne had been a guest of Ellen Grey's; and she was again at Glenmore making glad the hearts of those around her, for her goodness and piety of character made her every where a favorite.

"A letter for you, Ellen," said Harry Grey, handing one to his sister, while a peculiar expression stole over his fine features.

"Oh! from that fright, Miss Blayne, I see," replied Ellen, laying it coolly down, and going on with her sewing.

"Ellen, pray be generous, and let me share the contents."

"Eyes small and greyish," began Ellen.

"Spare me."

"A mountain of nose."

"Do spare me, sister."

"Ears like—" But Harry had placed his hand over her lips, exclaiming—

"For Heaven's sake, torment me no longer, Ellen, you know how entirely I have repented of my folly in judging from appearances; how I was deceived even in appearances, for each one of her features entered into a conspiracy against me, and I verily believe became beautiful in revenge for my ungallant aspersions of them."

"Ah! Love beautifies all things; but since you have made me your confident, since during the two last months of my friends' stay you treated her with such unparalleled devotion, urged on in the first place by jealousy of old Mr. Weatherly, and hatred of young Mr. Darnell—"

"Stop there, sister—or I shall accuse you of bewitching Darnell, and stealing his affections from your friend; but go on—read, and I will spare your blushing."

"Provokingly short," said Ellen, as she broke the seal, and read—

"DEAR ELLEN—The Summer has brought us so much treasure in the way of flowers, fresh, bright and beautiful, that you and Henry must come to Glenmore and help us enjoy them. My uncle and aunt send pressing invitations, and I shall look for you without fail on Saturday next. Come, the flowers shall welcome you with sweetness, the birds with song, the streams with dancing, and the human hearts at Glenmore with the warmest of welcome.

"I have a thousand things to talk about, but shall not make my letter the vehicle of their utterance since you will be with me so soon. Dear old Mr. Weatherly has promised us a visit this Summer; you recollect how intimate I became with him during my stay in the city, but you never knew the foundation of that intimacy was the fact of his having been in early life a declared lover of my mother's. There were doubts and misunderstandings, and they parted; she loved again—but he never. Do you wonder that I feel in him the interest of a near and dear friend?

"How frequently I look back to the happy days spent with you, and recall the kindnesses bestowed upon me, and you may imagine it is with feelings of the greatest delight I hail the opportunity of returning them in a measure; though I never can fully, since we are rather isolated here, and there are no Mr. Weatherly's to whom I can introduce you, no operas, no balls. Nothing in short but lovely nature, and I am partial enough to believe she bears acquaintance."

"Hang Mr. Weatherly!" was Harry's exclamation, when she finished—"can she be simple enough to marry him? She acknowledges her attachment without reserve."

Ellen laid down her work, and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks at the ludicrous idea: and Harry found her mirth so contagious, that, spite of himself, he joined in it, and they had scarcely ceased when Mr. Grey entered the room.

"What now, children?" said he.

"A consent to go to Glenmore at once, and forbid the banns between John Horace Weatherly and my friend, Miss Blayne."

"Surely, Ellen—you are not in earnest, Weatherly is two years older than myself: why, Harry, my boy, I was in hopes you would win the lovely orphan who gained all hearts."

"He is going to try at all events, and in earnest, pa; we are off to Glenmore on Saturday if you do not veto the measure," and she placed Miss Blayne's letter in his hand.

"Go, in welcome," said he, after reading it, "but be sure and bring her back with you."

It was on one of June's loveliest days that Harry and his sister started for Glenmore, and a more impatient heart than his never beat. He had become so imperceptibly interested in Miss Blayne that he knew not how entirely his happiness depended on her till they parted; and now he would not have lost the hope of calling her his for worlds. He could not trace his affections for her to any particular period; but he knew that uncourteously as he had treated her at first, she had never returned aught but kindness: and when morning, noon, and evening, he saw her always cheerful, always endeavoring to render others happy, forgetful of self; when that face he had pronounced so very homely changed its expression with every passing emotion; he began to think, after all, she was a pleasant creature, and he liked a face that was not always the same. He became, thereupon, more than civil, even polite to his sister's friend; but when he found she was neither affected by his coquetry, or overawed by his condescension, he felt quite anxious to establish himself in her good graces, and was as devoted as before he had been indifferent. But to Miss Blayne this alteration in his manner made not the slightest difference. She laughed on; chatted agreeably with all passing visitors, and endured with calm dignity the impudent rudeness of Delia Heyward's remark applied to herself, that "distance lent enchantment to the view." She made the home of Mr. Grey a scene of entertainment in her own quiet way, without seeming to perceive she was the entertainer and they the listeners. Every one who knew her loved her, because she was unselfish; appreciated her because she was an agreeable companion; while those judged from appearances thought her a dumpy little fright. Notwithstanding Harry Grey's interest in her, it must be confessed he had a vague idea he was conferring an honor, by his intention of proposing himself and his expectations to a lone orphan girl. But there was Mr. Weatherly—had he the same intention? He tormented himself not a little by picturing his wealthy rival taking the precedence of him, and he was not sure that Miss Blayne could resist the all omnipotent dollars and cents.

Sooner than he anticipated, however, an opportunity occurred favorable to his wooing. They had been walking alone together, a few evenings after his arrival, and an awkward silence had succeeded the desultory chat with which they had beguiled the way—when Harry, with his impulsive abruptness, said so suddenly as almost to startle his companion—

"Do you love me?"

She looked up in surprise; but seeing his eyes intently fixed upon her as though awaiting an answer, replied quietly—

"No!"

"Do you love Mr. Weatherly?"

"Yes!"

"And you will marry him?"

"Will I?"

"Say you will not. He loves you."

"I hope he does, sir. But we are at the door—good evening," and Miss Blayne vanished.

Strange and inexplicable were the feelings of Harry Grey as he strode rapidly up and down the lawn.

"Love him!" he muttered, "a white haired old man! Marry him! yes, for sordid gold—fool that I was—I saw it all. Yes, she is ugly, and mean, and—"

"A fright!" said Miss Blayne, coming softly behind him: "I know it," she continued, after an agitating pause, laying her hand on his arm, "I know it, Harry Grey, I am beautiful neither in face nor figure; but He who created us all has formed me thus for His own wise purpose, and I now returned to tell you in justice to Mr. Weatherly and to myself, that though I love him deeply, devotedly, it is as a daughter would a father, and I should love him were he a penniless old man. He was once attached to my mother," she said, softly, looking down.

Harry felt at this moment that Miss Blayne's feelings were wounded, nay, it flashed upon him at once that he had not wooed as he should have done to win. His haughtiness—his pride was gone; he saw before him not the homely maiden he had condescended to love, but the gentle, unselfish being whose guileless heart was cast in a mould all might look upon and say how beautiful. Once more, therefore, he professed his love:

"Can you love me, Miss Blayne? Will you give me time to prove the depth of that tenderness which gushes from my heart for you. It may be among the possibilities that you can, at some future period, appreciate my unworthy self, sufficiently to return the deep and unchanging love I feel for you." He took her hand, but she was silent. "Tell me, may I hope?"

"I have said I loved you not."

"But time may change you."

"Never—I shall always be—a fright!" and here little Miss Blayne puckered her face into so roguish an expression, that simultaneously they burst into a laugh.

"At least say you do not hate me—permit me to visit you for one year, and let me hope I can, during that time, render myself worthy of your love."

"And you will acquit me of all blame if, at the expiration of that period, we are no more than friends?"

"Most assuredly."

Another year—and Ellen Grey sat reading the last note she should receive from Miss Blayne; for in a few days she was to become the wife of her brother Henry. "No plummet line," she wrote, "could sound the depths of my affection for your brother, my Harry at last."

"My own! my beautiful!" whispered Harry, as on the bridal morn Miss Blayne stood before him, attired with elegant simplicity.

Marvel not ye weeping wedding goers that Miss Blayne actually laughed heartily as repeating the word "beautiful," she said, while the spirit of mis-

chief danced all over her face. "But rest assured I shall not exhibit myself in public with such a fright!"

Harry blushed—but smiled also as circling her waist with his arm, he replied—"ah, dearest, I have long since learned that 'appearances are deceitful.'"

TO M.R. —————

BY MISS C. F. ASHMEAD.

"A LOR D of Nature claims my song,
Brave, ardent, gifted, good and young!"
No other inspiration strang
The saffron lyre,
Nor I, Arcadian groves among,
Need rove for higher.

Such theme must ever hold its power,
At Morn, or Noon, or Evening's hour,
While Beauty dreams within her bower,
And Manhood gives
His homage to the gentle flower,
That for him lives.

Countless the tributes he hath paid,
At Woman's feet in worship laid,
Linked with what Time hath not decayed,
The poet's fame:
Nor has she, thankless, ne'er essayed
His praise to name.

But still for him her song she sings,
And strikes her lute's divinest strings,
For him her varied charms she brings,

Else idly given;
And steals the plumes of angel's wings,
And notes of Heaven!

But this to one whose cruel fate
Precludes the sigh of gentle mate;
Who forfeits, in his high estate,
A lover's bane,
And may not taste, though proud and great,
Affection's kiss?

Nay, thou 'lt belie the Sybill's leaves,
And break the spell her magic weaves—
Man's fate lies in the hopes he heaves
To build the same—
And some sweet daughter of fair Eve's
May take thy name.

And not the less that on thy days
Shall smile the world's admiring gaze;
When murmuring crowds accord their praise
To Woman's choice,
She hails an echo that obeys
Her humble voice

THE PARTING.

BY S. D. ANDERSON

They parted in coldness, and when shall they meet?
Alas for them, never!
He goes to the world its praises to greet—
With a heart that is hush'd in its deepest retreat,
And a love whose tides are still'd in their beat,
Forever—forever!

The parted as strangers—no fond word was said,
No token of sorrow—
She joined with the mirthful in pleasure's glad tread,
And forgot all the past as a song that had fled,
Nor thought of the tears that by him would be shed,
To-morrow—to-morrow.

They parted as those who had cherished but lightly
Each look and each word;
She thought not of dreams that would visit him nightly,
Of hours when her smiles had shone on him brightly;
But thought of their love as a thing that but slightly
His bosom had stirred

They parted—but love to his heart nevermore
A visitant came—
He lingered a watcher beside that bright shore
From which his glad barque had ventured before,
But gone from his trusting and faith evermore
Was love's ardent flame.

THE BROAD STONE IN THE MARKET.

A LEGEND OF THE CRUSADES.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

In the reign of William Rufus, a broad, flat stone occupied the centre of the market-place in the city of London. Near it was a block of stately houses, in one of which lived a wealthy alderman, whose name was Ailward. It was the time of the first crusade under Peter the Hermit; and many had sold their possessions to raise money for the pilgrimage; while many incurred debt to furnish themselves, it being the law that no interest could be exacted for three years, the time deemed necessary for the crusade; nor was the debtor liable to arrest within that time.

One of the bravest of the crusaders was young Walter, son of a respectable, but poor citizen named Ethelwolf. To furnish his expenses for the holy war, his father had recourse to the rich Ailward, who agreed to lend him two hundred shillings, to be paid at the end of the crusade. In case payment was not made then, both father and son were liable to imprisonment. The bond was drawn up in strict terms, and it set forth that the possessions and persons of Ethelwolf and Walter should belong to Ailward, in case the sum was not paid by sunset on the last day of April—on St. Raymond's day, three years hence—at the broad stone in the market, where it was paid over to the borrower. This was in the ninth year of the reign of William Rufus, King of England, in the year of our Lord one thousand and ninety-six. The curse of the Holy Virgin, and of Saint Peter, was invoked on all who should abrogate the instrument.

Walter showed himself one of the boldest among the pilgrim warriors. He fought, with the soldiers of Gottfried of Lorraine, before the walls of the Holy City, and received many severe wounds; in consequence of which, and the debilitating effects of the climate, he was unable to return to England till the year 1100. He came to his native land not only enfeebled in health—but utterly destitute, having spent all he took with him.

The ship in which he was a passenger landed at night. The stars were obscured with heavy clouds, the wind blew fiercely, and the rain pattered at intervals. Walter thought only of his father, of whose welfare he was ignorant, and hastened toward his dwelling. As he went past the market-place, he saw by the frequent flashes of lightning a tall man standing near the broad stone, who seemed to beckon him.

Walter approached the man. His face could be seen but indistinctly, but he could perceive that the complexion was dark, and shaded by long black locks; and that the eyes gleamed with a wild expression. His uncouth, barbarian dress proclaimed him one of those enthusiasts who often followed the

crusaders in the East. He wore a short mantle with a hood, but no other covering for his head. Walter was accustomed to seeing such persons in Palestine; but it was strange to find them in London; and it was with a kind of superstitious dread that he drew near the figure.

"What wouldst thou with me, friend?" he said. "And why art thou here—so late at night—in such a storm—when honest people are at rest?"

"At rest—are they!" repeated the stranger, with scornful laughter. "Then we can talk undisturbed; for thou, like me, hast no home!"

"I go directly to my father's house," said Walter; "I have just landed from the ship called the Dove."

"I know it well," answered the man, who seemed to be a Syrian, with another burst of strange mirth. "Go, if thou wilt—to thy father's house; thou shalt find it desolate; he lies in prison; and thou art a homeless fugitive—because of the money borrowed here, and the bond sealed upon this stone."

"How know'st thou that?" exclaimed Walter, eagerly. Instead of a reply, his hand was seized by the stranger, who pulled him forcibly toward the stone, saying—"here is shelter from the storm."

To his astonishment the young soldier perceived that the stone was quite dry, and that he did not now feel the driving wind.

"Listen to me!" said the Syrian. "I can raise thy fallen fortunes. No man known thee within the seas of Britain; thou art changed so that the mother who bore thee could not recognize her son. Return to Palestine—enter into my service, and I will load thee with gold and jewels! Think not upon the old man, thy father; he will die after a few months in the dungeon—"

"Away—wretch!" cried Walter, indignantly, snatching his hand from the stranger's grasp.

"For the rich man in yonder dwelling," pursued the Syrian—"he will sleep the sounder, for thy consecrated steel a couple of inches deep in his side—"

"Get thee hence, Satan!" exclaimed the young man, recoiling in horror, and creasing himself. The wild looking stranger darted a fierce look at him, and dealt him a blow that stretched him senseless upon the ground.

When the hapless soldier recovered his consciousness, he found himself supported in the arms of a man who wore the dress of the higher order of priests. A red cross was embroidered on his flowing white robe, and also on his breast; and a mantle wide enough to enfold his slender form, fell to his feet. His head was covered with the hood. His face betokened age,

and snowy locks fell over his brow and cheeks; but an expression of goodness and benevolence animated his countenance.

"The tempter—is he gone?" was Walter's first exclamation, when his recollection returned.

"He is—my son," replied the stranger, in the Arabian language, with which, during his sojourn in the East, the young crusader had become familiar. "Thy trial has been great—but thy virtue greater—" he proceeded. "Continue firm, and dishonor not the holy cross, to which thy life is consecrated."

Walter started up in surprise. "Surely," he said, "I have heard that voice in Palestine!"

"Belike—my son," was the answer. "I healed thy wounds at Ascalon, and am now here to save thee. I am called Joseph—the pilgrim prophet."

"My father!" cried the youth, joyfully. "It may be thou canst tell me how to succor him who gave me life."

"Trust in God," answered the monk—"and He shall bring it to pass. But come hense; know'st thou no place where we may find shelter till the morning?"

"I know not," returned Walter, "if Wulfshedge yet lives; and no place, besides his inn."

The house of Master Wulfshedge was famous in London at that time. In front hung a wooden dish, in sign of the entertainment to be had, with the inscription, "here dwelleth Wulfshedge, a good cook and citizen." The landlord trusted not, however, to the silent eloquence of his sign, but called from time to time to the passers by—inviting the hungry and thirsty and weary to stop, in a quaint old rhyme, which he sang—wherein were enumerated the various excellencies of his larder. At this late hour a light was still glimmering through his windows; and Father Joseph and Walter betook themselves to his abode, where they found supper and lodging.

Before the break of day was the miser Ailward abroad, for he had business that took him past the market-place. He carried before him a small tin lantern. As he came near the broad stone, he started to perceive the same dark visaged stranger Walter had encountered, who greeted the alderman with a burst of laughter.

"In the fiend's name!" exclaimed Ailward, springing back—"who art thou?"

"Your friend—most worthy sir," replied the Syrian. "I have come far to tell you somewhat nearly concerning your interest. The foolish son of your debtor Ethelwolf is returned from beyond seas."

"Bring he the money!" demanded the miser, his eyes gleaming with eagerness. "It is now long past the period fixed for the close of the war."

"He has nothing but his sword, Master Ailward," returned the stranger; "I know it well—for I spoke with him not two hours since. You must put him also in the debtor's prison—aye, and lose no time."

"I must bring him first to the broad stone, and ask him for payment before witnesses," said the miser. "Where lodges he?"

"At the inn of Master Wulfshedge," answered the Syrian, with a low chuckle.

Ailward looked in the direction of the inn; and when he turned again the stranger had vanished.

The sudden disappearance caused him a thrill of fear, but he lost no time in availing himself of the information he had received. Walter was arrested, notwithstanding the offer of the good natured Wulfshedge to stand bail for him, provided Ailward would extend the term of indulgence. The miser probably hoped, by severe proceedings, to extort more money. What distressed Walter was that his friend, Father Joseph, was at daybreak nowhere to be found. A stranger came to him; it was the dark browed Syrian, who offered to pay the debt on the spot, if he would comply with his proposed conditions. But the young soldier of the cross rejected the offer; and was led away by the officers who had arrested him.

Scarcely had the sun risen—it was the day of Saint Swithin—when the broad old stone in the market-place was surrounded by a crowd of people. Near it stood Walter and Wulfshedge, with Ailward and the Syrian stranger. Ailward, whose face wore an expression of anxiety, demanded that the bond should be read aloud. The crusader confessed himself his debtor, and unable to fulfil his part of the contract. His friend, the landlord, here asked for an extension of the time of payment, offering to pay on the spot forty shillings on account, and to be security for the remainder. His offer was refused.

The sun now rose from the clouds in the East; and from the church of Saint Swithin, near the market-place, a monk came forth. He approached, and declared he was ready to pay down the two hundred shillings for Walter and his father Ethelwolf. He had performed vigils—he said—in the church of the holy Swithin. An old man, with snow white hair and beard, in white garments, embroidered with red crosses, had come to him, and given him a box containing the money, with the command to pay it to Ailward at the broad stone.

"I pray you, therefore," the monk concluded, "to receive this money, and give up the bond, releasing old Ethelwolf from his imprisonment. And I entreat you not to forget the poor, but to bestow alms on our church liberally, out of the abundance which you have. Perhaps your charity, in the judgment of God, may atone for your past cruelty to unfortunate debtors."

"Fool!" muttered Ailward, "that is not all which is due; for it is long since the day of payment: I will have my right, to the uttermost farthing!"

"You hear all, good people," said the monk, "that he refuses to take what is due, but craveth unlawful gain, notwithstanding the righteous precept—that thou shalt not take interest of thy brother."

"Bethink thee, Master Ailward," said Wulfshedge, "the practice of usury is a great sin."

"I will rather lose my whole debt," cried the miser, interrupting him—"than take a farthing less than is my due! If your saint—brother monk—will pay me two hundred and fifty shillings, two-pence and one farthing—the bond shall be delivered up, but not otherwise. Bring forward the witnessess, that the matter may be concluded."

Even as he spoke, there was a sound of sacred music, and the sun shone on a procession of monks, pedlars and nobles, going to celebrate the mass in

the church of Swithin. In the midst might be seen a man of low stature, but robust frame, with red hair and beard, and a countenance expressive of boldness and earnestness. The flashing of his keen eyes, and the dignity of his mien, would have proclaimed him the son of William the Norman, even without the royal mantle of purple, embroidered with gold, and the circlet of diamonds on his brow.

William Rufus—for it was he—observed the crowd assembled round the broad stone, and stopped to demand the cause. When he heard it, his anger was kindled. “Thou son of a miscreant!” exclaimed he, addressing Ailward—“how darest thou be disobedient to the word of this holy man? Here—nobles and gentlemen”—turning to his followers—“I call you as witnesses of my judgment. This usurer has forfeited his claim, and must be imprisoned, till his deeds are looked into. Of the money, I give a fourth part to the church—a fourth part to the young soldier, whom I take into my service as one of my body-

guard; and the remaining half is mine for the trouble I have taken. Now that we have fulfilled a good work, let us go forward, to hear the mass of the holy Swithin!”

Perhaps in no instance displaying the covetous nature of William Rufus, was his judgment hailed with such universal approbation. Ethelwolf was set free at once, and his son received into the monarch's body-guard. Ailward, it is said, continued his usurious transactions, after he recovered his liberty, but not so openly as before. In the year 1136, a fire broke out in his house, which spread, and consumed a large portion of the city. Who Father Joseph was—whether Saint Swithin himself—or Peter the Hermit, none could tell, though there was much talk on the subject. But all were of opinion that the dark Syrian was no other than a special messenger from the Evil One. The story has lived in popular tradition, and is told as a lesson against avarice and injustice, and an encouragement to withstand temptation.

THE SONG OF THE DYING POET.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

This is my latest song, my lute;
Yet as its last faint breathings swell,
Ere its soft murmuring tones are mute,
I fain would breathe a fond farewell.
Companion of my earlier hours!
I leave thee not without a sigh,
Though winn'd by the blushing flowers
I've crowned thee with in days gone by.

From thee my boyhood's spirit learned
A joy that thou alone could'st fling,
When o'er thy frame the song-wreath burned,
And softness floated o'er each string:—
In vain even these the world put on,
Those frowns that hovered o'er my way,
I swept thy strings—the shades were gone—
Dispelled by joy's bright roseate ray.

Thou'rt breathed of love, and rapture came,
So fraught with passion's breath, that all
The senses, wrapt in living flame,
Were held the while in pleasing thrall.

Thou'rt whispered to my soul of bliss,
And all was tranquil as the waves,
When winds are hushed and moonbeams kiss
The gems that sleep in ocean's caves.

Thou'rt sung to me in manhood's day,
When sorrow's voice would breathe despair;
Thou'rt chased the wearying thoughts away,
That else a withering shade would wear:
Then well may I, with tear-filled eyes,
Companion of my soul, lay by
The frame that lent its sympathies,
The string that charmed with every sigh.

No more, sweet lute! wilt thou bestow
The raptures once so all thine own;
The hand that wakes thee falters now,
Its pulses all will soon be flown;
And the lone heart that thou hast taught
To glow beneath thy gentle spell,
Will soon be hushed, and calm each thought—
Lute of my younger years, farewell!

RELIGION.

I stood in the light of a rich man's hall,
Where the hymn and the prayer were said:
But the heart's young streams were turned to gall,
Or froze as they onward sped.

I entered the shade of a poor man's cot,
Where pain and want and care
Long dwelt: but harshness entered not,
For Christ's dear love was there.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE OPERA.—The opera promises to be more popular this winter than in any preceding one. In New York there has been a NEW OPERA HOUSE built on Astor Place, the appointments and *troupe* of which are both superior. This opera house is to be patronized chiefly by subscribers, an experiment for this country, and perhaps a doubtful one. However, on the night when the Astor Opera House opened, there was a display of beauty and fashion in the dress circle altogether unparalleled. MADAME BISHOP, with her operatic troupe, has been playing in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and we presume will divide her time during the winter between the chief cities of the Union. She is the best prima donna for English opera, since the days of Mrs. Wood. Bishop's high notes are superb. Her execution is artistic through-out. She dresses with equal taste and magnificence. Her troupe, taken as a whole, affords us more pleasure than any to which we have ever listened. As the subject of dress at the opera is one that may be presumed to interest our fair readers, we quote the following from the pen of N. P. Willis, who, of all men, ought to know best what it should be:

We have remarked, then, that to the dress circle of the Dress Opera, bonnets are inadmissible. The head is dressed quite as much as at a ball, and perhaps more strikingly, as the light is dimmer than in a drawing-room, and the closer neighborhood of other people's finery is apt to smother a quiet style. With full liberty to bare the arms and shoulders as at a ball, and wear jewels and flowers, there is also the liberty which you have not at a ball, viz.—the wearing of any one of your gowns which is most becoming to you. "Currents of air," "unwilling to expose the neck or the arms in public places," "just in town for a day," "concluded to come in a hurry," "family in half mourning," "sore throat," and "preferring it," are all sound and available reasons for a high-necked dress with sleeves, in the more dress seat at the opera, though, of course, no one of those reasons would answer for sleeves and covered shoulders at a ball. A white or very light shawl, wrapping the whole bust, is permissible and effective. There is, however, a style of dress peculiar to opera, into which, as we said before, we have conscientiously abstained from prying inquiry. We conjecture, simply by the results, that the secret of its success, is the aiming at a single effect in all of the lady that is visible. As Homer says:—

"Above the waist, the gods inherit woman," and both the coiffeur and the dress-maker, in preparing a lady of fashion for the opera, neglect the human remainder, and combine for the embellishment in a single design and effect of the whole upper and diviner copyhold. There is brilliant opportunity, also, for magnificent effect in hoods and wrappers, the shape, color, and mode of wearing them, being entirely at the mercy of your taste, and the standing in the lobbies and waiting for carriages, being the one-half hour of the whole twenty-four, when ladies are most exclusively gowned, and most promiscuously visible. Secrets of hair dressing and complexion, by the way, should be prepared for trial by gas—this dreadfully clairvoyant system of lighting public corridors, threatening, really, to confound and embarrass all the poetry of life.

HINTS FOR PRIVATE BALLS AND PARTIES.—In large cities ladies never go to public balls, except the ball is a very recherche one—like a "Bachelors' Ball," a "Twenty-second of February Ball," or a ball for some benevolent object. Private balls are the only ones now considered suitable. There are a few rules to be observed at such festivities which every lady ought to commit to memory.

1. The lady or gentleman who gives the party, rarely

dances; for their time should be occupied with their guests.

2. However rich the materials of a lady's dress, it should be as simple as possible. Too much ornament is an evidence of bad taste.

3. Always avoid affectation, frowning, quizzing, or anything marked in demeanor.

4. Never laugh, or talk loud. Never stare, or do any other act like a hoyden.

5. Let your gloves and shoes be new, if possible. Nothing is in worse taste than shabby gloves or shoes, especially with an elegant dress. The gloves and shoes ought to be fresh even at the expense of the remaining dress.

6. Always go to a private ball at an hour suitable to the habits of those who invite you. Some will expect you earlier some later: find out their habits, and act accordingly.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

The "Jenny Lind" Fashion Plate, which we publish this month, is so called, because the first female figure is a likeness of Jenny Lind. The engraving represents a moonlight scene in Autumn. Jenny Lind has just stolen from the ball room, to think, perhaps, of her own "dear native land;" while her companion is endeavoring to recall the truant's attention to the fair scene within. The costumes are those most fashionable for ball-dresses this Winter. The engraving, both in design and in execution, is a triumph of art.

FIG. I.—A BALL DRESS of rich satin: the corsage low and pointed. The skirt is trimmed with a deep lace flower, while a lace jupe, depending from the waist, reaches nearly to the top of the flounce. The arms are bare. A deep fall of lace trim the corsage around the shoulders. The hair is worn plain; and no ornament appears on this spotless costume except a small bouquet of flowers worn in the bosom.

FIG. II.—A BALL DRESS of rich blue satin: corsage low and pointed. The skirt is trimmed with puffs and lace flounces; of the puffs there are three rows in each set, and four sets in all. Below the first, second and third sets, there are lace flounces, the lace increasing in width with each set. Sleeves very short, exposing nearly the whole arm. A fall of lace is worn on the upper part of the bodice, which is perfectly plain. A bouquet of flowers in the bosom, and a wreath around the head complete this ornate, but very beautiful costume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In our November and December numbers, for 1847, we gave such full descriptions of out-of-doors costumes for this Winter, that it would be only repetition to insert descriptions here. We have, therefore, contented ourselves with having the two most distinguished ball dresses of the season engraved for this number. A word, however, as to the general style of walking and evening dresses may not be misplaced. Walking dresses are now universally made high in the neck, while evening dresses are as universally made low. Evening dresses most generally are made with short sleeves; walking

—comes of course have long-sleeves, and these are rather tight. For cloaks, the general style is to have a cape, trimmed with fringe, and two rows of fringe besides. A less frequent, but more recherche style of cloak, is the elongated cardinal: this is altogether more graceful than the other fashion of cloak. Bonnets are made shorter on the ears and longer in front; plush bonnets are, by no means,

as fashionable in the city as they were last year; but have been supplanted by velvets, principally by uncut ones. Feathers are the favorite trimming. Gaiters are worn universally.

Next month we shall furnish an extended notice of the fashions, as, by that time, there will probably be something new to be imparted.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems of N. Parker Willis. 1 vol. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1848. To Carey & Hart must be awarded the palm of being the first American publishers to get up the works of our poets in a style commensurate with their merit. The beautiful edition of Longfellow's Poems, issued by this house two years ago, took the public by surprise; for no one had credited that any bookseller in America possessed the enterprise and taste for such a volume. But when, a year since, this was followed up by the Poems of Bryant, the universal praise which welcomed the book, attested that the publishers had improved even on themselves. And now we have the third of this magnificent series—the Poems of N. P. Willis, illustrated by Loutze. Simultaneous with this publication, the Appletons have issued the poems of Halleck; but the Philadelphia house is triumphant, for there is no comparison to be made in the beauty of the two books. The illustrations of Willis' poems are, as a whole, superior to those of Bryant by the same artist. The portrait of Willis, by Cheney, is a real gem—it is Willis idealized, yet still Willis! Indeed we know not how to speak in sufficient terms of praise of this elegant publication; for poet, artist and publisher, have combined here to produce a master-piece. The poems of Willis, as published by Carey & Hart, should be on the table of every lady who pretends to taste or intelligence. What more can we say?

To criticise the poems of Willis would be supererogatory at this day. By universal consent he is declared without a rival in America for a certain gracefulness of thought and expression, which it is impossible to describe in words, but the magic of which, every one, perhaps, has felt. In reading the poetry of this writer, one feels like a person who has just entered the boudoir of some graceful and intelligent female, where taste, elegance and refinement, flowers, music, beauty, luxury and all sweet feminine traits fascinate the senses. Not that Willis wants force or originality, however. Who can be more serious than he, at times? But, by the image of this boudoir, we desire to convey an idea of that peculiar something in the poetry of Willis, which he enjoys to the exclusion of all others, and which marks his writings with a distinctive stamp. No one can mistake his poetry. In this, more than anything else, lies his popularity; as in this, critically speaking, lies his genius. Others share with him his fancy, rhythm and stores of illustration; but Willis has a nameless grace beyond this, which no one has ever rivalled!

The Manufacturing Mother. By the author of the "History of a Flirt." 1 vol. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. This is one of the best novels we have perused for many months. It forcibly depicts the miseries that a parent, who looks only for wealth in marrying her children, may bring upon them. The character of the youngest daughter is one of the sweetest in fiction.

The Leaflets of Memory, for 1848. Edited by Dr. Reynell Coates. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. In our November number, for 1847, we spoke of this as the most beautiful annual which had, at that time, appeared for 1848. Now that all the other annuals have been published we feel bound to repeat the same encomium. The illustrations and typography of the "Leaflet," are unequalled. Among the contributors are many celebrated names, and many fine prose articles and poems; but none of the contents please us more than the following, entitled

TOO LATE!

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"I have outlived all love!"—*Biuizer's Bachelor.*

Oh, weary thought! Oh, heart cast down and lone!
Oh, hopeless spirit!—burdened with grief
That giveth utterance to the mournful tone
Of this low murmur—words so full—so brief—
"Outlived all love."

Did God deny thee gifts by which to win
Affection from the crowd that round thee throng?
Or didst thou lose by folly, or by sin,
The hope that else had made thy soul most strong?
Of gaining love?

When first thy mother clas'd thee in her arms,
And bade thy father watch thine infant glee—
Why did her soul thrill with such wild alarms,
And bounding hopes? Was it not all for thee?
Did not she love?

Childhood mourns not for friends. It passes away—
Then on thyself depended future joy.
Retrace thy footsteps, did those friends betray
The trust beauteous by thee—a fair-browed boy—
Living in love?

Nay—one by one they turned—thy heart was proud,
Thy mood suspicious, and they could not brook
The coldness, and reserve, that as a cloud
Veiled all thy movements, chilling every look
That asked for love.

Thy manhood pride was glorious—it is past:
Ambition's thirst is slaked;—a dreary void
Taketh the place of schemes that once so fast
Hurried thee onward; life and thought employed,
Shutting out love.

Too late—too late! Thou canst not win them back—
The friends of youth; the love of riper years.
Alone, pass onward in the narrow track
Which thou hast chosen—learn with bitter tears,
That man needs love.

'Tis God's best gift—be wise, and scorn it not,
Thou who art strong in pride of hope and life.
The brightest gleam that gilds our darkened lot,
Lighting us onward through its fearful strife—
Oh, priceless love!

And if thy soul is steeld against mankind,
Pause—ere thy hearth grows cold and desolate.
Cheer those who droop—the wounded spirit bind—
Win hearts, and it shall never be thy fate
To outlive love.

Thompson's Seasons. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers.—In their illustrated books the Harpers are not a step behind the great publishers of Great Britain. In this exquisite volume the fine poetry is so beautifully blended with gems of art that one reads the poems in the illustration, and then re-parses the lines, at a loss to decide which surpasses the other. The copy before us is richly gilt, bound in blue and gold, and almost every page is embellished by engravings delicate as the tracing of a fairy pencil may be imagined to appear. There is not an ordinary design in the whole volume—in everything the work is superb. This edition of Thompson is to be followed by Goldsmith, Milton and Cowper, embellished after a like fashion, and forming, together, a set of the most popular poets, in a form that cannot be surpassed in this country or Europe. The book contains a biography of the author, by Murdoch.

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. 1 vol. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore, 103 Chestnut Street. This is a new and most excellent edition of a book, which Johnson praised in the warmest terms, which Sterne filched to write Tristram Shandy, and on which Milton did not disdain to build two of his finest poems. Though written in a quaint style, and occasionally overladen with quotations, its wit, fancy and sterling sense have made it a favorite since its first appearance, and will continue to keep it popular as long as the English tongue endures. In the present edition, translations of all the quotations are given for the benefit of those readers who do not understand the dead languages. The book is printed on thick, white paper, in an octavo of nearly seven hundred pages; and is adorned with a copy of the original title page of 1632.

The Army of the United States. By Fey Robinson. 2 vols. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. This is a well written account of the organization of the Army of the United States, accompanied with biographical sketches of Scott, Taylor, Gaines, Worth, and all the prominent officers of the regular corps. The author has been a member of the Army himself, and knows what he writes about. Hence these volumes afford altogether the best account of the difference between officers of staff and the line, brevet rank, and full commissions, and other matters perplexing to a mere civilian. The book is illustrated by twenty-six portraits, all said to be authentic; and the general style in which it is got up, does credit to the publishers.

James' Life of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre—is now complete in four numbers. This noble biography heads more toward sustaining James' reputation, than all his late efforts in fiction—and we do not speak despairingly of them—will accomplish. Here is something eminently worthy the strength of his mind, and to a most interesting subject he has done ample justice. The Harpers, too, have as usual sent forth, the work in the most perfect form.

Harpers' Pictorial England.—The third volume of this superb work, with a treasure of illustrations, lucid style, and perfect arrangement, is now complete. Another volume remains to be issued, and then a work second to nothing of the kind in this or any other country will be given to the public.

The Consular Cities of China. By the Rev. George Smith. Harper & Brothers.—This work is illustrated with fine engravings—and though the author was a missionary, the work is by no means confined to his experience in that capacity—but contains very much that will interest readers of every class.

The Mirror of Life. Edited by Mrs. Turkeill. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.—This is a very beautiful annual for 1848. It is on a somewhat novel plan, the engravings consisting of illustrations of different periods of life, from childhood up to the maturest age. Thus there are pictures, and beautiful ones too, of "Boyhood," "Girlhood," "The Bride," &c. &c. Most of the illustrations were designed for the poems which accompany them. Our artist, who engraved the illustration for Mrs. Stephens' thrilling story in the present number, desires us to acknowledge the obligation he is under, for some parts of the design, to one of the pictures in "The Mirror of Life," originally drawn by Rothermel. Beautiful as the one is, we think ours better. But there are others also, almost as exquisite, in this fine annual.

Goldsmith's Poems. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers.—Immediately after the exquisite edition of Thompson comes Goldsmith, enriched in like fashion, and beautiful beyond anything of the kind yet attempted. The pastoral character—the beautiful domestic tone of Goldsmith's poems give the utmost scope for a rich imagination in the artist. There is scarcely a page in his "Deserted Village" that does not give to the fancy some exquisite home scene, some rural nook which the pencil can best fill up. In this work, poetry and art are harmoniously blended. When Milton and Cowper take their place in the same set, the four great poets will make the pride of every boudoir where taste and intellect prevail.

Autumn Book for Boys. Harper & Brothers.—Here's another little work, rural in its descriptions, and embellished with thirty-six etchings of the most perfect finish. The frontispiece is of that gorgeous coloring used in the most precious books of old. Altogether, it comes forth in its richest and most appropriate dress.

Life of Doctor Belknap. Harper & Brothers.—Here is an interesting biography of a most excellent man, an old fashioned New England divine, possessed of head and heart enough to render him both distinguished as an author and loved as a pastor.

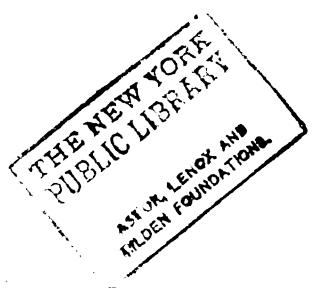
Clinton Bradshaws. By the author of "East and West." 1 vol. Cincinnati: Robinson & Jones. This is a re-print of the most popular of Thomas' novels, an author full of strong points. T. B. Peterson is the Philadelphia agent.

Chambers' Miscellany. Nos. 6, 7 and 8. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. This meritorious serial continues to be issued by the American publishers, in a style of great elegance. We cordially recommend it.

Harpers' Catalogue.—The Harpers have just published a new catalogue of their works; a perfect history of literature, and illustrated like a fairie book. What will they do at next?

OUR COPYRIGHTS.—We are forced to copy-right our continued stories, in order to prevent their being stolen, as heretofore, by certain book publishers. We have no desire to restrict the newspaper press from copying them!

THE NEXT NUMBER.—Among the embellishments of the February number, will be a mezzotint by Sartain, illustrating another chapter of Mrs. Stephens' novel. Altogether, we shall be unrivaled in 1848!





Painted by Frederic Rimpel.

Engraved by J. C. Smith

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

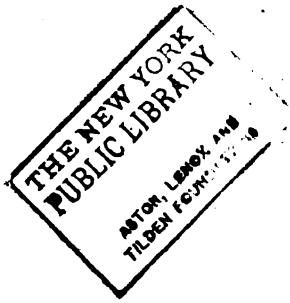


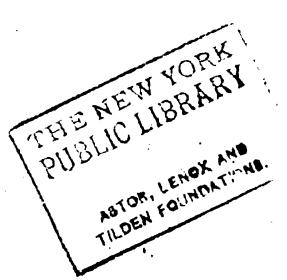
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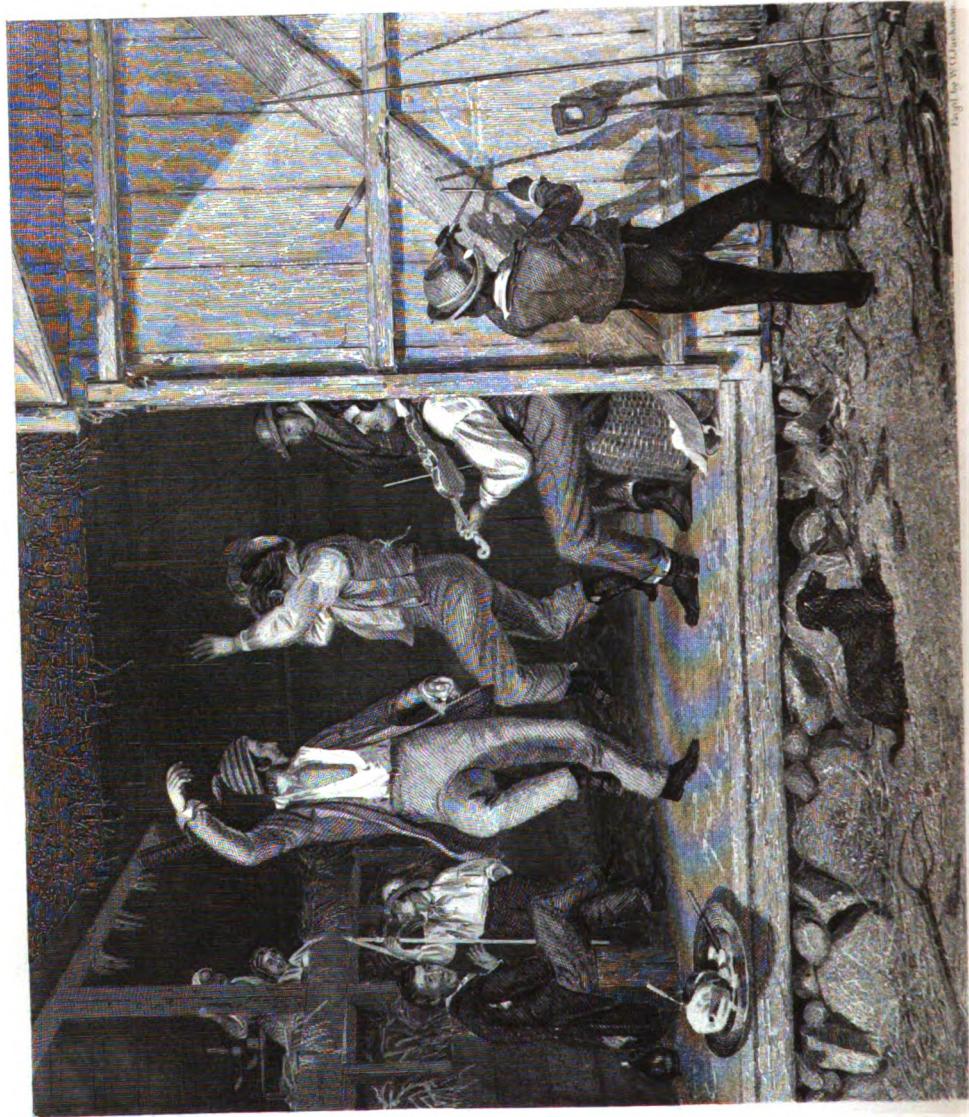




LES MODES PARISIENNES







PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1848.

No. 2.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Continued from Page 10.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAP. III.—THE SICK CHAMBER.

She lay like an angel lost in sleep
Where a dream of death had bound her.

In one of the dim and richly empanneled chambers of Bowdon Castle, lay the young creature whom its lord had saved. Pale as marble, and except a faint flutter of the breath, quite as still, her delicate form rested upon the velvet bed enveloped by shadows, and only rendered more deathly by the rich hues that fell around her.

Everything in the chamber had an air of gloomy grandeur. The tall, white plumes waving above the masses of silk that fell around the couch; the mirrors in their ebony frames, elaborately enwrought with silver; the thick carpets, and the fire-place where andirons of beaten silver supported the logs of a glowing wood fire. All were in massive contrast with the pale and delicate girl who lay in the midst so still and death-like.

Other persons were in the room. A thin, little man in black, sat near the head of the couch, and in a large, easy chair by the fire-place. The old house-keeper of Bowdon had fallen into a doze while watching the contents of a silver posset cup which stood upon a handful of coals upon the hearth.

It was now verging toward nightfall. The man in black drew forth a large chronometer from his bosom, and, touching the little hand that fell over the bed, seemed feeling for the pulse which was so faint, that, for a time, he was in doubt if it had not ceased to beat altogether. He bent over the fair girl, and his thin features cast off something of their grave expression as he felt the almost imperceptible rise of her breath against his cheek.

"Dame Weld—dame Weld!" he said, in an eager whisper, going across the room on tip-toe, and shaking the old woman by the arm. "Come, come, you have slept long enough! See you not that the spiced wine is boiling over?"

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The old housekeeper started up, rubbed her eyes, and looked wildly on the doctor.

"Sure enough—sure enough! I had only dropped away for a minute, you see. Is the poor thing worse? What is the matter?"

"There is just a breath of life in the child," cried the doctor—"she must have nourishment; something to drive the chill from her heart. I tell you, woman, it does not beat at all; and it seems as if every flutter would be the last."

"Is she asleep?" questioned the good dame, not quite aroused from her slumber. "If she is in a good, sound sleep I would not disturb her; there is nothing like sleep, doctor. Nothing like sleep to bring a person around!" and the good dame sighed as she adjusted her head gear, and cast a longing glance at the chair from which she had been so summarily aroused.

"I do not think she is asleep. It is pure exhaustion that keeps her so still!" said the doctor, and lifting one of the massive silver candlesticks from a table, he moved toward the bed; for though it wanted some hours of dusk, the windows were so muffled that a light in the chamber was necessary. The old house-keeper stole after him, and took the fair hand which lay so like a broken lily on the counterpane, tenderly between her own wrinkled palms.

"See, her eyelids quiver; she is not asleep," said the doctor, as a faint motion like the tremor of a white rose leaf, was just perceptible about the closed eyes of the patient. "Bring me a spoon, she must take some nourishment."

The old housekeeper was now thoroughly awake. With all her quick sympathies and household talents aroused, she poured the spiced wine into a goblet, and with gentle words, motherly and kind enough to have won tears from those soft eyes had there been the warmth of life in them, she strove to persuade the young girl to drink. But a faint motion of the head, which was gently turned away, bespoke that sort of loathing which utter exhaustion sometimes leaves

upon the stomach when any kind of nourishment is presented to it.

"Hand me a spoon," said the doctor, "we must give her strength or she will perish!"

But the good housekeeper was not so willing to give up a kind intention. She brought the spoon, but surrendered the goblet to the doctor, while with gentle violence she forced open the pale lips of the invalid, and poured a few drops of wine into her mouth.

"She is too far gone, she will not swallow it!" cried the doctor, shaking his head sadly.

"She will: she does!" replied the housekeeper, turning eagerly for another spoonful of the generous liquid.

The doctor's face brightened as he saw the housekeeper's assertion confirmed by a faint motion of the snowy throat.

"There, did I not tell you she would live?" cried Dame Weld, and sure enough there came over the coquettish beauty of those marble features a gleam of intelligence—something shadowy and faint, that bespoke the awaking of a soul from the lethargy of death.

"Now," said the doctor, grasping Dame Weld's hand, and shaking it to give emphasis to his whisper: "now if she falls into a slumber, it will not be for eternity; we will watch together, but first let me go forth and see to the other child. Now that she is coming to, it is time for us to think of him."

"I will go with you," said the dame, "the housemaids may want rousing up. They do not know how to watch and wait after a night like the last as we do good Master Warner. Our old eyes are worth fifty younger ones in such cases."

The doctor glanced at the arm-chair by the fire and smiled. But Dame Weld seemed quite oblivious of her own three hours slumber, and followed him out, determined to visit any want of vigilance in the housemaids with her most serious displeasure.

"How, how is the lady?" cried young Lord Bowdon, coming eagerly forward as the worthy pair entered an adjoining chamber. "Does she sleep? Is there hope?"

The doctor smiled, and answered cheerfully.

"Yes, yes, my lord, the poor child was almost dead; another five minutes in the waves would have killed her quite. Indeed I thought that she was gone for a time."

"But now," interrupted the young lord; "now she is out of danger."

"I trust so. Indeed there can be little doubt with quiet, and our good friend here for a nurse," replied the doctor.

"God grant that we may save both these poor children," said the Lord of Bowdon, earnestly. "Come and look at the lad as he sleeps. He is a fine creature, beautiful almost as your other patient, and doing quite well you observe."

The doctor moved across the chamber to the massive crimson bed, upon which a young lad, some fourteen years of age, was lying, very pale it is true, but in a profound slumber. The good leech touched the boy's pulse, and muttering—

"Aye—aye! he will do well enough. I wish the poor maiden were half as certain of her life."

"Doctor, can you see—that is, look at the lad. You have been long with the lady and can judge best; but it seems to me that there is a resemblance, something that bespeaks consanguinity between these two children."

The doctor drew back the damask curtains, and allowed a stream of light to glance across the sleeping boy, while he began to peruse the pale and statue-like features with great interest.

"The same raven hair," he murmured, lifting one of the glossy black ringlets that fell in a mass around the boy's head; and which, freed from the heavy sea water that had saturated it, waved back to its natural curl as it fell from the doctor's hand. "The same white forehead and clearly cut lips. Yes, my lord," he added, turning toward Bowdon, quite satisfied with the examination. "Your guests are of the same blood full surely; brother and sister it may be, for never were features more comely, or more alike. This poor child seems fair and delicate almost as the girl herself. Has he not spoken yet?"

"No, not a word," said Lord Bowdon's valet, to whom the young noble turned, "though he seemed quite conscious after the first hour. He struggled and moaned when we insisted upon taking off his clothes, and seemed almost prompted to break from us and go down to the beach again; but he spoke never a word."

"He must be foreign!" said Bowdon, addressing the doctor. "Indeed his features bespeak that!"

The doctor nodded his head, and fell to perusing the boy's face again, while his own features bespeak a degree of anxious curiosity, which they had not exhibited before that day.

"It is strange," he muttered, gravely shaking his head; "very strange, but, upon my word, I believe the lad is wide awake, though his eyes are closed. Yet he does not seem to heed a word we are saying."

"That may be because he does not understand our language," suggested Lord Bowdon.

"But the sound ought to arouse him: he literally does not seem to hear. Yet I am certain that he is conscious and stronger by half than the poor girl yonder," rejoined the leech.

"It is neither exhaustion nor slumber, that seems quite certain," observed one of Lord Bowdon's guests, after listening to the deep and regular respiration of the boy for a moment. "Try doctor and arouse him; see, there are tears breaking through those lashes, and his lips are getting tremulous. Surely he hears and feels."

"He feels, there is no doubt of that," said Lord Bowdon, as a heavy sob broke from the bosom of the lad, and a tear that had forced itself through those inky and knitted locks, rolled slowly to the pillow.

"Shall I speak to him?" said the doctor, appealing to Lord Bowdon, who nodded his head in assent.

The good leech did speak, but without receiving the slightest notice. The lad still lay, with his cheek turned to the pillow motionless, and it would seem perfectly grief-stricken—for now tear after tear rolled down the rounded surface of his cheek; and his lips

trembled to the sobs that broke through them with every heave of his breath.

"Boy—poor boy, do not weep so; you are with friends; you are safe; try, try and comprehend what we are saying," cried Lord Bowdon.

Still the unhappy child wept on, heedless and attentive.

Lord Bowdon repeated what he had been saying in French, and then in Italian, hoping that one of these might be his native language—but still the boy wept on, answering nothing by word or sign.

"It may be that he is of Spain," said the young nobleman, turning an anxious look upon the group that surrounded the bed. "I know little of the language, but perhaps enough to make him understand if he is of that country."

And Lord Bowdon uttered a few hesitating and imperfect words of Spanish as he bent over the bed, but with no better effect than had followed the other efforts.

"What can I do?" cried the generous young man; "he seems to understand nothing; how can we comfort him?—how win him from this terrible grief?"

As he spoke, Lord Bowdon took the delicate hand of the lad in his and pressed it, unconsciously somewhat hard. Instantly the boy started to his elbow; his eyes large, and of that deep violet hue, which, with the slightest emotion, becomes so luminous—opened wide, and clasping his hands, he uttered a sound of piteous moaning, which seemed of no language, and yet went to the heart of every one present.

They spoke to him kindly, striving to soothe his evident grief and ~~tears in every language which was known to them~~; but the beautiful boy only looked from one to another, moved his head mournfully, and strove to force back the tears that swam in his eyes, as if he quite comprehended that they wished to comfort him, and was determined not to seem ungrateful. But the effort was in vain, and as if the poor child felt condemned for a want of power over his own grief he closed his eyes, lay back upon the pillow, and many a broken sob bespoke the effort that his young heart was making not to render his distress troublesome. There was something so touching and helpless in all this that it brought tears into other eyes than those of the old housekeeper. But she, good soul, could restrain her sympathy no longer. So, forgetting the usual staid reverence which she usually exhibited in her master's presence, she began to comfort and soothe the lad with a motherly tone, and in warm, hearty English, that would have brought consolation even to one ignorant of the language. But it made no impression on the lad. He had fallen back into his old attitude, and did not seem conscious that she was speaking at all.

"What can we do? Good, wholesome English has no effect upon him; and he does not seem to know the foreign talk of our master any better! Doctor, have you learned nothing at the colleges that will answer? A few scraps of that crabbed Latin now that you sometimes puzzle us with; who knows but that may reach the poor lad's case."

But Doctor Warner, like many another learned man, was far more ready to exhibit his erudition

before those whose ignorance led them to admire unquestionably, than to encounter the criticism of those who could detect the rust into which his knowledge of the classics had fallen.

"My good dame, you forget," he said, with a demure smile that quite covered any internal embarrassment that he experienced. "No feeling man would ever dream of speaking dead language by a sick bed. You forget—you forget!"

The old dame was quite crest-fallen and bewildered by this reply, and observed, by way of apology, that she did not know before that Latin was a dead language.

"That is unpardonable ignorance, doctor," whispered Lord Bowdon's valet, a shrewd man who had gathered up many a useful fragment of knowledge in foreign travel with his exiled lord. "Surely Dame Weld might know that you have been practising upon it during the last thirty years."

The doctor was very well disposed to give up the subject; so pretending not to hear the whisper, he drew close to the bed, and putting Dame Weld gently aside, spoke in a loud, stern voice to the lad, which made every one in the room start with a feeling of indignant surprise.

Lord Bowdon, always generous and full of impetuous feeling, turned his flashing eyes upon the leech, and parted his lips to reprove a rudeness that seemed so entirely uncalled for; but before he could speak the doctor calmly addressed him.

"It proves, as I suspected, my lord, the poor child is a mute!"

"It must be so," said Lord Bowdon, after a moment, during which he gazed upon the beautiful face of the invalid, which had not changed in the least; though the doctor had spoken in a tone loud and harsh enough to have made every limb of his delicate frame quiver like a reed.

"It must be so, doctor; but it is a painful thing to believe. How very, very beautiful he is, and yet to possess this piteous infirmity. God help the poor lad!"

"What will become of him and of the poor child in yonder!" said the leech, with genuine compassion. "How helpless, how completely alone they are!"

"My lord," said the housekeeper, and her voice trembled with kindly feeling, "since you were a lad like that," and she pointed toward the boy, "we, your old servants, have almost forgotten what childhood is; we are all getting old now—and who knows but God has sent these two young creatures here that we may have something to love and care for. When you are up to the court everything will be lonesome again. The castle is large enough, and its old walls always sheltered the unhappy in your father's time."

"We will talk of this, Dame Weld, some other time," replied Lord Bowdon, gravely, and the blood mounted to his forehead as he observed a meaning smile pass between two of his lordly guests who had withdrawn to a window, and were conversing in a low voice together; "meantime has not the other invalid been left too long alone? Perhaps if we withdraw, this poor boy may sleep!"

The housekeeper only paused to pass her shriveled

hand with caressing kindness upon the raven curls of the mute before she obeyed her master's hint, and left the chamber, but she soon returned to a neighboring room, through which Lord Bowdon must pass with his guests. As he came out she spoke to him.

"Come in for one moment; come and look at her as she sleeps. It is like watching over an angel, my lord; come and see for yourself, while the doctor is in the steward's room. I think that she is better; but come and see!"

Again the color came into Lord Bowdon's cheek as he encountered the half malicious, half jeering glances of his friends.

"Do you really think that she is in danger? Is she so very ill?" he said, striving to speak unconcernedly, but in a voice that might not reach his guests.

"I don't know that—certainly she is weak as an infant; for a long time we thought she was quite dead; but that is not it, I have not heard her voice yet. What if she too, like the poor creature in yonder, were to prove without hearing or speech?"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Bowdon, almost passionately; "the very doubt is dreadful. My lords I will join you at supper in half an hour," he added, raising his voice, and excited beyond all fear of their comments, he left the room.

"By Jove," said one of the guests, a man beyond middle age, whose influence with the restored monarch, though quietly exerted, was very considerable. "Bowdon seems determined to keep the cage of his sick linnet closed to all but himself! With what an air he bowed us off!"

"True enough," replied the courtier's more youthful companion; "I have not yet been allowed more than a single glimpse of her face. Did you notice that Bowdon would let no one else relieve him for a moment as he carried her up from the rocks, and, under pretence that numbers might be offensive, kept us all from the room, himself included, while Warner and the old dame had the beauty to themselves half the morning."

"But I got a glimpse of her face nevertheless," replied the other, as the two noblemen sauntered arm in arm through the great hall, "though he kept her head nestled in his bosom, and covered with his wet tunic as jealously as a miser hides his gold; the wind was too strong for him once or twice, and I got a fair glimpse of her face. It was beautiful; you never saw anything like it; in spite of fear, and though dripping wet, there was enough loveliness there to strike one dumb."

"That must be more than true if she is at all like the boy, as they all seemed to think," rejoined the other. "A woman like that must be intoxicating—such eyes! Why, man, I have never seen that exact color since the time when we gazed together into the midnight skies of Italy. There is both softness and fire in them at once. I wonder if the girl has eyes of that color?"

"I would stake all chances of Bowdon's favor upon it," was the reply; "the lids were closed when I saw Bowdon's tunic swept away from her face; but, on my life, you could see a violet tinge breaking the transparent snow."

"Blue eyes, and such blue, with hair like midnight. There is novelty in that," said the elder courtier, musingly. "I only hope she is half as handsome as the boy."

"I will soon know that," rejoined the other; and the two noblemen separated. Each as he proceeded with the important duties of the toilet, laid his own schemes for the future, in which that helpless and almost dying girl had become a paramount object.

Meantime Lord Bowdon followed his old housekeeper into the chamber of his guest. He trod very lightly, and held his breath with a sort of reverence as he approached the sleeping girl. There was something so still, so pure, and lovely about the very atmosphere that surrounded a creature so child-like, so helpless, that it overpowered every feeling of his nature that might not have been registered in Heaven.

How beautiful she was, couched upon the snow white linen and glowing velvet of that magnificent old bed! How delicate and helpless she looked with her little snowy hands folded softly over a heart that seemed scarcely to beat; and her tresses flowing down upon her shoulder in a cloud of glossy blackness. There was no color in her face; none upon her lips; she seemed as pure and almost as cold as marble; and yet as if his very gaze, full of pure and holy feeling as it was, possessed a power upon her life. The beating of her heart seemed to grow stronger as he gazed; a color, faint as the red upon a white rose leaf, stole around her mouth; and her fingers lost their clasp upon each other, dropping softly apart as one sometimes sees of the wild flowers separate from each other when the summer wind shakes the stalk. It was like the warm flush of life breaking over a statue, this calm and gradual strengthening of life in the young girl as she slept.

Lord Bowdon stood gazing upon her minute after minute, till his heart became oppressed with its own sweet sensations. He drew a deep breath and turned away, stealing toward the fire with a soft tread. The housekeeper followed him.

"You will not send this poor child away?" she whispered.

Lord Bowdon laid his hand upon the good dame's shoulder, and looked firmly in her face.

"I will do all that an honorable man should do. The helpless shall be protected," he said, with a degree of earnestness that was almost solemn. He was about to add something more, but that instant there arose a bustle outside the chamber. The quick tread of feet, and the expostulations of suppressed voices. Lord Bowdon had scarcely advanced a stride toward the door when it was flung open, and the lad whom he had but so recently left weeping upon his couch, came into the chamber. Part of his damp clothes were huddled on his person; and he bore the appearance of having hurried from his room during the absence of those who were left to watch his slumbers.

The boy cast his eyes wildly around the chamber till they fell upon the bed. Then with a shrill cry that seemed to have broken from his very soul, he darted forward, and casting himself half upon his knees, half upon the couch, with his arms flung passionately to the young creature who lay sleeping there,

She started up, wildly and pale. She put back the hair from her temples with her shivering hands. She kissed his forehead; his cheek; his eyes; and then gathering up a double handful of his tresses, pressed them to her lips with words of tender endearment, murmured in a foreign tongue. Tears flashed down her cheek like rain; the words broke in passionate music from her lips, and falling back upon her pillow, she clasped both hands over her eyes, and absolutely shivered from excess of joy.

The youth too exhibited agitation joyful and intense as her own. His wild and plaintive cry rose now and then with thrilling sharpness above her tender and musical tones. He clung to her, weeping with a sort of joyous wail; while his eyes shone like diamonds.

"My brother—my brother!" cried the girl, removing the hands from over her own eyes, and gazing into his. "Ah, beloved—oh, sweet, dear brother—God has given you back to me, beloved—beloved!"

How sweet was the soft Italian in which these endearing words were uttered. The youth watched her lips through the tears that blinded him, and seemed to understand. He smiled, and dashing aside the tears with his slender fingers, wove them into a thousand elegant forms, that she comprehended rapidly as they were made.

"Together—yes, together. I know—I know it was your arms that bound me to the spar," she cried, aiding her sweet words now and then with a rapid motion of the fingers. "You clung to me in the water—held me close when all sense had left me; but our mother!"

The lad lost all animation in an instant. He stood up, clasped his hands, and dropping them heavily before him, gazed upon the floor. His position spoke all. It was the most perfect expression of hopeless grief. The young girl turned away her head, and, for a time, there was profound silence in the room. At length she held forth her hand, and drew the youth gently toward her.

"She is gone, my brother; we are orphans. Where are we? How came we here?" and she lifted her eyes with a bewildered look to the gorgeous canopy that surrounded her bed.

The sweet language in which she spoke was broken, and aided by signs; but Lord Bowdon understood it, and came forward.

"You are with friends, sweet lady," he said—"friends who will exert themselves to the utmost that you may be safe and happy."

The lad drew close to his sister's pillow, and gazed keenly at the young noble as he spoke; while the fair girl clung to her brother's hand, and turned her eyes from Bowdon to him, as if seeking for an opinion of one in the eyes of the other. For a whole minute the beautiful mute kept his glance fixed upon the noble; then a smile of ineffable sweetness came to his face, and laying the hand of his sister into that of Lord Bowdon, he knelt down and kissed the folds of his tunic.

The warm blood came into Lord Bowdon's cheek, and the tears into his eyes. He laid the young girl's hand reverently on the counterpane, and then pressing his own upon the ringlets of the boy, looked quietly, and with an expression that was almost solemn, into his upturned face.

"God bless him! God bless him!" muttered the housekeeper, who was watching the scene from her station near the fire-place; and any one who had observed Lord Bowdon's noble face at the moment, would have felt, as thoroughly as she did, how honorable and generous was the protection promised to the young creatures who had found shelter beneath his roof.

CHAP. IV.—THE DISCOVERY.

"The slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was found of clay." BYRON.

FRANCESCA, GUILO, thus were the orphans named, sat together near the rocks among which they had been wrecked. It was two days after the tempest—that terrible tempest which had left them only each other in the wide world. It was beautiful morning, calm and bright with the yellow sunshine of a bland autumn day. The sparkling waters of the channel seemed full of light. The rocks around them were tasseled and carpeted with gorgeous autumn flowers. Beyond was the castle, with its imposing turrets and weather-beaten battlements, its mighty old oaks, and its sloping flower garden; above was the blue sky, with a soft golden haze floating over it, and a horizon faintly tinged with rosy purple.

"Ah, it seems like our own dear Italy yonder, where the purple sleeps in the hills, my Guilo," said the maiden, weaving her heart language in the entanglement of her fingers, and gazing first upon him, then upon the distant hills.

Guilo smiled, waved his head sadly, and bent his eyes upon the water with a look that seemed to reproach her for thinking one moment of anything but the mother who had found a grave there.

"Nay," said the lovely girl: "nay, I had not forgotten her while thinking of the land which she loved so, dear Guilo," and she stole her arm around the youth, bending her head to his shoulder.

After this both the orphans remained silent without any attempt at communication, save that which spoke in each others eyes as they mingled their sorrowful expression together.

After half an hour spent in profound sadness, the two young creatures arose and walked toward the castle. Upon the way they met two gaily dressed cavaliers sauntering idly through the grounds, who paused to gaze upon them as they passed. There was something about the elder of these men that disturbed Francesca greatly. Her large eyes fell beneath his glance, and drawing closer to her brother she walked quickly, and urged by that instinctive feeling of danger which every pure woman feels when she first breathes the same atmosphere with the wily and vicious of the other sex. A like sensation seemed to oppress the youth, but he encountered the bold glance of the courtier with flashing eyes, and a frown that made his child-like and delicate features almost imposing.

The old courtier met it with a quiet smile, and muttered something so low that his companion only caught the words, wild and fresh as a rose bud.

"It will do! It will do!"

As the orphans bent their way to the castle, these two men walked slowly down to the sea-shore, conversing as they went upon indifferent subjects; yet each was occupied by thoughts that had no affinity with the words that were used only to conceal them.

They paused at length in a little cave, where a broad chasm in the rocks allowed the water to flow up some distance into the rugged shore; a rim of discolored foam had been washed to the upper extremity of this cave, which undulated sluggishly with a mass of sea-weed entangled in ragged masses around the foot of the rocks. As the two men stood idly gazing around this isolated spot, one of them uttered an exclamation, and pointed out a heavy object, over which this sea-weed and foam had drifted, but not sufficiently to conceal the outlines of a human form.

"It is a woman—one of those who perished in the storm, no doubt," cried the elder courier, putting aside a tuft of sea-weed that had floated over the face of the corpse with the point of a stick that he carried. "A beautiful woman, too, she must have been," he added, disengaging his stick, and pointing with it to a cloud of black hair that floated up and down with each wave as it flowed into the cave. "Let us go and call some of the Bowdon people; our host will hardly choose to have the body rest here."

"Had I not better remain to see that it does not float out of the cave again, while you go up to the castle?" said the younger of the two.

"Just as you please, Sir John; I will return presently with help," was the rejoinder, and the next minute Sir John Payton was alone in the cave. As he sat upon a fragment of rock, whose base sloped into the water, a wave heavier than any that had preceded it swept by him, separating the dead body from the entangled rubbish, and heaving it back toward the sea again. But the swell was only sufficient to bear its burthen to the rock which Sir John occupied, where it was left. A white arm, with a blood red kerchief knotted tightly around it, was dashed almost against his feet. Some heavy substance was evidently secured in the kerchief; for, as the wave subsided, the beautiful limb sunk in the water as if dragged down by an unusual weight.

Influenced by a sudden impulse of curiosity that obviated his natural repugnance to touch the dead, Sir John thrust his hand into the water, and drawing the arm up to the light again, hastily untied the kerchief, and proceeded to examine its contents. It was a scarf of scarlet silk, and, secured in its folds, he found a small casket of red coral, rimmed and clasped with silver. It was locked, and so closely jointed that no water seemed to have penetrated to its contents. But Sir John had no time to examine further, he heard footsteps upon the rock overhead; and, hastily resolving to examine his prize alone, thrust the casket and scarf into his bosom.

Meantime Francesca and her mute brother walked slowly toward the castle. Both were sad; both weary-hearted, but the boy most so, for there was nothing in his heart to soften the terrible bereavement that had fallen upon him in that fatal place.

It was not so with the maiden; for like those blossoms

that seem to root themselves in the greatest perfection among the graves; love, pure and fervent love, such only as women of passionate impulses and vivid intellect can know, had found birth amid her sorrows and her tears. It was all unknown to herself, and yet the pure love blossom was already trembling into flower with every new pulsation of her heart.

They were sadly moving forward through the labyrinths of an artificial wilderness, that lay between the castle and the shore, when a group of men passed them, bearing the lifeless form which they had just rescued from the water. Guilo saw it—the pale face—the dark hair tangled around that marble throat. A cry, sharp and thrilling with agony, broke from his lips; he sprang forward and fell insensible across the path. Francesca stood motionless; her eyes riveted on the dead: her lips parted in terror and grief.

"My mother—oh, my mother," she cried, in her native tongue, and holding out her clasped hands she added, "oh, stay, stay; wait till his eyes unclose that he may see her once again. She is our mother. She is our mother!"

But those who bore the dead understood no language save their own, and passed on, quite heedless of the anguish they left behind.

CHAP. V.—THE HEART'S MISGIVINGS.

"Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth." WILLIS.

A MONTH went by. A deep tinge lay upon the trees around Bowdon Castle; a serene beauty slept upon the water, and a brown hue shone richly through the purple that veiled the distant hills. Again Guilo and Francesca sat by the shore, conversing in the voiceless language of the hands. Francesca's cheeks were burning with red, like the heart of a damask rose; and the broad, white lids that drooped over her eyes seemed weighed down by the long and curling lashes that fringed them. With her slender fingers she was weaving the thoughts that lived in her soul that Guilo might read them, but she could not look in the beautiful and anxious face; she dared not encounter the expression of his eyes as he learned the secret that she, his only sister—his world—his very life—had learned to love another. Yet there was nothing angry or passionate in the boy's look. He seemed greatly moved, but with sorrow rather than wrath or jealousy. Had he been prepared for the communication which Francesca made so tremulously? Had his deprivation of one sense so sharpened others left to him, that all along he had been reading the secrets of that twin heart?

"He loves me, Guilo, as I love him—no, not that! Where on earth is there another heart so full of this exquisite devotion? But he loves me, Guilo!"

"Not as I do," replied Guilo, holding up his hand with a mournful smile; "not as your twin brother loves you; do not expect that, Francesca!"

"Oh, no, not that way—not as you love me, Guilo," answered the young girl, and her eyes flashed beneath their long fringes—"but—but as I love him!"

Guilo was about to answer, and did weave a reply with his hands, for he heard not the footsteps and the

voices that made his sister turn her eyes from him, and hold her breath as she listened.

"What, wed her—wed a nameless creature—a foreigner, tossed up by the waves to his castle steps. Why, Sir John, the thing is impossible; believe me, I know better. Bowdon is bewitched now, I grant you, and it may last for another month—perhaps two—not longer—I tell you not longer!"

"Hush, there she sits with that beautiful mute, her brother. We may be overheard, and Bowdon would not thank us for frightening his bird from the snare."

"Poh, she speaks no English; keep to the native tongue, and we are safe enough. But I will tell you another reason why Lord Bowdon cannot marry this Syren, which I do believe the mermaids have sent to ensnare him from the deep. Another match has been settled for him long ago; old Rowley stipulated for his consent in the matter when the title and estate was given back. It is even suspected that the lady has royal blood in her veins. The king hinted as much in my presence not three months ago."

"Ha, if things stand thus I give up the point; my pretty Italian must take her fate, I suppose. But I would advise Bowdon to get rid of that boy, or he may be troublesome hereafter."

The voices moved away, and Francesca was alone; her cheeks were white now; her lips parted as if the breath that had been held so long was burning painfully. Because she spoke in her own sweet tongue did those heartless men suppose that Francesca had learned no English of her mother—her beautiful, English mother?

Guilo heard nothing, and this time his infirmity was a mercy. Those words had stricken one pure and proud spirit too surely. It was well that the passionate nature of the boy escaped the burning coal that had fallen upon the heart of his sister.

In an appendage to the castle, remote from the main building, occupied by Lord Bowdon and his guests, apartments had been fitted up for Guilo and his twin sister. Luxurious in his own habits, Lord Bowdon delighted in lavishing everything that wealth and taste could accomplish upon these rooms.

"We must give them a home not inferior to that which they have left!" he would say to the good old housekeeper; "we must teach them not to pine for the southern skies, or mourn forever over the parent they have lost. Bowdon must be their world, good dame, and to that end we must make Bowdon beautiful as their own Italy."

And this was accomplished with regard to one nook of the old castle, at least. A stone balcony led up from the garden into Francesca's bower-room. Through a vista in the old oaks that crowded the park, it commanded a view of the most ancient portion of the castle. A wilderness of flowers lay all around, haunted by summer birds, and by the golden bees, that, like cheerful housewives, blend music with their happy toil. From this balcony might be seen grassy slopes, upon which the sunshine lay bright and

golden half the day long; old oaks that as the sun rose high, would fling their great shadows where his beams had slept in the morning, with glimpses of a sky that in sunshine or storm always had beauty for her to admire.

Lord Bowdon seldom intruded into the bower-room of his beautiful *protégée*; and never went there save when the housekeeper was present; but the balcony was neutral ground between the castle and the maiden's bower, and the young noble loved to come there when the morning was freshest, and hear Francesca touch her lute in the open air; and by degrees it had become a habit to steal away from his guests with that degree of haste which was some excuse for a careless toilet, and watch in the balcony till Francesca should come forth from her rest.

On the morning after the conversation which Francesca had heard between two of Lord Bowdon's courtly visitors, he arose very early and went to this balcony, followed by a favorite hound, and with a falcon that he had just purchased, upon his wrist.

"It shall be trained for Guilo," he said, throwing himself upon a stone bench, and beginning to tease the bird with a feather that had been previously plucked from his wing. "Guilo or Francesca! I wonder if she would like the beautiful creature? How beautiful she would look on horseback, dear girl; when my guests are gone, we must strike down a bird or two, if it is only to see if she can join heartily in a good old English sport."

As these pleasant thoughts ran through his brain, Lord Bowdon perched the falcon on his finger, and commenced tormenting him afresh, smiling mischievously as the bird grew angry; and speaking now and then to the old hound that would take an opportunity to lick his hand whenever it came within reach.

As Lord Bowdon was thus tranquilly engaged, the door to Francesca's bower-room was gently opened, and she came forth; but the falcon was clapping his wings with angry violence, and the young noble was unconscious of her presence. She stood a moment leaning against the wall, her hands loosely clasped, and gazing sadly upon the floor. For a moment she remained in this position, then without speaking a word she glided through the open door—closed it without noise, and drew a bolt.

"Oh, Guilo! Guilo! I am very unhappy; my heart is breaking!" she cried, looking around for her brother, who lay upon a pile of cushions near the window, with his eyes closed.

"Better thus—better thus!" she murmured, sinking to a seat and weeping bitterly; "why should he know that which would render him wretched? Oh, Guilo, did you not say that he would not love me as you did? I smiled then; look up, brother, and see if I smile now!"

But Guilo lay motionless and quite unconscious of her grief, and of the heart's misgivings that were torturing her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.).

LINES,

WRITTEN ON HEARING A GENTLEMAN EXPRESS SKEPTICAL SENTIMENTS

BY MISS M. J. WINDLE.

Two thoughts and mine are like two streams,
Both issuing from one mountain height
But mine flows toward a land of beams,
Thine toward the frosty realms of night.
These, these are things which come with power,
With light and eloquence to me!
And show, beyond Life's closing hour,
The home of man's nativity.

Lift up those eyes which God has given!
Look on the sea—look on the earth;
Look on the sky, when clouds are driven
Across the sun's unquenched mirth.
What seest thou? Are not Hope and Love
There written in letters, bright and boon?
Comes there no spirit from above—
From the clear stars, and wandering moon?
Is all this plentitude of power—
This vast magnificence of scene—
Wasted on creatures that an hour
Will make as they had never been?

Does Love—does Wisdom thus condemn
Our splendid pathway to be trod,
While fears torment, while miseries hem?
Thus are we taught the love of God?
No!—if our only life were here,
We surely then should feel at rest;
With nought beyond to hope or fear,
This world had been a world more blest.
Nature's omnipotent decree
Our spirit to our fate would bow;
And brighter, longer them would be
Our only life than life is now.
But 'tis not thus:—stern glooms involve
Our souls, as clouds the bright sky blot,
They darken—but, they soon dissolve—
The immortal sky hath altered not.
From its unruffled depths of blue
The stars their living splendors roll;
And thus, if Nature's voice be true,
Glow, even in death, the unscathed soul.

WHEN SHALL IT BE?

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

SHALL it be mine to die
Where friends and kindred bend around my bed,
Where gentle hands are nigh to lift my head,
And close my faded eye?

Or to my dreamless rest
Shall I depart, when no kind voice is near
To whisper peace into my dying ear—
By mother's prayer unblest?

Or shall it be when all
In earth or sky—breeze, grove, song, leaf, are still,
And thick on forest, city, ocean, hill,
Night's phantom shadows fall?

Shall it be at the noon
When birds and balmy airs 'midst branches green,

Fill with sweet sounds and scents each woodland scene
Where bends the lily-flower?

Or shall the invisible wings,
Of the sad Autumn wind waft up my soul
Through morning's golden halls, from earth's control,
And from life's poisoned springs?

And above all shall hope
Stand by to charm the terrors of the hour,
Impart her smile, and give my spirit power
To drink the fearful cup?

Father in Heaven, to Thee,
To Thee I bow; thine is the hand to save,
To guard the flower, to tame the headlong wave,
And chain the frantic sea.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Give way! now the anchor we lighten,
Give way for the voyage of Life!
Our pathway the far seas will brighten,
Where mines with tried jewels are rife.

There springeth from humble repentance
A plant that is tender as strong;
Its flower is love to an entrance
In Heaven, its fruit must belong.

(82)

Now pass we a gaily clothed meadow
That worldly thought seldom comes nigh;
Faith steers our light bark, and God's shadow
Gives strength when the wave rises high.

Aye, strength for the life that's within us,
That widens the heart's closing band;
Thus sail we, no earth-joy can win us
Away from yon beautiful land!

THE TROTH PLIGHT

A STORY OF LEE'S LEGION

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Continued from Page 34.

CHAPTER IV.

"Who thundering comes on blackest steed?"—BYRON.

We left our hero, completely surrounded by the enemy, without hope of succor. Before him was the van of the British army, behind him the captured troopers who had broken their parole and were thundering down to sabre him.

But his quick and fertile mind saw that one chance of escape yet remained. This was to plunge into the wood and endeavor to baffle pursuit in its labyrinthine recesses. Accordingly he struck his spurs into his steed, turned sharp to the right, and dashed down an old, and nearly overgrown bridle path, stooping his head as he flew along to avoid the branches. With a loud hurrah the British troopers entered the forest to cut him off, and were heard approaching in front, crashing through the underbrush.

Suddenly a ball whistled by his head, and glancing in the direction whence it came, he perceived a yager coolly wiping out his rifle, preparatory to reloading. The German stood right across our hero's way. Measuring the distance between the man and himself, Stanhope saw that his enemy would have time to reload and fire, before he could reach him, unless he quickened his pace. Driving his rowels deep into the flanks of his charger, therefore, he sped on like an arrow. The yager saw him coming, like the wild huntsman of his native Germany, and finding he would be cut down before he could finish reloading, dropped his rifle with a cry of terror, and plunged into the neighboring swamp.

Relieved of this danger, Stanhope breathed more freely; for he knew his horse to be so superior to the slight ponies of the British dragoons, that he had few fears of their intercepting him. In this confidence, however, he erred. He had galloped but a few paces, when he saw a trooper lying across the road as if a corpse; but recollecting that the man might be only pretending death, and might, as soon as he passed, kill him with a pistol shot, he drew up, and placing his sabre point at the back of the Englishman's neck, pricked it slightly. The man was, however, dead. This delay had nearly proved fatal to Stanhope; for, at this instant, he heard shout on shout, and immediately a dozen of the fifteen troopers broke through the underbrush into a little open space ahead. They were so near that our hero's only hope lay in abandoning the bridle path and plunging directly

into the thicket, even at the hazard of finding it impassable. There was not a minute to be lost, however, and accordingly he dashed into the forest depths.

"Now, my good steed," he said, "stand by me, and we may baffle them yet!"

On he plunged through brake and brier, now nearly knocked from his seat by the branches, now almost checked in his career by the apparently impenetrable brush. Nor were these his only dangers. Unable to follow him along his perilous path, for the slight frame of their horses forbade this, the troopers, every one of whom was within pistol-shot, discharged the contents of their holsters as he passed. Lying flat on his charger's neck, as well to avoid the branches as to escape the shot, our hero glanced along, the balls stripping the foliage from the trees around him, like summer hail. At length he gained the high road, and saw before him ~~his comrades of the legion~~, coming down at full swing to rescue him if not too late. A cheer, that made the woods ring far and near welcomed him, and Lee himself, grasping the hand of Stanhope, exclaimed—

"Never was I so glad to see any one in my life. I thought you lost to a certainty, like my little bugler—poor boy!"

As the leader thus spoke, a stern frown gathered on his brow, and he ordered the captain of the British dragoons, who had been made a prisoner to be brought from the rear. The officer was led up, when Lee, calling on our hero to substantiate the testimony which had been already given, that the boy had been sabred while crying for quarter, thus spoke—

"Captain Miller, it is necessary that your friends should be taught that the Americans will no longer submit to such butchery. The laws of war should be respected. Prepare, sir, to die! Here is a pencil with which you may write any message you please to your friends. I am now about to retrace my steps to the main body, leaving Captain Armstrong behind here to watch the rear. When we descend this hill and get down into the valley, we shall find a blasted tree—you may see it from this spot—which shall be your gallows."

He spoke harshly, and in some excitement, a thing unusual to him; but the pale face of the murdered boy was before him. In vain Captain Miller strove to excuse himself, by saying that he had tried to save the lad's life, but that his troopers were intoxicated and could not be controlled; the sight of the dying child, whom they soon overtook, drove all pity from

the heart of Lee, and the British officer was ordered to instant execution.

"In part, sir," said Lee, "you expiate the atrocities of your countrymen. We will see whether, hereafter, such scenes of butchery as that at the Waxhaws will be enacted again."

Fortunately, however, for Captain Miller, at this instant pistol-shots were heard from Capt. Armstrong, announcing that the British were upon him, and immediately after he was seen coming at a brisk pace over the brow of the hill. Of course the preparations for the execution were stopped; the captain was mounted and hurried off, under guard, to the main detachment of Colonel Williams in front; while the legionaries sprang into the saddle, and prepared to meet the advancing foe. Thus was the prisoner saved from his untimely death; but his peril was a warning to the enemy; and from that time the laws of war were ever respected by the British, and their butcheries of the Americans less frequent.

Lee drew off his legion in safety, and a few days afterward, having in the meantime baffled every attempt of Cornwallis to overtake him, joined Greene in Virginia, being the last man to cross the Dan in that ever memorable retreat. Our hero fought by his side, and only yielded to his superior's decisive command, in preceding Lee to the boat in which they were ferried over. They had scarcely touched the Virginia bank, when the masses of Cornwallis were seen crowding to the shore they had just left; but a deep and impassable river rolled between the pursuer and pursued, and saved the Americans!

CHAPTER V.

"Oh! mornin' life, oh! mornin' luv'e."
MOTHERWELL.

LITTLE did Alice know of the dangers her lover had escaped, or she would not have spent a happy hour through the whole long month of that retreat. But of a naturally sanguine disposition, she flattered her heart that, as Stanhope had escaped hitherto, he would continue invulnerable to the end. There were times, however, when her spirits deserted her, and she wept in anxiety over the fate of her lover. These occasional periods of despondency increased in frequency as time passed, and she received no message from Stanhope. He had promised to send her news of himself, by the first discharged militia man returning to her neighborhood; and whenever she saw such a one, her heart began to beat, expecting intelligence. But months elapsed, and not a line from her lover! Once she heard, from a fugitive from Guilford, of his deeds on that bloody day; but no message came, as promised, from himself. Had he forgotten her?

The spring passed and the summer was over. The American army had returned to the Carolinas, had fought the battle of Hobkirk Hill, had besieged Ninety Six, and was advancing on Eutaw. Yet not a word from Stanhope! This, at last, began to produce doubts, in Alice's mind, of her lover's fidelity. The whole upper country had now been redeemed from the enemy, and a messenger could have gone in perfect safety from the camp to Mr. Arden's. Alice

knew that her lover lived, and was unhurt, and this prolonged silence finally forced her to believe in his infidelity. Nor was it long before she heard that which convinced her of it.

Alice's mother had never entirely recovered from the shock, which her delicate frame had received, on the night of the attack. Accustomed not only to wealth, but to opulence, she had keenly felt their reduced circumstances, and this, preying on a sensitive mind, had already impaired her health, when the assault on their dwelling gave it a blow from which it never recovered. She rallied, indeed, for awhile in the spring, but as summer advanced, her system began to break up. Alice saw this with secret grief, for she strove to conceal all fears in the presence of her father. Her time was now devoted entirely to the care of the invalid. This, perhaps, was a blessing for her, since it distracted her thoughts in a measure from Stanhope.

One day, toward the close of summer, as Alice was sitting at the window, while the invalid enjoyed her afternoon nap, she saw a wounded soldier advancing on foot along the road. The garments of the man were ragged with age and soiled with travel. He carried a nearly empty knapsack on his back, and a musket across his shoulder; and at every step he limped, as if walking was painful to him. Approaching the casement he stopped, and, taking off his cap, requested a night's lodging. He had been wounded at Hobkirk's Hill, and after having partially recovered, had been discharged. He was now on his way home.

The color rose to Alice's face, in spite of her efforts to keep it down, when, after listening to the soldier's general news, she asked if he knew Lieutenant Stanhope.

"Yes, Miss," he replied, "and a braver officer never lived. I suppose he is a cousin, or some connexion of yours; and you may well be proud of him. A lucky fellow he is too, for they say he is going to marry one of the prettiest and wealthiest ladies on the Santes."

At these words Alice turned ashy white, and felt her limbs sinking under her. She had risen to converse with the soldier out of the window, but now sank to her seat and hastily clasped the sill for support. With that pride and presence of mind, however, which characterize her sex in such trying moments, she turned her head aside as if to look toward the invalid, and when she again faced the visitor, every trace of emotion had left her countenance, except that it was unnaturally pale, and around the mouth were perceptible those lines of suffering which always mark extreme, yet subdued mental anguish.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with innocent deception; "but my mother is sick. I see, however, she is still sleeping. Will you walk to the door—I will see you in the other room."

By this stratagem she gained time to compose her feelings still further; and when she again met the soldier he little divined how much she suffered.

"This marriage," she said, "I think it was of that we were talking—do you know the name of the lady whom Lieutenant Stanhope is to wed?"

"I do not, Miss, for though I heard, I have forgotten it. She is of one of the old families. He met her, it seems, on his expedition with Marion against the fort; and she fell in love with him at once. They do say the courting has been principally on her side."

"But are you sure that this is to be a marriage?" he asked, with a forced smile; "perhaps it is only one of those false rumors which continually arise on such subjects."

"Your cousin would be sorry, I fancy," said the soldier, archly, "to have this match otherwise than true; for a beauty and heiress do not fall to the lot of every one. He is assiduous in his attentions, and it is said has actually made a convert of her to republicanism, for the family has leaned to the royal side hitherto. General Greene himself, I was told, takes an interest in the match, believing it will indirectly aid the good cause."

Alice heard no more. To have remained, would have betrayed her secret, she, therefore, hastily arose, and making a half inaudible excuse that she must visit the invalid, hurried to the inner room, where she buried her face on the bed by the side of her sleeping parent, while she strove to compose herself. Alice was no weak, romantic girl, to break her heart at a lover's infidelity. Indignation took the place of tears. Yet it was a terrible doom for her nevertheless. The proud woman, who scorns her faithless lover, is less unhappy than she who will forgive his baseness, but is unhappy still. It is the destiny of the human heart to derive its acutest sorrows from betrayed confidence; and though to strong natures the blow may be palliated, it cannot be averted.

It was nearly half an hour before Alice raised her head, and then only at her mother's voice, who had woken, and was calling for her. She crossed unperceived to the side where her parent lay and answered in a calm tone. Oh! little did that invalid know of the hurricane which had swept over the soul of her child—of the fears verified, the hopes blighted forever, the treasure of her young affections rejected and betrayed.

On the first occasion, however, Alice whispered to the soldier to say nothing of Lieutenant Stanhope before her father, whose return she momentarily expected. The man seemed surprised, and could not help noticing that she looked agitated; but he suspected nothing of the truth, and promised obedience. Alice was not relieved until his departure on the following morning, nor then until her father said calmly,

"Pshaw! how careless I have been—I never thought to ask him about the lieutenant. I wonder he does not write to us. But I suppose he is too busy, or cannot find a trusty messenger. Well—well—don't blush so, Lucy—I suppose he will be coming back soon, covered with laurels. I think your mother is better this morning than she has been for a long time."

"Happy ignorance!" murmured Alice to herself. "Ah! they little know the truth. Nor shall they ever know it," she added, with a sigh. "My trial I will endure alone and in silence."

It is a frequent remark that misfortunes never come alone. Perhaps this is wisely intended by the Creator that the sharpness of one grief may take off the edge

of the other. Alice was soon compelled to devote all her thoughts to her mother, who now began to sink rapidly. In the agony with which she beheld her parent, day by day, drawing nearer to the grave, she partially forgot the infidelity of her lover. At last Mrs. Arden breathed her last, and was borne to the neighboring humble church-yard, instead of being laid, as her ancestry had been, in the splendid family vault on Cooper River. Alas! even in death, the distinctions of this world remain, and the poor and rich rarely sleep side by side.

Alice had not yet lost the first intensity of her grief, when she was startled by noticing a terrible change in her father. Ever since the burial of her mother he had sunk into a listless and despondent state. During the long illness of his wife, anxiety had kept Mr. Arden up, but now that she was no more, he fell into a condition of alarming depression. He did nothing but wander in and out of the house, now going into his wife's late chamber, then rushing from it with tears into the open air. The image of her, who had been his companion for nearly fifty years, was continually before him.

"I shall not be long behind," he said mournfully to his daughter one evening. "Often, in the night, I dream I hear her calling me to her side among the angels! If it were not for my dear Alice," he said taking her head fondly in his lap, "I would be content to die at once. But God will be your father. He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

On another occasion he said—

"When I am gone, Alice, you will find my will, with a letter to your mother's uncle, in the left secret drawer of my escritoire. The letter you will forward; for it may find you a protector. I tell you this now, because of late I have had many warnings that my race is nearly up, and often I lie down at night never expecting to wake again. Nay! weep not, darling. Our Father in Heaven bless you!"

As he spake these words, he placed his hands on her head, and looked reverently to Heaven. In after life Alice never forgot that blessing; for it was the last her parent bestowed. His fears were verified that night. In the morning he was a corpse.

We shall not attempt to describe the feelings of our heroine, thus left alone in the world. Her father's will, when opened, revealed that she was almost penniless. But the accompanying letter having been despatched, an answer came, after a month, offering Alice a home. This she had no resource but to accept. Thus the orphan had become also a dependent; and was forced to hide her pride and sorrows among strangers.

CHAPTER VI.

"'Twas late, and the gay company was gone,
And light lay soft on the deserted room
From alabaster vases, and a scent
Of orange leaves and sweet verbena came
Through the unshuttered window on the air."

N. P. Willis.

THE battle of Eutaw had been fought and won: the British had fallen back on Charleston; and Greene, advancing at the head of his victorious army, now occupied the lower country, and even threatened the

capital itself. In houses, where festivity had long been silenced, the voice of mirth was again heard, and light feet tripping to gay music made many a bold heart ache, that in battle had never even quickened a pulse.

The splendid mansion of Mr. Lechmere was blazing with lights and echoing to the sound of festivities; for a crowd of beautiful women and gallant soldiers were gathered there to celebrate the birth-day of his niece, the lovely Bertha. Mr. Lechmere had been a tory, when the king was in the ascendancy; had spoken both sides fair when the issue seemed doubtful; and now leaned decidedly to whig doctrines. It was even said by shrewd observers that this fete, nominally in honor of his niece, had been given principally with a view to conciliate the American general, and to show that the giver was not disaffected to the cause of Congress.

Bertha Lechmere, the divinity of the evening, was an heiress in her own right; besides being generally considered certain to succeed to her uncle's fine property. Though many lovely beings had been gathered in that aristocratic mansion, she was, as all confessed, the star of the evening. Tall in person, and with an air of great dignity, no one could mistake her pretensions to wealth and fashion. Her face was eminently beautiful, though perhaps it wore occasionally an air of haughty pride which detracted from its loveliness. On this evening, however, nothing of this was seen.

As was then the practice in polite society in America, each lady, in an assembly like the present, had her partner, who was expected to devote himself to her, not only for a single dance, but the whole evening. The partner of Bertha was our hero, and as she listened to his conversation, which, chiefly consisting of answers to her questions, turned principally on the incidents of the war which had fallen under his personal observation, the color went and came in her cheeks, and a soft light shone in her eyes, as if she had only been some humble village girl, listening affectionately to her lover's story of his "hair-breadth escape."

Stanhope sat by her side, apparently as interested as herself. In fact, for the last two months, he had been tried by the sorest temptation that any lover can experience. He had not, as Alice believed, forgotten her. He had been far even from neglecting her as she supposed. One of his first acts, after the retreat of the army through North Carolina was effected, had been to despatch a letter to Alice by a discharged militia man. But the soldier had been captured by a predatory party of the British, and the missive never reached its destination. Ignorant of this, but wondering at Alice's silence, he had again despatched her a letter, but in this instance the bearer had lost the epistle during a drunken brawl in a tavern where he stopped all night. Four different times had he written

to Alice, but in every instance his letters had miscarried. The last time had been just before the battle of Eutaw. As the communications were now open between the upper and lower country, and as recruits from Alice's neighborhood were continually arriving at head-quarters, Stanhope, at last, became really angry at what he thought her wilful neglect, and began to yield to the very evident tokens of admiration with which Bertha Lechmere regarded him, and for possessing which he had long been the envy of his brother officers.

Stanhope and the heiress had become acquainted in the early part of the summer. From the first she had undisguisedly honored him with her regard. But, at this period, he was still true to Alice, and her fair rival made no progress in conquering his heart. This piqued Bertha, accustomed as she was to have every wish gratified, and to see her notice eagerly courted. She accordingly became more eager to subdue Stanhope to her train; and in the pursuit of the prize, the feeling which was at first only a passing whim, became a fixed sentiment. At last she had the gratification of seeing our hero, as she thought, begin to return her feelings; for, chased at Alice's silence, and soothed by Bertha's evident admiration, Stanhope began to linger at the side of Miss Lechmere, instead of avoiding her as formerly.

"Do you see Stanhope?" said Lee to Greene. "Miss Lechmere has certainly made a conquest of him."

"I think I have heard somewhere of a former mistress, up in the back settlements," said Greene.

"It must have been a mistake," replied the partisan officer. "But, at any rate, there can be no mistaking things now. See how devotedly Miss Lechmere regards him!"

"She is certainly deeply enamored."

"Ay! and he too, or I know nothing of human nature. Remember, I am a younger man than you, general, and, as a bachelor, am better acquainted with love's tokens."

Greene smiled, and the conversation dropped; but often, during the evening, the eyes of the general wandered toward Stanhope.

The assembly was over and all the guests had departed, all, at least, but one, and he stood on the portico with Bertha.

"Farewell!" she said. "Shall I see you to-morrow?"

He looked into those beautiful eyes, and who could have resisted them?

"Certainly!" he said. "How could I refuse!"

That night Bertha hid her blushes on her pillow, as she thought of the events of the evening: and she murmured—

"He loves me—he loves me—so noble and brave, too!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE HAY-MAKERS' DANCE.

To many a rude, familiar tune,
They dance away the Summer noon:
Then gaily to their tasks repair,

So bold of heart, so free from care!
In their strong veins is throbbing still
The blood that ebbed at Bunker Hill!

THE GOLDEN KNIGHT.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE read, somewhere in an old and curious ballad, a very marvelous story; but many days, months and years have quite obliterated the verses from my memory, leaving only the skeleton of the tale to flutter in my brain like an autumn leaf, which the summer insects have riddled and robbed of its green. But as the main incidents were extremely entertaining, and the general spirit so peculiar to the days of romance and chivalry, I would fain repair the injured leaf, if with nothing better than the poor thread of my simple prose. The ancient minstrel furnished, according to my recollection, neither the year nor kingdom wherein these amusing and instructive events transpired. Therefore my indulgent friends will allow me to begin with "once upon a time;" an expression which custom has sanctioned as lawful, "since no man's memory runneth to the contrary."

Once upon a time, in the days of hawk and hound, and joust and tournament, a beautiful youth there was who lived in the wild woods of the mountains, in a kingdom far away: yet few there were who had ever seen him, and those few were the neighboring shepherds, who, in search of some truants from their flocks, had wandered higher into the hills than was their wont, and had there met the radiant boy walking his sylvan ways. A fortunate thing they deemed it, too, to meet him then, for they knew that the objects of their search could not be far distant; and they blessed the youth, for they thought he guarded their sheep.

It was a beautiful morning in the balmy month of June; and the sun while chasing the cold shadows and damp air from the hills, discovered reclining upon a bank of moss, inlaid with violets, and countless other little flowers of blue, white and red, the mysterious youth. Though his size was that of a boy of twelve, the symmetry of his person was much more perfect and manfully developed than it was likely to be at so tender an age. He was dressed in the simple garb of a shepherd, and a crook wound with leaves and flowers of the wild vine, was lying across his arm, as if he had been tending the flocks through the night, though none were to be seen. The birds were making all the air tremulous with their melody, the water which through all the silent hours had rushed noisily over the neighboring rocks, was now bathed in the golden sunshine, and, as if fearful of disturbing the young shepherd's slumber, seemed to flow further away than it had done in the night, till its tumult was quite mellowed down to a delightful silken rustle. Every opening bud was rocking with the toiling bee, while scattered on the leaves and vines, numberless butterflies were lying, their drooping wings fettered

with cold balls of dew. Oh, it was beautiful to think that the chilly weights which the darkness had forged for their golden pinions, should be all gathered up and borne away by those busy angels of light which the sun daily sends from Heaven for such good purposes.

The little shepherd still slumbered, and the slight dimpling of his cheeks seemed to tell of delightful visions sweeping through the solitudes of sleep, like the mellow sunshine gliding amid the drowsy shadows of the forest. Now with parted lips, he appeared to listen as if the noise of bees, the songs of birds, and the rustle of the water were all melted into pleasant words, and fashioning some delightful tale to his enchanted fancy. Surely something more than these simple voices of nature greeted his ear, for now what might have been mistaken for a cluster of blue flowers on the bank near his head, slowly assumed the form of a delicate fairy maiden. She was dressed as a shepherdess, and wore over a pink bodice and silver colored skirt, a violet scarf spangled with gold, and her flossy flaxen hair was filleted with violets and lilies of the valley. She also, like the youth, carried a crook enwreathed with little flowering vines; but this she now quietly laid aside, and with a cautious hand drew the young shepherd's pipe from his breast, and applying the ivory tip to her coral lips, breathed so softly therein that it seemed only as if a humming bird, instead of a bee, hovered on the neighboring honeysuckle. By degrees, as she modulated the stops of the simple pipe into clear and silvery melody, the dimples on the cheeks of the youth deepened till he smiled almost to waking. Still she played, and the sweet sounds seemed to say, "ah, Julien, dear Julien, I love thee, I love thee! All night has thy Viola sat at thy side, and she it was who gave thee the beautiful visions. Ah, Julien, dear Julien! how long shall the violet sigh for its truant lover, the bee?—how long shall I sigh for thee?"

So played the fairy, and the sun shone, the waters rustled, and Julien dreamed on and smiled. Still the beautiful little shepherdess played, and thus the sweet sounds seemed to say, "dear Julien, thou art of royal parentage—thy sire was a prince of a far kingdom; and thy mother the queen of the fairies. But not for this, dear Julien, thy Viola loves thee. Ah, would that thou wert wholly mortal as thy sire, then might I love thee as he was loved, or if thou wert wholly as we are, then could we comprehend one another. Ah, Julien, I tremble for thee: The fates last night were seen pinning a thread from the rays of a star, and they fastened it to a little blue earthly flower! Like a gossamer the thread swayed to and fro between the flower and the star; but the

fates soon came again, and then the thread was severed, and the little blue flower withered and died!" So played the fairy, and while the notes grew more and more melancholy, a shadow stole over the scene, the birds ceased to sing, the bees to hum, and the noisy torrent lost its pleasant rustle, and instead there came on a sudden chilly wind, which sprung from that direction, a boiling, bubbling, hissing sound, seeming so near that Julien with a heavy sigh awoke and starting up, pressed his forehead for a moment as if to dispel the impression of some unpleasant dream. He looked about him, the quiet flowers were there, his pipe lay across a little knoll of blossoms; the bees toiled on, the sun shone, the birds sang, and the distant water rustled.

The beautiful shepherd replaced the pipe in his bosom, and, leaning upon his crook, stood gazing toward the orient chambers of the sun, listening to the lark pour its melody from those high azure towers. But now dropping his eye, it rested on the rude old castle of the king, which rose so darkly on its huge aspiring cliff, that its mile of shadow reached well nigh to his feet. Young Julien gazed long upon its dusky walls and sighed, yet knew not why. Perchance it was his mortal nature repining for communion with its kind—perchance it was his spirit quivering with intuitive knowledge of the sorrows which made those royal halls darker and more dreary than their black turrets at midnight. There is many a perchance to account for every breast-heave, but many, very many more reasons for them.

He was suddenly startled from his reverie by the near sound of a hunter's horn; and hearing the rustle of leaves and the crackling of dead branches, he quietly stepped into the shadow of a tree and waited the approach of the strangers. Presently the stately form of a hunter emerged from amid the dark foliage, and Julien from his hiding-place recognized the noble person of the king. Again the royal sportsman raised the silver bugle to his lips, and blew a long, clear blast that rang through the startled air, and died away among the distant hills. Immediately from every direction horns replied again. One sound which came earlier than the rest, was soon followed by the king's steward, for he it was who gave it. Now the steward was a man of middle age, as was the king, but unlike his royal master, was blessed with no qualities of person or character which were at all prepossessing. He was below the middle height, with an ungraceful stoop of the shoulder, a long and hard featured face, which wore at all times a sinister expression. His small grey eyes twinkled amid many wrinkles; his chin projected beyond the usual facial angle, so that his teeth, which were irregular, closed together like those of a trap. This formation of the jaw usually produces a continual and unpleasant smile, which in the steward's countenance was the index of deceit. The king, who was the reverse of all this, generous and unsuspecting, when his attendant approached addressed him, saying—

"How now, sir knight? We have challenged every mountain echo to summon here your tardy steps! What has befallen you that you limp so?" The steward placed his hand upon his breast, and bowing

with that humble air which always accompanies double dealing, replied—

"Indeed, your majesty, a slight mishap overtook me; occasion urged that I should leap the chasm which divides this hill from that, and as I sprung a treacherous stone received my steps, I stumbled and would have plunged within the deep abyss but that a friendly twig hung close within my reach and rescued me." Julien, who stood concealed, could see the steward's face as he spoke, and thought he read therein a world of villainy.

"Are we so swift then that you could not keep the gate? We've summoned you this half hour!"

"Indeed, my liege, mine was a most unknightlyfeat, I blush to own; but I turned my foot and thereby wrench'd my ankle—I can scarcely bear my weight upon it! By your gracious leave I'll rest awhile."

"Do so; but be advised," replied the king, "and do not rest too long in this wild place. Now that I look again, this is the very spot whereon 'tis said the fairies hold their revels; it is charmed ground, and, believed by all, that should a mortal rest his wearied limbs within this magic round, and trust his senses to the old soother sleep, he wakes no more to walk the ways of men; but tangled in a bewildering maze, he pines and pines, and dwindleth to a shadow, while the workers of the spell make a sad slave of him. I have often heard it said how those poor enchanted shadows flit around the hunter's feet, as if they would implore his pity, then when the hunter turned to survey the thing it is gone, and he only sees the quiet sunshine sleeping where he stands! And so he goes on his way with a smile to think that his own shadow has played him such a trick. Heaven proteet you, good sir knight! We would not rest one hour upon that bank to gain another kingdom to our crown!"

"I have heard as much," replied the steward. "But is it really so?"

"Said we not 't was so believed? 'T is most true! Have you so soon forgot the fate of the young Spanish prince who came on a visit to our kingdom, some score of years since, and how we invited him to join us in the hunt of the boar, and how we left him, as you know, seated on that bank, and that we have never heard of him since? You have a most treacherous memory to have forgotten all this; for now that our recollections run back, we remember well enough as you should, how the dashing young sprig of Spains at our own tournament unhorsed a certain knight known as Sir Aldingar, the king's steward! eh?" The royal hunter laughed heartily at the knight's confession, and turning away was soon lost in the depths of the forest.

"Ha!" muttered the steward to himself, as he saw the king emerge into the thickets, "you may laugh now, your merriment won't last long—thanks to your virtuous queen! Now, by my soul, she shall pay dearly for the repulse she gave my suit. I'll to the old hermit at the foot of the dragon's rock, and with such a gold-thirsty agent there can be no fear of failure. Having duped the king with the notion that I am too lame to follow in the chase, I have the whole day before me; therefore will I use it." So saying, he arose and stole away as nimbly and stealthily as became his purpose. No sooner had he disappeared

than the little shepherd laid his crook aside, and with a fleet step struck into a nearer path and gained the hermit's hut at the foot of the dragon's rock, ere the wicked steward had passed one quarter of the way. Luckily the old anchorite had not yet risen from his rude pallet, and Julien, taking advantage of this, hastily seized the hermit's coarse mantle, and drawing the hood over his head, grasped an old iron-clasped volume, and seated himself on the stone bench a little beyond the door, then spreading the book open upon his knees, he seemed engrossed in the study of its contents. In a little while the stealthy steward arrived at the foot of the dragon's rock, and leaning on his spear addressed the disguised youth.

"Huou, of the dragon's rock, well met, a good morrow to you! Ay, ay, some cobweb of a pious chronicle has got entangled in his brain, and he is too deaf to hear me." So saying, he went and sat down on the stone beside the little shepherd, and looking on the page which he could not comprehend, addressed the disguised youth again.

"It is doubtless true, my good friend Huou, that late and early delving in dust of old thought brightens the spade of the understanding; but the polishing process is only that of wearing away." Still the youth made no reply, except to murmur in the tremulous, coarse voice of the hermit some of the mysterious sentences which the volume presented him. The steward at once to gain the old man's attention, and to whet his thirst for gold, drew from his girdle a heavy purse, and striking it on the yellow page of the old book, exclaimed—

"Tell me if you can dig anything like that from your mines of thought, eh, good Huou?" The weight of the purse, and the sudden stroke quite dislodged the book, and it fell down between the young shepherd's feet. Julien now imitating most perfectly the old man's manner, speech and voice, replied—

"Ah, Sir Aldingar, thou should'st know the miseries of an anchorite's life; should'st know what it is to chastise the flesh with long vigils and hunger."

"Thank Heaven, good Huou," replied the knight, "as I have a full store of such yellow lore as this, you may be sure I'll seek no other, especially by mortifying the flesh. No, no, gratification for every desire say I; and he who has gold, good, glittering gold, need sigh for no one thing in vain. The world was made to barter in."

"Ah, sir knight," replied the tremulous voice again, "thou art blessed far beyond thy fellows. I have no gold."

"But thou shalt have," answered he, quickly and warmly.

"I have gold?" ejaculated the other—"pray by what means?"

"By other means than praying," replied the knight.

"Ah, my good steward," cried the trembling voice, "thou speakest in riddles; what better means than praying shall win me gold? I am very poor, and would know."

"If thou wilt serve my purpose," said the other, eagerly, "this purse and thrice its value in good, round pieces shall be thine."

During this conference the disguised youth was

fearful lest the real hermit should awake in the mean time and discover them, therefore he was induced to hasten the conclusion of the steward's proposition. To effect this he replied—

"Good sir knight, my welfare is in thy hands: do with me as it pleaseth thee. What the steward of my king dictates I shall endeavor to fulfil even to the hazard of my own destruction."

"There spake the wisest anchorite in the kingdom," quoth Sir Aldingar: "take this purse, and when thou hast accomplished what I desire of thee it shall be trebled."

"Speak on, sir knight, I am all impatient: what is the duty?"

"Well then, give me thy attention," said the other, "but if thou should'st prove a traitor, I shall pay the balance of the account not in gold or silver, but in good, bright steel!"

As he spoke, he laid his hand upon the dagger in his belt.

"Fear not for old Huou!" replied the counterfeited voice.

"Then meet me an hour before sun down at the castle gate: what I shall there command thee to do will be of no great hazard, and the worst which may come of it will be that the king shall affect to be displeased, and may cast thee into prison, but it can amount only to a hearty jest, and in the night I will set thee again at liberty, with plenty of gold. What sayest thou, wilt come?"

"Thy will, good steward, shall be my law: I will meet thee an hour before sun down at the castle gate."

"It is well," quoth Sir Aldingar, "Huou, the anchorite, shall have gold for his service!" And so they parted.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Sir Aldingar had passed quite out of sight, Julien hastily laid the hermit's cloak and book back where he had found them, and hurried away into the mountains. Arriving at the side of a little brook which gushed out from under a mossy rock, and sparkled and sang through a slope of tender grass, he sat down upon a little knoll at its side, and listened to its silvery laughter. He mused awhile upon the villainy of the knight: sighed over the misfortunes of the poor Queen Elinor, and determined that the false steward should be baffled in his wicked designs, whatever they might prove to be.

Still he sat gazing down into the water, and scarcely observed the brush of the golden wing of a butterfly upon his cheek, which fluttered and circled around his head. But now feeling the weight, as it might be of a bird upon his shoulder, he turned and saw with delight that it was the hand of his dear little Viola. From the earliest hour of Julien's recollection this dainty maiden had been his companion. She had taught him the secret virtues of the flowers, the language of the bees and the birds, and to hear in the rippling waters the songs of the invisible sprites. Now he gazed into her little face and saw that tears were glistening in her azure eyes, striving to burst through the bars of the delicate lashes. She trembled

like a flower in the breeze, then suddenly fell upon the breast of the youth, and sobbed like a rose beaten by a sudden rain. It was in vain that Julien strove to soothe her disturbed spirit, he prest her tenderly to his breast, and smoothed with his tender hands her shining flaxen hair.

"What sorrow," sighed he, "hath seized my gentle Viola?" and still she made no answer, but sobbed aloud. Yet a little longer he smoothed her silken tresses, and breathed kind words into her ear. Suddenly she ceased to weep, and tossing back her hair looked up into the face of the youth, and exclaimed—

"Ah, dearest Julien, thou knowest how much I love thee, for often in thy dreams I have told thee all, though never until now have I said it to thy waking ear." Then replied the youth—

"And thou too, gentle Viola, knowest my love for thee. But wherefore dost thou grieve? What has despatched thee?"

"The same," replied the maiden, "which has befallen thee. Oh, my dear Julien, thou art environed with danger. Knowest thou not the two great laws of our people? Thou shalt aid the virtuous without reward, and love no mortal without the sanction of the fairy council. To disobey the first, and to be guilty of the latter robs us of all powers other than those purely human!"

So saying, she grasped the steward's heavy purse of gold which hung at Julien's belt, and taking out the coins hurled them one by one into the clear water. As she threw them in, the stream grew more and more turbid and discolored, till that which was before a transparent rivulet, singing its silvery song as it ran, now went growling and tumbling down its bed, dulled and inflated with a yellowish mud. She pointed to the water and sighed—

"Be this thy warning!" and then vanished.

Julien sat for a long time lost in amazement and speculation. He heard the birds sing, the bees hum, and the rustle of waters, yet gave them no heed. Leaving the brook-side, he wandered far away into the woods, strolling listlessly along, taking no note of what passed about him. The day was now already far past the meridian, and probably the youth would not again have remembered his engagement with the steward, had he not have stumbled suddenly upon the old anchorite at the foot of the dragon's rock. Huou, well nigh blind with age, was sitting where Julien had sat in the morning, and was poring over the same iron-clasped volume which the youth had pretended to read. In addition to the book, the old man held in his right hand, which rested on the yellow page, a large, rude, oaken cup, from which he ever and anon quaffed with a hearty good will. Julien looked around him for a moment on the ground, and stepping a few paces aside plucked a small blue flower, and, approaching the hermit from behind, dexterously expressed a drop from the crushed leaves into the cup, and then quietly retired to await its effect. Scarcely had he executed this than old Huou raised the mug to his lips and emptied it at a draught. Again he applied his bleared eyes to the ancient tome; but in a few minutes the cup dropped from his grasp; the book slid down between his knees, and the

anchorite nodded and slept. Julien, taking advantage of this, availed himself of the hermit's coarse cloak and hood, and hurried away to keep his appointment with the false steward. The sun hung just an hour high above the blue hills of the West, when the disguised youth met Sir Aldingar at the castle gate.

"Well met, good Huou," said the knight, "the queen desires to speak with you." This he said so loud that the burly old warden, who stood near by, overheard it; and the latter turning to one of his companions, whispered—

"What would the queen, I wonder, with the old parchment of the dragon's rock?" The knight, guessing the import of the whisper, adroitly gave the base coloring to the circumstance which he would have it take, by replying sharply and loudly to the warden.

"Beware, thou insinuating slave, a blot thrown upon the fair character of our queen shall be the warrant for thy head!" The rebuke had at once the desired effect, it suggested to meddling brains what otherwise they would not have dreamed of. So, chuckling inwardly, he led the youth through the court-yard and thence into the castle. The steward taking advantage of their being now alone, gave Julien these instructions in a low whisper. "Mark me, Huou, and don't forget the gold! You are to be concealed in the queen's chamber, for what purpose let your own wits guess: suffice it that the queen desires it. The king being absent in the chase you have nought to fear, but if he should return too soon make you as if you urged the queen to intercede with his majesty for some boon; necessity will lend you the invention. But mark me, should the worst come to the worst, no word of this our compact to the king. The worst can work you no serious harm, for I carry the keys of the dungeon."

Julien trusting to his elfin power to become invisible at any moment, feared nothing either for himself or the queen, and only calculated on heaping confusion upon the perfidious knight. They had already traversed several dim halls and armored chambers, when they arrived at the end of the corridor leading out to a balcony which encircled the inner court of the castle. As they approached the place, Julien was startled with the clear, silvery laughter of a maiden, and gazing down into the yard beheld, amid a group of her playmates, the beautiful figure of the king's daughter. She had apparently counted her fifteenth year, and her form, which was faultlessly moulded, was only surpassed by the angel graces of her face. At the moment he beheld her she was holding a pet hawk upon her finger, as if she were about to fling it off in pursuit of some quarry. Alas, for poor Julien, his own breast held the nearest quarry, and the maiden's beauty, flying swifter than ever her hawk, lit upon his heart, and struck its wings useless in an instant. A heavy sigh burst from his bosom, and he suffered the knight to lead him away without thinking for whither he was going, or for what purpose. Having gained the queen's chamber, the knight, after ascertaining that no one was there, ushered the youth in, and bidding him to "remember," hastily withdrew. Julien, being now left to

himself, could think of nothing but the lovely figure which he had just seen. He lost all consciousness of his situation, and instead of being closed up in a dim chamber, he seemed to be standing at the end of the corridor, gazing down upon the radiant maiden. Still he heard her silvery laughter, saw her graceful attitude, and the hawk, with outspread wings, poised upon her tapering finger.

When the steward had thus far accomplished his scheme of revenge upon the queen, he sallied down to attend on the arrival of the king. In a little while the royal master returned, and after him many hunters, bearing to the castle some of the noblest game of the forest. After passing some light jest upon the knight for his morning's mishap, and expressing his pleasure to see that the fairies had not made a victim of him: the king inquired what news had transpired, and who had visited the castle. To all of which the knight replied that all things remained, to the best of his knowledge, as they had left them in the morning. He knew of no visitor to the castle: but on second thought corrected himself by excepting old Huou, of the dragon's rock.

"What, Huou?" cried the king, with surprise, "we thought his crippled limbs would not bear him so far from his miserable den."

"You were mistaken, my liege; he stood before the gate on the hill-side about an hour ago, and the queen, obeying him, bade me call him to her."

"Ah, did she so?" replied the king, "what was her will with old Huou?"

"Indeed, my liege, I know not. I obeyed her majesty's orders, and conveyed him to her chamber."

"To her chamber?" echoed the king, "and wheresoever there?"

"As I said before, I knew not; but there I left them alone together, and there doubtless are they yet."

The king, with a crimson shade upon his forehead, said he thought it a strange place to give audience to such a creature as Huou in, and followed by the treacherous knight, he went to convince his own eyes. The unfortunate queen but a moment before had entered her chamber: and Julien depending upon being invisible made no motion: the place being already darkened into twilight would have concealed him independent of his elfin qualities. The queen was just in the act of arranging the braids of her hair when her royal husband flung open the oaken door, and followed by Sir Aldingar, strode in.

"How now, my royal dame?" cried he. "What great secret have we with the old hermit Huou?"

"With the hermit, Huou!" echoed the queen.

"Aye, the same," replied the king. "He that you have hidden here in your chamber."

"Hidden in my chamber!" cried the queen overwhelmed with wonder.

"Aye, aye, said we not so?" replied his majesty.

"Oh, my good lord, you do but jest," cried the lady, with a smile.

"Heaven send it may prove so!" rejoined the steward, as he crossed the room, and laying his hand on Julien's shoulder, dragged him forth into the light. The king and queen both looked aghast: and Julien overwhelmed with disappointment and vexation at

being thus suddenly baffled and robbed of his elfin powers, struggled to release himself from the knight's grasp, and in doing so was stripped of the hermit's garb, so that he stood before them in all his beauty, to the utter astonishment of Sir Aldingar, as well as his royal master and mistress. The queen fainted and fell upon the floor: and the king, frenzied with this sudden evidence of his wife's infidelity, in the storm of his anger ordered them both to be thrown into dungeons! A dozen stout attendants obeyed Sir Aldingar's call, and rough hands seized the queen and the delicate, but unshrinking form of the youth, and straightway plunged them into dark, cold prisons!

All that night poor Julien sat in his cheerless cell lamenting the fate of the unhappy Elinor. How could it be, he wondered, that his power to become invisible, had so suddenly, and for the first time, failed him? Ah, luckless wight! it was now that he remembered when too late, the beautiful maiden with the hawk! Now he remembered what the little Viola had told him, how that to fall in love with a mortal was to lose all elfin qualities and to become human! Ah, yes, he remembered it all now, and wept for very vexation. Still he felt and knew how dearly, passionately, he loved the king's daughter.

On the following day the king appeared before his court pale and haggard, and bade his herald proclaim that whereas Sir Aldingar, the royal steward, had accused the queen of infidelity, it was decreed that ten days should be allowed for his unfortunate spouse to find a champion to confront her accuser in battle, and to assert by the prowess of his arm the innocence of the accused! That on the eleventh day, should no one appear to take up her cause, she, the queen, with her paramour, should be put to death at the stake! So decreed the king, and so it was proclaimed! Now the queen's daughter Annie, when she heard this thing was sorely troubled, and straightway importuned every knight in the castle to espouse the cause of her innocent mother; but Sir Aldingar, who had spread the general belief among all the retainers, of the queen's guilt, though disliked by nearly all present, was not likely to find among them an antagonist, especially as he was known to be dexterous in the use of arms. Eight days had already passed away, and still the queen and Julien pined in their prisons. The ninth night came, and the youth lay exhausted upon his hard bed. But when he fell asleep he dreamed that his beautiful Viola came to him with directions how to escape. She pointed out to him the stone slab which, if removed, would discover a secret and long-forgotten subterranean passage which led out under the castle, and finally opened into a large cavern, which was now occupied by the elfin workers of gold, whose king was his own uncle, and that from thence, by following a little stream which there took its rise, he would be enabled to make his escape. Julien flushed with new hopes awoke, and immediately busied himself in hunting for the stone slab. At last he discovered a little iron ring close up in the corner, and by giving a sudden jerk he brought the stone from its place, and found by reaching down with his foot that there were steps below. He hastily began to descend and arranging the stone in its place

after him, once more felt secure from the vengeance of the king. In a little while he came to the bottom of the steps, and finding himself in a low, narrow passage, continued to grope his way through the damp and the darkness for a length of time, which seemed to amount to hours. But his heart sank suddenly within him to find the passage come to a full stop! He passed his hands hurriedly over the wall which made the obstruction, and listened but could hear nothing but what seemed to be the dripping of water; then bit his lips and wept in the bitterness of his vexation. Now dropping his chin on his breast, he leaned against the wall, and well nigh gave himself up to despair. The noise of the dripping water grew more audible, and as he listened attentively it seemed to merge, by degrees, into the clink of numberless hammers, either very small or a great way off. For a moment his hope flamed up again, but soon sank as the sounds became indistinct; but he was startled suddenly, for a strange, red light gleamed around him, but from what source he knew not. The light died and appeared again, and a certain rattling overhead attracted his eyes upward, and to his astonishment and pleasure he saw from a narrow aperture a little ladder descending, and discovered a dozen merry goblin faces peering down upon him. No sooner had the ladder touched the ground than he mounted upon it, and squeezing himself through the opening which was clogged with rubbish, emerged into the cave amid the merry shouts and laughter of the little goblin troupe. As they led him through the cavern he saw numberless little smiths hammering away on their flaming anvils, some were filing, and others were polishing with various implements armor and ornaments, which were all made of pure gold. The little fellows who rescued Julien now led him into another and smaller, though more glittering cavern, and here he stood in the presence of their king, his uncle. The place was hung with all the finished articles of gold which were made in the other cavern; so that it was dazzling and beautiful to behold. The old king listened attentively to the story of his nephew, and being highly incensed at the perfidy of the steward, resolved to assist the youth in the downfall of Sir Aldingar and the restoration of Queen Elinor. Therefore he directed his attendants to equip Julien in a suit of enchanted armor from the halls of his ancestors, which, when brought shone like the morning sun, the whole being of gold and thickly studded with diamonds. He was soon arrayed in this glittering suit, and his uncle ordered him to be furnished with the poisoned lance and falchion, with which his great, great grandsire had won those very caverns from the possession of a huge and powerful giant two hundred years before. Being thus arrayed he was led away, and coming to the banks of a little stream the gobline bade him follow it, with the assurance that a few minutes would bring him to the open air. He obeyed their directions, and when he came to the opening, which was barely large enough to permit him to pass through, he found that the sun was already up, and this was the tenth and last day of grace with the queen. As he stood upon the banks of the stream he recognized it as being the same whereby he had sat

when Viola threw the false steward's coins into the water. He remembered the dear little fairy with all the affection of a brother; but his soul leapt with a passion which he had never felt before, when he thought of the beautiful maiden who held the hawk. The brightness of his armor shed a glory through the shades of the forest as the morning sun shone upon it. As he passed, the very birds attracted by the light ceased to sing that they might gaze upon him. He had made perhaps the half of his way to the castle, when he heard the tramp of a horse, and very soon he saw coming toward him a maiden on a white palfrey. No sooner did she approach within the distance of a bow shot, than he recognized with a throbbing breast the beautiful daughter of the king. There was great sorrow depicted on her face, but a light broke through her countenance of grief as she beheld before her an armed and glittering knight; the which when Julien saw he fell upon his knee and cried—

"Fair lady, if thou seekest a champion, seek no further, for I thy champion would be!"

"Oh, good, sir knight," replied the maid, "there is not a retainer in the castle of the king who will espouse the cause of the injured queen; and it is to seek a defender of a virtuous mother's fame that makes me a silly maiden to venture thus alone into the deep forests; therefore, oh, generous knight, be thou her champion!"

"Oh, fairest of mortals," cried the enamored youth, "lead thou the way; my good sword shall vindicate her right!" The beautiful maiden with a strange sensation about the heart, turned the head of her palfrey toward the castle, where, followed by the golden knight, she soon arrived. The warden with a countenance filled with amazement and admiration readily admitted them; and the retainers all stood dumb with wonder and surprise. When they had gained the middle of the great court-yard, the golden knight, drawing his flaming falchion, and flinging his glove upon the ground, cried out in a loud, confident voice,

"What ho, Sir Aldingar, Julien, the Golden Knight, by his majesty's leave, asserts the innocence of his queen!" At this forth came the steward, dressed in a suit of heavy dark armor, and scarcely knowing what to make of his shining antagonist, and half believing him to be an apparition, drew his sword with considerable hesitation, and assumed an attitude of defence. The king, when he learned that his wife had found at length a champion, had her brought forth from the dungeon that she might see her safe decided.

Very soon poor Elinor came in supported by her maids, so pale and emaciated that the assemblers could scarcely recognize her. When Julien saw her pallid, wo-begone countenance, his blood boiled in his heart, and he longed to bury his sword in the breast of the false steward. He now aimed a blow at the knight, and the keenness of his falchion which Sir Aldingar warded, just shaved the iron nob or point from the false knight's shoulder. His antagonist aimed a deadly stroke with his great sword in return, but Julien stepping aside, the blade sank half its length into the earth. Having with a tremendous effort recovered his sword he raised it in air to make

a second blow, but, ere he could bring it down, the Golden Knight gave him a thrust in the throat, so that Sir Aldingar dropped his sword behind him, and then fell back upon it, while the blood gushed from his neck and mouth. At this, all present sent up a shout which told how well they were satisfied with the result. The false steward, when he felt death upon him, called for a confessor, and, one being at hand, his visor was removed, and he acknowledged in the presence of the king the innocence of the queen, and all his villainy to prove her otherwise. The king deeply repenting his credulity and harshness, embraced his royal spouse, begging her forgiveness; and then clasping the Golden Knight to his breast, promised to grant any boon which he might ask. Julien taking the hand of the beautiful princess

in his own, kneeled before her royal parents, and exclaimed—

"Most gracious liege, this is the boon that I would ask of thee!"

"Such thy boon shall be!" cried the king, and Julien pressed his lips to the delicate fingers of the maiden. As he did this, a little blue violet dropped at his feet, he took it up tenderly and saw that it seemed to have been just plucked from the ground, and that a drop of blood was at the root. A tear came into his eye as he thought of poor Viola, and he felt in that instant that his fairy nature had all departed from him, and that he was indeed now nothing more than human! But gazing into the face of his gentle Annie, he forgot all of his regrets, and led her away into the hall.

LAMORAH'S DEATH SONG FOR HIS SON.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

(From "Atlanta; or, The Isle of the Harmonians," a Lyrical Drama, in Five Acts.)

No, pale-face! thou shalt expect the tears
That the father sheds for his dying son!
But the spring dries up after many years—
And from these old eyes there shall fall not one!
I have heard thee say that my death was nigh!
That my tribe must fall! that my son shall die!
I can only say for my warrior-love,
Oh! white-man! slay not my eagle-dove!

The few short years you may rob from me,
Will pass like the winds on the raging floods;
But the sudden fall of my son shall be
Like the mighty oak in the silent woods!
If the bitterest death that my life can give
Be enough for him—let the young boy live!
If by burning up I can save my love—
Oh! white-man! slay not my eagle-dove!

I know not why that his early death
Should deter my tale—for the deed was done!
I was once along on this very path,
And perceived three babes in the woods alone:

I threw them up in the air for life,
And caught them all on my pointed knife—
The knife that now would avenge my love—
Oh! white-man! slay not my eagle-dove!

The turtle hies to his cedar-nest,
And the roebuck wanders from hill to hill—
And the eagle ascends to the sun to rest—
But the same deep pangs are my portion still;
For the valley-path where the infants smiled,
And the awful look of that dying child—
Are upon me still—on my warrior-love—
Oh! white-man! slay not my eagle-dove!

Oh! think not, man that my heart is free
From the iron cares that corrode the breast;
I am fastened here, like an inland sea,
By the stagnant waves of my woes oppress!
I have not one hope that my tongue can tell!
I have only felt that my soul is—Hell!
I can only feel for my warrior-love—
Oh! white-man! slay not my eagle-dove!

TO MY MOTHER.

BY S. D. ANDERSON

MOTHER, earth has no scene of loveliness,
So winning as the voices of our home,
Around whose altars peace and quiet come,
And folding their bright wings in gentleness,
Lit by the family hearth to cheer and bless.
In youth's warm flush I tasted every stream
That flashed within the sunshine of my dream,

And wandered far in search of happiness,
But Pilgrim-like returned to boyhood's shrine,
Lured by the memory of thy early love,
That overbent me as the stars above
Bend o'er the exile as he sadly pines
To hear again his mother's tender voice
Pray for the welfare of her heart's fond chose

SAVING AT THE SPIGGOT.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

Since our removal into Spring Garden, my wife's old and very agreeable neighbor, Mrs. Henley, has only paid her one or two formal visits. Withdrawn from her sphere and influence, the mania for spending money which raged for a couple of years, has subsided, and my wife sees her error quite as clearly as I do, and laments it even more bitterly. She is exceedingly anxious to save at every point in order to make up what has been lost, and in attempting to do so, has, in several instances, demonstrated with great clearness the folly of the man who was charged with saving at the spigot while he was letting out at the bung-hole.

We have usually employed one domestic to cook and do general housework, and hired a washerwoman and ironer every week. Our washings are pretty large—at least so my wife says, and she ought to know. After we moved into Spring Garden, my wife concluded to dispense with the ironer, and this saved sixty-two and a half cents a week. Of course she had to take her place, so our one servant had just about as much to do as she could get through with.

I expressed my objection to this, but my wife said that she would rather do it.

"But you are not strong, Anna," I urged, "and will find standing all day at the ironing-table much too fatiguing."

"I suppose I will be a little tired, but that is no matter. Getting tired won't hurt me."

"Over fatigue might, though," I returned.

"I will guard against that," she made answer.

"Still, Anna, I would rather pay the woman. You have enough to do in the family."

"A half, and eleven pence is a good deal to pay out every week, besides giving a woman a day's boarding, and might just as well be saved as not. So, Harry, you needn't say a word about it. I've made my mind up to do a share of the ironing, and you know very well, by this time, that if I will, I will, you may depend on it."

"And if you won't you won't, so there's an end on it," I returned, good humoredly. "Well, I suppose for me to object is useless; but I doubt if you save anything in the long run."

"Very well, doubt away, but I know, that if I save sixty or seventy cents a week, I will save thirty or thirty-five dollars a year. If I am not very smart at figures, I can at least calculate that."

Of course my wife had her way, and the very next week undertook to do half the ironing. When she got up on Tuesday morning, the ironing day, I saw by the expression of her face that she was not well.

"Does your head ache?" I asked.

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"Yes, a little."

"More than a little, I apprehend, Anna. You do not look at all well. Of course you will not attempt ironing to-day."

"Certainly I will," she replied.

"You are very wrong, Anna. You might make yourself sick," I urged.

"Oh, no. I shall feel better after awhile. I told Hannah last week that I shouldn't want her any more. So I must do it, sick or well."

It was in July, and the day had opened breezeless and sultry. Even while sitting quite still at my desk, the perspiration was starting from every pore. About eleven o'clock, however, there was a change. The air began to move gently from the East, and by twelve was blowing freshly. The thermometer had already fallen several degrees. The change was delightful. New life seemed to rush through every vein.

At two o'clock I went home to dinner. By this time, the difference in the temperature since morning was at least twenty degrees. The sky was obscured by clouds, and the wind that was blowing steadily from the north east, penetrated my thin summer clothing, and actually produced a sensation of chilliness.

On arriving at home, I found my wife with flushed cheeks and a look of extreme fatigue, standing at the ironing-table, which was placed across the kitchen door, into which the cool wind was passing, and of course, striking full against her. She was dressed in a thin, loose wrapper, and her neck and a part of her bosom exposed to the cool air.

"Anna, you are very imprudent to stand in that draft, overheated as you are," I said, the moment I saw her.

"The air is delightful," she merely returned.

"But you will take cold," I urged.

"No danger. I'm not afraid."

"It might be the death of you. Not afraid to stand, in the overheated state in which you are, in a chilly east wind?"

"There—there, Harry!" my wife said a little impatiently. "Don't come here to worry me now. I'm so tired, that if it wasn't for this cool, bracing air, I couldn't stand."

"Are you almost done?" I asked.

"Yes, very nearly. It took that Hannah about all day to do what I have done this morning. I can iron two pieces to her one. I wouldn't have her again in the house."

I couldn't help thinking of the story I had heard about two laboring men, one an old hand at the business, and the other green. They were set to

work at some kind of excavation, and the new hand threw two shovels' full of earth to the old one's one; but in the long run, the old hand, who worked up to his strength, but without exhausting it, did twice the labor of the other. My inference, which proved to be correct, was, that Hannah did a fair and reasonable day's work, while my wife, working on the high pressure principle, did a great deal too much—double what she could have done working day after day.

"Ain't you going to eat anything?" I asked, at dinner time, finding that my wife declined being helped to any dish on the table.

"I don't feel the slightest appetite," she returned.

"Try a piece of this lamb," I urged. "It is very nice."

But she shook her head, saying—

"I couldn't swallow a morsel of it."

Of course I did not eat with much appetite. In fact I hardly tasted the food I put into my mouth.

"It's the last time *she* does the ironing," I said to myself, as I walked slowly back to the office where I was engaged in writing. "I call this poor economy. Ten chances to one if *she* don't make herself sick; and there won't be much saving in that."

As evening approached, and my thoughts began to turn toward home, I felt uneasy. I expected to find my wife suffering from entire physical prostration. My fears were not idle. The reality, indeed, was worse than my fears. She was in bed, and suffering from a severe pain in her side, that was so much increased by breathing that she could hardly help crying out at every inspiration. Coughing or pressure caused intolerable pain.

Once before, my wife had been attacked with pleurisy, and I knew too well the alarming symptoms. In her overheated state, the cold air had caused a sudden check of perspiration, and inflammation of the pleura was the consequence.

I started immediately for our family physician, and was fortunate enough to find him in. He accompanied me home. On arriving, we found that all the symptoms had become much worse since I left. My poor wife screamed with nearly every breath.

Bleeding was instantly resorted to, which gave temporary relief. But, before ten o'clock the pain returned with great violence. I again went for the doctor, who repeated the bleeding, and then ordered leeches, fifty of which were applied. But the pain only abated in a partial degree. All night she suffered most cruelly, and was so bad in the morning that I had to go for the doctor again soon after daylight.

More blood was then taken by the lancet, and fifty more leeches applied to the chest before relief was obtained. Then I had the satisfaction to see her sink away into sleep, the first time she had closed her eyes since the attack.

She slept for a couple of hours, and then awoke

with a return of the pain in her side, to allay which leeching was again resorted to.

For five days this bleeding and leeching was kept up before the inflammation was sufficiently subdued to allow of revulsive treatment. Three large blisters were applied to her chest and arms.

It need hardly be said, that with such a disease and such treatment, my wife was reduced so low that a nurse had to be obtained for her. She was weak as an infant; for, added to the pain and the severe mode of attacking the disease resorted to by the physician, she took but little nourishment for many days. Nearly three weeks elapsed, from the time she was taken before she was well enough to come down stairs and take her usual place at the head of the table, and then she had so little strength left, that she could not do the most simple needle work. Months elapsed before her health was fairly restored—I will not say "fairly restored," either, for she has never been as she was.

And now let me calculate the amount of saving made by my wife in dispensing with a woman once a week to help do the ironing. The saving was exactly sixty-two and a half cents to a fraction. That was the creditor side of the account. The debtor side outbalanced it seriously, as far as the account was entered up, which never could be accurately done. Indeed no attempt to strike a clear balance was ever made.

The first and most imposing item was the doctor's bill, which was exactly twenty dollars. Then, five dollars were paid for leeching; and nine dollars to a nurse for three weeks' service. Here was thirty-four dollars of unmistakeable expense. Beyond this was the loss of nearly two months time by my wife, to make up for which a seamstress had to be employed for several weeks at half a dollar a day. Instead of being able to get along with one domestic and a washerwoman and ironer, two girls have had to be hired ever since. Taken all in all, it may be fairly concluded that for sixty-two and a half cents that my wife saved at the spiggot on the occasion referred to, she let seventy or eighty dollars escape from the bung-hole.

As in duty bound, I made the circumstance the occasion of sundry appropriate hints. My wife saw her error plainly enough, and acknowledged it with expressions of regret for her folly; but many weeks did not elapse after she considered herself well enough to go about the house, before she suggested that one domestic would be enough in the family. But I vetoed the proposed reduction of help in such a determined manner, that I carried my point. Still the propensity to save a present half dollar at the risk of losing ten, is so strong, that if I did not constantly interfere, and almost command things to be done or left undone, we would suffer almost as much from my good wife's efforts to save as we did from her mania to spend, as related under the head of "Agreeable Neighbors."

MABEL DELAFIELD.

BY MRS. S. J. HOWE.

"Why are you so sad, dear Mabel?"

"I feel as if this were the last evening we should ever spend together. Harry, a long, long time must elapse before we meet again."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Delafield: "you are so desponding it is enough to discourage me, Mabel—a wife should always encourage her husband by a cheerful spirit."

"I would like to do so, dear Harry," and she laid one arm timidly around his neck, and looked earnestly in his face, "but indeed I cannot be cheerful to-night—my heart will have its way—I cannot control it. A sad and fearful presentiment tells me we shall part to-morrow forever."

"Presentiment! What folly."

"It may be folly, but if I loved you less the presentiment would not have fixed itself in my heart."

"Have done with this nonsense, Mabel—I cannot endure it—you have given me the vapors already," and Mr. Delafield left his seat, and walked with impatient steps backward and forward, muttering to himself about the folly and superstition of women.

Mrs. Delafield remained silent. She knew her husband's temper too well to attempt to disturb him, but her thoughts were sad and bitter. She thought of her apparently happy marriage season five years before—of how ardently her husband seemed to love her then, how careful he was to note her every want, and regard her slightest wish. But he was changed—his manner was cold and reserved—he had closed the sanctuary of his heart against her. When she spoke of it he listened unwillingly, and gave as excuse his many cares and anxieties. She knew that much of this was true, for the riches that were theirs at their union had taken "to themselves wings" and flown away: but she also knew, as only a woman can know, that she was not loved as she had been—as she desired to be loved. Then hope whispered gently that the future was not all dark, that when this burden of care of which he complained so much should have been lifted from his heart, all would again be well.

Delafield was leaning listlessly against the mantelpiece: his eyes fixed on the decaying fire, when his wife rose softly and laid her hand on his arm—

"Forgive me, Harry, if I have been dull and uninteresting. You know I would do anything to make you happy."

An unusual softness stole over the features of Mr. Delafield as he returned his wife's caress, and he said kindly—

"Brighter days may come to us yet, Mabel. Cheer up, and let us hope for the best."

These few kind words were like the sunlight streaming through some prisoner's bars, carrying

glimpses of freedom and hope to his yearning soul. Dreams of future happiness stole over the heart of Mabel as she retired to rest that night, and she slept sweetly even though she knew that the coming morrow would part her from the one she loved so fervently. In her dreams she overleaped the months which were to separate them, and in the reunion forgot the past with all its doubts and dreamy fears. What a scene would this fair and beautiful world exhibit if hope were fixed!—if the melody of her voice were no longer heard, and the gleaming of her wings were banished forever!

The morrow came, and with it the dreaded parting—the sad and silent farewell. With high and ardent hopes Delafield started for the West—there he expected to regain the fortune he had lost—to fulfil his dreams of worldly ambition, and be satisfied.

Some weeks passed away, and then came a cold and careless letter to Mabel Delafield, telling of anticipated success, but not one allusion to the past, nor a hope of future happiness with her. He spoke not of returning nor of sending for her—and yet, even while the burning tears were streaming down her cheeks, she hoped on and dreamed of happier days. She "hoped against hope," and persuaded her heart into the belief that care and anxiety were preying on his mind, and for a little while had swallowed up affection—but again it would appear refined and purified by absence and trial.

Faithful to her own love she wrote a long and tender letter in return—she encouraged him to persevere in his business: assured him of her own unwavering affection, and looked joyfully forward to the time when they should be reunited, and forgot all past reverses in their crowning happiness. Months, long and wearisome months, rolled on, and no answer came to her kind and gentle letter. Then Mabel found the truth of those beautiful words, that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and she thought that any certainty was better than suspense, and yet at that certainty there was no means of arriving. The reed was broken on which she had leaned, and unfortunately she had never been taught that there was a higher refuge—home for the weary—a resting place for the broken heart.

A year passed heavily on, and no tidings came to Mrs. Delafield of her husband, and she gave him up as dead. Her heart told her that the grave alone could raise a barrier between her and the husband she had loved so tenderly. But there were those even among her dearest friends who thought very differently—who while they did everything that kindness could dictate for Mabel, hoped that Delafield would never return. Seven years passed away, and with them the dearest

and kindest of Mrs. Delafield's friends, and now she began to look around her for support—that support must be made by her own efforts.

The West offered a broader field for exertion than any other part of the country, and thither she determined to go. Her spirit had been chastened and purified by sorrow—the ashes of affection were cold on the altar place of her heart—they could never be again rekindled, and in their place a flame had been kindled, pure and holy, indeed, because it was born of the spirit which pervades all things beautiful and good. She had learned to look forward to a rock that can never be broken—to "an inheritance that fadeth not away," but sad and lonely she could not help but feel as she left the home of her happy childhood to seek a new one among strangers. Her life had been spent among those who knew her, and looked upon her faults with kindness—they knew that the errors she committed were not prompted by the heart—her faults were only like motes in the sunbeam.

After a comfortable journey, Mabel found herself in the hospitable city of L——, and there first felt how easily wounded is the stranger's heart. But Mabel had a way of stealing quietly into people's hearts before they knew it, and a warm circle of friends was soon formed around her, so that through their influence, and by their aid she opened a school, and soon had the pleasure of seeing it well filled with happy faces. A year passed by, and Mrs. Delafield was comparatively happy in doing her duty, and thereby preserving a good conscience.

One bright and sunny morning one of her favorite pupils brought a visitor, a little girl of seven summers. The child was more than usually beautiful, and Mrs. Delafield, attracted by her appearance, called her to her side. As she took the child's hand, and parted the luxuriant curls from the open brow, her eyes involuntarily wandered to a locket of gold which confined a hair necklace around the child's neck. A paleness like that of death came over her features, and she trembled in every limb, but by a strong effort of will she suppressed the shriek of surprise which arose to her lips, and said calmly as she could to her favorite—"A g'ass of water, dear Mary, I am quite sick." The water was brought quickly, and putting aside the anxious children who crowded around her, she drew the stranger child toward her, and said kindly—"Allow me to look at your pretty locket."

The child was pleased with the attention, and unclasping it hastily laid it in her hands.

"Can it be possible?" thought Mabel, as she examined it: "this certainly was once my own!"

"Who gave you this locket, my child?" asked Mrs. Delafield, faintly.

"My father—dear, good father," replied the child, in delight.

"What is your name?"

"Mabel Delafield."

"Mabel Delafield!—why that is my name!" and Mabel gasped for breath, but she was determined to go on and solve the mystery if possible.

"How old are you, Mabel?"

"Seven years old in June—and this is June, I declare."

"Have you always lived here?"

"Yes, I was born here."

"And your name is Mabel Delafield?"

"Yes! is it a pretty name?—why do you ask?"

"Why it is strange!" and Mabel tried to speak carelessly, "that you should have my name."

"You will love me now because I am your namesake," said the child, as she put her face close to Mrs. Delafield's, and looked into her eyes earnestly.

There was something in that look that went to Mabel's soul, and reminded her of Delafield as he was wont to look on her in moments of tenderness. She pressed her lips on the forehead of the innocent child, and strove to speak in a steady voice.

"Can you tell me where your father lived before he came to this city?"

"In New York."

Mabel groaned aloud, but, taking up the necklace, she clasped it on the child's neck, and said, scarcely thinking of what she spoke—"And the hair, whose soft, glossy hair is this? Is it your mother's?"

"Oh! no, it is a lady's who lives away in New York—she gave it to papa with this locket!"

"And her name—was what?" demanded Mabel, eagerly.

"Mabel Delafield too—that makes three Mabel Delafields," and the child laughed merrily.

But poor Mabel did not hear the laugh—she only heard the words that had carried conviction of the unwelcome truth to her trusting heart. She had fainted, and a long time elapsed, notwithstanding the kind efforts of friends, before Mabel showed a sign of life. The school was dismissed; and the innocent little Mabel had no idea of the mischief she had unconsciously wrought.

And now, kind reader, let me transport you to a fine looking house in the same good city of ——. In the parlor sits Henry Delafield, intent on reading the morning paper. Near him, in fashionable attire, sits a lady young and beautiful, regarding him with an interest which nothing but love could create.

"Do lay aside that paper, Harry, and go with me: I have been waiting this half hour," said the lady, somewhat impatiently.

"Where was it you wished to go, Emily?" asked Delafield, in an abstracted manner.

"To see this Mrs. Delafield about sending Mabel to school."

"I thought you did send her this morning!"

"Oh! I let her go with Mary Palmer just to see how she'd like it, and told her we'd follow directly. I hear so much of this Mrs. Delafield's school that I think it would be better for us to send Mabel there. By the way, I think, Delafield's getting to be quite a common name."

"So it is. Did you ever hear this lady's christian name?"

"No, I did not. But why do you ask?"

"Mere curiosity—that's all!" and Delafield shuddered inwardly.

"You surely don't think it can be your cousin Mabel, Harry. I do believe I should be jealous of her!"

"What nonsense, Emily. Do you think my cousin would be here and I not know it?"

"Such a thing might be—but I have half a mind to be jealous of her anyhow—you called her name so often in your dreams last night."

"Did I?" asked Delafield, much confused, but then recovering himself, he added, "but it was my own little Mabel I was calling, Emily: and here she comes now," and Mabel came running in out of breath, and exclaiming—

"Oh! papa, I found another Mabel Delafield!"

Both father and mother looked surprised, but summoning his courage, Delafield asked—

"Where did you find this woman, my child?"

"She is the lady that teaches school—I love her so much."

"I told you," said Mrs. Delafield, playfully, "that it might be your cousin Mabel, and I suspect it is—but what brought you home, Mabel the third?"

"Mrs. Delafield was so sick—she fainted—and papa! she thought this locket and hair so beautiful—that she took it off my neck and looked at it for a long time."

Delafield was rooted to the spot—the mystery was solved—he knew that his deserted wife was near him—he alone guessed the connection between the fainting fit and the locket. But Delafield had gone too far in crime to permit this to crush him without a struggle, and, gathering up all his effrontery, he professed to believe that the lady in question was his cousin, who, for some inexplicable cause, had not warned him of her arrival.

We are always ready to be led by our own wishes, therefore Emily did not doubt the truth of Delafield, even though she thought it strange that he should evince so much feeling on the subject, but whatever her fears were they were soon calmed by the caresses of her husband. Life had been but as a summer's day to Emily; no cloud had darkened it, and the one now looming above the horizon might pass on without destroying its brightness. Thus thought Delafield as his wife and child sat beside him in unshaken confidence.

"Well," said Emily, "we must call on this cousin of yours, dear Harry, immediately: and why not now?"

"Is Mrs. Delafield papa's cousin?—say, mamma, may I not go too?"

"Be quiet, Mabel," said Delafield, and then turning to Emily: "I must first go myself. Mabel is very proud, and she must have some cause for acting in this way."

"Well! I don't like proud women, and I shall not like her, I am sure."

"Yes, you will," joined in little Mabel, "you can't help but loving her—everybody loves her."

"Sometime to-day," and Delafield rose and took his hat, "I shall call and see her." With a trembling heart, and a conscience that goaded him almost to madness, he left his happy and confiding wife, and walked on, on, he cared not whither: but at last, as if his steps were impelled by some secret form, he found himself in front of Mrs. Delafield's seminary. He ascended the steps, and rang the bell with a trembling hand—a servant obeyed the summons, and he asked—"Can I see Mrs. Delafield?"

"She is not well: but walk in, and I will see!"

While waiting for the servant's return the moments were as hours, for he felt that everything dear to him in life depended on this interview. The servant returned and required his name—his agitation was intense as he presented his card, but he observed—"I should have thought of this before."

Mrs. Delafield had, in some measure, regained her composure, and, though still pale and agitated, she was sitting up when the servant brought her the card, as her eyes fell upon the name she had dearly loved, she sprang convulsively to her feet, and exclaimed—"Harry Delafield!" and then ashamed of exposing her feelings to the servant, she sank into her chair, and said—"Ask him to walk up."

"Here! to your own room, madam?" inquired the servant.

"Yes, here—he is a relation—a particular friend."

As the servant left the room, she clasped her hands over her face, and said—"The bitterest enemy I ever had. Forsake me not now, my Heavenly Father, but direct me in this trial!" The door opened, but Mabel did not look up—she felt that Delafield stood before her as she said—

"Be seated, sir, and tell me the cause of this visit."

"Mabel—I know not—what to say."

"Then why come to disturb my peace? What do you desire?"

"Your forbearance—your forgiveness!"

"My forgiveness you have—my forbearance you do not deserve."

"You have ceased to love me, Mabel."

"Dare you upbraid me with not loving you?" and her form towered; her eyes dilated, and she looked on him for the first time—but his eyes refused to meet hers. "Harry Delafield! love is extinguished in my heart forever: but I can have compassion on your innocent child—on the unfortunate woman whom you call your wife. I would not have her suffer the misery—the wretchedness you have made me feel—but you, you—what do you not deserve?"

"Have mercy, Mabel—do not destroy their happiness—do not expose me to ruin."

"I know what you would ask, Delafield—you would ask me to bear my wrongs in silence—to bury them in the ashes of my love for the sake of others—that their happiness be not destroyed—but how can this be?—for whom does your wife take me?"

"For my cousin," and his lips quivered in agony.

For a minute Mabel was confounded by his impudence, and contempt sealed her lips, but recovering, she said—

"Let it be so, then—but remember it is for the sake of them—not for your sake that I withhold you from justice—and we must never meet again!"

"How can I explain that?"

"In any way you like—I will not contradict you. To your wife and child I will be a friend—to you as one dead—and now leave me—I would be alone, and may God forgive you as I do now!"

Overcome by her high-wrought feelings, she sank back in her chair and closed her eyes.

"Mabel! farewell!"

She did not speak: and he passed to the door, as he opened it, he said—"May Heaven bless you, Mabel. Will you not say farewell? One word?"

But Mabel moved not: and he went out thinking how strange it was that she who had once loved him so fondly should have changed so much.

When, after some time, the servant entered the apartment, Mabel was still sitting as Delafield left her, but the spirit had fled forever. She had laid her life as a sacrifice on another's shrine.

It was said that Mrs. Delafield died of disease of the heart, and no one thought of inquiring what produced the disease. Little did the unconscious Emily think as she gazed on that face for the first time, now cold and still in death, of the secret buried in that

bosom forever. She dreamed not of the sacrifice made for her and her child. And what were the feelings of Delafield as he gazed on the inanimate form which had so often rested in his own bosom. He thought of her never-tiring kindness—of her patience and gentle forbearance, and above all of the sacrifice she made of her own life. But there was a secret joy stole over his heart as he reflected that "the dead tell no tales"—that his danger was past. A few days more and Mabel Delafield was laid in the cold grave. The secret of her sudden death was wrapped in darkness until all secrets are brought to light, for "then is nothing hid that shall not be revealed."

LINES OF LIFE.

Suggested by a Picture of a young mother teaching her boy Music.

BY FANNIE OF FARLEIGH.

Let him play upon the lyre;
Teach him all the mystic art—
Mother, thine a mission higher,
So, to tune aright his heart.

Sybil touch, and cunning finger
Must be thine upon the strings,
For thy God will listen clearly,
Mindful of the song he sings.

Teach him then to say my Father,
That Christ-child, thy little one,
Clasp his tiny hands together,
With the prayer, "Thy will be done."

If the chords are unresponsive
To that gentle touch of thine,
Look within thy own heart, mother,
Read its pages sybilline.

If from thence, discordant music
Falls upon his listening ear,
Is it marvel that thy teachings
He will neither heed nor hear?—

Mother! by the early lessons,
Planted in thy heart of youth;
By thy many earnest seekings
For the hidden seed of truth;

By the whispers of thy conscience,
When thy idol world came in,
Luring thee with its temptations
And its gilded baits to sin.

Oh! remember that the image
Of that Christ, who saved thee—
Must be yielded back to Heaven,
Spotless for Eternity.

FAMINE.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

A MILDEW blast came sweeping,
Men paled with dread and fear;
In cottage homes was weeping
Above the blighted ear.

The housewife in her garden
Beheld a boding sign:
The plague had gone before her
And touched the flowering vine.

Despair came up on manhood—
Still feebler grew the knees—
The ploughshare filled the furrow—
The beast starved on the leas.

That to such fearful sorrow
Fruit human forms are given,
Would wreck our faith, did we not know
Our Saviour lives in Heaven.

THE LADY EVELINE.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.—*MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*

CHAP. I.—THE PERIL.

It was on a bright and beautiful morning, in 1662, and the sky was without a cloud, as a solitary individual traversed the green heath in the vicinity of ——. His dress was that of a gallant of the day, but sadly torn and tarnished. He carried in his hand a gun, as if seeking sport; yet he was attended by neither dog nor groom. He had every appearance in short of being a cavalier of broken fortune; for though his proud tread and haughty air proved him of gentle blood, his soiled garments and want of attendance showed that his wealth was but small.

An hour or more passed, during which the stranger had left the open heath, and entered upon the old forest of ——, many of whose gnarled and aged oaks carried you back to the days of its founder, William the Conqueror. The youth, however—for the stranger was a young man—appeared little to regard the hoary trees around him. His thoughts were far away. Even his gun seemed carried more for show than use, and at last he stopped, and leaning against a withered tree, was lost in a fit of musing. “The die is cast,” said he, slowly and bitterly, “and I am a beggar—I, the descendant of a line of nobles, reaching back beyond the conquest itself. What though my father died for his king, is it not fit that the son of the monarch should show his gratitude by casting off the son of the earl? Well let it be. Let the usurper reign. Beggared or with broad lands, it is all one to Raymond Talbot. I can find a land, at least, where my good sword will win me a livelihood, and if not that, a grave,” and erecting his head proudly, he stood as if in defiance of his fate.

The words had scarcely, however, been uttered by the cavalier, before a young lady was visible, attended by a groom, leisurely coming down the forest walk in a direction toward himself; and no sooner had the eye of the young man fallen upon her than even his misfortunes were forgotten momentarily in admiration of her beauty. And she was fair indeed. Rarely had Raymond Talbot gazed upon a face of more bewitching loveliness, or a form of more faultless grace. Her hair of a rich auburn faintly shadowed her pure marble brow, which might have seemed cold in its very purity, had it not been for the delicately penciled eye-brows, and the laughing blue eye below. Her mouth was small and pouting; and her chin coyly dimpled. Nothing could have been more exquisite than her complexion, over which the rich carnation stole at every breath of the wanton wind. Her feet were delicately small. As she moved

along the greensward, her light dress fluttering in the breeze, and her curls, ever and anon escaping from her hat, floating in its embrace, she seemed some being of a brighter world, or one of those sylvan divinities with which ancient mythology loved to people every glade.

Never had the young man gazed upon such loveliness. He was just at the age to be affected by the beauty of the fair stranger, and he could not refrain from a half restrained ejaculation of delight. Unwilling, however, to be seen in his soiled and tarnished dress, he had turned into a bye-path, and was hastening to escape observation when a scream from the fair stranger awakened his attention, and hastily turning around he beheld the cause of her alarm.

Not three hundred yards up the road was a short turn to the right, which prevented objects from being seen unless within that distance. As the youth turned he beheld a bull, bleeding profusely at his sides, and with a severed cord around his neck dragging at his heels, tearing madly down the road toward the young lady, whose scream had just been occasioned by discovering the enraged beast as he wheeled around the turn. Far in the distance might be heard the shouts of peasants, and the barking of dogs, as if in pursuit; and the sounds, as they came borne on the breeze, appeared only to inflame the beast anew. With his head bent to the earth; the foam flying from his lips; his flanks dripping with blood, he came rushing furiously on, and was already within a few yards of the now paralyzed maiden, before the youth had, by regaining the larger road, obtained a full view of the scene. He did not hesitate an instant. The groom of the maiden had fled affrighted at the first sight of the enraged monster, leaving her alone, and too overcome with the horror of her situation even to move. Gazing affrightedly on the furious beast, her form trembling as if it would sink to the earth, it seemed as if the maiden was transfixed by a basilisk to the spot where she stood. The red scarf which she wore had doubtless caught the eye of the monster, for he came on, tossing his head and pawing the earth directly toward her. Already he was within a few yards of the trembling girl. He bent his head to the earth as if to rush upon her. All hope seemed over. But at that instant the young stranger had gained the opposite side of the road, so as to place the maiden a little to one side of him, and, raising his piece, he glanced rapidly along the barrel, and fired. Never went bullet with a truer aim. Striking the beast just over the left eye, the ball penetrated to the brain

The huge monster fell headlong forward on his knees, and then rolling heavily over on his side, was dead, almost before the report of the gun had ceased echoing through the forest. The beast was so nigh to his expected victim, that in his fall his horn just grazed her fluttering scarf.

The cavalier paused an instant after the death of the enraged animal, and seemed about retreating to the covert of the forest; but perceiving that the maiden was sinking to the earth, he sprang forward to assist her. She caught vainly at the neighboring tree for support, and the next instant had fallen insensible into the young man's arms.

His situation was now embarrassing in the extreme, but we knew not whether after all pleasure was not his prevailing sensation. He certainly gazed on the fair young face, reposing on his bosom, longer than was exactly required, and appeared for the instant to forget that his first duty was to recall the maiden to animation. It was only for a moment, however. Shouting to the people who were now seen hurrying down the road to hasten their steps, he proceeded to loosen the hat and scarf from the maiden's face and throat. He had scarcely performed this duty when she faintly opened her eyes.

"Where—where—am I?" was the first ejaculation of returning animation, as she looked wildly around her.

"Among friends, my dear lady," said the young cavalier.

Blushing to the bosom at the words of the stranger, and finding herself on the shoulder of a handsome young man, the maiden raised herself at once to her feet, and poured out her incoherent thanks.

The position of the cavalier might have been rendered embarrassing, but at this instant her groom returned from his flight, and, hurriedly taking his arm, she relieved the youth, by begging to know to whom she was indebted for her preservation.

CHAP. II.—LOVE.

In a proud and gorgeous apartment, where the costly drapery vied with the richly carved oak panelings of the wall, and where the light streamed with a mellow lustre through the stained and lofty window, were two beings, whom, at the first sight, you might have recognized as the Lady Eveline Norman, and her rescuer, Raymond Talbot. The lady sat on a low stool, and the young cavalier stood with folded arms by her side, within the deep embrasure of the window; but while the gentleman seemed intent only on his companion's face, the lady, with averted head, appeared to be idly gazing at the wide prospect of hill, and stream and woodland stretching away from the window of her father's castle.

Since we last beheld these two young beings what a change had come over their fates! Little more than a fortnight had passed, it is true; but is not the history of a life often made up of a day? Fair, winning and grateful as Eveline Norman was, how could the young cavalier resist the fascination of her company? He had, therefore, tacitly accepted the warm invitation of the old baron, her father, to make the

castle his home during the summer months; and so since the day of his first introduction to Eveline he had continued to attend her in every recreation, riding with her to the meadow to fly a hawk, or lingering by her side to listen to her voice in some little song, that seemed more musical each time he heard it from her lips. Unconscious of danger they all seemed. The baron thought nothing more preposterous than that a needy adventurer with nothing but his blood to advance him in the world—for such he thought his guest to be—should ever dream of loving his daughter. Talbot, too, though every day he found the spell that bound him to Eveline's side increasing, did not, for a long time, know he loved her; and even when the conviction came, it brought with it such strange and mingled sensations that he scarce knew whether joy or fear predominated most in his bosom. And Eveline, what thought she of all this? Alas! it is long before woman knows her heart, especially when, for the first time, she learns to love. At first she wondered why everything seemed so much brighter than of wont when Talbot was by, and why all nature wore such a sombre hue when he was absent. Then she thought it so strange that her heart beat quicker, and the blood rushed into her cheek as he approached; until at last, at some slight misunderstanding, such as lovers always have, she burst into tears as soon as she was alone, and thus learned that she loved.

But weeks had elapsed since then. Day by day had these two young beings walked, rode and sang together, until they almost forgot their relative positions. Eveline never dreamed that wealth ought to make any difference in the one she should love, in the eyes of others; for she knew it made none in her own; and the landless noble, conscious of a birth even higher than hers, trusted that she was too lofty and pure to think of his present poverty. His feelings, however, were often strange and wavering; pride whispered to him not to accept wealth, even from a bride; and a fear would often flit across his mind lest Eveline might deem him less worthy of her love because he had no fortune but his sword. But these surmises had gradually died away. Life had been all loveliness to the lovers, drinking in, as they did, pleasure from everything around—in their walks through the old woods, or along the moonlit glade, or in their solitary communings beneath the everlasting stars.

But a cloud at length came over their prospect. A suitor suddenly appeared at the castle for the hand of Eveline, in the shape of a wealthy bachelor baronet from an adjoining county. He came, backed by an immense estate, in all the pomp of a gilded coach and six. The baron thought it the most natural thing in the world for his daughter to accept the hand of such a prize; and signified his intention that the marriage should take place after the orthodox period of courtship. It awoke the lovers from their dream. Eveline was in despair—Talbot saw at once what honor compelled him to do. Yet he could not wholly resist his passion. He resolved to leave the castle, and forget everything—his love and his misfortune—on the battle-field.

But Eveline did not reason so. She saw that her

lover avoided her, and she at first wondered what could be the cause. But when she found it continued, her jealousy took the alarm. She fancied he loved her no more. Her pride was touched. Her tone when next they met was colder than it had ever before seemed to Talbot; and he, in turn, deeming she was about to desert him for his wealthy rival, felt offended. And thus were these two hearts on the eve of estrangement, while both mourned in silence over the separation. It is true that the reason of Talbot told him it was better that it should be so, for fortune had placed too great a distance between Eveline Norman and him even to allow of hope; but still his heart struggled against his cooler reason, and he would have given worlds that Eveline wore the same frankness to him which she did a week before. At length he determined to know the worst; for this state of suspense he could endure no longer. A favorable opportunity had presented itself this morning. He had casually met Eveline in the old hall.

There was something of embarrassment in each of the two lovers. They had met daily, it is true, since the arrival of the baronet, but instead of Talbot, his rival was now ever at Eveline's side. Thus days had passed without a single word being exchanged between the lovers, except in the presence of the baronet. Eveline blamed Talbot that he had not sought her boudoir more; and he blamed—but enough.

Their conversation had not been long, but whatever was its purport, it had called up a frown upon the brow of Talbot, as he now stood regarding Eveline. His lip, too, quivered, though his bearing was lofty, even to haughtiness. A minute of silence elapsed. The maiden still continued looking at the prospect from the window.

"It is enough," said the cavalier, with something of bitterness in his tone, as if continuing a conversation, whose import may easily be judged—"you are unjust, Eveline."

The head of the fair heiress was instantly turned toward the speaker. Her cheek flushed, her bosom heaved, and her eye looked full into his face as she said—

"Unjust, and why? But," she continued, her pride, after this short struggle, obtaining the mastery, "has it come to this, that I am accountable to any one? Unjust, sir!"

The words had scarcely been uttered before she became sensible of their severity; and perhaps had Talbot not answered her directly, she would in another instant have recalled them, and all might eventually have been explained. But the pride of her lover was not less than her own.

"I do not, however, complain," he said, coldly, "I only asked your stay that I might bid you farewell. I shall leave here to-morrow. Have you any commands?" he added, with formal courtesy, "for London?"

The first movement of the young maiden was to look incredulously into her lover's face, but she saw there only a confirmation of his cold, careless words. Her woman's heart, which was one moment about to betray all, drew new sources of fortitude, the next moment, from the haughty indifference of her lover.

The tear that had involuntarily started to her eyes dimmed it no longer; a proud scorn was on her beautiful lip; her maiden pride could not brook to show a love which seemed only to be despised; she almost scorned herself for what had passed already between them; and rising to her feet, while her eyes flashed, she said with apparently calm indifference—

"There is nothing in Norman Castle to restrain Mr. Talbot. Its owners—"

She would have proceeded, but her heart rose into her throat. It was well that the impatience of her lover prevented him from discovering her emotion, for she had scarcely paused, before he said bitterly—

"We part then—for-ever. Lady Eveline, farewell."

"Stay," said Eveline, her love almost conquering. But her pride did not relent, and she added, after a pause. "You have a lock—of—my hair, Mr. Talbot." She could add no more.

"I understand you, Lady Eveline, and here is what you allude to," said he, untying a locket, containing a tress of her beautiful auburn hair, from the chain around his neck, "may I also ask for—"

"It is already given," answered the maiden, coldly, taking a similar locket from her bosom and handing it to him; though as she did so, a faint hope filled her mind that even then her lover would relent, and sue for forgiveness. But he took the little memento, and although his hand trembled, he only bowed formally, and the next instant with a haughty stride he had passed from the hall.

Eveline had hoped until now that her lover would relent, but with the sound of the echoing door, the last dim expectation that he would yet sue for forgiveness faded from her mind; the whole misery of her situation burst upon her; she had no longer the aid of her pride to restrain her feelings of agony; and with a suppressed sob, she clasped her hands to her bosom, and found relief in a flood of tears.

"Cruel—cruel Talbot," she exclaimed, looking at the chain which lately held the locket, "oh! why would you take from me my only solace?"

CHAP. III.—PARTING

EVENING had come, and the shades of twilight were gathering thick around the old park, yet still Eveline sat alone in her gorgeous chamber. Her delicate foot reposed upon a rich satin cushion, and the slipper lay at some distance, as if tossed impatiently off. The traces of tears, however, were no longer on her countenance. Long and passionately had she wept, but the reaction of hope had come again; and what she looked upon at first as an irremediable separation, was now regarded only as a slight quarrel, which her lover would apologize for the next time he saw her. It had been so once before, she remembered, though on that occasion the difficulty had only been momentary, and they had not even parted in anger. Still she could not believe that Talbot would carry his threat into execution, merely because she had been proud, or perhaps pettish. No! he knew her better. He would not leave her. She should see him directly, and all would be well. With these thoughts she descended to the supper room.

Every one was already there except Talbot. For a moment she felt a misgiving, but it vanished as soon as it came. "He surely cannot, cannot leave us on such a slight misunderstanding," she said to herself.

"James," said her father, turning to an old servant, "have you seen Mr. Talbot within an hour, perhaps he is in his room—let him be called."

The servant soon returned, saying that Mr. Talbot was not in his room.

"Does no one know where he is? Surely you know, Eveline," said the unconscious father, turning toward his daughter, whose cheek burned, and whose heart beat quicker at the question.

"I—I do—not—really—know," scarcely faltered the maiden; but recollecting how many eyes were upon her, she added more firmly, "I have not seen him since morning."

At this moment a servant entered with a note for the baron. Recognizing the hand-writing at once as that of his young guest, he broke the seal instantly, and perused the epistle. Surprise was on every feature of his countenance as he read. What would not Eveline have given to have known its contents?

"How did this reach here?" asked the baron of the servant.

"It was brought from the village inn just now. It is from Mr. Talbot, I believe."

"I know that, sirrah! But Eveline, why did you not tell me your preserver was about to leave us. I never heard of it before. Some sudden business, he says, however, has called him up to London; and so he begs to bid us farewell. I wonder though why he did not do it personally. Ah! I forgot we were out this morning. Well, Mr. Talbot is a gallant cavalier, and I hope before many days to welcome him back to Norman Castle. We must have him on one occasion—eh! Eveline, my darling—but what makes you so pale, my love—take some of this wine—you are ill."

Could her father at that instant have seen the agony his daughter suffered, how soon would he have exchanged his tone of joyous levity for one more adapted to her bruised heart! Alas! poor girl—bitterly was she repeating her haughty pride.

That night the pillow of Eveline was wet with tears. It was some relief, forced as she was to hide her emotion in the presence of others, to find one spot where she might weep unobserved. She felt that Talbot had left her, and she saw now how deeply she had loved him. She blamed herself, oh! how fervently, for her hastiness. She saw now how the presence of a wealthier rival might have affected her lover's feelings; and then she remembered that he had saved her life, and that *this* was her gratitude. Yet even now hope was not wholly lost. Day after day did she flatter herself that he would yet come back; and day after day would she loiter unconsciously down the avenue toward the park gate. How her heart would flutter, and her cheek tinge with maidenly shame, when some figure could be seen far off down the avenue, which for a moment she imagined to be that of her lover: and how crushing the despair which came over her young heart, when she found that even weeks elapsed, and still

Talbot came not back. Her cheek paled—her eyes grew dim—her step was less and less elastic. Her father noticed it, but he little knew the cause. He thought of everything to restore her to health, and at length fancied that a jaunt to London would be beneficial. Alas! he possessed no medicine which could reach the case of Eveline. Her heart was breaking.

The feelings of mingled shame, disappointment and injury with which Talbot rushed from the presence of Eveline we shall not attempt to describe. He had, at length, broken his delusion—he had learnt how bitterly he had been deceived—and the conviction of his poverty—for to that he attributed every misfortune—was thus brought home once more to his galled bosom.

"By Heaven," he broke out, "I will not longer stay where even Eveline—she whom, fool that I was, I dreamed loved me—looks upon me as a pensioner. No, my spell is over. I will be a boy no longer. I will leave this proud place—this land where my rights are trampled on—I will seek another and more grateful monarch—I will carve out a fortune for myself or die in the attempt. Eveline! Eveline!" he continued, his eye suddenly lighting upon the returned locket, "oh! how little I thought we should ever part thus," and his haughty spirit melting at the old memories the sight aroused, he suddenly paused, and leaning his head upon his hands, burst into tears. They were the first ones he had shed since he had been a boy. It must indeed have been a terrible blow which could thus plough up his very heart, and yet soften his nature as if he had been a woman. But to have our early love blighted—oh! is it not a fearful thing?

At length he raised his head, kissed the locket reverently, and placing it in his bosom, sought his room. In less than half an hour he issued from it, and crossing the park, entered the high-road to the neighbouring village. From thence he despatched the note, whose reception we have witnessed; but long before it was read at Norman Castle, the writer was far on his way to try his fortune unaided in the world. Thus were two fond hearts severed!

CHAP. IV.—THE PLAGUE.

It was three years after the departure of Talbot from Norman Castle, when a noble looking cavalier stood in the streets of London, and gazed around him with mingled astonishment, awe and horror. It was the year of the great plague. The pestilence was at its height. The whole city, as if doomed to destruction, had put on sackcloth and ashes. On every hand around him was fear, misery, distress, and death. The houses of entertainment were closed—the shops seemed to have been shut up for months—the streets were silent, deserted, and in many places grass-grown; and everywhere around him, in the hurried pace of the passengers, the desolation on every visible thing, and most of all in the closed houses, with the terrible cross chalked upon them, and the fearful motto, "the Lord have mercy upon us," written above to tell of infection within, the cavalier saw the marks of the destroying pestilence.

' Long and with wonder he gazed around him. He had obviously just arrived in the city, for everything seemed to wear to him an unexpected aspect. A stranger! and in such a place. What madness could have prompted him to enter the infected wall?

The mien of the cavalier was noble as we have said; but it only vied with the splendor of his costume. Not that there was aught of foppery in his dress. On the contrary, everything he wore, was for that age, singularly plain. But the materials were all of the most costly kind, and there was an air of wealth in everything upon his person. Even the few passengers abroad in the streets involuntarily lifted their hats to him as he passed. He was unattended, however, by servants; for riches themselves failed to tempt men into this fearful pest-house. Why then was he here?

The night was closing in when the stranger reached —— Church. The congregation appeared about leaving the doors. He stepped up to them, but all shrank from him, as they shrank from each other. Few as their numbers were they seemed to fear contamination from every one they met. The cavalier looked within the church. It was almost deserted. The clergyman had already disappeared. An old sexton, except the rapidly retreating worshippers, was the only person visible. But even he appeared about avoiding the stranger, until a piece of gold, bestowed on him by the cavalier, proved too strong for his fears.

"Your honor," said the old man, in a thin, piping voice, which told how nigh the owner was to the grave, "would not deceive me, for the love of God. You are not infected?"

"I am not; but it must be a terrible visitation when such a question has to be asked."

"Terrible—terrible it is indeed. The Lord have mercy upon us," answered the sexton—"what would your honor say if I told you almost a thousand die daily, and that the grave-yards are full long ago? They bury them now in trenches, hundreds at a time. The plague increases hourly. A neighbor meets you to-day and to-morrow he is dead. You know not whom to trust. Even now—though God forbid—your honor may have the tokens upon you, and before midnight be a corpse. Good Lord deliver us!"

"Is it indeed so awful?—I am a stranger, and had heard something of this, but the truth far exceeds the worst description."

"I thought your honor was not a citizen, or mayhap might not have been so ready to talk with you: no offence, I hope. But as you say it is an awful time. Nobody comes here to church but these few you saw, and they are nearly all the people who are yet healthy in our parish. Ah! but they thin daily. There was one young lady here but yesterday. She went home, and complained of feeling unwell. Her mother tore off the scarf from her bosom, and found the token there. She shrieked out and fainted away. Well to-day the mother too is carried off, for I needn't say that the daughter died in less than an hour after she reached home yesterday."

"Good God!" said the cavalier, "and is this indeed true?"

"True as that I'm talking now to your honor. But that is not the worst. Whole families are sometimes cut off in a few days. As soon as a house gets infected they mark it and close it, setting watchmen to guard it, and go errands for those inside. They allow nobody to go in but a nurse. Sometimes she enters, and the house is then shut, never to be opened again until the watchmen break in and find them all dead. And this too happens every day. That large brick house yonder last week had a happy family within it. Five days ago the youngest child was taken with the plague—the house was marked—they learned a day after that two more were sick, and then nothing was heard from inside for two days, till the watchmen, fearing all was not right, broke in, and found them all dead to a soul. Oh! your honor it is a terrible visitation, the Lord God Almighty have mercy upon us."

"Amen!" ejaculated the cavalier.

"They do say, too, that it is even worse in the next parish. What few of the nobility remain in town have not escaped. It wasn't two hours ago since I heard how there was one family was almost all swept away, a lord something, I think—he staid in town thinking the plague would reach none but the poor. He had a lovely daughter, too—I've seen her myself sometimes at church here, and a sweet being she was—well they say she was either carried off by it, or was very bad with it. I don't venture to say which. Their names, as I recollect now, were Norman."

"Good God!" ejaculated the cavalier, gasping for breath, and almost staggering against the neighboring doorway.

"Why, is your honor ill?—surely, surely I haven't been talking," and the old man retreated hastily, "all this while to one who is infected."

"No—I am better now—it was only a momentary illness—but for Heaven's sake give me the direction to Lord Norman's mansion."

The old man hastily gave the required information, though without again approaching the cavalier, and then bidding "God bless him!" shuffled totteringly away, looking every now and then, however, suspiciously at the stranger.

And that stranger almost flew from the church in the direction pointed out by the old sexton. Danger he appeared to laugh at, for he was rushing into the very heart of the infected district. But what feared he? Reader, that daring cavalier was Raymond Talbot, now no longer a poor commoner, but the wealthy Earl of Esseldale.

CHAP. V.—THE VICTIMS.

SINCE we last saw Raymond Talbot a great change had come over his features. He had left England within a few days after his last interview with Eveline, and after serving with some distinction on the Continent, had been received into high favor at the court of France. His name spread far and wide as that of one of the most gallant cavaliers of the day, and had he wished it the hand of more than one fair heiress might have been his own. But though he mingled with such grace in all the amusements of the court, it was noticed that something of melancholy

seemed always to pervade his thoughts. To all the solicitations of his more prudent friends that he would repair his fortune by taking the hand of some one of the numerous heiresses, whom he had but to seek to win, he answered only by a faint smile, accompanied with the declaration that he should never marry.

But fortune had a lot in store for him, of which he little dreamed. His cousin, who by purchasing the sequestered estates of the family during the days of the commonwealth, and subsequently becoming connected by marriage with the all powerful Duke of Albemarle, had been enabled to hold the lands of the earldom, against the better claim of Talbot, was killed suddenly, without leaving any children, within a short six months after the death of his wife. As Talbot was his next male heir the property once more returned into his hands. This intelligence reached him by the same conveyance with which came a letter from a friend, who, without knowing that Talbot was ever acquainted with Eveline Norman, mentioned her as the belle of the court; but added that she had lately been ill, some supposed by a consumption, and that a contemplated marriage between her and a baronet, a neighbor of her father, had been broken off? He added in a postscript that rumor hinted the disorder of the beauty was a settled melancholy, occasioned, perhaps, by some unfortunate attachment.

On receiving this intelligence, the heart of Talbot thrilled with strange, wild emotions, which he had imagined would never again agitate his bosom. Could it be that Eveline loved him? He pressed his hand to his brow, for his brain reeled with strange feelings. A thousand things which he had once disregarded, or which, at the time they happened, he knew not how to interpret, now flashed on him, and as he thought, the conviction became stronger and stronger in his bosom that he had wronged the heart of Eveline. He determined, at least, to return to England and satisfy himself of the truth of his suspicion. He was now in possession of his rightful domain, and might sue for her as an equal, if not as a superior. The dangers of the plague, which had been raging some time in London, sank into nothing before his impatient spirit. He would brave all and learn his fate. Having now accounted for his presence in the midst of the pestilence, let us follow him to the mansion of Lord Norman.

Night had gathered on the narrow streets and thoroughfares of the metropolis before Talbot, for we shall still call him by that name, had reached the abode for which he sought. And gloomy and dismal seemed that city of the plague. The streets were deserted; an air of desolation was on all around; the dark, old, rickety buildings frowned gloomily on the night; and dim and faint across the distance came the sound of the city bells striking the hour. Everything wore a look of melancholy. As he advanced, the evidences of the infection became more apparent, and he soon knew, by fatal signs, that here was the very heart of the pestilence. Whole rows of houses were shut up, with the fearful cross marked on their front; while from others, might be heard shrieks and cries, rising awfully upon the silence. Scarcely a solitary house showed evidence of life, except here

and there a light streaming from some upper window. The watchmen to guard the infected dwellings stood like so many dusky statues motionless in the twilight. Talbot was horror-struck. All that he had heard or read of these awful visitations had given him no picture half as dreadful as this, where death seemed rioting on every hand, and the dying perished without aid, sympathy, or prayer.

Suddenly he heard a low, rumbling noise ahead of him, and looking up he beheld a cart moving slowly up the street, attended by masked men carrying links, which throwing a lurid glare on the cart, themselves, and the neighboring houses, gave a wild, unearthly appearance to the whole scene. It was the dead cart. Funerals had long since been abandoned, and the miserable victims of the pestilence, of all ranks or sex alike, were now borne indiscriminately to their last homes on this horrid bier. Talbot stood aghast at the sight. He dared not look again at that terrible cart, and its still more fearful burden; but ever and anon as he hurried along came the harsh notes of its attendants, crying as they passed on, "bring out your dead—bring out your dead." A sickness came over him. He rushed madly away in another direction, but the same cry pursued him as he flew. He would have stopped his ears to the summons, but he could not shut it out, for still ever and anon, he heard on the night the awful sound "bring out your dead." And years after the cry would at times ring through his ears, alike in the dance, at the council board, or even on the field of battle—"bring out your dead."

He never knew how he reached the abode of Lord Norman, but at length he stood beneath its massive portal. Suddenly he remembered Eveline.

She might be herself dying. A new feeling seized him—he thought no more of the general misery—it was only for one he cared now. Thundering loudly at the portal, he stood breathless and impatient waiting for admission.

Five minutes past and there was no reply. He remembered then that there were no watchmen before the door, as in the case of every infected house, and he had heard from the old sexton that the pestilence was in the family. Could Eveline be dead? His cheek blanched and his limbs trembled. He thundered again for admission—a hollow sound echoed within. He looked wildly up and down the street, but not a living being was in sight. Every house in the vicinity appeared to be closed, either from the death or flight of its inhabitants. A solitary lamp or two glimmered faintly in the distance. Still no answer came to the reiterated summons of Talbot. He became mad with fear. Unable longer to endure his suspense, and satisfied that the mansion was deserted, he was about going to obtain assistance of the authorities to break open the door, when a voice was heard behind him. It was that of a watchman.

"Would your honor wish to know something about this ere house?" said the man, "because if you be a relation or anything like that I could tell ye about it all."

"For God's sake then be quick," said Talbot, slipping a piece of gold into his hand.

"Why its not much yer honor, only they're all dead."

"My God," was all the young earl could gasp.

"Why as to that, maybe not quite all, your honor—so don't take on so. But the young lady, her that was called so beautiful at court, she be dead to a certainty, and so be most all the servants—but the rest, with the old lord, left the house secretly somehow, leaving everything, even to the corpses behind them. I guess he, too, got taken and went wild. Sometimes they do that, your honor knows, and run up and down the city and the country, for hours, or even days, until they jump into the river and are drowned, or lie down and die in the streets. Rich and poor it makes no difference, and its just as likely as not it has happened to the old lord. Howsum'e'er the house be shut up these two days by order of the authorities, and this whole street be the worst in the city. Wouldn't your honor be persuaded to come out of it—it be a mortal quick place to catch the plague in."

The young earl stared wildly at the watchman an instant; passed his hand across his brow as if to recall his receding faculties, and then without answering a word, he drew his hat over his brow and walked down the street. His companion looked after him as he vanished in the twilight.

"Ah! he be mortal sorrowful, almost distracted, poor man. But such things happen every day, though few give me such broad pieces as this," and with these words the man returned to his post, apparently heedless himself of danger, and still as selfish as in times of universal health.

CHAP. V.—THE END.

NEARLY a month had passed since the date of the last chapter. The plague was subsiding in London, though its daily victims were still almost countless. But it is not with the metropolis we have to do. Let us change the scene to Norman Castle.

It was a bright, beautiful morning, such a one as that on which Talbot had first entered that old park, when he entered it again, but with how different feelings. Then all appeared fair before his eyes, for hope was high in his bosom—now the chalice had been drained to its dregs, and he was desolate.

Since we last looked upon the young earl he had passed through many scenes. Driven from the door of Lord Norman's mansion by the fearful conviction that Eveline was indeed dead, he had continued for hours in a state almost approaching phrenzy, and had only rallied himself at length on the urgent remonstrances of his friends. He had suffered himself to entertain the dream of being beloved by Eveline—to picture to himself years of unalloyed felicity, and all this only to find at last that she was lost to him forever. The horrid conviction, too, of the manner of her death was ever present to his mind. He dared not think of it, and yet he could not forget it. He wandered about the streets of the deserted city, apparently reckless of infection. It was only when his friends interposed, and by mingled remonstrances and entreaties convinced him of the madness of idly mourning the lost, that he consented to leave the metropolis. But though he yielded so far to their

wishes, the arrow had entered into his soul, and he felt that he could never feel again the freshness of life. His heart was with Eveline, and she was in her grave.

For nearly a month he occupied himself in visiting his different estates, striving to assuage his grief by constant, ever-changing variety. But his efforts were in vain. The name of Eveline was a spell to break through all his endeavours at forgetfulness, and he found that her memory had become a part of his being. After the first terrible conviction of her fate, he had ceased altogether to inquire after the family. He even shunned the subject. But though thus acting toward his friends he felt an ungovernable desire to visit once more the place where he first saw Eveline, and after a few fruitless struggles on the part of his better reason, he set out for Norman Castle.

It was a bright and beautiful morning, as we have said, when he reached the village, and though his face had once been familiar there, so greatly had the vicissitudes of three long years affected its features, that he was not recognized even by the officious landlord. Leaving his horse in charge of that individual, he walked slowly down to the park. His heart beat as he approached the gate. A strange porter let him in. He passed along the wide avenue leading up to the castle. It was strewn with fallen leaves, and twigs, and in many places grass-grown, from want of travel. He almost regretted not having inquired into whose hands it had passed.

At length he caught a view of the castle, with its grey old donjon, its turrets, its battlemented walls, its ditch, and its more modern wings. He saw that it, too, was apparently deserted. Alas! the present owner, perhaps, cared little for it; but how would Talbot have cherished the venerable pile. A hatchment still frowned over the great entrance. He turned away with a melancholy heart.

There was a glade in the neighboring woodland, where a little arbor had stood, and which Eveline was used to resort to in the happy days of their earlier acquaintance. It stood on a gentle elevation, commanding a view of a neighboring lake, and surrounded by the green arcades of the forest, through which the dappled deer might be seen sporting picturesquely.

Thither the young earl bent his steps. As he proceeded, everything around reminded him of Eveline. Here was a walk where they strayed, yonder was their favorite ride. Close at hand was the lake on which they sailed together, and beyond were the meadows where they flew their hawks. Alas! all was now silent, deserted, desolate. The mistress of these fair lands was no more.

Occupied with these reflections, Talbot paused and gazed abstractedly on the landscape. Unconsciously his thoughts assumed the shape of words.

"And is this the end of my young dreams," said he, "of my hopes, my fears, my struggles against fate, and my apparent triumph at the end? Was the chalice only presented to my lips to be dashed away? Oh! Eveline, little did I think even when we parted almost in anger, that this would be your doom. Could I but know you had forgiven my hasty anger—oh

that I had seen you but once more before—but good God! what do I perceive?"

The ejaculation of Talbot was occasioned by suddenly raising his eyes, and beholding what seemed to be the apparition of his Eveline. Could it be that the dead had come forth at his passionate invocations? He passed his hand hastily across his eyes. It was no optical illusion. There sat the form of her he once loved in life, within the old arbor, on the very seat she had often occupied beside him. He knew not what to think. A strange, wild hope shot through his bosom. He determined to advance, and had already nearly gained the arbor, when the figure started, turned its head, gazed irresolutely upon him an instant, and the next moment he had clasped the living Eveline to his bosom.

"But how came you?" said Talbot, after all had been explained, and he had pressed the fair girl again and again to his heart, "to fly from London, and thus propagate the report of your death. It has given me a month of terrible agony."

Eveline's tale was soon told. The plague had entered their mansion, and attacked one or two of the female servants; and in compliance with the regulations, the house was immediately marked, closed

and guarded. The impression soon got abroad that she was herself attacked by the disease; and though such had not been the case, yet to avoid the probability of it, her father determined on flying from the place. To effect this he had bribed one of the watchmen to connive at their escape. It was effected, and though Eveline escaped, her father caught the contagion and died in a neighboring village to the metropolis. The melancholy duties of his sepulture had just been finished, and Eveline left to grieve alone, when Talbot thus interrupted her seclusion. His determination to make no inquiry after Lord Norman, and the cutting off of most of the correspondence between the country and the metropolis, had been the sole reason why he had thus continued in ignorance of the real fate of Eveline.

Eveline was not less astonished at the change in the fortunes of Talbot. But she had loved him as the unknown preserver of her life—and could she now refuse him as the earl? We shall not attempt to describe their emotions.

Just one year from that day the bells rang merrily out in the neighboring village, for on that morning the young Earl of Easdale, led to the altar Eveline Norman.

THE BANISHED LOVER.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

THOU tell me of the prospect I survey:

They speak of streams, and skies of cloudless blue,
That shine o'er fertile vales and flowery meads,
Of mountain clefts, with torrents dashing through;
It may be so, for Nature to the gay
Is ever beautiful—it charms not me,
I only feel my soul remains afar,
My passion-clouded eyes see naught save thee.

The tender, blissful thoughts that fill my soul
Bound by mine oath to thee—I fain would quell,
For I have promised, dearest, for thy sake,
To yield no more to Love's enwrapping spell:
I would obey, like other mortals seem—
Bear with my fate, and brave reality,
But shrinking from the wretchedness it brings,
I cling to visions that are fraught with thee.

I know that we must part, but do not prove
Too pitiless, beloved, nor urge too far
The sufferings of a grieved and tortured heart;
Where love and honor hold continual war;
I go at thy command, but not to join
A dreary world where thou art naught to me.
No—better far in solitude to dwell,
And cheer its lonely hours with dreams of thee.

Yet oft will memory paint one happy scene,
One moment, fraught with deep tho' silent bliss,
When thrilling 'neath the soft clasp of thy hand,
My lips met thine in one long, glowing kiss;
Ah! fatal gift, that was our parting doom,
Thus wert thou shadowed by fate's stern decree;
Alas! that clouds of sorrow should have marred
The first, the only boon of love from thee.

MEMPHIS.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

MEMPHIS, city of the dead,
Famed in old Egyptian story,
How her living lustre shed
Shining rays in ages hoary!
How o'er sculptured palaces
Soared her brow in morning light!

How her priestly fallacies
Trailed her locks in dusky night!
Memphis, mother, rest and weeping,
Sitting 'mong the desert sands:
Watch, amid her idols, keeping,
Folds she now her withered hands.

MORNING CALLS IN THE COUNTRY.

BY NETTY MABERRY.

"I NEVER mean to make another morning call as long as I live—that is, as long as I live in the country," said Mrs. Jones to her sister, who had come to spend the afternoon with her.

"Why?" said her sister

"Because the morning is not a suitable time for a country housewife to make calls, especially one who like me is obliged to be housekeeper, maid-of-all-work, tailoress, dress-maker and seamstress."

"Nor for one who lives in the city," said her sister, "who is obliged to attend to as many different things as you have mentioned."

"Certainly not, yet we try to imitate a custom convenient and agreeable to those who are at leisure, but inconvenient and preposterous to those situated as I am. By way of illustration I will relate a little of my experience relative to morning calls. You have heard me speak of Mrs. Eveleth and her daughters. They are all of them, both mother and daughters, well educated, intelligent and interesting. They are, moreover, without any exception, remarkably handsome, so that while the ear is charmed with listening to their conversation, the eye is pleased by the beauty of their countenances.

"They have friends in this place, with whom Mrs. Eveleth came to spend a few weeks last summer, accompanied by a married daughter. As soon as practicable, I made arrangements to make them a morning call. I say made arrangements, for there was a great deal to be done besides putting on a suitable dress. By a little extra exertion I so managed as to make the call, and a very pleasant one it was too. I found Mrs. Eveleth looking so young that, by a stranger, she might have readily been mistaken for her daughter's sister. She was, as usual, lively and witty, her wit sometimes stopping but just within the verge of good-natured sarcasm. Her daughter—Mrs. Manvers—was fair and delicate as a lily, and very graceful. She was expecting her husband, a gentleman I had then never seen, to join them in a few days.

"One uncommonly fine morning, having heard that Mr. Manvers had arrived, the thought passed through my mind that my friends might return my call. As household duties, however, pressed upon me thick and fast, I addressed myself to their performance with what celerity I was able, and thought no more of the anticipated call. After I had gone through with the usual routine of washing dishes, sweeping and dusting rooms—had finished doing the dairy work, and had gathered various kinds of vegetables, and prepared them for cooking, I commenced baking bread, cake and pies. All went off admirably, and my last

batch was in the oven; and my dinner, which was to be a 'boiled dish,' was in a good way.

"There were a few minutes to spare, so I went to the meal-room in order to sift flour for a future 'bake.' The sieve clattered, and the flour flew, and when at last I thought it was time to look into the oven to see how the pies were baking, I resembled in one respect the jolly miller of Mansfield. Quickly pouring the sifted flour into a tight vessel that it might be ready for use, I ran to the kitchen, and was hastening to take a peep into the oven, when happening to cast my eye through an open door, I saw Mrs. Eveleth sitting on the sofa. I found by the voices in conversation with a gentleman belonging to the family, that other persons were present, probably Mr. and Mrs. Manvers. I glanced at my bepowdered garments, and then thought of Mr. Manvers' black dress-coat. The usual dining-hour was near at hand, so I knew their call must necessarily be short. There was not a moment to spare, and my first impulse was to seize a clothes-brush that lay near, but the cloud raised by a single vigorous and energetic rub, showed me that any attempt in the way to make myself in a situation to meet my friends was entirely useless. I only wished that some pitying god or goddess, such as conveyed Angenor and Paris from the dangers of the battle-field, had been near, and, under cover of the mealy cloud that was floating round me, snatched me from the scene.

"The only alternative was to change my dress, and for this purpose I ran up the back stairs, but when I attempted to open the door communicating with my room, I found that it was fastened on the inside. There was only one way left. I must retrace my steps, pass through a back parlor, and then through the front entry right in the eye of Mr. Manvers (the door exactly opposite him having been left open) before I could reach the stairs.

"I think that after performing this feat, I might be trusted to lead a forlorn hope. Whether he recognized me as the same person after the metamorphosis in my dress had taken place or not, I do not know. I believe I looked tolerably decent, though I afterward found that in my haste my cap was a little awry, and that my collar was not pinned with mathematical exactness.

"The conversation, which turned on interesting topics, was well sustained, and enlivened by an occasional flash of wit from Mrs. Eveleth. The time passed rapidly and imperceptibly away, so that the fifteen minutes intended for their call was lengthened to twice that time.

"After their departure, I found that the fire had

gone out, and that the kettle had, of course, stopped boiling. The pies were also overbaked. These, however, were minor considerations, weighing only as a feather in the balance, compared to my march through the entry directly in the eye of Mr. Manvers, for though the flour put in motion by the brisk current of air encircled me as a halo, it was neither brilliant enough to blind nor to dazzle."

"If I were going to live in the country," said Charlotte,

"the first thing I should do would be to try to get up an anti-morning-call society."

"I have serious thoughts of attempting it myself," said Mrs. Jones. "As we follow the primitive custom of dining at twelve, those who are busiest usually have a few hours of leisure in the afternoon, a part of which might be conveniently devoted to keeping up a friendly intercourse with friends and acquaintances."

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

BY S. SWAIN, JR.

"Their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave!"—SIGOURNEY

The morning rising from its dewy bed,
And shaking from wet looks the golden pearl,
Beheld her east the last green piece of turf
Above her first-born child! Her looks were sad
And pale with watchful suffering, but no tear
Coursed from her reddened eye. While her blanched lips
Were still as those of her sweet buried boy
Which Death's cold hand had sealed. It seemed as though
The darkness of reality yet wore
The hues of Hope, that it might be a dream
Of her worn spirit. Onward came the moon,
Cloudless and dazzling in its waxing power,
And breathed its sultry breath o'er her hot brow,
And wandered by. Yet there the mother watched
As motionless as Summer air,
Frightened by far-off storm. But when the sun
Went down, and poured his evening shower of smiles
Soft through the shadows of the Western wood,
Lighting the dance of leaves, like glory sent
Back from the Better World, when good men go
To their eternal rest; when evening's breeze
Freshened around her with the incense pure
Of myriad flowers, and warnings of the hour
Of parting with her dear lost pledge of bliss
Were whispered calmly by the gathering night,
Then lamentations wild—without one tear—
Startled the dewy silence of the hour.
Then the pure nature of a mother's heart—
The same whate'er the color of the skin—
The same when born and nursed with tenderness
Beneath the forest tree, as in the bower
Of royal wealth—revealed its agony!
While she might see where her dear treasure laid,
And watch with her unweary fondness there,
She could bear up in grief. But oh! to leave
That which had made a Heaven of her heart
By lighting there another star of Love,
It was a trial that did seem to break
The very words of life.

Years rolled away.

Across her forest path the car of war
Rrolled ready on its wheels of fire and blood.
And when the very flower and pride of all
Her hunted tribe had fallen in its track,
She with the remnant that the sword had spared
Were driven farther West. And she was doomed
To leave behind the Indian's worshipped boon—
His sainted kindred's grave! That little grave
Of her young being's joy—the altar where
Her daily prayers rose to the indulgent ear
Of the Great Spirit, that the tender bud
Fallen from her bosom might be worn again
In Fairer Hunting Grounds; that little grave
Where Hope first ceased to sing, and life began
To wear a sable hue, a shadow cast
From the dun wing of Death—was her's no more!
'Tis well for man that God is slow to wrath—
That His deep mercy doth hold back the bolt
Of vengeance from our heads. Might revels on
The blood of weakness till this bright green earth
Turns crimson at its shame. Oppression's fire
Is kindled at the torch that science bears;
And flowers of honed words are woven round
The blade of Guilt that Innocence may not
Discern its gleaming death, before the fatal blow
Divides its holy heart. Those roving tribes
That Heaven gave the freedom of this land,
With all its wealth of mountain and of stream,
Dark verdant depths of wooded solitude,
And seas of Prairie flowers—where are they now?
That simple race of stern-browed warrior men
That listen with a more attentive ear
To twilight revelations of the Truth
From mother Nature's lips, are fading fast
As Autumn leaves from earth. The trembling few
Our keener skill in crime hath deigned to spare;
Weep for their fathers' graves amid the wilds
Where rolls the Oregon—or Westward still
Mingle their tears with the Pacific seas,
Whose pitying waves their mournful requiem sing!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By James Russell Lowell. Second Series. 1 vol. Cambridge: George Nichols.—An earnest heart, a lofty imagination, and much skill in numbers distinguish Mr. Lowell above the mass of American poets. He ranks, not with second-rate writers, but with Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow and Whittier. These poems, the fruit of the last three years, evince even greater powers than those in his former collection. Lowell is becoming eminently original. With all of Longfellow's imagination, he has a nervous style that is wanting in that writer. We think we perceive in Lowell a more comprehensive intellect, more sustained power, and higher views of the mission of the poet than in his great townsmen. Longfellow is for the parlor; Lowell for the broad highway of life. Half way between Whittier and Longfellow, with much of the former's energy, and a large share of the latter's delicacy, Lowell is destined yet to be as famous as either, and perhaps even more permanently popular. The following passage is eminently characteristic of our author, and will bear us out in his view of his capacities. See how bold the figure, and how truly imaginative.

"Careless seems the great avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, *behind the dim unknown,*
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

The poems "To the Past," and "To the Future," "An Indian Summer Reverie," "The Summer Storm," "Extreme Uturbation," "Remembered Music," "The Ghost-Seer," "To M. W. L.," and "An Incident of the Fire at Hamburg," please us most. We recognize in this volume one or two poems which originally appeared anonymously, and which induced us then to wonder what new genius had arisen in New England.

Endymion. By Henry B. Hirst. 1 vol. Philadelphia: G. B. Zeiler & Co.—This is the most pretension poem which Mr. Hirst has ever offered to the public, and it is also, what is not always the case under similar circumstances, the best. The poem is founded on the classic

legend, but as the authentic particulars are few, free scope is left for the imagination of the author, and that the poet has exercised with much skill. There is no American who excels Mr. Hirst in the sweetness and melody of his verse. He is, perhaps, a master in rhythm. A fine fancy, a chastened taste, an eye for the picturesque—these, combined with his exquisite rhythm, render him a poet who will always be read with delight. His "Endymion" almost palls with sweetness. Scarcely a page in it that does not glitter with beauties.

Don Quixote de la Mancha. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. Philada: Lea & Blanchard.—This very beautiful edition of Don Quixote should be in every library. The text is from the translation of Jarvis. An admirable memoir of Cervantes, from the French of Louis Viardot, is prefixed to the volumes. The type and paper are both unusually elegant. But the peculiar excellence of the edition consists in the graphic wood-cuts, which fairly crowd the pages, and which greatly enhance the spirit and beauty of the volumes. The number of these engravings probably exceeds a hundred, and all are executed in the highest style of art.

Charcoal Sketches. By Joseph C. Neal. New Series. 1 vol. Illustrated. New York: Burgess & Stringer.—This volume contains the last written Sketches of the late Joseph C. Neal. On his eminent abilities it is not necessary to enlarge. All who admire a fine vein of wit, applied only to castigation of foibles and follies, will obtain this book. It is edited by the widow of Mr. Neal. The style in which the work is printed reflects great credit on Messrs. Burgess & Stringer.

Modern Standard Drama. Bedford & Co., Astor House New York.—In this beautiful little serial we have all the best modern dramas, furnished at a price to place the plays within the reach of all. We cannot recommend too highly this publication to the admirers of the drama.

Dombey and Sons. No. 15. Philada: Lea & Blanchard.—This is the best edition of Dickens' new serial. The embellishment are particularly fine.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—AN EVENING DRESS of light silk; corsage tight and high in the neck; the sleeves loose and terminating in a puff, half way between the wrist and elbow. The skirt is ornamented with three deep puffs on each side of the front. Coiffure of large and artificial grapes.

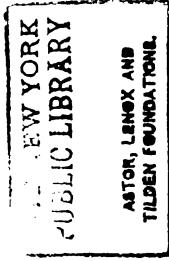
FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS of green silk; corsage high and pointed; sleeves long and tight. A mantilla of purple velvet, trimmed with satin to match; and a bonnet of pink satin, with a single drooping feather complete this elegant costume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Walking dresses are still made high in the neck; and long sleeves tight at the wrist. For dinner dresses the sleeve is generally worn open at the bottom. Evening and ball dresses are now made universally low in the neck. Fancy buttons and narrow ribbons are much used as ornaments. Fur has been a favorite ornament during the winter. Rich satins, with

velvet patterns have been much worn for evening dresses. Berthes of lace, velvet and old point are still worn, but rather less deep.

The most fashionable cloaks in Paris are trimmed, not with fringe, but with satin. One of the late journals abroad says:—"The newest style of pardessus is the manteau Armenien, partaking of the paletot and mantelet; it is open at the sides the whole length, and falls straight behind, without marking the waist, trimmed with a broad band of gimp or lace laid on. The same style, of reduced size, is also made in cloth and merino, trimmed with gimp or stamped velvet. One of the novelties of the season is a plaid velvet cloak, with deep fringe. Many pardessus form large rounded shawl behind, and mantelet in front; it is not unusual for the pardessus to match in color with the dress as one of dark blue velvet with dress of dark blue gros de Naples."





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LIZZY LAWSON.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

MARCH, with its gusts of snow and rain, its chill winds, and its fitful gleams of sunshine, had passed away, and April had come in, with smiles and tears to fill the swelling buds with life, to open the blossoms, and the fields with emerald beauty.

Lizzy Lawson had been all the morning among her flower-beds in the garden, listening sometimes to the blue birds and sparrows, sometimes pausing in her pleasant occupation to muse dreamily about things vague and dimly perceived in her mind, and sometimes caroling as gaily as the feathered warblers that showered white blossoms from the apple tree upon her head. At last, with a basket-ful of snow drops, white lilies, crocuses and jonquils, Lizzy sat down on the low stone-wall of the little garden, just where the rude pillows of the gate-way rose, half buried in an overshadowing tree, when a young man came up, and with a graceful bow and smile, asked for a glass of water.

The earnestness with which the stranger fixed his eyes upon Lizzy, caused the rose tint upon her cheek to deepen into a rich crimson. It was some moments before she could ask him to walk into the cottage of her mother, and be seated until she went to the spring.

"Is the spring far?" asked the stranger, still looking earnestly into the purely beautiful face of Lizzy Lawson.

"Oh—no, sir! It is but a little step. I will be back in a minute."

"I am sorry to trouble you," said the young man.

"It is no trouble, sir. None at all."

And Lizzy glanced from the room, while the eyes of the young man followed her admiringly. Why did her gentle heart, so full of truth and innocence, flutter like a bird in the hand? Why did her cheek burn? Why were her thoughts all in wild but pleasant confusion?

While Lizzy was gone, the young man occupied himself with looking about the room and noticing the various articles it contained. Everything was very plain, yet all was neat and clean. At length the flowers, that Lizzy had in her basket, attracted his

eye, and he felt a wish to have them; so when the maiden came in with her pitcher of cool water, and he had satisfied his thirst, he asked her about the garden which he could see through the door; if she were fond of flowers, and half a dozen other questions, which were answered with half timid modesty that was very beautiful to look upon. Then he said—

"I really feel like robbing you of these snow-drops, crocuses and lilies, their perfume is so sweet, and they are so pleasant to the eye. But it seems hardly fair to do so."

"They are yours in welcome," returned Lizzy, pleased, she knew not why, at the request, and she began gathering up the flowers she had thrown loosely upon the table—their perfume had already filled the room. They were soon arranged with much taste and tied into a little bouquet, which was presented to the stranger with a delicacy of manner that was truly charming. He bowed, while he looked earnestly into her face; thanked her for her kindness; bowed again, and then slowly retired.

Lizzy stood for at least five minutes in a thoughtful attitude, and then went up stairs to the chamber of her invalid mother.

"Who was that, Lizzy?" was asked, as soon as she came into the room.

"A gentleman who wanted a glass of water?" replied the maiden, looking for an instant into her mother's face, and then letting her eye wander about the chamber.

"He staid a good while, I thought."

"I had to go to the spring."

"What was he talking so long about, Lizzy?"

"He asked me about flowers—if we had many in the garden; and if I were fond of them. I had just brought in some jonquils, and lilies, and snow-drops, and he asked for them; so I tied them up into a little bunch and gave them to him. Wasn't that right, mother?"

"I suppose it was, dear. Did you know him?"

"No, ma'am. I never saw him before."

"A student from the college, I suppose."

"Very likely."

No more was said on the subject, but Lizzy could not get from her mind, the dark-eyed, polite, affable, and evidently admiring stranger. That night she dreamed that he came again; that she had a bouquet culled from the most beautiful spring flowers in her garden all ready for him; and that he kissed the hand from which he received it. She woke with a thrill of delight, and sighed, involuntarily, that all was but a dream.

At the same hour, on the next day, Lizzy came in from the garden, with a bunch of the sweetest blown flowers she could find, and while she sat arranging them into a tasteful bouquet, the form of the strange youth again darkened the door.

"I am sorry to be so troublesome," he said, with a respectful, yet half familiar smile, "but I have had a long walk this warm day, and the recollection of the cool, delicious water I received from your hand yesterday, was too vivid, and made the temptation to trespass again on your kindness, too strong to be resisted."

The eyes of Lizzy sunk beneath the ardent gaze of the young man, while a blush overspread her face.

"It is no trouble," she replied, while her voice slightly trembled.

And then she asked the young man to come in and sit down while she went to the spring. When she returned with her pitcher, he had her flowers in his hand, and said, as he looked at them admiringly and inhaled their perfume—

"These are very beautiful, and if I dared, I would again beg from you some flowers. My room has been fragrant since yesterday with those you gave me."

"Take them with pleasure," answered Lizzy, as she poured for him a glass of sparkling water. "I have many more in the garden."

"This is delicious," said the youth, as he drank from the brimming glass a deep draught of nature's own beverage—"I think I never tasted finer water."

This time the young man lingered longer; and made himself more at home with Lizzy. He told her that he lived at the South, and had a sister just her age, whom he loved very much. That he was a student at the college, and should remain only a few months longer, when he would complete his collegiate course and return home. He then made bold to inquire of Lizzy if her father and mother were living, and learned from her that her father had been dead some years, and that her mother was then sick, but would be about again, soon, she hoped.

"Lizzy, dear, was that the same person who called yesterday?" said Mrs. Lawson, when her daughter came up stairs.

"Yes, mother," replied the maiden.

"What brought him here again?"

"He asked for a glass of water, and I got it for him."

"But he staid a long time—longer than he did yesterday."

"I could not help that, you know, mother. He was very polite, and it would have been wrong for me to have treated him rudely."

Mrs. Lawson did not know, exactly, what to say. "What was he talking about?" she asked, after musing for some moments.

"He talked about my pretty flowers, as he did before; and also spoke of his being a student at the college."

"I supposed as much."

Mrs. Lawson said no more, and Lizzy went down stairs again and busied herself about her daily duties. She sang at her work, as usual, but her voice was lower, and its expression tenderer than before.

CHAPTER II.

RUFUS CAMERON, the young man alluded to in the preceding chapter, was the son of a wealthy planter, residing near Augusta, Georgia. He had been over two years at Yale College, and was now in his third and last year, after which he was to return home, and prosecute the study of law with the view of making it a regular profession. He was in his twenty-first year. The father of Rufus Cameron was the descendant of a Scotch family. He removed to the South when quite a young man, and married there. His wife had all that ardor of temperament which we find in a Southern climate, and was, in this respect, quite the opposite of her grave and somewhat phlegmatic husband. In their son the peculiar leading features of the parents' minds were happily blended, the one balancing and neutralizing the other, just enough to give energy and activity of character with ardor of purpose, well controlled by a cool judgment.

The young man, forewarned by his father, of the dangers that beset his path, especially in the promiscuous associations of college, had held himself considerably aloof from the main body of students, and remained contented with one or two intimate friends of the better class. In most cases, these had been longer at college than himself, and, closing their final terms at the institution, one after another, left him, during his last year, pretty much alone so far as intimate companionship was concerned. Many hours of close confinement and study made exercise essentially necessary for health, and to gain this, Cameron was in the habit of taking long walks, every day. In one of these, he had been induced, from excessive thirst, to go a short distance out of his way to ask for water at a little white cottage, to which his eye had often been attracted in his summer rambles, by the beautiful multiflora and honeysuckle, intertwined, that clambered over the porch, and hung like rich drapery about the windows. The cooling draught he sought, he had expected to receive from the hand of some aged crone, or tall, withered spinster. For the lovely vision that met his eye, he had not been at all prepared. No wonder that he saw but to admire, when his eyes first fell upon Lizzy Lawson, for she was a sweeter flower than any that grew in her garden which she so loved to tend. Her mother's sequestered cottage was in a little dell, half a mile from Hartford, and was hid from view by many tall trees, except from one or two points. Here Lizzy expanded into womanhood, unconscious of her own loveliness, but without receiving many of the inestimable

blessings of education. She was a wild wood flower, beautiful and fragrant.

On the day succeeding that on which young Cameron met Lizzy, the temptation to call upon her again was too strong to be resisted. He felt, the moment his eyes rested for the second time upon the maiden's face, that she had expected him, and he felt a pleasure, the source of which he did not pause to inquire. This time he sat longer, and ventured to introduce himself, and talk to Lizzy of his sister, who, he said, was just her age, and looked like her.

The warm Southern blood that ran through the young man's veins, was now too little tempered by the colder current of the North that had given his mind in all things else so calm a temperament. He thought of little beyond the fact, that Lizzy Lawson was the loveliest creature he had ever met—as innocent as lovely, and as confiding as innocent. He had no intimate friend at college; the one to whom he was most attached, having gone home, and his heart was yearning for companionship. Could he find so sweet, so pleasant, so true a companion as this pure maiden girl, who seemed, in springing up among the flowers, to have caught their beauty and fragrance? No, he felt that he could not. And more, he felt that she welcomed him as a friend, and looked for and expected his coming. He did not think of love; but was attracted toward Lizzy as a sweet, young friend, in whose company he felt peculiar pleasure.

Cameron mentioned to no one the discovery he had made. Daily he took his accustomed walk, and daily turned aside to pass a short time with the gentle young girl, from whose hand, he always received, at parting, some flowers reared, culled and arranged by her own fair self. Gradually, his walks were less extended, and the time passed with Lizzy more prolonged. He brought her books, which she eagerly read, for the sake of him who brought them. Her advantages had been few, but her mind was clear and strong, as her heart was guileless and loving. These books, and the conversation of the young man, gave her a clearer idea than she had yet had of her own deficiencies, and filled her with a desire for knowledge, in order that she might not be altogether inferior to one whose mind was so richly stored, and who had turned from all others, to pass many hours with her in her humble seclusion.

The mother of Lizzy, who, instead of getting better, continued gradually to grow worse, was by no means well satisfied with the daily visits of the young student. She had lived longer, had seen more of the world, and was wiser than her daughter. She knew that the latter had enjoyed but few advantages, and that she could not, therefore, be such a one as a highly educated man—as she naturally enough supposed men to be who graduated at colleges—would choose as his wife. Not being able to leave her chamber and come down stairs, Mrs. Lawson had no opportunity to meet Cameron, and judge for herself in regard to him. Such a meeting would have robbed her of some of her prejudices, and made her feel much easier in mind than she did. To all her objections, Lizzy never did more than reply, that she could not help the young man's visits; and, as he was very

polite and kind, and never acted with the least impropriety, she could not say anything to offend him, nor tell him not to come any more. Against this the mother hardly knew what to object. In her eyes, there was impropriety enough in the young man's coming as he did; but she could not make Lizzy see with her vision.

CHAPTER III.

Not many weeks elapsed, before young Cameron found himself so much enamored with this wild wood flower, that he could not resist the inclination he constantly felt, when in her company, to whisper in her ears words of tenderness and love. He was sincere in this. Lizzy heard in silence, and with deeply felt, but hidden emotion. As for her own heart, it was full of his image. And yet she loved with a trembling consciousness, that all the treasures of affection might be wasted. Cameron often spoke of his sister, and of his home and parents at the South—could she, a humble, uneducated girl, expect to be received by them? The thought troubled her.

Warm summer weather succeeded to the pleasant spring time, and Mrs. Lawson still remained an invalid in her chamber. Although she heard, almost daily, the voice of the young man below, she had not yet looked upon his face.

In August, the collegiate course of Rufus Cameron was to close. To this time, Lizzy looked forward with a shrinking heart. Then her lover would go away—then their almost daily sweet intercourse would cease—and hundreds of miles would interpose their almost impassable barriers between them. How soon would they meet again? Or, would they ever meet again? These were questions asked of her own heart so earnestly sometimes, that the very color would grow pale on her cheeks.

August came, and but a week stood between Lizzy and the long dreaded separation, and yet, though Cameron had talked of love—had told her how dear she was to him—he had never said a word about making her at any time his wife—had never asked her to become his bride—had never said that he would return, some day, and take her back with him to the sunny South.

The fact was, the young man, tenderly and sincerely as he loved Lizzy, could not disguise from himself that she was neither educated nor accomplished to a degree required to make her the companion of his sister, or the acceptable friend of those who moved in the circle where he would move on his return home; and, therefore, often as he had been on the eve of doing so, he had still refrained from committing himself by a direct offer of marriage. And yet his intentions were honorable, for he meant, sooner or later, to claim the hand of the pure-minded girl.

As we have said, but a week remained before the long dreaded day of separation. Cameron had come as usual, and he and Lizzy were seated in their old and much loved place, a little summer house in the garden, over which had clambered a fragrant clematis, or virgin's bower, its white blossoms now filling the air with perfume. The hand of the maiden

rested in that of her lover. She was looking him earnestly in the face, and her eyes were full of tears.

"It will be so long before I see you again. Perhaps never," she had just said.

"We shall meet again very soon, I hope," replied Cameron, his eyes dropping to the ground, and his face becoming thoughtful—"very soon, I hope."

"How soon?" asked Lizzy, all the interest she felt in the question expressing itself in her voice and countenance.

"I cannot tell; but it must be very soon. I should be miserable if this separation were to prove a long one."

"You will write to me?"

"Oh, yes—often, very often. And I shall expect to hear from you almost every day."

"I will answer every letter you send me," said Lizzy, in a subdued, almost humble voice.

"Then I shall hear from you very frequently," and the young man lifted her hand and kissed it tenderly.

"Will you talk about me to the sister you love so much?" asked Lizzy.

"Yes, as I have talked to you of her."

"I am afraid she will not love the picture you draw of me, as much as I love the one you have so often drawn of her."

"Why not, Lizzy?"

"She will not believe that in a humble girl like me there can be anything to love."

"But I will tell her how pure and innocent and lovely you are, and she will believe me. I know she will believe me, and love you for my sake."

A faint sigh heaved gently the bosom of the beautiful girl.

This interview lasted for an hour, and yet nothing more definite than ardent expressions of love fell from the lips of the young man. He said nothing that the maiden's heart could rest upon in hope. He was going away, and had promised to write, and to come back soon, "but how soon, and for what?"

Day after day they continued to meet, even up to the one when their final parting took place. During this last, long conference of love, Cameron, from some cause or other, spoke of his sister's brilliant talents and high accomplishments with warm admiration. While he was doing so, Lizzy felt humbled and almost hopeless in view of her own deficiencies; and she also felt that there existed a disparity between her and Cameron that should not exist between a man and his wife.

At last the moment of separation came, yet nothing of what he intended in regard to Lizzy had passed the lover's lips. They parted, and not a word was uttered which the maiden could interpret into a promise, the fulfilment of which would make her the happiest of women. There was a long, lingering embrace, a kiss pressed ardently upon the sweet lips of the weeping girl, an earnest clasping of hands. Then the lover tore himself away, not daring to trust his voice in a tender "farewell." At the gate which led into the main road, he turned and looked back. Lizzy was in the door. He kissed to her his hand; but she did not return the sign, for her eyes were so blind with tears that she did not perceive it. A few steps further

and he might look back in vain. The cottage of Mrs. Lawson was no longer in sight.

CHAPTER IV.

BACK, once more, in his luxurious home at the South, and in daily association with his sister and her accomplished young friends, Rufus Cameron could not help drawing comparisons between them and the lovely girl from whom he had so recently parted; nor were these comparisons always satisfactory. The want of culture in Lizzy was more clearly apparent than ever. He saw, he felt, that, though pure and lovely as a mountain flower, she was yet inferior to those into whose company he was now thrown.

At first, the young man had sought the humble abode of Lizzy Lawson, because enamored of her singular beauty and the native grace and sweetness that surrounded her like an atmosphere. He thought of nothing beyond the pleasure of being in her company. As time passed on, and he continued his almost daily visits, it could not be concealed from him that he had, without intending it, won the maiden's heart. Honorable in his feelings, this discovery did not give him a great degree of pleasure; for he saw that it would require a sacrifice on his part, or produce unhappiness in the mind of the fond young girl. The result was one that he might have expected; but he was young and thoughtless, and before he knew what he was about, had drawn forth her affections. After that, he continued his visits, and, in his undecided state of mind, committed the still greater error of meeting her warm, though delicately expressed feelings, with an open manifestation of his own. It was not long before he felt and talked of love; and from that period, up to the time of their separation, they were lovers. But, as has been seen, he never spoke of what were his ultimate intentions. He never talked of marriage. Frequently he had been on the point of doing so, when a thought of the disparity between her and his sister, and those into whose company he must introduce her, caused him to hesitate and still delay what he felt must in justice be done to Lizzy, whose every affection was now his own. And he continued to hesitate, up to the hour of their separation, and parted from her, without uttering the words she so much desired to hear.

Immediately upon reaching home, Cameron wrote back to Lizzy a long and tender letter, in which he told her truly how great a void in his heart the separation from her had produced. In that letter he said more to give her mind something definite to rest upon than he had ever before done. It occurred in a passage which we will here give.

"How soon I will be able to return to you, I cannot now tell. I trust the time of separation may be brief, and that we will soon meet again, even if it be for a short space only. Having completed my college course, I must now devote a year at least, perhaps a longer time, to the study of law, before I can be admitted to the bar, and settle myself down for life. When this occurs, I fondly trust that all things will favor the hopes I have long entertained in regard to you, but dared not trust myself to speak."

This passage was read over and over again by Lizzy. The last sentence was transcribed upon her heart, and made its pulsations lighter. In writing back, she referred to it delicately, yet so pointedly that Cameron clearly saw she had understood him. By the time her answer came, he had been making the contrast already referred to, and he half repented having said anything that could be understood as a promise of marriage. The effect, however, was to make him resolve, that he would be true to the love she bore him, at any sacrifice.

The reader can easily see that the mind of the young man must sustain a severe conflict, and it did. What the result was, our narrative will show. About two months after his return to the South, he received, in one of Lizzy's letters, the intelligence that her mother had died. This he knew left her perfectly alone. Her mother was her only near relative. Nothing was said of what she intended to do; the letter only announced the affliction she had sustained. In a subsequent letter she mentioned that she had sold the little homestead, which had been left to her, and was, at the time, residing in Hartford, in the family of an old friend of her father's, where she expected to remain.

After this, there was a marked improvement in the tone and style of the letters which were received from Lizzy by Cameron. There was a deeper tone of feeling expressed, though in much fewer words, and in clearer language than she had before used; and there was a maturity of thought and an evidence of reading and observation unobtrusively apparent. She only wrote in reply to his letters. If the intervals were long in which he wrote to her, he heard from her at long intervals; if the intervals were short, he heard from her frequently. Thus the time passed on, until a year elapsed from the day of their parting, without a return of Cameron to the North, although he often spoke of making the intended visit. Then his letters came less frequently, were colder, and more formal. This Lizzy could not bear. There was an evidence of waning affection on his part, while her love had grown warmer and stronger. She did not conceal what she thought and felt, in writing, but plainly asked if what she feared were true. A month elapsed and then an answer came—a long, very long answer, in which the young man reviewed the whole history of their acquaintance, and the subsequent intimacy of a tender character that had existed between them. The conclusion was as follows:

"I have long felt, and am now painfully convinced, that a marriage between us cannot be a happy one, because of the difference in our education, habits of life, and associations. If you had possessed the advantages of those who move in the circle where I move, I know you would far outshine them all. But these you have never had. Such advantages, alas! were denied you in early life. If I were to bring you into the circle where I must move, it would not make you happy, and would subject me to constant irritations. Painful as it is to say what I am now saying, I am constrained to do it both for your own sake and mine. Hard as the task will be for both of us, let us try to forget each other. Let us be as strangers. It will be better in the end."

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No answer was ever received by Cameron to this cruel letter. It was written about a year and a half after he left college. By this time, he had mingled a good deal in society, and was rather more a man of the world than he was when he first fell in love with Lizzy Lawson. That was a boyish folly, of which he had seen reason to repent. The silence with which his last letter had been received, troubled him for a long time. It left him perfectly ignorant of the effect produced. Had Lizzy written him warmly and indignantly in reply, and upbraided him for the wrong he had done to her, he would have been greatly relieved. This he could have borne cheerfully, as well deserved. But to know nothing of her state, left his mind free to imagine the worst consequences.

Nearly three years elapsed, without any, even the least, information about Lizzy reaching the ears of Cameron, who thought of her much oftener than was pleasant to his feelings. At the end of this time, he was married to the daughter of a Southern planter, who was not possessed of much beauty, nor was she very brilliantly endowed by nature. She had undergone a system of hot bed mental culture at a young ladies' seminary, and was accomplished up to the fashionable line beyond which few pass. Her father was a man of wealth, and the family to which she belonged, one of standing in the South. Altogether, she was considered an unexceptionable match for him, and the union gave great satisfaction both to his own and the relatives and friends of the young lady.

Lizzy Lawson, when she received the letter from Cameron that at once blasted all the hopes she had so long entertained of a union with him, was stricken almost to the earth for a time. But she, too, had grown older since the day of her parting with the young student, and her character had also gained strength. She was not what she was, when, like one of her own modest flowers, she gently expanded in the quiet seclusion of her mother's cottage. She had seen, and thought, and felt more; and was now a woman. If bound to the earth for a time, she had the strength to lift herself up, and she exerted that strength; though she suffered—deeply suffered. The image of her lover had been so firmly impressed upon her heart, that it could not be at once, nor easily obliterated. But she covered it over and shut it out from her eyes resolutely. Not always did she succeed in hiding it; but when the covering was, from any cause, removed, she restored it as quickly as possible. As time wore on, it became dimmer and dimmer, and at last became so indistinct as to be scarcely perceived, except when some mementos of the past breathed refreshingly upon it.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER the marriage of Cameron, an excursion of a few weeks was taken, and the party proceeded as far North as Washington City. On its return, several days were spent at Charleston with relatives and friends, and two or three brilliant parties were given to the bride. At the first of these gay assemblages, as Cameron sat conversing with a friend, a young gentleman, the son of a distinguished member of the

highest branch of the National Legislature came up and said, addressing the friend of Cameron—

“Have you seen Miss Lawson?”

“No,” was replied. “I have looked for her, but imagine she is not present.”

“She received an invitation, I know. The Misses P—— are present.”

“She ought to be here, then.”

“Yes; I don’t see how we are to do without her.”

The young man was then introduced to Cameron. After conversing a short time, he turned away, saying as he did so—

“I must look again. She certainly must be here. There is Lucy P——. I will ask her.”

“Who is this Miss Lawson?” inquired Cameron, as the young man walked away.

“A young lady who has been in our city about six months.”

“She must be something of a belle.”

“She is, although but a teacher in Gen. P——’s family. The general was making a tour at the North last summer, when his daughters fell in somewhere, with this Miss Lawson, who is a girl of brilliant accomplishments and great beauty; besides being a perfect lady. After much earnest persuasion, seconded by most liberal offers as to compensation, they induced her to return with them to the South, and undertake the education of their younger sisters, as well as give them instructions in music, French and Italian. She was engaged in teaching at the North, that being her only means of support. I believe she has no near relatives. The daughters of Gen. P——, with whom she is more like an older sister and loving companion than one who merely holds the place of an instructor, are much attached to her. She was at once introduced by them into the best society here, and is respected, admired, and beloved by all. She is, indeed, a brilliant woman. I hardly think the young ladies, who prevailed upon her to come South, will enjoy the advantages they now possess very long, for my young friend who has just left us is deeply in love with her, and I look every day to hear their engagement announced.”

“He belongs to one of the best families at the South.”

“Yes; and Henry L—— will prove an honorable representative of that family.”

“You say this Miss Lawson is a woman of superior education and accomplishments?”

“Oh, yes. I have never met with a more interesting person. What heightens the chasm that surrounds her, is a seeming unconsciousness of the power she possesses. She is modest and retiring, yet always yields with a natural grace that wins your heart at once, when an effort is made to draw her from the quiet nook where she is sure to retire if left to herself in company. I more than suspect that she is hidden away in these crowded rooms, somewhere. If so L—— will soon find her out.”

“Do you know from what place at the North she came?” asked Cameron.

“I never heard.”

The conversation about Miss Lawson was now changed. Cameron’s curiosity was considerably

excited. The name, and the fact that this beautiful girl, who had won the tribute of affection from all hearts, was from the North, brought vividly before his mind the image of Lizzy Lawson.

“Where is Miss Lawson?” was asked of one of the daughters of Gen. P——, in his presence, some short time after he had first heard her name mentioned.

“We could not persuade her to come,” replied the young lady.

“Was she not well?”

“She made no complaint of feeling sick; but appeared dull.”

“Did she give any reason for remaining at home?”

“None, except that she did not feel like going into company. We were quite reluctant to leave her behind, but she seemed so earnest in her wish to remain at home, that we did not urge her very strongly to come with us.”

The curiosity of Mr. Cameron was a good deal excited by the little he heard about this young lady from the North. On the next day he mentioned her name in the family of the friend at whose house he was staying, and found that she was known to them quite well, and held in high estimation. They spoke of her as possessing remarkable beauty, which was heightened by the sweetness of her temper, and the perfect ease and grace of her manner; a mind highly cultivated; and varied accomplishments.

At the second party given by the bride’s friends, Cameron looked for the appearance of Miss Lawson with much interest, and some misgivings of heart. The thought that it was Lizzy, once or twice glanced across his mind; but that was impossible, and he forced it away. But for all this, he felt restless, and anxious to see the one so loved and admired by all.

“Where is Miss Lawson?” he heard asked of one and another, but no one had seen her.

“Is not your friend Miss Lawson here to-night?” said a lady to Anna P——.

“No, ma’am,” was answered.

“Why not?”

“She did not wish to come? We urged her very hard, but she said that she did not feel like going into company.”

“That’s strange. She always seems happy in society, and makes every one happy around her.”

“Yes; but she does not appear to be just herself at present. For a week we have noticed that she mingles less with the family; and that her face wears a sober expression.”

“I am sorry. I wish you could have persuaded her to come out. It would have done her good.”

“So we thought; but she declined attending this and the party at Mrs. O——’s in so earnest a manner, and at the same time, so decidedly, that we could say but little. When we came home from the last party, she asked a good many questions about the bride, and was interested in all we said about her. But she didn’t seem to be herself.”

Mr. Cameron heard this conversation, and it disturbed him.

“Can this be Lizzy Lawson?” he said, mentally. “But that is impossible,” he quickly replied. “She

was good and beautiful, and worthy to be loved by all; but she had few educational advantages; while this person is represented as having a highly cultivated mind. No, it cannot be Lizzy. I must see her before I leave Charleston."

A third and last party was given. Cameron had not yet seen the admired of all admirers, but he had heard of her everywhere, and found that

"None knew her but to love her,
Or named her, but to praise."

On the afternoon before this last party, the young lady to whom allusion has been made, sat alone in her room. Her face was not only sober, but sad in its expression. Evidently she was in deep and somewhat painful thought, and in earnest debate upon some question. Suddenly her room door was opened, and two young ladies came in, saying, as they entered—

"Miss Lawson, you must go to the party to-night."

The sadness instantly fled from the face of the person addressed, and she answered with a gentle smile—

"I shall be happier at home."

"And we shall be happier to have you there; so you mustn't say a word more about staying away. You don't know how much you were missed at the last two parties. Every one was inquiring after you."

"It is pleasant to have so many friends," Miss Lawson said, with some feeling.

"But is it right to deprive them of your company, because you feel more inclined to remain at home than enter into the enjoyments of social intercourse?"

"I don't know that it is, but—"

She paused, and her countenance became sober.

"You are not happy, Miss Lawson," said the elder of the two young ladies, her voice becoming serious; "and you have not been happy for some time. We love you as our sister—may we not, as sisters, ask why a shadow has fallen upon your spirits?"

This was spoken with great tenderness; and it touched the heart of her to whom it was addressed. Her eyes fell to the floor, and she struggled for some time, and hard, with her feelings, before she gained sufficient control over them to trust herself to speak. She then said—

"A shadow has fallen upon my spirit, as you say; but I hope it will pass away soon, and leave all serene as before. It has come with the memory of earlier days."

"Let the light of our love dispel that shadow," was the earnestly spoke reply to this. "Think not of the past, if the thought brings gloom instead of gladness. Be happy in the present. Make an effort to throw off this shadow. Come! Say you will go with us to-night. You will be better for it."

Miss Lawson sat musing for some time. Then she said, as if speaking from a sudden resolution—

"You are right, Anna; I will go."

CHAPTER VI.

RUFUS CAMERON was sitting by his young bride in the midst of a gay company on the evening of the third and last party that had been given to them in Charleston, when he heard some one say—

"There is Miss Lawson."

He turned quickly, and near him, leaning upon the arm of young L——, was the loveliest creature he had ever beheld. To him she was no stranger. Lizzy Lawson was before him. Body as well as mind had expanded since last he saw her, for now she was slightly taller in stature, and fuller in form. But the innocent sweetness of her face, that had first won his love, still remained, though elevated and purified by heart-trials that, for a time, were difficult to bear; and filled with speaking life by an influx of intelligence into the ultimate forms of expression. She was in earnest conversation with L—— when Cameron's eyes first rested upon her, and there was a beautiful play of thought over her face. The young man was speechless with painful surprise.

In a few moments the companion of Lizzy, said to her—

"Come! I must introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, as this is your first attendance on the bridal parties."

And L—— led her forward and presented her to the persons he had named. Cameron was so confused that he could not speak; but Miss Lawson remained perfectly unembarrassed, and bowed and smiled with easy grace to the bride and groom. She could not have been more self-possessed, nor have acted differently, if Rufus Cameron had been a perfect stranger. No one dreamed that they had met before. The young man was half in doubt as to the identity of the maiden. He looked up, wondering, into her face, and met her calm eyes, resting in his own—but there was not the smallest sign of recognition.

When she turned away, leaning upon the arm of her companion, one of the finest looking men in the room, the heart of Cameron was laboring so heavily, that he could distinctly hear its pulsations.

And now her praise was upon every lip, and ringing into his ears from all sides. Even his bride talked of her wonderful beauty, and expressed a wish to meet her less formally to know her better.

As Miss Lawson sung with great taste, and had a voice that combined strength with sweetness, she was soon handed to the piano by some lover of music. Here she warbled a few well chosen songs, filling the rooms with most enchanting melody. It was more than four years since Cameron had heard that bewitching voice. If a momentary doubt as to the identity of the beautiful girl had crossed his mind, it was now dispelled. The voice had changed as little as the face; it was the same voice, but deeper and richer.

Next he saw her moving with unequalled grace in the dance; and next he was thrown directly into her society, and listened for nearly half an hour to a conversation carried on in a little circle that had gathered around him and his bride, in which Lizzy sustained her part in a way that filled him with admiration. During this time, although she often looked into his face, replied to his remarks, and even conversed with him, she never once, by look or tone, betrayed what was in her heart. If this had been their first meeting, she could not have treated him more like a stranger.

On the following day, Cameron returned home with his bride, far less happy than when he pressed upon

her glowing lips at the altar a kiss love. He felt that she was in every way inferior to the woman whose young and innocent heart he had so deeply wronged. Years before he had turned away from one whom he deemed unworthy of place beside him in the social position he occupied, and now that one was loved, admired and courted by all who knew her, and would, without doubt, soon be lifted to a higher place than even he could have raised her to.

A few months after his meeting with Lizzy, the wife of Cameron received a letter from a friend in Charleston, filled with a description of the splendid parties which had followed the marriage of Mr. L—— to Miss Lawson. This she read aloud to her husband, but she little dreamed of what was in his mind as she lingered over the glowing account, and often paused to express her admiration of the bride. It was well for her happiness that she did not.

As the wife of L——, who has since become one of the most distinguished men of his state, she, who was once humble and uneducated, is now known as one of the most beautiful, intelligent and lovely-minded women in the brilliant circle where she moves; but, beyond her own little neighborhood, the name of Mrs. Cameron is not heard; and within it she is but little admired, and by but few beloved.

The remarkable change in Lizzy Lawson is easily

explained. She had felt, deeply, the disparity that existed between her and Cameron, and upon the death of her mother, sold the little homestead that remained to her, for which she received but a few hundred dollars, removed into the city, and, without hinting to her lover what was in her mind, entered, for a regular course of instruction, one of the best seminaries in the place. Love made her mind clear and strong. She acquired the various branches of knowledge, to which she applied herself, with wonderful facility. She said nothing of all this in her letters to Cameron, although he saw that she was improving, because she wished to surprise him when he returned to the North to see her, as he had promised to do.

But he never returned, and his letters at last came less frequent and more cold. Then, at his request, all intercourse ceased; and they were to each other as strangers. Not long after this, the money which Lizzy had obtained by the sale of her little property, was exhausted, and she sought for the means of a livelihood in teaching. Her beauty, intelligence, and goodness of heart, were the means of making her many friends, some of them warm and true; by these she was introduced into a refined and cultivated society, of which she was a bright ornament. Here she was met by the daughters of Gen. P——. The rest is known.

STANZAS.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

"A memory and a hope."—N. P. WHITI.

The memory of a sunny face,
Beneath a distant sky,
Where smiles of happy innocence,
Like golden sunbeams lie!
Within a home around whose door,
With creeping wild vines curtain'd o'er,
Came many a Summer bird,
With notes as sweet and full of glee,
Outgushing in their revelry,
A merry voice was heard,
Singing with careless heart away
The hours of many a blissful day.

The memory of a bridal scene,
When around the family hearth—
Was gather'd many an anxious heart,
Too full for noisy mirth!
She stood beside the altar there,
A simple rose-bud in her hair,
And gave her hand away—
Then came the parting kiss—the tear,
The wish that every coming year
Be calm as this bright day—
And then the bitter word—farewell,
Came o'er our hearts with funeral knell.

A hope went with those youthful ones,
And spread its wings above,
O'erarching with its purest beams
The pathway of their love;
Uprearing in another clime
A home where every breath of Time
Shall come as soft and bland,
As did the Summer evening gales
Amid the mountains and the dales
Of thy own native land;
A home where joy and peace shall dwell
Stainless as Spring-times lily-bell.

A hope that in far distant years—
Life's journey nearly o'er,
Joyless or stricken, we may meet
Within that cottage door;
May wander to a Father's tomb—
And pluck the moss-rose in its bloom
From where a Mother sleeps—
Then hand in hand together glide,
Adown the current of Life's tide,
And join its endless deeps,
And Hope and Memory, all forgot,
Rest in some quiet home-like spot.

AUNT HANNAH.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"**T**HREE is something I want you to tell me, aunt," said Eliza Herbert, a girl of fourteen, and she drew a stool close to her aunt's feet, and leaned her head in her lap, so that a whole cloud of nut-brown curls fell over her black silk apron.

"What is it?" said her aunt, passing her hand caressingly over the fair forehead upraised to hers.

"I am almost afraid to ask," said Eliza, "but I want you to tell me why you, who are so good and so handsome, and so accomplished, were never married."

A slight flush was, for a moment, perceptible on aunt Hannah's cheeks, which might have been occasioned by Eliza's compliment to her beauty and good qualities, or a consciousness of the ridicule which a certain class attach to the appellation of old maid. It might too have been caused by a blending of all these, or by certain memories which the question called up. She remained silent a few minutes, and then said—"I will tell you, Eliza—I never had an offer that exactly suited me."

"How strange," said Eliza, "when you are so easy to please, and are so keen-sighted to every body's virtues, and so blind to their faults. Now there is aunt Margaret, who is not half as pretty as you are, married to one of the best, the handsomest, and the most noble looking men in the world. Come, aunt, do tell me all about it, for I am tired of my piano, my worsted work, and my book."

"My life has been a very quiet, uneventful one," said aunt Hannah, "and would, I am afraid, make a dull story, but I will tell you about some dear friends of mine, if that will do."

"Oh, yes," said Eliza, "that will be the next best thing to hearing about yourself. There I hear mother coming, but that need make no difference."

"Eliza wants me to tell her a story, sister," said aunt Hannah, as Mrs. Herbert took her accustomed seat at the fireside, "and I have promised to tell her one about some old friends. It is an old story to you, so you can prompt me if I make any mistakes."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Herbert.

"One of my friends," said aunt Hannah, "whom I shall call Isabel, was the youngest of a large family of daughters. Her form was slight, her complexion and features delicate, and she might have been called interesting rather than handsome. Her sister, Kate, two years older, some people called better looking, though."

"Better looking?" said Mrs. Herbert, breaking in upon her, "she was the most beautiful girl in town, yet beauty was her least charm."

"I believe you exaggerate a little, sister," said aunt Hannah. "When Isabel was sixteen and Kate eighteen, one Leonard Frankland, a young merchant,

came to reside in the place. He soon became intimate with their brother, who used often to invite him home to take tea, or spend the evening. He was—that is, most persons thought him singularly handsome, and that his manners were peculiarly attractive. It was not long before it began to be whispered in the family, and among their more intimate acquaintances, that he was partial to Kate. Kate was not so blind as not to perceive it herself, and but for one thing it would have made her the happiest girl that ever lived. She from the first had seen that Isabel, though unconscious of it herself, had given her heart to the fascinating Frankland, so she made up her mind to sacrifice her own happiness for the sake of this dear sister. It was very hard for poor Kate, but she had more confidence in her own strength, both moral and physical, than she had in Isabel's; she felt that she would be able to rise from the blow, and ultimately to have the power of being tranquil, and even happy. But Isabel, so frail and so delicate, she knew that it would kill her to see the chosen of her heart forever lost to her."

"But if Leonard Frankland liked Kate best," said Eliza, "then there must have been a double sacrifice."

"He liked her best at first," said aunt Hannah, "yet there was a gentleness, a loss of self-reliance in the character of Isabel that needed only to be discovered by such person as Leonard Frankland, to excite an interest which might soon ripen into love. I believe, indeed, that it is not uncommon for men who are remarkable for spirit and energy, to be better pleased with those whose more prominent traits are softness and delicacy, rather than those similar to their own."

"Kate affected more independence and vivacity than would have been natural to her, even had her heart been at ease; and she soon found that it began to have the effect she desired. Such unrestrained exuberance of spirits offended the taste of Frankland, and he often turned from the brilliant and sparkling Kate, to contemplate the serene loveliness of Isabel. If he could only have seen the anguish that lay concealed beneath the mask of smiles which she constantly wore—if he had known how difficult it sometimes was for her to prevent the gay notes of some lively song, as she appeared carelessly to warble them, from breaking into moans of agony—but he neither saw nor knew—he never knew, so well did she act her part, that he was ever otherwise than perfectly indifferent to her."

"And did Isabel know?" said Eliza.

"Never—it would have poisoned all her happiness, for she was tenderly attached to her sister."

"I am glad that she did not," said Eliza, "it would have been so selfish and ungenerous in her if she had, to have received Leonard Frankland's attention."

"Kate did not miscalculate her own strength; and when one evening Isabel folded her arms around her, and told her that she was the affianced bride of Leonard Frankland, she felt calm and satisfied. How indeed could she feel otherwise, when she knew that had she herself been Frankland's bride, she must have turned from the altar to stand beside a sister's grave. 'How,' thought she, 'could I ever have looked on my wedding-robe, without imagining it to be stained with the drops wrung from a broken heart?'

"And were Frankland and Isabel happy," said Eliza, "after they were married?"

"Yes, as happy as it is possible to be in a life where we can drink of no cup that is not dashed with gall; and wear no flower that does not conceal the worm or the thorn."

"Are they still living, aunt?"

"Yes, and surrounded by a group of lovely and happy children."

"I hope that dear Kate was married to some body that she liked a great deal better than she ever did Leonard Frankland."

"That would have been impossible, so she never married."

"What? did such a lively, handsome girl as Kate, without a bit of starch about her, live an old maid?"

"She did."

"And what could she find to do to make her time pass pleasantly?"

"What does your aunt Hannah find to do?" said her mother.

"Oh, aunt Hannah is different from other single ladies. If she had been married I don't know what I should have done, for if I have a new dress to make she always assists me; if my music or drawing perplexes me, she knows how to put me right; and if I am sick, she nurses me. And then you know that when you and father want to go on a journey, she always keeps house for you, so that you never feel

uneasy about the children while you are absent. It was the luckiest thing in the world for us and aunt Margaret Waldron too, that aunt Hannah remained single."

"Then you are glad that your aunt never married," said Mrs. Herbert.

"I am sure I have reason to be," replied Eliza, "and so have you—haven't you, aunt?"

"Yes, reason to be glad and thankful too!"

"I knew so, for there is no other station in the world that you would be so happy in yourself, or make others so happy."

"It is not the station that has made your aunt so happy," said Mrs. Herbert, "but because she early found out the true secret of happiness."

"And what is the secret, mother?"

"In whatsoever situation you are in, to be there with content."

"I would give almost anything to see Kate and her sister, and Leonard Frankland. I don't believe he was so handsome a man as uncle Waldron is—was he, aunt?"

"Yes, he was handsomer than your uncle Waldron is now, for Leonard Frankland was then in his youthful prime."

"I wish you would tell me who Kate really was," said Eliza.

Her mother smiled and looked significantly toward aunt Hannah.

Eliza sprang up from the stool at her aunt's feet, and threw her arms round her neck.

"Why how stupid I was not to guess it was you all the time," said she. "I might have known that there was not another person in the world besides dear aunt Hannah who would have acted so nobly and generously as Kate. And now I know too that Leonard Frankland and Isabel were uncle and aunt Waldron."

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY D. W. BELISLE.

HEARD ye the knell of the dying year,
As its dirge on the breeze was borne?
Saw ye the clouds encircle its bier,
When the gems from its brow were torn?
It passed away with a noiseless tread,
And quick from the earth it flew—
But the gems, as soon as the Old Year fled,
Were placed on the brow of the new.

It passed, in regal pomp and pride,
To the silent years that were—
And, borne on its smooth, resistless tide,
The young, the old, the fair,

Have gone, like it, to their quiet rest,
To their long, unbroken sleep,
To the "Spirit Land" where the pure are blest,
And angels their watches keep.

Ah! many a desolate hearth and heart
Attest Time's potent sway,
As friends and relatives depart
Slowly from earth away!
But, through the gloom of future years,
Beyond the bounds of space,
Hope's beacon star a light appears
To Adam's dying race.

MARGARET CLINTON.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"WHAT time is it, Margaret?" said Mr. Clinton to his daughter, as he folded a letter he had been writing at a library table on the other side of the room, from that at which his wife and daughter were sitting.

Margaret laid down her book, and taking out her watch, replied—"It is half past eight, papa—time enough, I hope, for me to finish this book that I must return in the morning."

At the next instant Mr. Clinton took out his own watch to seal his letter, and before his daughter could read another page interrupted her again—"Ring the bell, my dear, and tell John to take this letter to the post at once." The bell was just behind Mr. Clinton's chair, and he could have touched it with a slight change in his position. "Now, Maggie," he continued, when the servant was dismissed with the desired directions, "bring in my slippers and find the

I was reading here last evening. It was a volume of Macaulay, I think," he added, as his daughter returned with the slippers in her hand, and having assisted him in making the required change in his *chassure*, took down the volume from the book-case, and then resumed the perusal of her own.

"See what is the matter with my knitting, Margaret?" said her mother, a few moments afterward, protruding two large wooden kneedles between the book and her daughter's face. "It has all got wrong again, and I can't for my life tell how."

For about the sixth time that evening Margaret took the knitting from her mother's hands. This time the error was a serious one, and it required both patience and ingenuity to untwist the tangled web Mrs. Clinton had wrought. "I think it must be owing to this blunt needle that I cannot get on," she continued, as Margaret replaced it in her hands—"there is a better one I'm sure in one of the drawers of my dressing-table, or in the bureau, or wardrobe, or somewhere about. Just step up stairs, my dear, and look for it."

"And while you are there, Maggie," said her father, "you can run up to the book-case in the third story entry, and look for the volume of Select Speeches that contains Sheridan's speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings—I want it to refer to."

Poor Margaret, with a despairing glance at her own interesting book, lighted her candle which was always at hand ready for similar excursions, and after a half hour's rummaging through her father's and mother's repositories, laid both the volume and the needle before them.

"What in the world kept you so long, child?" said Mr. Clinton. "I have got so sleepy that I shall not be able to read a word."

"And this needle is if anything worse than the

other," added his wife, despairingly—"where did you get it?"

"Far back in one of the wardrobe shelves."

"Well, in one of the bureau drawers, I know there is a better one—see if there is not."

Again Margaret traversed the long entries and stairs, and on her return after her fruitless search, found to her great joy both father and mother asleep in their respective arm-chairs, and incapable, for the present, of issuing any further orders.

My readers may probably suppose that Mr. and Mrs. Clinton were either very old, or infirm, or rheumatic; and that, probably, the only servant in the house had been despatched to the post-office. On the contrary, they were still in their prime, though the parents of a family all married and settled except our heroine, (for she is a heroine who performs almost incredible labors.) At that moment, too, three able-bodied maid-servants, all younger than Margaret, were sitting in the comfortable kitchen. But for this part of the community Mrs. Clinton had a most consistent compassion. "She made it a principle," she said, "to spare them as much as possible, poor things"—not by her own efforts which would have been fair enough, but by tasking to the utmost her daughter's powers of endurance, which she seemed to think were infinite.

It was now nearly ten o'clock, and Margaret was again deeply absorbed in her book, when the door bell rang loudly, and a note was placed in her hands, on reading which her brow, hitherto calm and unclouded, assumed a sad and troubled aspect.

"What is that, Margaret?" asked her father, rubbing his eyes.

"Only a line from Caroline, begging I would come to Frank immediately."

"Has the rascal been in another frolic?"

"Yes, and it is cruel in Caroline to send for me. I told her the last time that I could not come again."

"And you would leave that poor, weak nervous creature to manage a drunken man by herself?" said Mrs. Clinton, in astonishment. "I cannot believe it of you, Margaret—you must go to her."

"I cannot, mamma," said Margaret, firmly—"you do not know what I would have to go through there."

"Poor, dear Carry has to go through it—you never think of her."

"He is her husband, not mine. She has servants, and if she wants further aid should send for William or Harry, or my father, not for me."

"I would break the drunken rascal's bones for him if I went to him, and so would your brothers as Caroline knows well," said Mr. Clinton, indignantly. "He may kill himself as soon as he pleases with his drink—the sooner the better for me."

"In the meantime he may kill poor Carry, if no one goes to her," said Mrs. Clinton.

"Then go to her yourself, my dear," said her husband, drily.

"I! mercy on me, Mr. Clinton, what are you thinking of? I! with my poor nerves? I! that am more afraid of a drunken man than anything on earth except a crazy one!"

"And Frank is now both," said Margaret, "and as such I cannot encounter him."

"You must, Margaret—you must," said her mother. "I insist upon it—as your mother I command you—don't delay a moment. Take your wrapper, my dear, and John shall go with you. Not a word—not a word, but go at once"—and poor Margaret, the victim of the caprices, the weaknesses, and even the sins of a whole family, was hurried off on her painful mission.

It is a homely but true saying, that "some people come into the world saddled and bridled, while others are born booted and spurred," and Margaret Clinton endowed as she was with a superior judgment, a gentle temper, a more self-sacrificing spirit, and a tenderer conscience than the rest of her family, had the misfortune, through a certain want of firmness, to occupy a place in the first class. On her very entrance into life she had met with a disappointment in her affections that had rendered her indifferent to the enjoyments the young and lovely are wont to derive from social amusements and the admiration of the world. Her attachment to one in every way worthy of her love, but whom her proud and wealthy family chose to consider her inferior, had been thwarted on most frivolous pretences, and Margaret had been forced to sacrifice the strongest feelings of her heart to her convictions of filial duty. She had resisted a subsequent effort of her parents to force upon her an alliance more acceptable to them, and her gratitude for their relinquishing their wishes in that case, had rendered her, if possible, more self-denying, more devoted to their slightest whims and wishes in all others.

Two younger sisters had grown up under her fostering care. Her own happiness was gone, but she gave up both body and mind to the promotion of theirs. They had married, one with the consent, the other in direct defiance of her parents—both the consent won and the opposition softened through the gentle influence of Margaret. The choice of Caroline, the younger, had been particularly unfortunate. Her family were well aware of the dissipated habits of the remarkably handsome man she had determined to marry, and opposed it with all their might. But Caroline's will was stronger than theirs; she resisted the commands of her parents, the counsels of her brothers, her sister's tears and entreaties, and concerted an elopement which fortunately was detected. As it was found that Caroline, though once prevented, would persist in her design; her father, to avoid this scandal, had the unworthy couple united in his presence, and then declared that he would disown them entirely. Through Margaret's influence Mr. Clinton had not carried this into effect; and Caroline, ever her mother's favorite, had continued apparently in the same favor with her parents as before her disobedi-

dence. She had now been four years married; was the mother of three children; and as such the constant object of Mrs. Clinton's solicitude.

For the first year or two Caroline had concealed as much as possible her husband's derelictions from her family; but on one occasion Margaret having been present, she exercised so judicious a control over the drunken man, that from that time her aid had been constantly invoked, and but seldom in vain. Time and again had she left her comfortable home to confront the ravings of her brother-in-law, to calm the hysterical weakness of her sister, and to keep, as best she might, the helpless children from becoming the victims of their imbruted father. But the task was a revolting one, the contact with vice was too disgusting, and the unhappiness to herself that resulted from it, first lead her to question how far the system of self-sacrifice she was constantly pursuing had promoted the true interests of those around her.

"As far as I can see it my life has been one grand mistake," was the result of her mental communing; "I destroyed the happiness of the only man I loved by yielding at once to an opposition that time would have overcome; and he married a woman who makes him wretched. To stifle my own misery I then devoted my life to others; I have covered their weaknesses when I should have combatted them; made my sisters indolent, my brothers selfish, and my parents exacting and unreasonable. And to do this I have crushed all the high aspirations of my own nature, foreborne to cultivate my talents, and almost starved my soul, thus injuring myself and them. For the future I wish to act differently—my parents I will serve on my very knees, but the rest of my family may learn to do without me."

Such were Margaret's secret resolves, but what had been their results? It so chanced the first opportunity of testing them was with her eldest sister, Mrs. Walsingham, a complete woman of pleasure, whose four spoilt children were often in the way, and then were always turned over to Margaret.

"We are to have a large dinner to-morrow, Margaret, and I will send the children early in the morning to spend the day with you. Your Sarah can look after them; as Jane is such a handy creature when we have company that I can't spare her."

"I shall be engaged in the morning," replied Margaret, "and am afraid I shall not be able to see after the children—besides, without me they disturb my mother sadly."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Walsingham, "they will do her good. You spoil mamma, Margaret—she is better able to bear the noise of the children than I, who have a headache half the time. Our party will be very pleasant, and I want to keep as quiet as I can beforehand that I may enjoy it."

Her sister made some further opposition, which was overruled, and the children sent as usual on such occasions. Not a word was said about Margaret's joining the pleasant party, but a week afterward Mrs. Walsingham appeared at her father's with—

"Margaret you must come to tea to-night; there are some stupid relations of Mr. Walsingham's in town that we must have, and I want you to help me out."

Margaret declined, pleading occupation; and Mrs. Walsingham replied—"What has got into you, Margaret?—you have grown so disobliging. I should like to know what you have to do? If you had a house and husband and four children to look after you might talk of being busy."

Margaret smiled and shook her head; while Mrs. Clinton made some observation about her being very unsisterly not to be willing to help poor Julia, and finally insisted so strongly on her going that Margaret gave a conditional consent.

"If you will come here to-morrow with the Kanises I will go to you."

Mrs. Walsingham laughed out right.

"I meet those forlornities?—that cross, old porcupine and her stupid daughter? No, no, Margaret, I should quarrel with both if I did come, for I never could endure either of them."

"They are poor and neglected; it is one of the few pleasures of their lives to come here, and mamma and I endure them frequently."

"Yes, my dear," said the sister, as she rose and adjusted her rich cachemire before a mirror; "you have a taste for sacrifices which I never possessed. So you must come and help me with my forlornities, while I leave you the full enjoyment of yours."

"A taste for sacrifices," thought Margaret, after the door closed behind her sister, and she was forced to listen to a long tirade from her mother about being "so unkind and disobliging." "It is a strange taste enough; but strange as it is, I must really have it, for I find it far easier to make a sacrifice quietly, than to struggle against it and be obliged to yield at last."

So after a few more struggles, Margaret gave up the effort as useless.

It was some eighteen months from the time we have spoken of, when Mrs. Walsingham might one morning have been seen hurrying down the street toward the house of her eldest brother, at a pace very different from the slow and matured tread usual to that fashionable lady. Her face too looked flushed and agitated; and it was evident something had occurred to disturb her equanimity.

"Are you engaged, William?" she asked, as she put her head inside the office-door, and saw her brother busy writing.

"Come in, Julia," he replied; "more of the old story, I suppose. Caroline left me but half an hour ago in no pleasant humor, and I see you have come in much the same frame of mind. I believe a bomb shell might have burst in the midst of us without causing half the commotion our quiet Margaret has occasioned, by doing as most women do when they have a good chance."

"And you encourage and uphold her in taking this foolish step, and have really persuaded my father to consent to it?"

"I have actually been guilty of that unpardonable sin. I promised Mr. Gordon my influence some time ago, and now hope to atone in some degree for the wicked part I before took against him, foolish boy that I then was. Margaret too has opened her heart to me, and irreparable as is her loss to us all, I advise

her to marry the man who has always possessed her affection."

"Always! William, what are you insinuating when the man has had a wife in the meantime? And this, I suppose, is an excuse for his addressing her with such improper haste; his poor wife scarcely cold in her grave—a pretty state of things indeed!" said Julia, indignantly. "Bring the case home to yourself—what would you think if it were my husband who was acting so?"

"If you were such a wife as Mrs. Gordon, I should think a year quite long enough to mourn you; she was a miserable, ill-tempered, silly woman, who it is notorious gained her husband by manœuvring, and then tormented him to the utmost. Besides Margaret will not marry for another year, so the *convenances* will be strictly observed."

"But it is such gross folly in her to leave her comfortable home, where she has nothing to do but to please herself, and undertake the charge of three children—at her age, too, when habits are fixed and hard to change. Ah! she will bitterly repent it," said Mrs. Walsingham, with an accent that betokened she hoped it would turn out so.

"Julia," said her brother, smiling, "it will surely be easier to take care of her own husband and children, than of all the husbands and wives and children in our family, as she has done for the last ten years. When was there sickness, or trouble, or any domestic discomfort in any of our households, that we have not turned to Margaret for our most efficient help?—and yet you say that pleasing herself is the sole business of her life."

"But what will papa and mamma do?—she has spoiled them both so entirely that they are incapable now of taking care of themselves."

"Another instance of her selfishness, I suppose," said Mr. Clinton. "But happily they are as unconscious as yourself of their entire dependance on Margaret, and the sooner they and all the rest of us awake from it the better."

"I am sure she never did so much for me," said Mrs. Walsingham.

"Nor for Caroline, nor Harry's wife, nor my own Mary either, I suppose?"

"They have been rather *exigeantes*, I allow."

"And they allow the same with regard to you—so all of us owe Margaret a hitherto unacknowledged debt, which we must now repay by permitting her to be happy in the way she prefers."

But this was a conclusion Mrs. Walsingham would by no means consent to. Margaret had so long given up all her own preferences, that now the common right of deciding what was best for her own happiness was considered a positive infringement upon the rights of others, and but for the support of her eldest brother she might again have been forced to yield to the clamor raised by her family.

It was but a short time before that Margaret had, by an apparent chance, been thrown with the lover of her early youth, who, within little more than a year, had been set free by the hand of death from a wife he could neither love nor respect. During his unfortunate marriage he had more than once looked

back with anguish upon the happiness his cruel fate seemed to have denied him; and now that he was again free, he determined upon a desperate effort to reverse her stern decree. Though still an inhabitant of the same town, he had scarcely seen Margaret since their bitter parting, and when they again met both were changed. The ardent, impetuous youth had become the earnest, thoughtful, subdued man, on whose broad and intellectual brow sorrow and vexation of spirit had set an impress even stronger than the hand of time. The blooming, beaming, beautiful face of Margaret was now pale and calm—the Hebe had changed into the Madonna—but to Horace Gordon's eyes the Madonna was the lovelier vision, and all the warm tide of his youthful love rushed back upon his heart as he gazed upon it. Margaret felt her own heart thrill beneath the gaze, and the glow that suffused her pale cheek told Horace that calm and passionless as she seemed, a spark of feeling for himself still lingered there, and that spark he soon found opportunity to fan into a flame, bright and pure as had glowed in her youthful bosom.

But amidst her new found happiness to whom could she turn for sympathy?—to none. In her joy as in her sorrow Margaret Clinton was alone. She whose ear and heart had ever been open to others, felt that theirs would now be closed to her—that ridicule and remonstrance were all that she would meet with when she gave them her confidence, and the event proved that she judged them rightly.

There is nothing harder to overcome than an unfounded prejudice, and this the whole Clinton family had cherished against Horace Gordon. It had been taken up in his youth when they considered his addressing Margaret an unwarrantable presumption; and now in his maturity when his worth and talents had won him the respect of all beside, they persisted in the same assertion, and not all the reasonings of her eldest brother, nor Margaret's own gentle pleadings could persuade them to view the matter in a different light. Had they based their opposition on the ground of the loss she would be to them, the flattering unction might have been some balm to the wounds that they inflicted; but Margaret had not the satisfaction of having a single acknowledgment of past sacrifice amid the terrifying toil of those in store for her as a wife and stepmother.

Still Margaret stood firm. Her parents had consented, reluctantly enough it must be owned; and as her engagement was to last a year, she hoped in the course of it to soften opposition, and to render her presence less necessary to those around her. But until her very wedding day things continued in the same strain. Her parents were as helpless, her family as exacting as before. Caroline's husband was more troublesome than ever; and Julia, and Fanny, and Mary had always some domestic comforts or discomforts that she was expected either to provide or to alleviate, so that few and far between were the hours in which she could enjoy her lover's society, or devote herself to gaining the affections of the little family of which she was so soon to assume the control.

"Poor Margaret! how she will miss all the quietness

and comfort she has enjoyed here," was Mrs. Clinton's moan, after the collation which followed the ceremony was over, the company dispersed, and the bride and bridegroom had departed on their bridal tour.

"Such an easy life as she has led with nothing in the world to trouble her," sighed Caroline, who thought the only trial of humanity was a drunken husband.

"She will know now what trouble really is," said Julia, "with three children to look after. Margaret has taken most foolish step—but she will soon repent it, poor thing," and the changes were so rung upon the trials Margaret had in store, that Mrs. Clinton really wept over her daughter's imaginary sorrows before the trio separated.

From this time Margaret took her place beside her sisters in her mother's compassionate regards. For the difficulties of married life she had the most intense commiseration; but that a single woman should ever be either fatigued or annoyed never seemed to enter her mind. A house, a husband and children were the great cares of life; and now that Margaret was surrounded by all, she was amused by the sudden awakening of her mother's anxiety in her behalf.

It was rather a warm morning, some two years after Margaret's marriage, when she and her husband who had been paying some other visits, stopped as usual to see her parents, whose domestic circle was increased by the addition of Caroline, now a widow, and with her four children, an inmate of her father's house.

"My dear Margaret," exclaimed her mother, "how hot and tired you look!—sit here in this cool place, and put this footstool under your feet. Take off your bonnet and mantilla," she added, assisting her to remove them. "Stay, my love, you must have a fan—there were two here a little while ago, but some of the children must have taken them up stairs—wait a moment and I will bring you one," and unheeding Margaret's remonstrances, Mrs. Clinton ran up stairs with the activity of a girl; and during the whole of the visit she hustled about waiting upon her daughter as though she were a princess.

As they walked toward their home, Margaret observed to her husband—"Time's changes are most wonderful!—who would have thought a few years ago that mamma would ever be so young and active?"

"Circumstances change us even more than time," was his reply; "your marriage, Margaret, has been a real blessing to your family. Look how they have all improved since you left them to their own resources. Julia has become quite domestic and industrious. Fanny and Mary can sew, and shop, and nurse their children themselves. Your father can butter his own muffins, and put on his own slippers; and your mother's energies are now kept in constant exercise by Caroline and her children, and her faculties have developed accordingly."

"True," said Margaret. "Caroline, the other day, was giving me an instance of it, and says she has invented a new system of monomelomics. Mamma has always been in the habit of leaving her spectacles, and keys, and knitting about, and I used to waste many an hour in wandering through the house in search of them. Now, when she has lost anything,

Carry proposed to ring the bell and send a servant in search of them. Mamma, who never could bear that always says she will go herself, which Caroline lets her do. It is wonderful, she says, how her memory is improved by this exercise. But it is very selfish in Carry."

"There is but one member of your father's family who is not selfish," said Mr. Gordon, as they entered their own house, and a troupe of noisy children came

cate dress to pieces with their boisterous affection. "And she," he added, after listening for a moment to the various demands his children were making upon her, "it is very evident was born to be imposed on."

"Ah, Horace," said his wife, as she placed her hand in his and pressed the golden ringlets of his youngest darling to her heart—"it is sweet to be imposed on by those we love."

"Spoken like a true woman!" exclaimed Horace, laughing—"spoken like a true woman!"

THE RAIN DROPS.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

Oh! mark yon wanderer of the skies,
Which floats along so fast;
'Tis gliding down the stream of Time
From hoary ages past:

For it was born before the light
Burst from yon orb so free,
Or Time had ventured on the wing
Of vast Eternity!

Rude Time has left on it no trace
Of age, nor fell decay,
For when his hand would touch its youth,
It swiftly glides away.

'Tis bright and pure, till from the clouds
It drops to bless the earth,
Whose base return is but to mar
The radiance of its birth.

The ungrateful earth not only stains
And steals its sweet perfume,
But forms within its ponderous jaws
A dark and loathsome tomb.

But here though held in durance long,
At last will come a day,
When it will burst earth's caverns deep,
And gladly soar away.

What it was first no tongue can tell—
Perchance an angel's tear,
And now it roams too pure and bright
To find a lodgment here.

It erst appeared when brooding night
Hung o'er the dark abyss;
And then it smiled in Eden's bower,
'Mid innocence and bliss.

Anon it fell from Eve's sad cheek,
When from the garden driven,
To roam a stranger o'er the earth,
By sin and sorrow riven.

And then it blended with the clouds,
And swept o'er hill and dale;
And shone a gem in that rich bow
Which Hope spread o'er the vale.

It oft has decked the Ocean's wave,
And sported o'er the deep,
And searched all through its azure halls
Where slimy monsters creep.

It there has kissed the pallid cheek
Of cold, uncoffined dead,

Who lie among the coral groves
Which deck the Ocean's bed.
And it has been a mother's tear
Shed with her latest breath,
When last she kissed her little ones,
And bowed her soul in death.

Then from the weeping orphan's eye
It fell her cheeks to lave,
Or giving fragrance to the flowers
Which bloom upon her grave.

It may have flowed from infant eyes,
E'er sin had entered there;
Or that rich drop which mercy shed
When yielding to despair.

Perhaps the pearl which Jesus wept
When Lazarus was dead,
Was this pure drop, or that which o'er
Jerusalem he shed!

It may have been—it is so pure,
Commingled in that tide,
Which, well to wash our sins away,
Gushed from the Saviour's side!

It softly floats on zephyr's wing,
To kiss the opening flowers,
And brightly sparkles in the sun,
When fall the jeweled showers.

It swells the blushing, luscious peach,
And courses up the vine;
Then bursting from the ripened grape,
It sparkles in the wine.

When fever burns the pilgrim's lips,
How sweet its cooling aid,
When pouring from the welcome cloud,
Or whimpling 'neath the shade.

The sterile glebe oft feels its power,
And springing from the soil,
The thirsty grain has ripened fast
To bless the reaper's toil.

Ah, it is gone, and thus away
Seems gliding all that's fair;
It flies a moment here below,
Then vanishes in air.

But as the evanescent drop
Which late to me was driven,
Now soars above, the pure and good
Will soon ascend to Heaven!

THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANNIE RAVELIN.

"Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love."—IRVINE.

"That heart the martyr of its fondness burn'd,
And died of love that could not be return'd."—CAMPBELL.

THE saloon was brilliantly lighted, and
"The young and the gay they had met in the hall,
And manhood and beauty both vied at the ball."

Never was there a gayer throng, and never more of
manly beauty and of feminine loveliness than assem-
bled that evening.

Standing alone at the embrasure of an open case-
ment was a lady of a superior and peculiar style of
beauty. Her form, rather above the usual height,
was exceedingly graceful, and every movement be-
trayed that original dignity and native nobleness, that
at once excites respect and admiration. Her high
arched forehead was clear and white as the marble
that her father sculptured, and her finely moulded
features were equal in beauty to his most masterly
production, while her large, dark eyes were soft and
beautiful as the famed skies of her native Italy.

As she was gazing on the moonlight shadows with
a thoughtful air, she started at a light touch upon her
hand, and the sound of a gay and pleasant voice:
"Aye, Florence, I scarce had seen you half hidden
in the drapery of this window, and had almost past
you as I just entered the saloon." The youth, who
addressed her, was a pupil of her father's, and had
been for years a daily visitor at his studio.

There was nothing striking in his countenance,
unless it was that peculiar paleness about the mouth,
which is so often observed in the intellectual and
studious. He had just returned from a distant city,
where he had been absent for several months, and
they now met for the first time since his departure.
His deportment was frank and brother-like; his calm,
clear blue eye looked out the quietness of friendship;
but hers, was full of a deep, warm, wild poetry that
seemed to have drawn its fervor from the fount of
love; and he, all unconsciously, was the object of
that devoted passion.

"She had no breath, nor being, but in him;
He was her voice; she did not speak to him,
But trembled on his words; he was her sight,
For her eye follow'd his, and saw with his,
Which color'd all her objects:—she had ceased
To live within herself; he was her life,
The ocean to the river of her thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of his, her blood would ebb and flow,
And her cheek change tempestuously—
But he in those fond feelings had no share:

Even as a sister—but no more—"

Another, a young midshipman, joined them. "Well,
Legare," said he, addressing the artist, "you are to be
married shortly to the pretty Mary Hartly, I hear."

The lady started: the well spring of her being was
suddenly poisoned, the light of her existence was ex-
tinguished.

But the soul, wrought up to its highest pitch of ex-
citement, often exhibits quickness of thought, and a
self-possession, which, in a less excited state of feeling,
it is a stranger to. The desperation of despair,
the agony of an over-wrought mind, brings a calm-
ness, coolness, and deliberation, never seen, where
hope is mingled with those feelings. Thus mingled,
a fluctuation is produced, which, like the waves of
the sea, prevents this fearful stagnation.

Florence heard the words, and her soul was death
struck. But, though with a face of snowy paleness,
she turned to him, and with a gay and sportive laugh,
gave him a jest as bright and beautiful as the bubble
of a glancing wave; and then she praised with in-
genuousness the fair and innocent young being that
he had chosen, and wished them happiness.

* * * * *

Legare was sitting in the drawing-room alone with
Florence; as he took a book from the table, an open
paper fell from it; he took it up and read:

This earnest love must all be crush'd,
These wild affections must be hush'd;
No more my watchful eye must roam,
To see thee wending to my home.

When thou shalt choose another bride,
A wife stands fondly at thy side,
This burning love I feel for thee,
Will then, I know, be guilt in me.

'Tis now, 'tis now, 'ere comes that time,
While still this soul be free from crime,
That I must teach me to forget,
Whom, loving now, I sin not yet.

There was no quotation, and it was written in Flo-
rence's hand. What does this mean? Whom could
Florence Cordova love that would not be proud of
that love? Have not all sought her, and she refused
them all? With deep seriousness she fixed her large
eyes upon them. One moment she determined to tell
him it was he, whom she loved, and who was
meant there in those agonized lines; but the thought
of his bride came to her, and she could not for her
life have been unjust to her. Suddenly, as though
her seriousness had been a farce, she burst into a
laugh; "hey, Charlie, and did you think I meant
myself there? It is easier sometimes to use the first
person than any other, and so I did it then." And that

gay laugh, and those light words took effect; and he believed those lines to be the feelings of some heroine of her strong imaginings.

* * * * *

The marriage day came, and Florence accompanied her father to the brilliant scene. Her nerved spirit operated as the wine cup in bringing to her more than her usual keenness of intellect. And she was the star of the evening, sparkling in her beauty and wit, and never was her proud father so conscious of the unusual talent and loveliness of that darling child.

He knew not that that evening hers was the brilliancy of the hectic, and like it was the presage to consumption—a consumption of the soul.

And there was Mary Hartly, her face beaming with smiles of happiness, standing beside the devoted and affectionate Legare. Soon as the ceremony was pronounced, Florence sealed a kiss on the young bride's brow, and gave her a bouquet, tokening a thousand wishes for their happiness. Nor were her air and words of affection assumed: she was one who would have scorned to breathe one word of love that came not from the innermost sanctuary of her soul: she loved the girl; loved her because she was lovely; and yet more, because she was beloved by him, whose very shadow she had gazed on with affection.

* * * * *

It was the close of an Indian Summer day; the sun was gathering in its last rays, and the quiet of evening was approaching.

Florence, in deathly beauty, was reclining on an ottoman in her father's studio, and gazing earnestly on the beautiful, yet melancholy scene. It was a semblance of herself: those few soft days, when summer seemed to step back a moment, as if sorry it had departed, to seal its hurried farewell kiss, were the sure presage of the chilly blasts of winter; and that bloom upon her cheek, that hectic spot, the mockery of health,

Told, like an Indian Summer day,
That life was hast'ning to decay.

It was a fitting season for youth and beauty to depart; and Florence felt that the "Angel of the Cove-

nant" was near. Her father sat beside her, and gazed intently upon her. There was a long silence; and then came a sound, as though an almost spent zephyr was touching the chords of an aeolian.

"My father," said Florence, "I feel that I am dying: mine has been a disease that no physician could cure, no medicine heal: it is my soul's strong workings that have worn out this tabernacle of clay: the fire of the young affections burning upon the altar of the heart, and the sacrifice refused, often consumes that heart. 'Tis that which withers the rose 'ere half bloomed, which hurries down the sun, though scarcely risen, which brings many to an early grave, with the 'dew of youth' fresh upon them; and it is thus that I die. Forgive me, my more than father, my dearest, best friend, if I have erred in concealing from you that which has absorbed my being: but I have loved with all the intensity of which a woman's nature is capable: yes, while you have regarded Legare with the tenderness of a father, and he looked upon me with the affection of a brother; I have felt for him all the fire of an ardent love. And it has all been concealed; and let it still be—let not the tears which Charles and his sweet Mary shall shed over my grave, be embittered by the thought that it was their loves that brought me thus early there. And, as I die, dear father, let that mantle of your love, which has ever been wrapped around me, fall upon those dear ones, whom, with you, I love best on earth. Their affection, your beautiful art, and your trust in Heaven, must be your consolation when I am gone. And it will be a consolation, too, when I tell you that I grieve not at death, that I rejoice in the prospect of it. It is a gladdening thought to me that my spirit is about to escape from its earthly temple, that I am to become altogether spiritual, and so soon to be akin to those angelic spirits that 'adore and burn;' for the crucible of agony, through which my soul has past, has, I trust, refined it, and, I humbly dare to hope, fitted it for the society of Heaven. Seal one other kiss upon my brow, dear father, and I go."

That father impressed there one deep and agonizing embrace; and when he raised his face from hers she was as white and soulless as the statues around him: he was alone with the creations of his art.

SONNET

TO MRS. NORTON, ON SEEING HER PORTRAIT.

BY LYMAN LONG.

THINE is the "angel-gift!" Thy noble brow,
Where Inspiration sits enthroned; thine eye,
That, like the clear depths of th' unfathomed sky,
Beams with celestial radiance, and e'en now
Seemeth, with ken angelic, to look in
On that bright world, concealed from mortal eyes,
And read life's deep and wondrous mysteries,
9*

Entranc'd;—then speak thy Heavenly origin.
What high aspirations thy rapt bosom swell!
Deep in thy soul, as on thy form impress,
Beauty's bright image lieth. Love doth well,
Like an all-blessed angel, in thy breast—
Love for the glories Nature spreads abroad,
Love for thy suffering race, love to thy God!

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF A "MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "AARON'S ROD," &c.

"Do, Fanny, have some fire made," said Mr. Taylor to his wife, "I am almost perished."

"Fire," she repeated.

"Yes, fire," said he. "I am sure it's cold enough. My teeth are fairly chattering."

"It's rather chilly," she replied. "But the grates are cleaned, and the summer blowers up. I can't have a fire made."

"Oh, nonsense," urged her husband. "What if the grates are cleaned? Do ring and order a fire."

But the young wife never stirred as she answered,

"It's out of the question, Charles. The chimnies are closed up."

"Pshaw," said he, impatiently. "What on earth did you have the chimnies closed for? Tom can take the filling out though, I suppose," he continued, as he moved toward the bell.

"No, indeed, he can't," interposed his wife quickly. "What are you thinking of?—he'll raise such a dust! And beside I can't have a fire made indeed. The paint is still fresh, and the white-wash scarce dried, and when things are once cleaned, fires make such a dirt!"

"Then I do wish you would not have things cleaned till the necessity for fires is over," said her husband, somewhat vexed. "But you are always in such a hurry with your house-cleaning," he continued, pettishly. "I do hate the sight of a pail of water most devoutly. I am sure the house was clean enough before."

"Clean!" exclaimed his wife, "I don't know what you call clean! I am sure I was ashamed to have any one come in it looked so smoky and dirty. But you men seem to have no perception of dirt," she continued, almost contemptuously. "And it's not so cold either."

"What are you wrapped up in that great shawl then for?" answered her husband.

"Oh, it is rather chilly certainly. A heavy rain like this makes it cold of course. We are liable to such storms in mid summer," she replied.

"It's an absurdity to close up the grates at this season," muttered her husband.

"At this season, Charles! Why it's not cold. Only look at the peach blossoms," she continued, pointing to the tree in the garden in proof of her assertion.

"Well, I wish I was a peach blossom," he replied, "if they are insensible to the weather. Since I can't have a fire, however, I'll put on my overcoat."

"Do," she replied. And he left the room, and returned presently buttoned up to the chin, as if prepared to brave the elements on a pedestrian excursion. He thrust his hands in his pockets and walked up and down the room; while his wife, drawn up almost in

a knot, seated in a large chair and wrapped in a heavy shawl, seemed quite as suffering as himself.

"Now this is too ridiculous, Fanny. You may have been ashamed to have any one come in before things were cleaned, but I declare I should be a great deal more so to be caught just now. How you look in that great blanket! And I can't say I think this fustian coat particularly becoming or suitable for house wear," he said, stopping and looking at himself in the glass.

"No one will come in such weather," she replied, perfectly satisfied as to their being no chance of being caught; but scarcely had she spoken when there was a most decided ring at the bell, which betokened something more than an errand boy or postman, and a shuffling was heard in the hall as if an umbrella, &c., and presently in was ushered a stranger.

"Ah, Harrington!" exclaimed Mr. Taylor, receiving his guest with great cordiality, "when did you arrive?"

"Only this morning," replied the other, "and wishing to see you particularly, I thought I should find you at home such a stormy afternoon as this. Singular weather for May," he continued. "It's more like November."

"It is indeed," replied Mr. Taylor, somewhat embarrassed, and looking ruefully toward the empty grate. "Fanny, dear, I think you might manage that fire-place so we could have a fire."

But Fanny looked annoyed and hesitatingly said—

"I'm afraid he'll only make it smoke." Whereupon Mr. Harrington protested with chattering teeth that he was not at all cold, and begged that no fire might be kindled on his account. There was no concealing the fact, however, for the whole party looked blue; and after a somewhat short and decidedly uncomfortable visit, Mr. Harrington took his departure.

"He did not stay long at any rate," said Fanny.

"No, indeed!" replied her husband, pettishly, "do you suppose he'd stay and shiver here when he could get away? Poor devil! I do believe he'd have got an angue fit in fifteen minutes more. I declare, Fanny, I was mortified."

"What on earth brought him here?" said Fanny, angry with the man for coming and being uncomfortable. "People have no right to visit in such weather! And what a quantity of dirt he has tracked in!" she continued, with infinite vexation, "my beautiful new matting will be quite spoiled. He might at least have wiped his feet at the door! Dear me! and the hall too! How his umbrella has dripped all over it," and then ringing the bell, she ordered the woman to bring brush and pail, and wipe out all traces of the offending stranger, which operation she

superintended herself, fretting the while, and feeling the whole as a great hardship.

It was happily through at last, however; and as Mr Taylor sat opposite to his wife at the tea-table, somewhat thawed by his second cup, he said—

"Fanny, I must ask Harrington to dinner."

"Must you," she replied, with a sort of deprecating accent, that implied that if the necessity were not very urgent, she would rather dispense with the pleasure.

"Yes," he answered; "have you any objections?"

"No," she replied, reluctantly. "Only I must take down the silver, and it's all so nicely put away in whitening and beaver skin."

"Why can't Tom take it down?" inquired her husband.

"Because he can't," she replied. "I never let any one go to my pantries but myself. No—if you must have him, I must do it myself."

Mr. Taylor seemed annoyed at the idea of giving her what was apparently so much trouble, and yet more annoyed at not treating his friend with hospitality, and he said—

"I do not see why you cannot let one of the servants do it."

"Because I can't, Charles," she pursued, with a true woman's answer. "If you must have him, that's enough."

And so the subject dropped, though the husband had a sort of uncomfortable feeling that he was doing something selfish in being still on "hospitable thoughts intent," in spite of his wife's evident reluctance to it; while she on her part felt as if there was a world of trouble before her, and thought of all her lamps with their fresh wicks, &c.

In fact Fanny took things *hard*. Everything in housekeeping was a labor to her. She trusted nobody, she was satisfied with nothing. Servants were her "natural enemies;" flies her torments; moth her corroding evil; and all the minor ills of life, miseries.

She had been married about two years, and wanted to be, and thought she was, a very good housekeeper, and so she was, if having everything as bright and nice as labor and care could make it, is good housekeeping; but if the term is meant to go a little further and include *comfort*, and as much of happiness as depends upon domestic details, she wofully missed it. When her husband came home of an evening, wearied with the toils and cares of the day, and would gladly have refreshed himself with a little female gossip and lively chit-chat, she generally greeted him with a grave, anxious face, and a long story of some petty domestic annoyance, the history of some housemaid who *would* make up the third story before the second, or use the brooms and pails of either indiscriminately; and the man servant, who, spite of all she could *do* or *say*, had certain ways of his own of arranging his pantries, that were a source of bitter complaint.

"Well, dismiss them," said Mr. Taylor, impatiently.

"Where's the use," she answered, complainingly, "they are all as bad, one as another. I spent a week in going about making inquiries before I engaged Tom, and he had first rate recommendations—and yet you see what a torment he is. He is so obstinate," and then followed such a list of Tom's moral

delinquencies that the only wonder was that Mrs. Taylor was able to keep him for a day.

If Tom's story could have been heard, it would probably have been quite as earnest, and perhaps as reasonable; in which Mrs. Taylor would have figured as the most pertinacious and exacting of housekeepers, "interfering," as Tom thought, "with what did not concern her, for if he did his work well, he had a right to do it in the way he liked best." So no doubt a silent struggle was going on, on Tom's part, as well as his mistress—for human nature is not all on one side—nor perfection to be bought for any stipulated sum, let it be what it will, per month.

"Where is Mr. Harrington?" she asked, the next day, when her husband returned to dinner.

"He was engaged to day," he replied, "and I asked him for to-morrow."

"Oh, how provoking," she replied, "I thought you meant to bring him to-day."

"I did," he said. "But if the man would not come, I could not make him, you know. But what difference does it make?"

"A great deal," she answered, evidently much annoyed. "I have had the dinner-table set up stairs to-day, and wanted to get through with it."

"Well, and I wish you would have it so every day, Fanny," said her husband. "You know I hate the basement, particularly as you never will let me bring a stranger down there."

"Now, Charles," she said, imploringly, "how can you ask it? During the winter I am very willing; but in summer with the flies it is really out of the question."

"Then when we have strangers let them dine down there," persisted her husband.

"Oh, that will never do," she replied, "the room is nice enough for us when we are alone; but as to admitting company there, it's impossible."

"It's very hard," he replied, with some vexation, "that I am not able to ask a friend to dinner when I wish it."

"I am sure, Charles," she said, the tears starting to her eyes as she spoke, "I never object to your having your friends when you wish it. You are very unjust."

"If you don't object, Fanny, in so many words," he answered, pettishly, "there's always such a fuss made about it that it amounts to the same thing."

"Fuss!" she repeated, much hurt. "I don't know what you mean by fuss. I only want to know when you expect company, and that I am sure is reasonable enough."

"But I tell you I don't always know when myself," he replied, impatiently.

"Well, you need not be angry at my asking," she persisted.

"I am not angry," he replied, in a voice that rather contradicted his words.

Tears were now falling fast from his wife's pretty eyes, and half sorry, and half angry, he said—

"Now what is the matter, Fanny?"

"You are very unjust, and very unreasonable," she replied, weeping.

"Very unjust and very unreasonable, Fanny," he

repeated, in his turn both offended and hurt. "I really don't know what I have done or said to merit such reproaches as these."

"It's very hard," she continued, sobbing, "to be called fussy and unkind, because I try to keep things in something like decent order."

"I did not call you either fussy or unkind," he replied—

"Something very like it," she persisted, "you said—"

"I said," interrupted he, "that you made a fuss with having dinner up stairs and all that, when we have company, and that's all I said," he continued, decidedly, and with some temper, "for you do make a fuss. But I never said you were unkind, for that you never are."

Fanny, in the midst of her tears, saw that her husband was in earnest, and felt that she had better not push the matter any further, or he might be provoked to assert his will even more decisively, so, still bent upon having her own way, she dried her eyes and only said—

"If Mr. Harrington dines here to-morrow, you had better ask Mr. Morgan to meet him."

"I will," he replied, glad to turn the conversation. "Come, dinner is on table," and they sat down, both rather sorry for the discussion, and resolved to be agreeable and good humored for the rest of the day.

But when people's tempers have been ruffled and their spirits exhausted, it is not very easy always to recover their usual tone immediately; and Fanny, spite of her efforts, could not be gay, while she still heard the word "fussy" ringing in her ears; and Mr. Taylor did not forget at once that he had been called "unreasonable and unjust." So after several vain endeavors at conversation, she fell into a languid silence, and he threw himself upon the sofa in hopes of a nap until the evening papers came in.

No further allusion was made to Mr. Harrington or the basement room. Fortunately a friend or two came in during the evening, and it passed off tolerably cheerfully, though Fanny still went to bed with a weight at her heart, the exact cause of which she could hardly have told, while the long breath she drew at intervals sounded so like a sigh, that her husband felt each as a gentle reproach to himself.

Thus with youth, health, means sufficient, and not a serious care upon earth, our young housekeeper often contrived to feel as sad, and make her husband look as gloomy; as if some real misfortune was hanging over them.

"The Hazards are going to break up housekeeping," said some female gossip, one day, while dining with the Taylors.

"Indeed," said Fanny. "Why is that?"

"They are tired out," replied her friend.

"I am not surprised at it," said Mrs. Taylor— "there is no comfort in it."

"Not in keeping house as Mrs. Hazard does," replied the lady. "I never saw a house in such a condition."

"Ah!" exclaimed Fanny, to whose taste this bit of gossip was peculiarly suited. "How was it?"

"Oh, she attended to nothing," replied her friend.

"Everybody did just as they pleased. The servants cleaned when they liked, or left it alone. Mr. Hazard brought in company at all times, and if they had a good dinner, so much the better; and if they had not, they did not seem to think it a matter of any consequence. I never saw people who took things so easily. If any *contretemps* happened, which of course they would with such housekeeping, she only laughed. And I really believe there was not a whole set of any thing in the house that matched."

"A charming way of living," said Mr. Taylor. "I wonder Hazard wants to break up."

"Well, it was a pleasant, easy sort of house too," continued their guest; "but Mr. Taylor," she added, smiling, "you can hardly expect us ladies to take the trouble to be good housekeepers if you admire such an establishment as Mr. Hazard's. It is really putting a premium upon bad housekeeping, and you would not find much comfort in that, I assure you."

"I should like to try it at any rate," he replied, with a mixture of truth and playfulness that jarred terribly upon his little wife's feelings. "For I must own," he continued, "that I am heartily sick of such good housekeeping. Indeed," he added, with an expression of earnestness that startled Fanny, "I am seriously thinking of giving up this house when the lease expires, and going to board ourselves."

"Oh, Charles!" she exclaimed, too breathless to say more.

"Why, Fanny," he replied, "it is more for your sake than my own that I would make the change. Your housekeeping is a source of perpetual torment to you, I am sure."

"There are occasionally some annoyances," she said.

"Occasionally!" he continued. "Why I am sure it has been nothing but one continued string of complaints ever since we were married. Precious little comfort have we had in housekeeping."

Fanny was fairly frightened. She turned pale, but tried to laugh as she said—

"And so you want me to keep house like Mrs. Hazard, and not have a whole set of china, nor a dozen glasses that will match."

"Rather that," he replied, resolutely, "than slave yourself and torment me as you do with keeping everything so nice. If I must choose between happiness and order, I should certainly say happiness. Comfort seems out of the question in either case."

"It's to be hoped they are not incompatible," said the lady, laughing, but seeing that the conversation touched Mrs. Taylor deeply, and that her voice faltered, and she could with difficulty keep from tears, she changed the subject, and gave the history of some wedding, the lengthy details of which would at any other time have interested Fanny much. But now she could scarce listen with even decent attention. What her husband had said, had sunk deeply in her mind. "That he had had no comfort since he had been married," words that might well weigh heavily on any young wife's heart, and she pondered them in silence, and wept passionately over them when she was alone.

"I will go to Mrs. Ashland," she said to herself;

"her housekeeping seems to go by magic, and I will ask her how she manages."

And so she went the next morning to Mrs. Ashland, who was an old friend she had known from childhood, and to whom, not without tears, she laid open her whole heart and all her troubles.

"My dear child," said her friend, smiling kindly, "you are a very young housekeeper, that is all."

"Well, dear Mrs. Ashland," said Fanny, "tell me what I must do. How am I to manage? I want to make my husband happy; but at the same time, I should like to have something like order and comfort around me. Do tell me how you do."

"In the first place, Fanny," said Mrs. Ashland, "if you take my advice, you will never tell your husband of any of your petty domestic annoyances. He has his own business cares and troubles, and wants to be enlivened with cheerful conversation when he comes home; and from your own account it seems you pour into his weary ears all your little complaints, which sound like something quite serious to his already sagged and jaded spirit, when after all they are but the merest trifles, which it would be better for your own happiness if you dismissed from your own mind. But to treasure them up to repeat to your husband is really an act of more than folly."

"There is a good deal in that to be sure," replied the candid Fanny. "But when I feel so annoyed and provoked, as I am half the time, I cannot help letting him see it."

"But my dear," persisted her friend, "you must not feel so. With youth, health, means, and though last not least, a husband that you dearly love, what right have you to let trifles prey thus upon your happiness."

"But your housekeeping goes on so quietly," urged

Fanny, "that it is very easy for you to say so—but if you had such plagues as I have—"

"And pray what plagues have you," said Mrs. Ashland, smiling, "that I have not? Servants who are of the same flesh and blood that you and I are, Fanny—is not that all? You surely cannot expect perfection out of human nature for seven or even ten dollars a month."

"But they are so ignorant and obstinate," replied Fanny. "If they would only *mind* I would not care for the rest."

"Perfect obedience is the most difficult of human virtues, Fanny," returned Mrs. Ashland. "Don't you think if we had the reverse of the medal we might hear complaints equally bitter, and perhaps equally just against mistresses?"

"Well," said Fanny, "perhaps so. But your house is always in perfect order—yet you take everything easily. How do you do it?"

"By not *exacting* too much," replied her friend. "By keeping a general superintendence, but not interfering too much with my servants. If they do their work faithfully and well, I let them do it in their own way. And above all, Fanny, take the little *contretemps* we must all meet with easily. We have real misfortunes and serious troubles enough to encounter through the journey of life, without creating them for ourselves in discontented tempers and unhappy households. The first object of good housekeeping is *comfort*, and comfort implies quiet and ease. But above all, my dear child, don't let little things loom into great ones. One must put up with much, and pass over much to get through the world happily."

Fanny took the advice; and has never regretted it.

I HAVE DREAMS.

BY SAMUEL M'NUTT.

I HAVE dreams, I have dreams,
Of happy days in store;
Where golden Summer streams
Murmur seaward evermore,
In a quiet isle afar,
Unknown to every strife;
And where nothing is to mar
A pure and peaceful life
Beneath the bending vine,
I behold a happy cot;
And the stars of Heaven shine
On that pure, holy spot.

And there is a maiden rare,
Though I never saw her face;
Yet I know she's very fair—
Her's is every gentle grace,
She will come and dwell with me,
In that quiet, happy isle;
By the broad sounding sea
Where the seasons ever smile,
There we'll live, and live to love,
And together we shall die;
And the silent stars above
Look in beauty where we lie.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Continued from Page 61.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAP. VI.—STRUGGLES.

By a simple grove, 'neath the oak tree bough,
With a stone cross planted near,
The orphan sat, with her pale, cold brow,
And her young heart faint and drear.

EVEN the presence of her brother became irksome to Francesca: she could not endure the fond and questioning gaze that he fixed, from time to time, on her face. It seemed as if his quick intuition must read at once the doubt, grief, and love that filled her heart. The atmosphere of her bower-room became oppressive, for the luxurious embellishments around her seemed purchased at the price of her own soul.

The nature of Francesca was a singular one: imaginative almost to a visionary extent, and yet with strong perceptions of the right and true which subdued and toned down this intense ideality into the holiest and most beautiful symmetry. She possessed all the fire and passion of genius, but blended with it the sweet trustfulness and devout truth which teaches genius always to exert itself Heavenward.

Hitherto this young girl had been sheltered from the necessity of exertion, by the most tender guardianship of a mother, whose spirit, like a troubled bird, seemed forever on the watch, lest some shadow of the world's evil should fall upon her twins. But the storm had swept over them, literally and metaphysically, and from their trembling hold had been torn away in the rush of the wind, as it were, the only being on earth from whom they could claim love or protection. Was it strange that in this utter desolation the heart of this young creature so full of feeling, so sensitive and faint with the necessities of affection, should have put forth its delicate tendrils, and wound them around the prouder and stronger being who had become a benefactor to her and hers?

But with all her purity—with all her lofty ideas of truth, Francesca had received one legacy from her mother, which was to act with more than due power upon her destiny. The legacy of distrust—self-distrust, which rendered her timid, and a dread of some vague evil which the love of man might bring upon her and hers. Vague it was and shadowy—but with her keen imagination these shadows were constantly changing into strange and unpalpable fears; for like her feelings, the lessons that prompted them had ever been vague, and put forth in mystery. And this, the fault of Francesca's character: a fault which had been so earnestly cherished from her cradle, was

aroused in its full strength by the words of two idle courtiers. The mother of Francesca and Guilo had been wronged and cruelly deceived; with that one black truth looming forever before her heart, she had deemed herself right and wise in striving to guard her daughter's heart from weakness like her own—from fate like her own.

In the sweet stillness of her Italian home, when the memory of past and present suffering lay upon her spirit, she would seek with sorrowful earnestness to prepare her child to meet and resist temptation in which she had fallen. Yet all this was done quietly, and almost always in the sad eventime, when the children, like little birds in the tree branches, for, like the birds, the lovely twins grew quiet at even-tide—they would nestle close to their mother, and become sweetly mournful as she was. But yet of this mother's history the children were profoundly ignorant. They only knew that she had suffered, and that she loved them very, very dearly. How her sorrow had arisen, or where endured, they never thought of questioning. It was something strange and saddening to them, like a cloud in the Heavens which they saw, but never dreamed of asking the wherefore.

Francesca went out into the open grounds, leaving Guilo upon the cushions in her boudoir. Almost for the first time in her life, she was anxious to avoid him. There was fever at her heart, and a keen thirst for solitude, that made the thoughts even of his dear presence irksome. Oh, the first sorrows of the young—how hard they are to endure—how the untamed soul, like an antelope snared by the hunter, with all the wild blood leaping and burning in its veins, struggles and frets beneath the stern bands which life is tightening around it. Poor Francesca, this struggle of a warm heart against the world had just begun with her, and the very earth seemed changed as she trod her way toward the sea-shore.

It was not an aimless walk that Francesca was taking, for in the picturesque grounds that surrounded Bowdon was an old oak, knotted and gnarled with centuries of toil against the storm. Rich was the forest turf beneath it, and where the massive roots had broken through and coiled rudely up into the daylight, a soft green moss crept over them of a more delicate tint than the sward, thus ridging it with what seemed a massive embroidery of velvet, in fine keeping with the rough boughs that rustled and swayed above, tossing about the sunshine and scattering it in flakes before it was allowed to touch the ground.

Beneath this tree was a stone cross, which time had started from its original perpendicular, and would have entirely overthrown but for the roots of the oak which had coiled close up to its base, and girded it firmly to the earth. A wild vine had started among the roots, winding itself in a light wreath around the cross; and a Latin inscription, cut deep in the stone, was now traceable only by the swelling moss that had softly closed up the rugged letters.

It had been Lord Bowdon's wish to place Francesca's mother in the vault where his own ancestors rested. But the orphans had imbibed a love of the open air in that country, where God shelters the poor with a canopy that shames the gilding and glow of her palace domes, and they pleaded piteously that the beloved one might be rescued from the close, stifling vault, and laid to rest where the footsteps of her orphans, and the breath of Heaven might linger around her.

It was a harmless wish, and perhaps Lord Bowdon's own kindly heart echoed it, for with that keen relish of the beautiful which marked all that he did, the old oak was selected to shelter the grave. He placed no monument over it; but the picturesque cross that had cast its shadow on that spot centuries and centuries, now told Francesca where her mother might be found. Naturally as the frightened bird flies back to the empty nest, Francesca sought this place when her heart became so greatly disturbed. She had never been there without Guilo before, and a strange sense of awe crept over her as she entered the great shadow flung by the oak tree. It seemed to her blacker and more dense than she had ever seen it. The sward all around was drenched with dew, and the oak leaves were wet as if a shower had passed over them, but flashing only brighter to the sunshine for the dampness, and rustling to the wind in every fibre, as if the old tree had resolved to cheer the orphan's heart in spite of herself.

It was all in vain; the oak might heave and rustle, and plume its foliage in the sunshine pleasantly as it liked. It might toss its hospitable branches for the birds, and set them off in their blitheest songs; but Francesca's heart was with the shadow and the grave. The brightness above was nothing to her. Francesca sat down at the foot of the cross and circled the rough stone with her arm. This closeness to the dead, and to our blessed Saviour's suffering, tranquilized her somewhat, but still only enough toadden and throw her into a train of mournful thought.

Poor girl, she was cast upon the wide world—what broad desolation there is in these words. She was penniless, helpless, without a known claim upon any human being save the poor mute twined with her in birth and in misfortune. She dared not think of Lord Bowdon as friend; her mother's lessons had started up in all their potency with the first syllable that aroused her distrust of his motives. True he had been kind, generous, mindful in all things of her maiden delicacy, but she would give these things no weight, or allowed them to operate only against him. Had not two shrewd, and well experienced men—his own friends too—seen in this very delicacy and kindness something deeper than her inexperience had

dreamed of? She was alone now—must act for herself—guard herself against him—against her own heart. It would be a sore trial, she knew, but God would help her. The spirit of the dead would help her—Guilo, too, she had still Guilo to love—but for him—. Here Francesca paused in her thought, a burning blush came over her face, and then she beat that face close to the cross, and began to weep. Ah, this love of kindred, this pride of kindred—it is a blessed, blessed thing, and has kept many a heart pure, which without it might have swerved from the narrow way. Are not all our home affections guardian angels that help, oh, how much to keep the soul within sight of Heaven? Francesca thought of her brother; she remembered the anguish that was in his eyes when she first told him of her love for Lord Bowdon; how would this anguish deepen and burn into frenzy should that love ever become guilt? The thought made her shudder as if the cold stone against which her forehead leaned had chilled her to the heart.

Still Francesca was helpless. She could settle upon no plan, nor decide how to act. A stranger in a strange land, she sat by her mother's grave, and that was all the home she could claim from any creature on earth. She remained more than an hour leaning against the cross, and almost expecting that some low whisper from the grave would teach her how to act. But the soft stir of the oak leaves was all the sound that reached her, and that was so sweet, so calm, that instead of instructing her what course she might best take to avoid the evil she dreaded, it only brought imperceptible tranquillity to her heart, and awoke there a doubt if the suspicions that had tortured her so much might not be without just foundation.

Francesca was naturally frank, and she knew literally nothing of the conventionalities of life. She resolved to see Lord Bowdon, to look in his eyes and question him of those things that had so troubled her.

"I will ask him," she said—"I will ask him if this thing be true. If he is indeed pledged to another while he pleads with me in every question, every look, to return his love. I know that he loves me, and yet, and yet—"

She paused in the open path, for when the first idea of speaking to Bowdon struck her she had left the stone cross, and was walking quickly toward the castle. But now she stopped in the path motionless; Lord Bowdon had never *in words* desired her love, or rendered up his own. Their hearts, their eyes had talked together, and scarcely on any other subject—but their lips never. She remembered, now, that a sad and thoughtful expression would often cloud Lord Bowdon's eye when hers looked into it, full of the love-light that she could no more prevent breaking up from her heart than the star can smother its brightest beams.

Francesca walked forward more slowly as these thoughts dawned upon her mind, and, without being conscious of it, turned aside into a labyrinth of the garden, which had grown up during its lord's absence almost into a wilderness. She was threading her way through the tangled autumn flowers, when a winding of the path led her face to face with the elder of Lord Bowdon's guests, the very man who had unconsciously

informed her how precarious was her position at the castle.

The nobleman seemed a good deal surprised by her sudden appearance. His position in the path, choked up as it was with an overgrowth of shrubs, compelled her to pause. He did not step aside, but stood gazing upon her with a degree of scrutiny that was just saved from rudeness by a respectful and bland expression of countenance, that seemed to ask pardon for the offence his eyes persisted in.

Francesca was greatly annoyed by this. The blood mounted to her forehead, and she turned to retrace her steps.

"By Heavens, that air of pretty pride is enchanting," he muttered. "As if the girl read her destiny in my eyes, she begins to queen it already!"

Francesca did not distinctly hear the words, but she turned and said in her sweet, broken English—

"My lord, I have once before heard you speak your own tongue, thinking that I knew only Italian; but I can understand when you speak English very well!"

"So this is another secret that Lord Bowdon has kept from us!" said the noble, coloring. "Well, well, my pretty maiden, if we can understand each other in English so much the better. But tell me how long your fancy will hold for this somewhat gloomy old castle?"

Francesca involuntarily lifted her eyes to the noble pile that loomed between her and the sky—oh, how beautiful, how dear it was to her!

The nobleman read the feeling in her face.

"It is a grand old pile enough," he said; "but beauty such as I gaze upon, sweet one, was intended for palaces."

"I have no other home: I wish for no other home!" said Francesca, and her eyes filled with tears, for she thought how short a time might elapse before that would be her home no longer.

"That is because you have not been at court, where beauty like yours is worshipped as it should be."

"I did once expect to see the court," said Francesca, sadly, for his words had aroused mournful thoughts. "I believe my poor mother was going to London, and I suppose your king is there."

"Yes, the king is there, with many a handsome cavalier; besides stately dames who hold these cavaliers in secret slavery; but among them all, my princess, you would stand unrivalled. Nothing so bright has appeared before Charles since he came back from foreign parts."

Francesca did not seem to understand him; her eyes had sunk to the ground, and she fell into deep thought even while he was speaking of her beauty, a theme which youth loves so well.

"And is this London a very large place?" she said, at last, with a sort of child-like anxiety.

"Very large, my beauty."

Again the young girl mused; and when she looked up her cheek had the hue of a ripe peach upon it.

"And are the people fond of music as they are in Italy?"

The old noble smiled, and looked somewhat puzzled; he wondered greatly what thoughts had given rise to the question.

"Why not?—perhaps as they are in Italy; but yet the king has his own foreign bard; and so has our good lady, the queen!"

"But the people—the people?"

"Ah, they too have some rude ideas of sound; but nothing that you would deem much of."

Francesca looked disappointed; and with his searching glance the courtier read very nearly the thoughts that were passing through her mind.

"Music, music," he said, "is for the court; there all have the taste and cultivation necessary to the love of sweet sounds. Ah, you should see our lady, the queen, when some songster from her own land is allowed to enter the presence; and the king—it was but a few weeks since that I heard him say to Lord Bowdon, our young host here, that his honeymoon must certainly be spent at the court; 'for I have received information,' said he, 'that the lady to whom you are betrothed sings like a nightingale, and we sadly want some new warbler!'"

A covert smile stole across the nobleman's lip as he watched the effect of his words. Tint by tint he saw the peach-like bloom fade away from her cheek, till she stood before him drooping and pale like a lily when its stalk is roughly bent.

"My lord I sing a little; would you like to hear me sing?" said Francesca, after standing before him more than a minute stricken with grief. Without waiting for a reply she clasped her hands, parted her tremulous lips, and, after a few broken attempts, poured forth the wild burthen of a melody so sweet, so plaintive, that it thrilled even the cold heart of the noble with feelings to which he had been little used. He was astonished too, for the young creature's voice surpassed anything he had ever heard in sweetness and compass. The low notes flowing like the liquid fall of water drops, silvery and faint from her lips, and the whole sweet burden of her voice gushing out wild and clear, like the song of a nightingale when half buried in dewy roses. There was exquisite nature, and no little cultivation in all this. The old noble stood before the child fascinated and surprised out of his usual self-possession. But scarcely was the song half finished when the young creature's voice faltered: a note or two quivered on her lips fainter—fainter, and clasping both hands passionately over her heart, she bent her head low, while tears dropped like rain from her eyes.

"Can I sing?" she said; "will this win bread for my brother when—when," her voice broke in a sob, and the tears fell from her eyes in large, heavy drops.

The old courtier was touched by her simplicity and her grief. For a single moment—and that was much for him to give from a selfish life—his sympathies were honorably aroused.

"We will talk of this another time, poor child," he said, attempting to take her hand, but she held it firmly against her heart, that he could see fluttering and swelling against the delicate fingers like a bird struggling in its cage. "But some one is coming, cheer up, child, there is no cause for all these tears. Talent, youth, and beauty, what more can a woman desire?—all these are yours, sweet one. Their value may be taught you hereafter. Stop weeping—stop

weeping—never let tears drop from those eyes: one or two just floating on the blue surface like dew on a violet, is rather becoming. But do not drown them thus!" The old noble broke off hastily, and turned back in the path, muttering—"she will learn these things—she will learn! How the creature sings—how full of feeling she is—oh! ha, my Lord Bowdon, I just met your protegee trying to find her way through the wilderness here; by my honor, it is refreshing to gaze on so much loveliness in this rural spot."

Lord Bowdon, who was coming down the path, paused for an instant, glanced eagerly around, and then with brightened color and an air of annoyance, allowed the old courtier to stop his progress.

"Francesca—is it Francesca or her brother whom you have met?" he said, in a flurried manner.

"Oh, the young lady, of course, I am too warm an admirer of the sex to waste admiration on boys. You ought to have known that: but I do assure you, my lord—and I have been considered no bad judge of female beauty in my time—this young girl surpasses anything I ever saw; she would drive half the court mad in a week."

"I hope Francesca will never see the court," said Lord Bowdon, and his color rose. "She will never desire it, I am certain; she seems content enough here, and Bowdon is world enough for the poor children!"

"Yes, just now it does seem pleasant enough!" replied the noble, with a meaning smile; "but these dreams do not last forever. When a Lady Bowdon comes to the castle, this world may prove rather narrow for them both."

Lord Bowdon became very pale; and his eyes fell beneath the half jeering glance of his companion. He turned and walked on with his guest in silence. These words of the old noble had made him thoughtful; they forced him to reflect upon a subject that he would gladly have evaded even when conversing with his own heart.

"Have you ever seen that young creature in tears? But of course you have," said the noble, starting Bowdon most unpleasantly from his abstraction. "Upon my word, when I saw her just now the effect of her beauty was absolutely startling; it would have brought even Rowley to his knees, though he is not over fond of lachrymose beauty."

"In tears! Francesca alone in the wilderness, and in tears. Surely, my lord, you must be mistaken—she seems of late to have recovered entirely from the shock of that storm and her poor mother's death."

"Perhaps—but never mind, my lord, the sex, you know, are like violets drooping with dew one minute and laughing to the sunshine the next. I dare say she is under some rose-bush singing like a nightingale by this time—ha, you are going to seek her—very well, but do not keep us waiting. You know we are to try the new falcons this morning!"

"I will be with you in time!" replied Bowdon, and he hurried away, looking anxiously around for Francesca at each new turn of the path. But she was nowhere to be found, and after a fruitless search among the thickets, he joined the hawking party which was now mustering at the castle, mentally resolving to

seek the young girl in her bower-room, and learn the cause of her grief before he slept.

It was late when the hawking party returned, and Lord Bowdon found it impossible to leave his guests till long after nightfall, and at that hour to force himself upon the privacy which he had ever held in almost religious respect was impossible.

CHAP. VII.—DEPARTURE.

"The world was all before them where to choose."
—MILTON.

LORD BOWDON'S sleeping room was in a wing of the castle that approached nearest to the apartments that had been assigned to the orphans, and which, as we have said, were detached from the main building. We will not stop to analyze the feelings that induced the young noble to spend some moments each night before retiring by the tall window, from which a view of them might be obtained. On that night he stood longer than usual by the sash gazing upon the faint light that could just be seen flickering through the foliage that hid the window of Francesca's chamber. A strange, heavy feeling was at his heart, as if some great calamity were about to befall him and her. It had hung about him all day, and now in the hush of night the depression became painful.

As he stood thinking of the singular destiny that had cast these two children upon his threshold, he saw, or thought he saw in the distance, a white figure moving about in the balcony. His heart leaped—"could it be Francesca?—was she wakeful like himself? Had some coming event cast its shadow on her likewise that she could not sleep?"

As these questions ran through his mind he saw the figure move away; next it was in the shrubbery; again he saw it crossing the flower garden, and each time it came nearer and nearer to himself.

It was a calm, starlight evening, and as the object came toward him, fluttering in and out of sight like some snow white bird driven from its nest, he stepped through the window to a stone gallery that ran beneath, and there shrouded in shadow, waited with a beating heart to learn who or what this night wanderer could be.

There was a smooth bit of lawn beneath the window. The figure came somewhat rapidly up to this point, but seemed to falter and hesitate about leaving the thicket and clearly braving the starlight. But after a minute it came forth, hesitating in every step, and evidently filled with apprehension. The starlight was full and clear. There was nothing to break it from the approaching form; and now Lord Bowdon became certain that it was Francesca. She moved toward a slender tree that stood alone near the gallery on which he stood, and, leaning against its trunk, stood motionless as a statue, gazing upon the window through which Lord Bowdon had just passed. A curtain of thick crimson velvet fell over the sash, and nothing could be seen from within save a gleam of light here and there like wine stains dashing the rich fabric. Still even in this common place object there seemed to be enough to rivet the attention of the young creature who stood so immovable, and quietly gazing upon it.

Lord Bowdon leaned gently over the railing of the gallery till the slanting starlight fell upon his features.

"Francesca!"

A faint cry from under the tree followed the utterance of this name, and then all was still again. But the foliage of the sapling quivered far more than the balmy air warranted; and in the pale light Bowdon could see that Francesca was clinging to it for support.

"Francesca." He leaped over the railing and went up to where the young creature stood. Excited and anxious, for the starlight rendered her face supernaturally pale; and even in the serene darkness he could discover that her features were troubled.

"Why are you here, Francesca, sweet child?—why are you up so late? See you not how heavily the dew has fallen? These garments are damp with it already; and your hand, Francesca, you are ill! Your hand is burning, and yet you shiver with cold. Go in, child—go in, this night air must kill you!"

"I am not cold; I do not suffer!" said Francesca, in a low voice; "but I will go in as you say. This air seems heavy; I can hardly breathe. Good night!" and she turned away.

Lord Bowdon still held the hand he had taken, and gently drew it to his arm.

"This is a quiet place, Francesca; but you had better not walk forth after nightfall, especially without your brother. While my guests are here, with all their followers, there may be danger in it. Where is Guilo?"

"At rest—he can sleep," and the anguish at Francesca's heart broke forth in her voice.

"And you, my child, why is it that you cannot sleep like Guilo?"

Francesca did not answer, but hurried her pace; and Lord Bowdon could feel that she trembled from head to foot.

"Francesca will you not speak to me?"

"I have been thinking," said the poor girl, "and thought makes me wretched now!"

"Poor child, you have been too much alone; it is of your lost mother that you have been thinking!"

Francesca began to sob.

"Has anything happened to awake your grief? I hoped that its first poignancy was over! You must not go to—to—that old oak so often."

"I shall never——" she checked herself, choked back a sob, and added—"I shall seldom go there again."

"That is right if it makes you so sad. Come, come, I must see you cheerful before we part; we are almost at the balcony of your room, and you have been weeping all the way; when we come where the light is I must have a smile."

"I shall never—never smile again!" cried the poor girl, yielding to the passion of her grief.

"Francesca this is strange—it is wrong—it is ungrateful to Providence," said Bowdon, pausing in his walk, and gazing earnestly upon her.

"It is ungrateful to you my—my benefactor," cried the strange girl, snatching his hand and kissing it wildly, while the tears fell thick and fast upon it.

Lord Bowdon threw his arm gently around her,

for he saw that she stood unsteady, and drew her forward.

"Sit down with me a moment; sit down here in the balcony—there is something more in this than you have told. I remember now Lord Rochley spoke of meeting you in the garden, and he said that you were grieving about something. Did you speak with him?"

"If that tall gentleman with the riband and jewels is Lord Rochley, he did speak with me," answered Francesca, sinking upon the stone seat—for they had reached the balcony, and she leaned her pale head against a pillar.

"And what did he say? Something very foolish and wrong in praise of your beauty, I dare answer;" and Lord Bowdon spoke with considerable displeasure in his tone.

"No," gasped Francesca, for she felt—oh, how drearily—that her fate hung upon the next words. "He told me that you were about to visit the court—that in a short time you would be married to some great lady."

It was Lord Bowdon's turn to start—had the light been strong enough Francesca could have seen that his face was pale as her own. For perhaps two minutes both remained silent; it did not seem as if either dared to draw a deep breath.

"Is it true?" said Francesca, lifting her pale face in the starlight; "tell me if it is true!"

"Was it this that troubled you?—that drove you forth into the night? If so God help you!—God help us both!"

"God will help us!" said Francesca, with gentle solemnity, and, sinking upon her knees, she pressed Lord Bowdon's hand to her lips; how his tall frame shook, how his hand trembled to the pressure of that kiss which only fell upon it, light as the flutter of a damp rose leaf.

"Francesca, I will see you again; I cannot talk on this subject now; you are in no state to listen if I could. To-morrow we shall both be more composed."

"To-morrow, to-morrow," repeated the young girl, rising to her feet—there was the most profound despondency in her voice; her face drooped upon her bosom, and without another word she glided from the balcony.

Lord Bowdon's first impulse was to follow her, but he controlled the wish, and after pacing the balcony for a long time in great agitation, returned to his apartment.

Francesca sat trembling by the door all the time that Lord Bowdon's perturbed footsteps sounded from the balcony. When he descended the steps and turned into the shrubbery, she could restrain the keen desire to see him again no longer; but, stole out like a spirit, and leaning against the stonework, gazed after him with a sinking heart that seemed absolutely to forget its pulsations. When he disappeared she turned away; her forehead was damp, and a faintness like that of death stole over her limbs. She crept back to the boudoir and sat down by the cushions where her brother had flung himself, for he always refused to seek his own apartment so long as Francesca remained in her boudoir.

The lad was in a sound sleep: very quiet was his

slumber; but as the silver lamp that swung from the ceiling overhead threw its beams upon his face, Francesca could see that it wore a look of distress, as if some trouble lay at his heart, forced back and never spoken of. No sound could awaken Guilo; but Francesca knew how to arouse him with her kisses. She bent down and touched his cheek. Guilo started up and sat upon the cushions, casting wild and bewildered glances at his sister. She lifted her right hand and made a few rapid motions with the fingers. Quick as lightning the boy's face lighted up; his eyes kindled; his lips trembled with smiles; his fingers flashed in and out with indescribable rapidity. The idea which her little hand had conveyed seemed to fill him with delight; and his great violet eyes said as firmly as words could have said—"my lost sister has come back. She is mine again; no stranger's love divides us now!"

But upon Francesca's brow there was a look of keen anxiety. Her resolution was taken—she had ceased to struggle, and now came the time for exertion.

The expression of her countenance made Guilo sad again; he seemed pondering within himself to find some cause for her trouble other than that which he did not wish to believe—all at once an idea struck him. He threw off his tunic, and unbinding a scarf of silk that girded his under garments, took out twenty broad pieces of gold. The scarf had been tied about his person upon the wreck; for his poor mother had prudently divided her little hoard, hoping that some portion might reach the shore.

Francesca was ignorant of this; but it removed one sharp care from her bosom. She took the gold and kissed Guilo, murmuring grateful words to Heaven.

Lord Bowdon had ordered dresses to be sent down from London for his orphan guests; part were English in their fashion, the rest Italian. Some unacknowledged feeling had induced Francesca to adopt the English garments, but now she cast them off and put on the costume of her own land. She tied a change of dress for herself and Guilo in two small bundles, and giving one to him put the other by her side. Then the twins sat down together as if a terror had seized them when the moment arrived which was to cast them forth upon the world. The lamp was burning dimly. The boudoir grew dark with shadows—shadows that made Francesca and Guilo creep closer together. Thus hour after hour went by till these two children were startled by a gleam of light, cold and grey, which told them it was morning.

Francesca arose, took up her bundle and a lute that Lord Bowdon had given her.

"We shall need it to win bread for us," she murmured, with a faint sigh, and looking at Guilo as if he might disapprove the act, and could hear her apology for it.

Hand in hand these two young creatures went forth into the cold grey of the morning. The light was dim; they could only see each others faces as through a fog. The dews around them lay heavy as rain; the foliage around had not yet flung off the black shadows of night. The two children sped on through the fog, through the dripping thickets. They crouched a moment, wet and trembling, by the foot of that old stone cross; they left a few flowers gathered hastily in the gloom as they went along upon the grave. Then

Francesca and Guilo arose and went away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARY'S HOME.

BY J. S. COLLOM.

A FAR in that broad wilderness
Of lofty waving pines,
Where Nature's pulse is feverless,
A star of beauty shines;
A gem of holy, lowly birth,
Of pure and gentle mind,
By far too Heavenly for the earth,
To be by earth enshrined.

Her cottage stands beside the stream
Glassed in its chrystral tide,
Which from the heat of noonday beams
The spreading branches hide;
The forest, cottage, and the lake,
All, all, so quiet seem
That you may fancy you awake
To realize a dream.

And she the sybil of the chasm
That thralls your sense in bliss,
Might live amid a world of harm,
Pure as a zephyr's kiss;

And here among these peaceful groves,
Beneath those quiet skies
A heart untouched by jealous loves
Or painful memories.

Mary, to thee this lay of mine
Companion of my youth,
A tribute due a heart like thine,
The shrined home of truth,
I dedicate in humble praise,
For memory dwelleth still,
Tho' absent from thee many days,
From cottage, vale and hill.

Thy valley is encircled now
By hills of evergreen,
Tho' Winter's shroud is on the brow
In Autumn's varied sheen;
But oh! 'tis lovely any time,
In Summer or in cold,
The gayest, happiest, brightest clime
That mortal eyes behold.

THE GOLDEN ARM.

A LEGEND OF THE DANUBE AND THE OLDEN TIME.

ON the North bank of the Danube, at its nearest proximity to the Bohmwald Mountains, lie the ruins of an old castle, overgrown by moss and lichen. A gloomy forest of firs surrounds it, where the winds whistle through with strange and appalling sounds; the boatmen upon the dark, rolling river pass by in silence, for the legend connected with the spot is faithfully believed by them. There is a superstition also that some misfortune will follow those who look upon that castle after nightfall.

Once upon a time—goes the tale—there lived in the castle a rich baron, who had a very beautiful wife; she was slight in figure, with an abundance of light golden hair, that hung in bright waves to her feet; her eyes were so calm and pure in expression, that the guilty could never look upon them without feeling abashed; the remarkable paleness of her complexion was relieved by the deep crimson hue of her lips, and the glossy jet of her long eye-lashes; her dress was always of white, rose color, or delicate blue.

The baroness, though so lovely, had not been exempted from pain and misfortune. Hunting one day with her husband, she was thrown from her horse, and her left arm was so bruised by the fall that amputation was necessary. The baron was sorely distressed at the accident, and annoyed at his gentle lady's fortitude and endurance. She saw her husband's sorrow, and forbore from repining at her own loss.

The superstitious began to regard her with wonder and admiration, the more that her beauty did not fade, and that she was never known to utter an unkind word. Her influence over the baron was so great that he seemed to have overcome every evil feeling and passion of his nature. Before his marriage he had been cruel and avaricious, but now no one was more generous and noble. The gold that he had hoarded up he gave to a skilful workman to make for his wife a new arm, which she wore with ease, and she became known by the name of "the lady with the golden arm."

Stormy winter and sunny summer passed by, untouched by grief or care for the inmates of the castle, when, one day in early spring, as the baroness was listening to the songs of birds, (always so musical in their happy pairing time) she experienced a sudden dejection of spirits—a presentiment of coming sorrow. That night was a stormy one without, and sounds were heard, as if the spirits of the mountains were revelling in the darkness. Mournful wailings were blended with the roar of disturbed waters, the noise of which reached the inner chamber, where watched an anxious group around the couch of the sick baroness. The life of the lovely lady had departed before the birds had again warbled their morning songs; and

the baron looked out upon the now calm aspect of nature: but the scene looked desolate to him, and the clear sky and fresh looking earth wore to him a funeral pall.

Man cannot mourn forever, and the loneliness and solitude which the baron suffered had changed him to his former nature. Avarice had again taken possession of his soul, and he was absorbed in the love of gold. He became cruel, hard and cold. The pure angel of the mansion had fled, and he was left undisturbed in his pursuits. He once thought him of the golden arm that lay in the old vault, beneath the name of the departed baroness. The idea of securing it was at first spurned by him, but the desire of possessing it became gradually so strong that he scrupled no longer at the violation of the grave. In darkness and gloom, and with stealthy steps did the changed baron seek the tomb of his wife for the unmouldered arm. The worm had destroyed all but it and a jeweled ring, that sparkled with undiminished brilliancy. The baron placed his treasure, the arm of gold, among his stores of wealth. Riches such as few possessed were now his. He was a man of power and worldly greatness, but it was the acquisition of wealth that he alone desired; for no eye but his own ever rested upon the glittering hoards.

The midnight following the day that the golden arm had been purloined from its resting-place, the baron awoke with a perception of a depressing stillness in the air. It was a warm night in summer. Not a leaf moved, nor an insect fanned its tiny wings. A single star shone in the dark blue sky through an open window, and its soft light was reflected from a wide mirror opposite—everything was silent and still—fearfully so. A form, shadowy and indistinctly defined, leaned motionless against the deep window. The baron's eyes were fixed upon it with horror in their extended pupils. He had not the power of removing his gaze, or of changing his attitude until the horizon became tinged with a hue of violet light, and with the coming day the terrors of the night were forgotten, or remembered as a dream.

The second night, at the same hour, the baron awoke, and the same appearance presented itself, but more palpably, and he soon recognized the form of his once loved wife; there was a look of severity upon her countenance, and a reproach expressed in her gentle eyes.

The bright sunbeams of the morning fell upon the wild and idiotic face of the baron. He wandered for a few years along the shore of the Danube, and his manner of death was unknown. His wealth passed into strange hands, all but the golden arm, which was never found. He sleeps, not in his ancestral vaults, but lies no one can tell where.

Thus, as evening closes, the boatmen voyaging down the Danube, tell this strange, wild legend. What minnesinger, in the olden time, first sang it, none can tell; but it has survived the decay of castles, the glory of knighthood, and the fall of empires. It tells its own moral. How that wealth, inordinately desired, and improperly used, brings not blessings, but curses, and mayhap involves the soul itself in eternal ruin. *

THORAREN THE SKALD.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The bold Jarl subduer,
The great King Canute
Sat high 'mid his nobles,
'Mid Saxon and Jute.
Gay glistened the trappings
The brave vassals wore;
Grim lowered dusk armor
From ceiling to floor.
There long beards were dancing
Like waves, through the hall,
And high seas of laughter
Burst loud on the wall.
"The war song, the war song!
Who ventures to sing?
A boon shall be granted!"
Cried loudly the King:
From lips with beard muffled
Thus thrice the King called,
When burst through the portal
Thoraren, the Skald!
"I come," cried the stranger,
His cheeks lit with flame,
"From far shining Iceland,
To sing of thy fame!
And when of thy glory
Is woven the rune,
The daughter of Thorwald
I ask as boon.
Then listen, oh, monarch,
Nor chain your mirth long,
Though mighty the subject,
Yet short is the song!"
Fierce glared the gray monarch,
And straightway sprang up,
And scarred the oak' table
With dash of his cup—
"What, hold there!" he thundered,
"Be thou red with shame
Who bring'st a short tribute
Of praise to our name!
By noontime to-morrow,
Look well to the day,
Sing thou of our glory
A mightier lay!
Proclaim our fierce daring
In forest and field,
How clove our good falchion
Through helmet and shield!
Sing loudly and nobly,
And long of our fame,
Till even Valhalla
Resound with the name!

Do this—or by Odin,
The sword drinks thy blood!
The war-hawk and raven
Shall make thee their food!
Thy shame-covered carcass
Despised by the bold,
Shall glut the grey eagle
And wolf on the wold!"
Thoraren, low bending,
Shrank back to depart,
His cheek glowing crimson,
A flame in his heart!
Behind him full loudly
The oaken doors swung,
'Till dull in the distance
The drinking cups rung.
Far through the fir forest,
The day-coach of night,
He sought the crags summit
That looked to the light;
While burned in his bosom
Untameable fires
He saw in Valhalla
The shades of his sires!
In dusky cloud-garments
They crossed the blue sky,
And with their beards streaming
Swept murmuring by;
In low words of thunder
And war-kindling tunes
They gave to Thoraren
The wonderful runes!
Now back to the palace,
'Mid nobles and all,
At noontime Thoraren
Strode up the great hall;
With rude harp uplifted
He glared at the King,
And madly his fingers
Dashed over each string.
So wild swelled the war song,
So stirring the strain,
Fierce men clutched their falchions,
And shouted amain!
The King dashed his goblet
With red wine and called,
"What, ho, there! pledge, vassals,
Thoraren the Skald!
Brave, brave was the spirit,
As brave was the rune!
Ho, Thorwald, thy daughter!
We grant the fair boon!"

THE TROTH PLIGHT.

A STORY OF LEE'S LEGION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Concluded from Page 66.

CHAPTER VII.

"Now thus to perish, cried our chief,
Would shame a cavalier." BALLAD.

The difference between guilt and innocence is not that one is tempted, and the other not, but that one yields, while the other resists. Fallible as we all are, we know not how frequently, even the best of us, though finally rejecting the tempter, lend a not unwilling ear to his eloquence; how frequently we might fall, if a kind Providence did not interpose, and, by a train of events, that we almost regard as unfortunate at first, bring us back to right.

When our hero left Bertha, his brain was in a whirl of gratified vanity. He was not in love, he never could have truly loved a woman like Bertha; but there was much in her nevertheless to fascinate him for awhile. As he had lingered longer than the others, he now quickened his pace, hoping to overtake them; for though the country was generally considered quiet, still danger from foraging parties of the enemy, or even from wandering bodies of toricos was not impossible. After a sharp gallop of more than a mile, however, he gave up the thought of overtaking his friends, for the road was visible in the moonlight for a considerable distance, and no traces of horsemen were perceptible. At last, thinking he might reach them by a short cut through the woods, he turned aside into a bye-road, and galloped rapidly on.

"Hello! who goes there?" suddenly exclaimed a voice.

Our hero made no answer, but sped on.

"Stand, or I fire!" cried the voice, and the words were accompanied by the clicking of a piece. As he did not rein in, but on the contrary drew his sword, a sharp report followed, and his bridle arm fell shattered by his side. At the same instant three or four horsemen appeared in the road, completely surrounding him.

Though surprised, wounded and outmatched, Stanhope did not feel disposed to give up without a further struggle. As the foremost trooper, for he could see his opponents were royal dragoons, advanced at him, he made a blow which disabled the man's sword-arm; and, at the same time, pressing his spurs against the flanks of his steed, and calling to him by name, he dashed against a second, hoping to ride him down with his heavier horse.

"Ho! Albert," he said, encouraging his steed, as if he had been a comrade, "have at them. One good push, and we are off!"

"Cut him down," shouted the dragoons, in reply. "By heavens! he is but one to our four; and shall we allow him to escape?"

These words were spoken as Stanhope, dashing against the dragoon, bore him down, by the superior weight of his high-mettled, powerful horse, and, with a wild shout of defiance, shot, like an arrow, down the road.

Half a dozen pistols were discharged after the fugitive in less time than we have taken to describe this bold exploit; but fortunately none of the balls struck our hero, though his hat and coat were both perforated. Down the road went Stanhope at a thundering pace; and down the road came the British troopers, foaming in pursuit. Soon, one of the dragoons began to gain on the fugitive. Our hero was superbly mounted, and did not believe that any trooper in the royal army was a match for him in this respect; but he forgot that the British cavalry had begun to mount themselves from the gentlemen's stables of South Carolina. He was soon, however, convinced by the rapid sound of near approaching hoofs, that he would soon be overtaken. Casting an eye over his shoulder he measured his antagonist. The dragoon was a man of large and stalwart frame, at any time more than a match for Stanhope, but especially so now, when the latter was disabled in his bridle-rein. One hope, however, remained; it was in his pistols. Jerking one of these from its holster, he levelled and fired. But, at that instant, his horse, owing to the animal being without the guide of the bit, swerved partially; and the ball, in consequence, flew wide of its mark. Had not the trooper discharged both his own pistols when the chase began, it would have now been all over with our hero. But his suspense was only protracted, without his escape being secured. Nearer, nearer came the rapid hoofs of his pursuer, until Stanhope fancied he felt the hot breath of the Englishman's steed. With difficulty Stanhope now drew the pistol from the left holster, and aimed again at the dragoon. This time the ball was true to its mission. The burly trooper reeled in his saddle, clutched at the air, and tumbled to the earth, where he rolled over and over, gathering the sand in handfuls in his dying agonies.

"We are free now, thank God!" said Stanhope, restoring the pistol to its place. But even as he spoke, he pressed his spurs again into the bleeding sides of his steed, for close at hand was heard the gallop of the other pursuers, while now and then a faint halloo mingled with the sound.

The road, just before, took a turn, as Stanhope well knew, and came out in front of a plantation. That once gained he believed he should be safe. What was his astonishment, therefore, on wheeling around the corner, and emerging into the open space, now flooded with moonlight, to see a strong foraging party of the enemy. He had rushed unconsciously into the lion's den, when believing he was flying from it. But it was now too late to retreat.

Indeed, little time was given him for thought. He had scarcely comprehended where he was, when he saw a pistol flash, a ball struck him, and he tumbled from his saddle insensible.

CHAPTER VIII.

"No longer she wept, her tears were spent;
Despair it had come, and it found her content:
It found her content, but her cheek it grew pale;
And she drooped like a lily broke down by the hail."

— AULD ROBIN GRAY.

CLAD in deep weeds, the now orphan Alice alighted at her future home, which was that of Bertha Lechmere, on the day after the ball. As she looked up timidly at the imposing mansion, her heart sank within her, and a presentiment of deep unhappiness took possession of her; but checking this feeling, she advanced up the steps, crossed the hall, and, with a beating bosom, entered the parlor.

Bertha sat listlessly upon the sofa, reading "Evelina," a novel which had then just come out. Clad in a simple white dress, with her delicate foot cased in a silk stocking and becoming shoe, she looked, as she languidly rose, the very impersonation of aristocratic elegance and indifference. She had heard from her uncle that he was about to receive into his house, a distant connexion, and she knew that the expected guest was a remote cousin of her own: but she had never inquired whether Alice was young, or beautiful, for, in truth, her selfishness was so supreme that she thought of little but herself. Yet this was the woman who fancied she loved our hero.

Oh! what would our poor orphan have given for one beaming look of welcome, for one warm pressure of the hand. How she could have flown to that queenly bosom and wept out her sorrows there, if Bertha had given her encouragement: for, friendless and orphaned as she now was, her soul was consuming itself in the desire for sympathy. But Bertha, half rising from her seat, made a careless bow, and then sinking back on the sofa again, gazed, with an inquisitive stare, on the new comer.

"She looks as if she might have been beautiful, before her eyes were swollen with crying," soliloquized Bertha. "I dare say she is very underbred, though the Ardens were rich once, I believe:—however that was before her day, and she has been doubtless brought up in the woods."

Alice stood trembling during this heartless gaze, for she read what Bertha was thinking. She had not been asked to sit down, but she could support her tottering limbs no longer, so she moved to a chair.

"The servant will show you your room, Miss, if you are fatigued," said Bertha, cutting the leaves of her book with a beautiful mother-of-pearl paper knife,

"you look sad and fatigued. Pray let me ask you to ring the bell for yourself: you will find it over there by the mantle-piece. Uncle has gone out, and will not be back till evening." And she resumed her reading.

Such was the reception which the orphan girl met. Bitter were the tears poor Alice shed as she sat up stairs in her little room. Had she known where else to go, no matter how humble the roof, she would have left the house that evening; but alas! she had not a friend in the world, and there was no resource but to eat the bread of dependence in this proud and supercilious family.

Her meeting with Mr. Lechmere was little more cheering to her spirits. He had a rough manner, but he meant to be kind; while Bertha was as regardless of others feelings, as she was tenacious of her own. "Glad to see you, Miss Arden—hope you will always consider this a home," said Mr. Lechmere, "I used to know your poor father—many a gay dinner we had in London when we were young men. There, you mustn't cry. Death will happen to the best of us. But ah! I had forgot," he added, suddenly, turning to Bertha, "there has been the deuce to play here, with one of your guests, Lieutenant Stanhope."

Bertha opened her large eyes inquiringly. Alice's heart, which had been beating wildly, stood still, and the minute before Mr. Lechmere answered, seemed an age to her.

"There's nothing serious the matter, though there might have been, only the lieutenant is wounded—"

"Wounded!" exclaimed Bertha, half starting up.

"Wounded!" gasped Alice to herself, clasping her hands in agony.

"Yes! he fell in with a foraging party of his majesty's troops, last evening, and received a pistol-shot, from the effects of which he will probably be confined to his room for several weeks. He was found lying senseless, toward morning; and borne to camp."

"And he is not dangerously hurt?" said Bertha, her cheek deathly pale.

"Not at all. The only inconvenience I can see about it," said her uncle, glancing at her jocosely, "is that you will get sadly out of practice in music, wanting your morning tutor."

Bertha blushed to the brows, and her eyes fell to the floor. Alice noted all these things. Her first emotion, on hearing that Stanhope's life was not in danger, had been one of gratitude, notwithstanding her desertion, and her resolution to forget him; her second was a feeling of indignation against him, for she now saw that what she had heard was true, and in Bertha found a rival. Tears, bitter tears of mortification, indignation, and other mingled, yet opposing feelings coursed down her cheeks. She could not help but weep, even if her secret had thereby been betrayed. But she knew that her tears would be attributed to another cause, and so she wept unrestrainedly.

"Oh! that I were dead," she exclaimed, when she flung herself on her bed that night. "But no! I recall the impious wish. It is to be my lot to suffer, and I must endure without complaining. But how can I

live here? How can I see Bertha preferred before me, she, who loves not as I loved, who never can love? How can I meet him, and hide my feelings? Yet I will do it, if I die. My heart may break in the struggle to forget him—to show to him how indifferent he is to me—but I will not let him suppose that I think of him any more than he does of me. Heartless man, he has deserted me for wealth, oh! I could hate him—yet no! I love him but too well still."

A hysterical burst of tears followed this passionate and contradictory soliloquy; and, at last, perfectly exhausted by weeping, Alice fell asleep.

CHAPTER IX.

"No blood, in riot,
Tangled the tracerie of her veined cheek,
Nor seemed her exquisite repose the quiet
Of one by suffering made sweet and weak."

N. P. WILLIS.

ALL the misery of a residence at Lechmere Place, which Alice had foreboded, came to pass, and even more. Mr. Lechmere, having once welcomed her, and being engrossed with his own affairs, left her to herself, so that she was without the consolation even of his sympathy. Bertha was the same cold, impulsive, and selfish creature as on the first day: and as Bertha was the real mistress of the house, Alice was condemned to continual slights; for servants ape the demeanor of their superiors, and even the slaves treated our heroine as a dependant.

There was nothing rude, in the ordinary sense of the term, in Bertha's demeanor to Alice. Bertha rarely did or said anything very violent: calm, lady-like, full of exquisite repose, she was in manner, what is best expressed by the word, "aristocratic." Yet, in a thousand ways she made Alice feel her dependant condition. If Bertha was pettish, and since Stanhope's wound she was pettish, the enduring her humors was the task of Alice: if Bertha wished a rosette made, or a lace arranged, and Alice was particularly engaged at something else, the work was taken from the hands of the maid, and given to Alice. Our female readers can better understand than we describe, the innumerable annoyances to which Alice was subject.

Stanhope continued an invalid, even after the lapse of a month, which by no means increased Bertha's amiability. Perhaps there was nothing so cutting in all her demeanor, as the supercilious air, the constant assumption of superiority, with which she treated Alice. How such a cold and selfish creature could love, was, at first, a mystery to our heroine; but when she came to know Bertha better, she discovered that this love was only reflected vanity. Bertha loved the notoriety, which ensnaring Stanhope brought. He had the reputation of having always resisted female charms, and it flattered her to believe that she was the first to subdue him. She loved to look on herself, moreover, as the wife of a hero; as one of the princesses of the tales of chivalry which many in that age still read.

One morning, about six weeks after the arrival of Alice, Bertha and our heroine were sitting in the parlor, when the former reminded Alice of a rare

volume of Herrick's poems, which our heroine had in her possession, and which she had promised to loan Bertha. Alice hastened to bring the book.

Bertha, as on their first interview, was listlessly reclining on the sofa. She took the book languidly from Alice and began to turn over the leaves.

"Hey-day, what is this?" said Bertha, speedily—"some love-verses, I declare!"

All at once it flashed upon Alice that this was the copy of a poem, written by her, and addressed to Stanhope shortly after he left her. The poem she had long thought lost. She started up, and ran to the sofa, where a glimpse of the paper assured her of the truth of her conjecture. Covered with burning blushes, she asked for the poem.

"Nay! not so fast, child," said Bertha. "Your blushes and your eagerness excite my curiosity. Some love-scrape is here." And she held the manuscript beyond Alice's reach.

"Oh! do give it to me," said the latter. "They are only some foolish verses, which I should be ashamed for you to see."

Poor Alice was in an agony; for Bertha, springing up on the sofa, and holding the manuscript open at arm's length above her head, began to read—

"To H. S.," she said, "well those are his initials, I presume; and you are the writer. This is too amusing. You in love—think of it!" And looking down, she laughed contemptuously.

"Now it is not fair. Indeed, Miss Lechmere, it is not. You have no right to read those verses."

"No right—and pray, Miss, is not this strange language to use to me?" said Bertha, with a heightened color. "Indeed I shall read them, if only to prove to you I have a right."

Alice burst into tears. To have her bosom's treasured secret thus exposed, and before this jeering, heartless woman was terrible! Besides, she knew that Bertha could not finish the poem and look at the bottom of the sheet, without discovering to whom the lines were addressed: and this she dreaded worse than death.

"I implore—I beg," she began, with a last effort.

But it was in vain. Still holding the manuscript beyond Alice's reach Bertha began to read, in a mock, heroic strain, the unfortunate verses. They breathed the most devoted affection, spoke of the happy hours spent together, alluded to a present absence, and, in a half melancholy strain, dwelt on a possible alienation; for the poem had been written just at that period when the prolonged silence of Stanhope began to make Alice doubt, but before she had received any confirmation of his neglect. Bertha stopped occasionally to laugh, or exclaim, "now that is particularly amusing," "quite lack-a-daisical," "dear me, how sentimental," and other terms of ridicule. But when she reached the bottom of the page, she suddenly broke off in the midst of a scornful laugh, her eyes sparkled angrily, she looked at Alice, and then again at the paper incredulously. Poor Alice, could feel all that was passing, although she saw nothing; for she had buried her face in her hands, and was weeping bitterly.

"To Lieutenant Henry Stanhope!" drawled out

Bertha, sneeringly. "Do I read aright. Are these verses addressed to him?"

Alice made no answer. Bertha springing from the sofa, and shaking her by the shoulder, said—

"Had you the impertinence, I say, to write these lines to that person? Speak, I command you. You beloved by him!—ridiculous!" and she laughed scornfully.

Alice could bear no more. Endurance was no longer a virtue. Stung to the quick she sprang up, snatched the paper from Bertha, and exclaimed passionately—

"Every word in that poem is true. I do love him—and he has sworn he loves me—we are betrothed."

"Betrothed!" shrieked Bertha, completely surprised out of her usual calm indifference. "It is a base falsehood." And, in her rage, she moved toward Alice, as if she could have struck her.

"*It is the truth!*" suddenly exclaimed a new voice, as the door flew open, and Stanhope himself entered unannounced. "It is the truth, madam: I am betrothed to this dear girl; and she shall be mine, before God and man, if she will forgive the past three months. Little did I know she was an orphan, or that her fair cousin," he spoke this with scornful emphasis, "loved her with such sisterly affection. But I have heard the whole of your conversation, and now know all—the true jewel, from the base one, my own Alice from Miss Lechmere."

He had already crossed the room, and thrown his arm around Alice; and with these last words he bowed contemptuously to Bertha. The latter heard his cutting words, and saw him standing there the protector of Alice; and felt that her true character was betrayed. She rallied herself, however, to look as disdainfully on him as he on her; but it was in vain; after a brief effort, her strength gave way, and she fell senseless to the floor.

CHAPTER X.

"So now 't is ended, like an old wife's story."

WEBSTER.

DURING the protracted illness of Stanhope, he had leisure to reflect on the events of the last few months; and the indignation which he had entertained against Alice for her silence, yielded to the dictates of justice and reason. Reflecting on the troubled state of the country, he found excuses for her conduct, which, in the glow of health and pride, he had overlooked. Besides sickness brought with it a thirst for sympathy, and in the hours of quiet and solitude which now hung so heavy on him, his affection for our heroine returned in all its force, and he yearned to be at her side again.

"Surely she is incapable of breaking her troth," he said. "So pure and true as she always was—oh! I have been acting under a miserable delusion. She cannot have received my letters. Who knows what perils have prevented her writing to me? I saved her from one, perhaps others have overtook her. In the rapid marches and countermarches of the army, her letters might easily miscarry. Ah! I have wronged thee, sweetest Alice: thou art worth a dozen such as

Bertha—cold, vain, selfish creatures who love themselves, and love display infinitely more than any human being."

Stanhope arose from his sick-bed, full of the determination to obtain a furlough, and seek in person some intelligence of Alice. "If she rejects me, I will give up my troth-pledge; but not till then will I abandon the hope of her."

He determined, however, before he set out, to call on Bertha, and show her, by his demeanor, that he abandoned all pretensions to her hand—pretensions which he severely blamed himself for having entertained, even for an instant.

What was his surprise, on entering the hall of Lechmere Place, to see the light form of Alice tripping into the parlor. He caught but a glimpse of the graceful figure, for the door closed instantly upon it, yet he felt he could not be mistaken, and that it must be Alice. But how came she here? Stanhope had heard nothing of the arrival of the poor dependant, and was, therefore, bewildered at this vision. The sudden surprise acting on a brain still weak from illness made him dizzy, and he was forced to lean against the balustrade to recover strength and composure. While here he became a listener to the conversation between Bertha and Alice. He heard the stinging sarcasm of the former and the sobs of the latter, and his soul burned with indignation against Bertha. The poem convinced him that Alice still loved him. The instant he became assured of this fact, he could no longer control himself, but burst into the parlor as we have seen.

"And you have suffered all this, dear Alice?" he said, "and I knew nothing of it. But I take blame to myself. It was my own foolish pride that made me distrust you. I should have known that only with life could you forget me."

"Nay!" replied Alice, smiling through her tears. "How do you know I did not forget you? How do you know but that I too was about transferring my troth-plight to another?"

"I know by the sincerity of your brow—by the frank look with which you now regard me—by the purity, strength and faith of a true woman's nature, which I see that you possess. Ah! Alice, if our sex were but as good as yours."

We will not intrude further on the sacred privacy of the lovers. Suffice it that all was explained. Alice told the tale of her parents' illness and decease with many tears, but hurried over that portion of her history which related to the indignities she had suffered at Lechmere Place. Stanhope, however, guessed them all, and, that Alice might be spared them in future, earnestly solicited that she would name an early day to be his. But to this she would, by no means, consent. On the contrary she expressed her resolution to obtain a safe-conduct and go to Charleston, where she could obtain a livelihood by teaching music, for the present.

To this determination she adhered, notwithstanding all that her lover could urge. Even Mr. Lechmere, who seemed really hurt to learn her design, failed, at first, to turn her purpose. Bertha, of course, said nothing: indeed she scarcely spoke to Alice; and as

for Stanhope, she could not brook his sight, so deeply was her vanity hurt by finding a poor dependant preferred to herself. When she spoke of our hero, which was but seldom, it was in the most sarcastic terms. These exhibitions of her malice and spite were disregarded by Stanhope, who was secretly rejoiced to find that her pretended affection for him had originated only in selfish vanity.

Mr. Lechmere had never known how Bertha had treated Alice, and was much shocked when he learned the truth. From that hour he evidently imbibed a strong affection for our heroine. He forbore to struggle, after some resistance, against her design of going to Charleston, but managed to protract it by one excuse and another, and finally acted in so generous a manner when she did depart, that there was no necessity of putting her scheme of teaching music in prac-

tice—if, indeed, she could have found pupils in the distracted state of affairs.

When Alice was married, however, Mr. Lechmere gave her away; and all Charleston rung with the magnificence of his present to the bride. The wedding did not take place until after the British had evacuated South Carolina. A year afterward Mr. Lechmere died. By his will he left five thousand pounds to Bertha, and the rest of his immense estate to our heroine.

Married to his long loved Alice, and in possession of a princely fortune in her right, fate made amends to Stanhope for the fatigues and dangers he had endured in the war. And Alice, too, was happy—words cannot tell how happy.

Reader!—there is more fact than fiction in our simple narrative.

THE VIOLET IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MY LITTLE CHILD.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

When Solon wept for the death of his son, some one said, "Weeping will not help." He answered, "Alas! therefore, I weep, because weeping will not help!"

HUSHED is now thy bitter crying,
Folded in the calm serene
Of the peace of God undying,
Beautiful, divine Eugene!
For thy soul ascends, returning
Back to Heaven where it was born,
With Beatus in it burning
For the Everlasting Morn.
May the Lord in Heaven have mercy
On thy soul, my darling child!
Precious blue-eyed Eugene Percy!
Blessed babe that never smiled?

Tenderest tears of sorrow ever
From my heart's deep fount shall flow,
Watering Love's sweet flower forever,
Which by tears can only grow.
Losing that divinest treasure
God in Heaven had given to me,
Nothing now can give me pleasure,
But the hopes of meeting thee.
May the Lord in Heaven have mercy
On thy soul, my darling child!
Precious blue-eyed Eugene Percy!
Blessed babe that never smiled!

Like the moon in her own splendor,
Waning on some cloudless night,
Lay thy lily-limbs so tender,
Shrouded in thine own pure light.
Now thy blessed star-like spirit,
Glory-circled, full of love,

Doth the joys of Heaven inherit,
Cradled in Christ's breast above.
Thus the Lord in Heaven has mercy
On thy soul, my darling child!
Precious blue-eyed Eugene Percy!
Blessed babe that never smiled!

From the Fountain Everlasting
Flowing, out of God's great store,
Thy pure spirit now is tasting
Bliss divine forever more.
In the golden sunny silence
Of the bliss of God serene—
Young Dove of the Blessed Islands—
Liveth my divine Eugene.
Thus the Lord in Heaven has mercy
On thy soul, my darling child!
Precious blue-eyed Eugene Percy!
Blessed babe that never smiled!

Underneath the saintly roses
Blooming round me while I weep,
Near where Florence now reposes—
Take thy fill of peaceful sleep.
Silent on thy satin pillow
Rest thy pensive little head,
While above the weeping willow
Tells my sorrows for the dead!
For the Lord in Heaven has mercy
On thy soul, my darling child!
Precious blue-eyed Eugene Percy!
Blessed babe that never smiled!

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

We have received, in advance, three exquisite patterns for March costumes, which we give in our plate.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS of rich embroidered cachemere. The sleeves are tight; the corsage *a-point*; the skirt very full. A bonnet of pink uncut velvet, trimmed with lace; and a shawl, completes this costume.

FIG. II. A WALKING DRESS of green striped cachemere: corsage high, and *a-point*; sleeves tight. This beautiful dress is superbly embroidered, both on the skirt and corsage. A bonnet of dark colored velvet, trimmed with feathers, finishes this appropriate walking dress.

FIG. III.—A WALKING DRESS of stone colored cachemere; corsage high and *a-point*; sleeves terminating half way between the elbow and waist, and disclosing an under sleeve of cambric. This costume is intended to take the place of the others, as the season advances: and the three dresses may be worn in the order in which they are named. A bonnet of pink, trimmed with three small feathers, finishes this last costume. We may remark that the plain cachemeres will be more fashionable, this spring, than ever.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Cloth dresses are fashionable in Paris, though they have not made any headway here, except among our ultra fashionables! A few, made of the lightest habit cloth, are shortly to be made up for a party of fair belles in New York, and we hear of others in Boston; but in Philadelphia they find no supporters. A pretty cloth dress, however, made up after the pattern of FIG. I., and embroidered in the same bold, yet beautiful manner, would be exceedingly becoming; and, we may add, that in Paris they are always embroidered, and made up thus. Walking dresses are universally made light and high: evening dresses, however, continue to be made low. There will be no change in these respects during the coming month. Cloaks being laid aside as the milder days approach, it will be incumbent on our fair readers to attend to having their dresses made consonant with the prevailing styles, as laid down in our plate.

Collars, *a la Mary Queen of Scots*, are very fashionable. No high-necked dress should be worn without one. They can be found at all the dry-goods stores, we presume; for they have been imported in large quantities, and are the rage in the great cities. The materials for spring dresses are generally very beautiful, this season; large plaids are still in demand, but plain colors, after all, keep the lead!

The following remarks on dress in general, and on dressing for the opera are so good that we quote them:—

"A lady should, in the first place, make it a rule not to assume a certain style because it is the fashion simply. She should consult her mirror, and let her dress be according to her general cast and figure—piquant or regal, it matters not. If she has a queenly air, for instance, high braids or wreaths worn *a la coronet*, will always be becoming; if, on the contrary, her face is pensive, ringlets and drooping flowers will be found to suit her best, even though the fashion plate should rigidly insist on a different style.

"In arranging a *coiffure* for the opera, it should be remembered that you are to make but one in a parterre of gay flowers—and if you would be at all noticeable, your toilet should be as striking as possible. For instance, a simple dress of white is often extremely becoming, to young ladies in particular; but surrounded by others in more brilliant toilets, it gives one a pallid appearance in the dress circle of a theatre, and spoils a pure complexion by lending it an unnatural paleness. If white is worn, it should always be relieved by a gay opera cloak. (Many

object to a full dress in so public a place, but the appearance can be preserved and the objection obviated by wearing rich pelterines of lace, or embroidered muslin, with *dentelle* sleeves of the same.) This will veil, but does not hide a beautiful neck or arm, and many times adds, instead of destroying grace; especially when fastened with rich *nœuds* of ribbon.

"Jewels may be worn to great advantage—necklace, bracelets, etc., are here in place; but if one has not a good arm or neck they should rarely be seen, for the glitter of the jewels will attract attention to the defects and deficiencies that otherwise would not be noticed.

"Let the dress then be of some *noticeable* material, and relieved either by an opera or rich crape shawl, thrown not *folded* about the form. Gloves of unsullied whiteness are preferable—though delicate tints of primrose, blue, &c., are sometimes worn—*mouchoir* of cobweb delicacy, (those embroidered in colors are the best novelty, but I prefer the purity of the plain styles, as being more lady-like) and trimmed with a fine full face. And now we are come to two of the most important considerations—the head-dress and the cloak.

"There are so many different styles of *coiffure* this winter, that one is almost at a loss to point out the most beautiful. Those in velvet and silver fringe are, perhaps, the most suitable; the two most in favor I have before described, the Jenny Lind and the Swiss Cottage Cap. Wreaths are sometimes very effective, those of fruit, berries, &c., are the most unique, though there is a style beautiful from its simplicity, of velvet leaves that are diminished in size toward the centre, but cluster broadly about the ears. One's own taste and your milliner must be the best judge as regards a selection from this variety.

"The cloak should be of some decided color. Blue and crimson are the favorites, or black satin closely quilted, lined with crimson; again deep blue, with orange-tinted lining. Those of blue cachemere, edged with down, are the most becoming to a delicate complexion; a brunette will, of course, chose crimson on all occasions where it can be worn. The hood should be light and fall easily upon the shoulders—the sleeves being wide and graceful in their flow. There is a wide scope for coquettish taste in the arrangement of different wraps. Cloak hoods are sometimes used; again the veritable 'kiss-me-quick,' is seen. *Nubias*—long worsted scarfs—wound about the head and throat, are graceful, but cruel the head-dress. I might enumerate style upon style, but forbear; leaving my hints to the consideration of your lady readers."

IN THE PRESS.—"The Military Heroes of the United States. By Charles J. Peterson." This is the title of a work now in press, and which will be published in the course of the succeeding month, in two volumes, of five hundred pages each. It is superbly got up by the publisher, J. L. Gihon. Each volume contains sixteen large steel engravings, besides two hundred appropriate wood cuts. The book comprises biographies of all the leading Generals of the war of Independence, the war of 1812, and the war with Mexico. We may probably give a specimen, in our next number, of the style of the book, which is the work of the leisure hours of one of the editors of this magazine.

PLAGIARISM.—Our friends in Coshocton, and our correspondent in Rome, Ga., are informed that an editor cannot always prevent impositions of the kind they allude to. We are obliged to them—very much obliged to them—for calling our attention to the article in question. We have, following their directions, discovered the original article, and find it substantially the same, though by a different author. Of course, we shall hereafter be more wary with the writer in question. But he had written so frequently for us that he was above suspicion.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Gen. Taylor and his Staff. Gen. Scott and his Staff. 2 vols. Philada: Grigg, Elliott & Co.—In these days of military victories, the press is flooded with books about the army. The two, whose titles are at the head of this article, are among the best which have appeared. They are printed and bound in a style highly creditable to the publishers; and their literary merit is considerable, when the haste with which they were got up is remembered. They are, however, rather materials for work on the subject, than the work itself. A thoroughly digested history of the Mexican war would be an addition to our literature, and we have no doubt that as soon as hostilities are over, if not before, such a book will be written by some able pen, for the subject is full of dramatic points and abounds with incidents that border on romance. What finer field for the descriptive powers of a Prescott than the march to Monterey, or the advance on the capital! Where is there greater scope for a comprehensive mind than in drawing the portraits of the Mexican races, and tracing the influence of their peculiar character on their institutions! What war in modern times abounds with such "feats of arms," to quote the quaint phrase of Froissart! The characters of Taylor and Scott, each strongly marked, yet each different, would also awake the keenest analysis, and add point to the most epigrammatic pencil. Meantime, until such a work is written, we recommend these volumes as superior to what have gone before, with the single exception of Captain Henry's "Campaign Sketches!"

Now and Then. By the author of Ten Thousand a Year. Harper & Brothers.—This book is thrillingly interesting, highly moral in its tone, and yet most singular in its plot, and in its style. Two old men, one born in a castle, the other in a cottage, each with the virtues and frailties of his nature powerfully delineated by the author, absolutely enthrall the reader more thoroughly than any story selecting the vicissitudes of a single passion could do.

The female characters are all sweet, gentle and religious, and there is nothing in the real or ideal to be compared with that blessed old cottager, with his faith and charity gathered from that old brass clasped family bible. At first we did not exactly like the quaint affection of style, especially in the dialogue with which the volume abounds; but when once accustomed to it the distaste wore off, and we cannot find it in our heart to write a word of dispraise of a volume that has so much in it to improve and delight.

Life of the Chevalier Bayard. By W. Gilmore Simms. Harper & Brothers.—This is a neat volume, richly gilt, and every way beautiful in its mechanical parts. Mr. Simms has thrown his whole soul into the subject, and we have in the Chevalier Bayard a perfect pattern of high toned morality, blended with the most daring and lofty ideas of chivalry—a varied life was his, full of trial, full of incident, and full of glorious acts. As a novelist Mr. Simms has gained a high reputation; but this book will add to it very deservedly, or its merits cannot be half appreciated; a dozen or two of beautiful engravings illustrate events in the hero's life, and the volume forms a beautiful shelf companion with Miss Pardoe's James XIV., and James Henry IV.

History of the Girondists. Vol. 2. Harper & Brothers.—This great work, by Lamartine, has reached the second volume, and will be completed in another. Few books of the present period can lay a higher claim than this to a durable reputation. Lamartine's characters are vivid, lifelike, and stand distinctly and in bold relief before the reader; there is both power and pathos in his relation of events, and in his hands the "Reign of Terror" passes before the eyes like a panorama of death painted in tears and blood. The volume is richly bound and gilt, and it contains a fine portrait of Madame Roland. The price of this great work is only seventy-five cents a volume.

Insubordination; or, The Shoemaker's Daughters. An American Tale of Real Life. By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This story shows how a hard master and a foolish mother, by abusing the apprentices and spoiling the daughters, sow the seeds of future insubordination, and reap, in due time, a plentiful harvest of trouble. It contains a few curious scenes, and induces the reader into some amusing and instructive history appertaining to that stirring and rather independent class of personages—American apprentice boys.

Love in a Cottage. By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is one of those stories that, in shooting folly as it flies, manages to do so without hurting anybody. Like most of the author's tales, the impression it leaves upon the mind is pleasing, yet healthy. We advise all who are about trying the experiment of "love in a cottage," to read this volume from the pen of Mr. Arthur, before taking their initiative. It may save the lady some ineffectual tears, and the young gentleman from doing anything very desperate.

Jane Eyre. Harper's Library of Select Novels.—Who is the author of this original and most powerful novel? There is something fresh in the style and in the plot, that would bespeak the first outbreak of genius upon the world. It is a story that once read is never forgotten; the heroine with her history is so original, so out of the common way in all she thinks, says and does, that nothing could drive her from the mind. Gentle reader, get Jane Eyre before you are a day older, it is worth your while we assure you.

Mid Summer's Eve. A Fairy Tale. By Mrs. Hall. Harper's Library of Select Novels.—Whoever read a work of Mrs. Hall's without delight? This is one of the most beautiful things she ever wrote, let us assure those who love a blending of the fanciful and the real.

The Harpers are now deep in the fourth volume of their History of England. Several numbers have appeared during the month, and when finished it will form the most complete and beautiful history ever offered to an American public.

The Convert. By James. Harper's Library of Select Novels.—In this book James has broken new ground, and which gives new interest to his always excellent novels.



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LES MOIÈS PARISIENNES

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THE SPANIARD'S REVENGE.

BY JOHN S. JENKINS.

ABOUT three leagues west of Cordova, in Moorish Spain, and on the northern bank of the Gaudalquivir, the main road to Seville is crossed by a small tributary stream, which, after plunging over many a tall rock, and dashing through many a dark chasm, among the frowning cliffs and deep ravines of the Sierra Morena, finds its way out into the smooth plains of Andalusia; and then, as if rejoicing, in very gladness of heart, at its escape from so much noise and bustle, it courses its way silently on across a wide, sandy bed, with pebbles of every shape and hue at the bottom, glistening and glancing ever so brightly in the sunlight; then further on, it almost loses itself amid the waving tussocks of grass that hang droopingly over its bosom; and then again, you hear it murmuring softly among the groves of acacia and sycamore. At some two hundred yards distance from the spot where the brook crosses the road, it sweeps around the base of a low hill or undulation, occupying, perhaps, twenty or thirty acres, and richly wooded with forest and fruit trees. Near the centre of the elevated ground, and in full view of the road, at the time to which the story relates, stood the country-house of Don Emanuel D'Allaya, formerly the most worthy corregidor of Cordova, but then retired from the cares of public life, rich in this world's goods, in vast stores of oil and wine, and flocks and herds without number; but blessed was he, more than all, in one fair daughter, his only child, whom, it were sooth to say, he loved "passing well."

A narrow, sandy carriage-way, skirted with dwarf brambles, led to the house, which was situated in the midst of a garden or grove, surrounded by a low parapet wall of dark brown stone. The gateway was partially overgrown with creepers of various kinds, whose long, delicate sprays were constantly dancing about whenever there was the least breeze to animate them; but within, the grounds presented the appearance of more careful thrift and management. The walks were tastefully arranged, and bordered with fibret and juniper bushes, with the arbutus and the crape myrtle. There were whole thickets of oranges and olives, arbors buried beneath the most luxuriant foliage, and, here and there, charming flower-beds,

bright with the hues of the cactus, the rose of Japan, the clustering cistus, and red and white camelias. In the rear was a miniature forest of tall beeches and limes, with a gloomy cork tree occasionally interspersed among them, and, high above all, rose the tapering spires of the laurel. Beyond this, there stretched away, for long, long miles, an unbroken tract of country, to the very foot of the distant mountains, which lifted their heads to the clouds, crowned to the summit with cedar, ilex and pine.

The residence of Don Emanuel was of a mixed compound of Spanish and Moorish architecture. The main centre building was dark and sombre enough, but there had been a wing added on each side, of a more recent date, and more cheerful and elegant in appearance; and along the entire front there ran a light colonnade, as airy and as graceful as fancy could have designed. The ceiling of the portico was ornamented with stucco-work, and curious designs in arabesque, and studded with glazed bricks, on which were graven the arms of the noble house of D'Allaya. The broad avenue or walk, in front of the house, was paved with tesselated stone, and as it approached the porch it was increased in width, so as completely to encircle a fountain of the purest white marble, with a statue of Ganymede in the centre of the basin, sculptured of the same material, and represented as pouring out what appeared to be an endless libation.

Upon a low stool of sandal wood, in one of the balconies jutting out from the eastern wing, well nigh toward sunset of a lovely day in the early summer, was seated the Donna Maria Dolores, daughter and sole heiress of Don Emanuel D'Allaya; while from the adjoining apartment, occupied by her maidens, came the merry clink of the castanet, and the sound of happy voices that denoted the happier hearts forgetting everything like care or sorrow in the excitement of the dance. She was habited in a rich dress of green silk, from the looms of Grenada, woven in damascene, and passemanted with silver. The sleeves were looped back at the elbow with clasps of emerald. The boddice was closely fitted to the shape of the wearer, and displayed the beauties of

her finely developed form to advantage. Her dress was quite low in the neck, though not more so than the fashions of the day warranted; but the voluptuous fullness of her bust and shoulders was half concealed by a broad collar and ruff of Flemish lace. Her hair was smoothly braided, and secured by narrow bands of gold and purple tissue interwoven with natural flowers. A string of pearls encircled her neck, from which was suspended, by a gold chain, a small cross of amethyst.

The Donna Maria was most certainly a beauty, albeit her complexion was many shades darker than those of our fair Northern ladies. Though her cheek was tinged with a hue of brown, it was smooth and clear, and the warm blood shone through it, shaded and subdued in color, but bright and healthful. Her eyes were dark as night, beaming full of deep and earnest passion, and flashing back with interest the rays of the declining sun. Her lips were large, pouting and luscious; and her voice musical and soft. As she sat there in a reclining position, with her head gently resting on her soft hand, her form appeared to be more full than was compatible with elegance, or ease of movement, but it was, nevertheless, lithe and active. There were few among the high-born señoritas of the province, who moved with a more queenly gait, or swept along more gracefully in the proud step of the *fandango*.

At the feet of the lady were the harp and gittern, with which she had been amusing herself. Ballad after ballad of the olden time had she sang, and then, as if tired of recounting the chivalric deeds and lofty heroism of her race, she dwelt in sweeter accents upon some simple tale of love. But after awhile she had wearied of all, and sank into a musing mood. Her thoughts were neither sad nor unpleasant, for often would a blush crimson her cheek that was not evidence of shame or sorrow. And yet she would sigh deeply, and suffered the noise and merriment near her to pass unchecked and unheeded. It was very evident that she was in love. Still it could not be that she had given her heart unsought. Oh, no!—she would not have shamed her pride of lineage, her Castilian blood, so much as to be won unwooed. It was scarce a twelvemonth since she had been riding homeward, with a few attendants, from the convent of the Holy Virgin, just without the walls of the city, when a wounded bird, after fluttering uneasily for a few seconds over her head, fell dead upon her bosom, its warm blood dyeing her white stomacher, and trickling down over her velvet riding-dress, and the gay trappings of the Andalusia pony on which she was mounted. To catch the poor stricken innocent in her hands and give utterance to her sympathy was in her woman's nature; and it was never known how many a bitter malediction she might have pronounced against the cruel murderer; for as she raised her tearful eyes they met the gaze of a young cavalier who had at that moment sprang from the thicket, and stood bowing before her with his broad-leaved sombrero in his hand, and his glossy raven hair falling in masses over a face delicately shaded by his well trimmed beard and curling mustachio.

He was in the early prime of manhood; he was

neither tall, nor short, but of the middle height; and his frame was firmly and compactly built. His carbine was slung over his shoulder by an embroidered belt of chamois leather, and at his side he wore a long, sharp-pointed hunting-knife, similar in many respects to, but much broader than, the ordinary Spanish couteau de-chasse. The first thought of the Donna Maria as she looked upon him, clad though he was in a hunting tunic of murrey colored cloth of Cuenca, tightened at the waist, and descending to the tops of his Cordova boots, which bore the stains of long and dusty travel, was that he seemed most comely in person; and when he addressed her in deep, low tones, but eloquent and full of feeling, her heart began to beat quite anxiously, notwithstanding her efforts to appear unconcerned.

"A thousand pardons, fair señora," said he, "if I have frightened you!"

"Ah! Señor Caballero, it was indeed most cruel sport to deprive so innocent a thing of life."

"Nay, sweet lady, not half so cruel as that those bright eyes should look so frowningly; or that those rosy lips should utter such harsh rebuke."

The words were spoken half lightly and half in earnest, and though the language was not strange for that day, it brought a warm blush into the lady's countenance. The tone of her reply was softened, and they gradually engaged in conversation until he entreated and obtained permission to accompany her. His horse, which had been led by a servant while he pursued his search for game on foot, was now brought up. Grasping with one hand the cantle of his demipique, he vaulted lightly into the seat, and was soon laughing and chatting gaily with the Donna Maria as he rode at her side.

Don Alberto Nivada had barely attained to man's estate, and within a few months past had laid aside his students' cap and gown at the university of Huelva, and entered into the possession of the large inheritance which had descended to him from an illustrious ancestry. Both his parents were dead, and he was then returning from a visit to some relatives at Seville. These facts were soon communicated to his companion, and one would have supposed from the ease and familiarity with which they afterward conversed, that they were old and devoted friends. Such they could not well be already, but it was not long before they became even more than that, for they were promised and affianced lovers. Don Alberto often came and went, and came again, but to find his betrothed more beautiful and winning, and more rejoiced to welcome him. The father smiled most kindly upon his children, as he was wont to call them, and all went on brightly and hopefully.

It may be granted then that it was none other than Don Alberto who caused the Donna Maria to sigh so deeply as we have said while seated on the balcony. She had been impatiently waiting his arrival ever since the mid-day, although she had no earthly reason to anticipate his coming until near nightfall. A slight frown was perceptibly gathering on her brow, and her delicate fingers were contracting as if under the influence of some powerful excitement, when all at once she sprang to her feet, a glad smile wreathed

her fine lip, and her bosom swelled as though she had that instant discovered some newer and dearer joy.

"Ah! it is he!—Alberto!" she exclaimed, as the cloud of dust which had attracted her attention rolled away, and disclosed the form of a mounted cavalier in a silken jerkin and embroidered cloak, with his long white plume floating in the breeze, and the precious stones on the hilt of his toledo glowing with sunbeams. He approached at a rapid rate, and she was soon folded in his arms. A servant almost immediately presented himself with some iced orange water in a crystal glass, and a silver basket filled with choice fruit and biscuit. After tasting the refreshments, Alberto seated himself by the side of his mistress; and thus they spent the evening hours by the light of the new moon and the smiling stars, talking as lovers always talk when blest as they were blest.

"And so, dear one," said he, as he rose to take leave for the night, and imprinted a kiss upon the cheek yet warm from its resting place on his bosom. "And so, dear one, the morrow shall bless our nuptials?"

"If the bishop of Cordova and the good saints so will it, Alberto."

"And we shall love each other always?"

"Always! Alberto."

"It is a holy and solemn rite that will unite us, not only so far as this world's interest and hopes are concerned, but in heart and in spirit now and forever. My heart's best and truest affection is thine, Maria, and it will cling to thee even beyond the grave; for that love would, indeed, be valueless which death could terminate."

The lady sighed, partly at the sad thought of the separation to which his words had reference, and partly, it may be feared, from perplexity and doubt as to what she could do to while away the tedious hours when no longer rejoicing in his presence. But she said nothing, and so they parted.

The morning saw them wedded. It was a bright, clear day, and joy and gladness beamed everywhere around them. There were troops of friends to wish them good cheer and happiness; the festive board was spread for all, whether of high or low degree; and even the poor market people as they trudged along at set of sun with the avails of their oil and butter, their fruits and vegetables, were regaled with choice wine and figs, and oranges, and melons. Kind words were spoken that were not meant in jest, and blessings, both deep and heartfelt, were invoked for the young señora and her lord.

Years rolled by. In the course of time Don Emanuel was gathered to the resting-place of his fathers; Alberto and his bride were blessed with one sweet daughter, and almost fancied themselves supremely happy. Like other mortals they may have been mistaken in this; but it is none the less true that they were exceedingly miserable, when it became necessary for Don Alberto to proceed to Mexico with all speed, or run the hazard of losing the greater portion of his patrimony. Without making any unnecessary delay, he soon after set out for Cadiz, at that time the principal port of commerce with India and America;

while the señora, his wife, returned to their residence near Cordova, determined to seclude herself entirely from the world during the period of his absence. The separation, though it promised to be not long, was a severe blow to the Donna Maria. In a few months, however, she received the welcome information that the property her husband had gone to secure was all safely shipped on board of a vessel about to sail for Spain, and that he himself had embarked in a sloop of war, with the hope of making a much more expeditious passage. The hope was not realized. Weeks and months passed away; Don Alberto's gold and silver were deposited in his coffers; and then at length the tidings came that the ship in which he had risked what was far more precious than all, his own existence, had foundered at sea, as it was supposed, and not one of those on board had escaped.

Long and weary had the hours been to the Donna Maria ever since the departure of Don Alberto; but longer and more wearisome were they when his absence was believed to be perpetual. For many days her cheeks were pale with sorrow, and her eyes were red with weeping. She missed—oh! how much she missed—the bright smiles that never rested on her but in gladness, and the dear tones which she was used to fancy were so full of tenderness and truth. The hours of sunlight were very tedious, and the nights sad and lonely. It had ever been to her a sincere

*"Delight to hear
Her only child misspeak half uttered words;"*

and often would she forget her brooding care in witnessing its sportive gambols and listening to its joyous prattle. But soon the thought would force itself upon her that her lot need not be such a solitary one, for the world was just the same as ever, and full of gaiety and pleasure. She was still young and beautiful, ay, even more beautiful than in the days of her maidenhood. Why then might not she enjoy life as others enjoyed it? Why might not she mingle in the crowd? Why should she be forever shut out from the innocent mirth and amusements which had so many charms for her in former years.

The Donna Maria was not unfaithful to her husband's memory. She never thought of him but with love. Still it must be confessed there were times when she strove to think of something else that would not cause her so much unhappiness. She began to feel that it was necessary she should seek for consolation away from the scenes around which the loved, but lost, appeared to linger. And then she determined to go into society more frequently, and see if her heart could not become lighter, and her spirits more buoyant and cheerful. At first she persisted in wearing her dark robes of mourning, but it was not long before a parti-colored riband appeared in her hair, and this was followed by an embroidered collar, and the last succeeded by one article of fashion after another, until almost within the year she shone out in all her resplendent loveliness, heightened by every charm and appliance of the toilet. The incense of flattery was very grateful to her. She was caressed and courted by all; and her peerless charms were toasted in many a cup of wine of Cyprus among the cavaliers

of Cordova. The fame of her beauty and her wealth brought many suitors to her feet, and when she accompanied a noble lady, her cousin, to the court at Madrid, all were in despair. But her star was yet in the ascendant, and not one of the proud and haughty madrilenes of the capital was more eagerly sought after than herself. In a few weeks after the young Duke D'Oriza offered her his hand and heart. She had been much gratified with his attentions, and the conquest was one well calculated to please her fancy; but she hesitated to signify her acceptance. She had doubts; she had misgivings. She once thought that those who had been wedded, not even death could sever; and now she hardly dared to think seriously upon the matter. Her confessor, the pious father Bartholomew, who was a distant kinsman of Don Alberto's, had attended her on the journey; and to him she determined to apply for counsel, half persuading herself at the time that she would follow his advice without hesitation or reluctance.

"Father!" said she, in a low and trembling voice, while her fingers were nervously pressed upon the gilt bars of the confessional. "Father! doth our Holy church ever sanction with its blessing a second nuptials?"

"Good and learned men, daughter, doubt it much. And yet I cannot say such things do not happen, and that with the approval of our prelates. We may hope that Heaven's curse does not attend them."

A slight shudder convulsed the limbs of the lady, and she found it impossible to suppress the earnest sigh that escaped her.

"But why dost thou ask this question?" added the priest. "Hast thou ceased to remember thy former husband, and would'st thou wed another?"

"Oh! no; I have not failed to think of him—nor shall I do so—but, father—but is it not wrong to deny myself the pleasures and the felicity that may be in store for me?—is it not a sin to shut myself out from the world which, they tell me, I am fitted to adorn?"

"Flattery may well turn thy heart, daughter. But there are many innocent amusements of which thou can't partake, and yet remain unwedded."

"And then the world may calumniate—may speak lightly of me."

"True, daughter; true it may. Still would I entreat thee to be faithful to Alberto's love. He was a man of captivating person, and of noble presence."

"Yes, father, was he—and kind and generous!"

"Why then would'st thou forget him?"

"No; not forget him—not forget, father."

"But there is still hope of his return; and—but I would not delude thee with vain fancies. Wore Don Alberto living, we should have had tidings from him many months ago."

"Indeed we would, father!"

"Yet, daughter, the time may be well spent in caring for the temporal and spiritual welfare of thy young daughter, the gentle Isabella."

"Have I not done this, father? Surely I have placed her with the holy sisterhood to whom thou did'st direct me."

"I complain not that thou hast neglected thy duty in this. But I would not have thee wed again!"

Perhaps there was too much of earnestness in the friar's tone, for the Donna Maria answered hastily—

"And could'st thou be jealous, father?"

"Daughter!" said he, gravely; "thou speakest but idly; I would forget the passions and the frailties of humanity. I cannot think that Alberto, who is now, I trust, in Heaven, would approve thy course."

"Truly, father, do I hope to meet him there. Oh! be sure it will rejoice me much!"

"Ah! daughter—but whose bride wilt thou be in that hour?—to what vows wilt thou cling?—those thou hast once uttered, or those thou mayest hereafter take? Say, my daughter?"

"Father, thou mightest well have said thou had'st none of the hopes and feelings that fill the world with gladness. Thou art cold and heartless—thou would'st deny me happiness, life, and everything!"

"No, lady, no! Thou hast a treasure I would bid thee guard with constant care, for it is holy and above all price—a husband's memory! Be true to thine own heart—be true to him—and it will cheer and solace, and comfort thee through all; aye, it will be a sweet and worthy joy to crown thy life with bles-sedness and peace!"

The priest was silent for a moment, but as the lady answered nothing, he added—

"Think of this thing seriously, my daughter. Thou must decide for thyself; I can say no more."

The fervent language to which she had listened was not altogether disregarded by the Donna Maria; but the current of her thoughts was speedily changed in the bustle and animation of the court; and when the duke again repeated his vows and protestations, and earnestly besought her not to reject his suit, she did not say him nay.

The shades of night were falling fast over the city of Madrid on the day succeeding that of the marriage of the duke and the Donna Maria; when a cavalier, whose features were almost concealed in the folds of the dark cloak slashed with gold lace, which he drew closely around him, hurried rapidly across the open plaza in front of the royal residence. He had barely passed the centre of the square, when his steps were arrested by a startled voice muttering near him—

"That step and gait!—how much resembling his!" The cavalier turned on his heel, and discovered the form of a priest shrouded in hood and cassock. Then hastily putting his hand to his pouch, he drew forth a few maravedis, and offering them to the friar, said—

"Here are alms, father!—but stay me not; I am in haste, and have no need of benison, except it be to speed me on my way."

"Don Alberto!—now may all the saints defend me!"

"Ah! is it thou, my good Bartholomew?" exclaimed the cavalier, joyfully extending his hand. "What news of the Donna Maria?—and why art thou here?"

The answer of the priest to his rapid inquiries disclosed much that Don Alberto seemed most anxious to know, but much he would have died rather than to have heard. His own mysterious absence was soon explained. The vessel in which he had sailed was wrecked, but he and a number of his companions had been rescued by an English merchantman on its

way to the East Indies. Without being able to communicate the least intelligence to his friends at home, he found himself thus unexpectedly borne away on a distant voyage. At Batavia he took shipping for Callao, from whence he travelled by land over the rough mountains and sandy deserts of Peru, and the grassy plains of the Brazil to Demerara, where he was so fortunate as to find a vessel bound direct to Terrol. He had arrived there in safety, and was now hastening homeward to relieve the fears and anxiety of his wife, which had caused him many hours of pain and wretchedness; merely pausing at Madrid to deliver some important papers entrusted to him for the prime minister. But when the terrible truth was forced upon him that her he loved so well was now another's bride, it was frightful to behold his agony. His proud heart struggled as if it would burst from his bosom, and the fierce workings of his countenance were perceptible in the sunlight of evening. He had been educated in good and virtuous precepts; he was honorable, generous, and high-souled—loving, trusting, and confiding—but he was also fierce and passionate when he felt that wrong had been done him; and his clenched hand was swayed to and fro like lightning as he called on Heaven to curse this unhallowed bridal.

"Nay, Alberto!" interrupted the priest. "She is the mother of thy child—curse her not."

"Father! leave me," said he, bitterly. "At the early dawn I may be found on the Calle Alcala. Seek me there, for I would speak with thee again."

The priest murmured his blessing and they separated. It was past midnight; and the silver lamp hanging suspended from the ceiling shed its mellow light through the bed-chamber of the Donna Maria, mingling its rich perfumes with the fragrance of the choicest flowers from the Prado and the Delicias. The crimson damask hangings of the room, with their gold fringe and tassels, moved slightly in the breeze. The bed curtains were of the brightest orange, and draped away on either hand from the centre, where they hung attached to the bills of two doves carved in porphyry, and joined together with bands of myrtle. The tester was of blue satin, fluted and trimmed with a deep border of lace. All was still in the apartment, save the measured breathing of two sleepers—that of one soft and gentle as an angel's whisper, while the other was deep and heavy like that of strong and active manhood. The interior of the couch was thrown into the shade, and the form of a lovely woman was alone visible. Nothing could be more faultless than the symmetry of her limbs, whose exquisite proportions were revealed in the movements of an unquiet slumber. The round white arm thrown carelessly over the counterpane; the ripe lips, the blooming cheeks, and the dark ringlets escaping from her head-dress, formed a picture beautiful to look upon.

Thus slept the Donna Maria, dreaming of high thoughts and a high destiny; but little thinking that the eyes of one who had only too much right to survey those charms, were fastened upon her. The soft India matting on which Don Alberto placed his foot, as he thrust the tapestry aside and stepped into the chamber, gave back no sound. Slowly and

noiselessly he advanced to the bed, and as his eye rested on the wife from whom he had parted in such deep sorrow, a faint but sickly smile lighted up his countenance. For an instant he gazed sadly and earnestly upon her, and then muttered—

"So fair!—so beautiful!—and yet so false! But I will print one more kiss upon this smooth brow, where his, perhaps, have never lingered."

He leaned over her silently and pressed his lips upon her forehead; and then gentler feelings stole over him, and a tear glistened in his eye. He might have relented in all, for he was sorely moved; but as he raised his head her lips were opened in her dreams. Breathlessly he again bent forward to hear her speak, and as the whispered tones reached his ear he started as if a sudden pain convulsed him. The words were scarcely audible—they spoke of love; but the name of Alberto was not coupled with them. The intruder groaned in bitterness of heart; and his eye-balls shone like twin meteors. His hand was instantly carried beneath his cloak, and a few steps brought him to the further side of the couch. The curtains were parted quickly, and a bright line of light seemed to cleave the air. This was followed by the sharp cutting sound of a sword-thrust, and a low, half-stifled moan. The victim struggled not much, for Don Alberto held him motionless, as if endowed with a giant's strength. Once the lady rose half way from her pillow, as though in affright, but she sank back again quietly as if naught had happened.

When the morning broke, the Donna Maria sprang up lightly from her couch to inhale the fresh and balmy gale; but, as she did so, the glare of blood caught the eye, and her shrieks resounded wildly through the corridor. Horror-stricken was she at the dreadful disclosure, and for weeks she raved madly of Alberto and the duke. None knew whose hand had dealt the blow. The family of the duke made every exertion to discover the assassin; suspicion fell on a servant whom he had lately punished severely, and dismissed from his service; and the suspicion became certainty when it was known that he had suddenly disappeared. Efforts were made to ferret out his retreat, but without avail. Shortly after the Donna Maria was restored to health and consciousness, however, a billet was found one day upon her dressing-table, which simply contained these words:

"The vengeance has been mine!—let repentance be thy task!"

The characters were too well known for her to be mistaken, and yet she was not much surprised. She was sure the billet came through Father Bartholomew, though she never questioned him. The truth had flashed upon her long before, but she spake not of it. And this last secret also remained unrevealed. No one knew she had received the billet, and no one ever saw or heard its contents. Bowed down with anguish, and completely subdued in spirit, she determined to take the veil; and ere the year had expired she sought a refuge from her sorrows in the convent, where she died. The daughter grew up in matchless grace and loveliness, and was mated happily and well; while the father perished, solitary and alone, a hermit on a far-off shore.

DREAMS.

INSCRIBED TO M— W—, OF CONNECTICUT.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

At that still hour when evening's sober veil
Around the hills its haunted mist is throwing,
And deep'ning shades the silent plains assail,
And wakeful stars from Heaven's broad arch are glowing.

When the light fingers of the balmy sleep
Have in their soft, oblivious meshes bound me;
And unseen forms across my chamber sweep,
And the sad lamplight flickers, ghost-like, round me.

Oh, I have dreams, sweet dreams! the pure, the bright,
Fair beings of the Past dance thro' my vision;
Strange, beautiful phantoms of the Land of Night,
With their gold locks, calm eyes and tones Elysian.

Through they my pillow at that holy hour,
They who erewhile were earth's and sin's—now angels,
Ministers of love, and faith, and truth, and power,
From that far land of light with glad evangelists.

They of the deathless page, the sounding lyre—
Highest and brightest on the rolls of story;
Upborne thro' shade and storm, and flood and fire,
With stainless robe and coronal of glory.

They whose deep thoughts, like birds, have found a home
Wherein the turf is green, or leaps the fountain;
In the proud city, by the gray sea-foam,
Where the spire gleams, or looms the rock-girt mountain.

And these fair forms rush wildly o'er my soul,
The dead, the young, the good, the dear, true-hearted;
Their clear, sweet tones deep thro' my bosom roll,
Like solemn voices of the days departed.

And gorgeous visions of the mighty Eld,
Round my wrapt heart come fast and strangely stealing,
Such dreams his breast with glorious triumph swelled,
Who from that summit proud and word-revealing.

First caught the glitter of that golden sand,
Heard round him swell the myriad tones of ocean;
Waved the bright cross above the flowery strand,
Hung on the headlong billow's mountain motion.

And now I stand where time-worn arches scowl,
And ivy twines around the tottering column;
Where the roof echoes to the wolf's long howl,
And the red Simoom rolls its lethal volume.

To rove 'midst tombs, to muse o'er fallen shrines,
To mark the path of Time's relentless finger;
Where, tho' the owl's moans, the jackal whines,
Still glory's sunset streakings sadly linger—

To stray where oceans dash o'er gilded thrones,
And seaweeds thro' the banquet chamber quiver,
Where moonbeams stream, and the low night wind moans
O'er bard, sage, hero, lost and gone forever;

Oh! this it is to dream, to die—to seem
What we are not; to fear, hate, love and ponder;
To sail with thought far up Time's solemn stream—
Thro' sea, star, fane, and catacomb to wander.

And mine are dreams of the broad, whispery sky,
Its air-born harmonies and deathless splendor;
And reed-like murmurs that sweep trembling by,
Like the farewell of Summer, low and tender;

Of all that pass from eye and heart away,
The voice whose tones we loved, flower, beauty, childhood;
The laugh of winds through tinkling leaves at play,
The scented glen, the green, and tuneful wildwood.

A fearful realm is that charmed land of dreams,
With its blue skies, dim fields and haunted valleys;
Its breezy voices and its misty gleams,
And mighty groves where the wrapt spirit dallies.

The dead are there; the loved, the lost and gone,
The young, the fair, earth's choicest flowers and weakly,
Who in their life's sweet Summer laid them down,
Whispered and smiled, and closed their eyes so meekly.

Mine are fond dreams of the free, babbling rills,
Leaf, bird, tree, wave, the gay Spring's green dominions;
The tall, old speaking woods, the sounding hills,
The wind-borne clouds, the hum of flashing pinions.

And there are living eyes and tender tones,
Haunting my path like some lone harp's faint sighing;
Like the heart-seeking, low, mysterious moans
That load the air where love and flowers are dying.

And mine are dreams of some far land unseen
Beyond the circling hills, day's rosy portals;
With its bright vales, and fields forever green,
And winds that thrill to hymns of the Immortals,

Where life's short mystery o'er, its flood and toil,
'Midst never-fading youth and joy's supernal;
Beneath some calm, deep Heaven's serener smile,
The good shall bask in Spring and light eternal.

A fearful realm is that charmed land of dreams,
With its blue skies, dim fields, and haunted valleys;
Its breezy voices and its misty gleams,
And mighty groves where the wrapt spirit dallies!

THE APRIL RAIN.

How soft it falls, with trickling sound,
Like fairies dancing on the ground;
'Tis heard within the silent wood,
Like lutes in some deep solitude!

What balmy air it breathes on all!
What music half so musical?
'Mid sun and shade, and tears and glee
It comes—the April rain for me!

B. P. T.

REVERSES IN REAL LIFE.

BY HARDIE P. CHAMPLIN.

HAPPY Nest is the quaint term with which sister Lucia honors our humble dwelling. 'Tis truly a "happy nest" at present, though its inmates have "drank of sorrow's bitter cup."

The members of our family are five. A mild, loving mother, who moves silently about, with a peaceful smile resting upon her death-like countenance; good health is a stranger to her attenuated frame, yet she is cheerful, and encourages us all by her beautiful piety and firm reliance upon the goodness of our Heavenly Father.

Her eldest is a pale, quiet one, who is bereft of reason.

Viola is a sweet, energetic sister, who by her exertions comfortably supports the family, and bears the college expenses of a wild, harum-scarum boy, who has no particular qualifications to distinguish him from ordinary bipeds.

Lastly, and least of the birds in this nest, is our lovely little Lucia, who flutters gaily along life's pathway with a dimple in each rosy cheek, and a sparkle in her eyes, which brighten at sound of mirth and overflow in sympathy with another's woe.

Viola is a factory girl. She has received a liberal education, but finding that she could earn more by labor in the factory than teaching, she cheerfully passes twelve hours each day in a dingy, noisy apartment, in attending her loom. I have petitioned earnestly to be permitted to leave the university, and bear a portion at least of the duties which her generous self-sacrificing nature has imposed upon her, but she steadfastly refuses my prayer, and with a cheerful smile says that it is a source of delight to her to be enabled to be of use to those she loves so dearly.

Sweet sister! God will reward your unselfish excellence!

I long for the time to come when I can substantially repay your more than sisterly kindness. A heart overflowing with gratitude is now devoted to contribute to your happiness.

We were once the children of prosperity. Our father possessed much more than a competence, and was able to lavish the luxuries of life upon his family. By a series of misfortunes (which it is unnecessary to detail) he lost all, with the exception of our present home; he was so afflicted by care and anxiety for his losses, that he was seized with a brain fever, which terminated fatally. Sorrowfully we followed our good, beloved parent to the grave—

"To pay the last sad duties, and to bear
Upon the silent dwelling's narrow lid
The first earth thrown."

These trials pressed severely upon our delicate mother, who fell into a decline, and for months Viola watched by her sick bed with anxious solicitude.

Six years have passed since that trying time. Her health is improved. She saves her strength during the day that she may be able to welcome home the dear laborer at night.

Lucia is a tidy young housekeeper; she has always a delicious supper of bread and milk, of which we partake. Our mother asks such beautiful blessings, it seems as if a Heavenly spirit presided at our happy evening meal.

Poor darkened Mary bows her head at the family altar in mute imitation of the rest. She is but twenty-eight, yet her head is silvered as with the frosts of eighty winters. It is now ten years since a mournful tragedy was enacted, which ended in the overthrow of her reason.

At eighteen Mary was exceedingly beautiful, and a reigning belle. Among her admirers was one to whom nature and fortune had been very bountiful. Everett Earle passionately loved Mary, and she was not indifferent toward him. He was of grave, retiring manners, and a casual observer would scarce have suspected that under a calm demeanor there flowed a current of strong, impetuous feeling: yet most unhappily for that nobly gifted youth it was so! Mary, at times, half avowed the deep esteem which she felt for him; then again she would turn from his delightful conversation, and listen to the empty prattle of numerous frivolous butterflies, by which she was usually surrounded.

Young Earle became weary of this tantalizing game, and resolved to have an understanding. He requested a private interview, which was granted. Mary received him with a gay, saucy smile, and to his earnest protestations made light, unfeeling replies, and assured him that his pointed attentions were very tiresome; an uncontrollable smile of affection played about her mouth as she said these words. The unhappy man saw none of these favorable "signs;" an expression of deepest gloom shaded his countenance; a bitter look of disappointment shot from his fine hazel eyes. He listened without reply for some moments to her trifling conversation, which she continued, poor blind one, unconscious of the deep agony she was inflicting. Suddenly he arose, snatched her hand, and pressed a burning kiss upon it; then hurried precipitately from her presence. She caught a glimpse of his convulsed features; a remorseful conviction of the culpability of her trifling rushed over her. She sprang to the door in an ecstasy of grief and repentance, with the intention of recalling him. Too late, he was gone, with a heavy heart she returned to her seat and wept bitterly a long while. Being of an impulsive nature, she comforted herself with the reflection that the morrow would see him as devoted as ever by her side, when she would make reparation.

She was aroused from her reverie by the rustling of the rose-bushes against the window. She heard the voice of her lover, utter in despairing tones, his last words, "farewell, Mary, my first, my only love. I have placed my hopes of future happiness upon thee, my heart's best treasure; they are blasted, nothing but the grave for me." The poor stricken girl darted to the window. It was a moonlight eve; she saw her lover standing very near the window. Slowly he raised his right hand, which grasped a murderous pistol. He pressed it against his temple. In vain she strove to speak; with weak, trembling hands she clung motionless to the window seat, and in deadly terror watched his motions. A flash, a report, the fine features of that unhappy youth were convulsed by the strivings of the spirit in breaking its earthly bonds.

With flying feet Mary darted to the garden, in advance of our parents and a crowd of domestics, who were alarmed by the report, and her wild scream of agony. She reached the spot; life was extinct. He lay extended in all the perfection of manly beauty. A shower of rose-leaves were silently spreading themselves around him like a beautiful winding sheet. With a fearful cry she threw herself beside him. His pale face was upturned; a ghastly wound stared with dreadful distinctness upon the horrified spectators. Mary kissed his blood-stained lips; twined her fingers in his ringlets till they were dabbled with gore. Her tear-drops glittered like brilliants among his hair. In words of tenderest import she besought him to live—to live but for her sake. She shrieked, she raved, she denounced herself as an unpardonable murderess. She was with difficulty torn from the inanimate form so insensible to her endearing caresses.

It was necessary to hold her by force for hours to restrain her from self-destruction. Tired nature at length gave way, and she sank into a deep, dreamless slumber, from which she awoke in perfect consciousness. In a concise manner she related her interview with young Earle the preceding evening, and dwelt at length upon the awful consequences of her sinful trifling; then her eyes flashed wildly. She tore the light cap from her head. Her rich hair fell in long, heavy masses around her person; but, oh! it was the driven snow! Intense agony had changed its hue from raven to

"White in a single night."

With maniacal strength she twisted large tresses of her hair and cast them furiously away. She called for water, and when the glass was held to her foaming lips, she bit pieces from the side. Alas! I cannot dwell upon the heart-rending scene. No more peace—no more rest for her anguished spirit. The young man died through her means; she has fully expiated her unpremeditated crime, for since that morning the

"light of reason has never illumined her darkened soul."

She is perfectly harmless now; and in summer daily weaves chaplets of flowers, with which she crowns the lonely grave of the suicide. She impatiently rejects white roses, for it was their leaves which bathed in perfume the dead form of young Earle. At the report of fire-arms a shiver convulses her slight frame; an expression of anguish distorts her features. She will close her eyes for some moments, and then with a sad, vacant smile caress and softly murmur to her beloved blossoms. Her severe retribution is an impressive warning to all who heartlessly, or through thoughtlessness trifle with the feelings of another.

Viola has had an opportunity of changing her condition. Mr. L——, a handsome and accomplished young gentleman of wealth and high respectability, whose admiration of the faithful disinterestedness of Viola, led him to renew an acquaintance which had commenced in her palmier days. His excellent principles and winning manners could not fail to please; yet it was in vain that he urged his suit. "He would supply her place to the family," he said; "he had wealth, it should be at her command." Viola was too proud-spirited to accept these generous proposals. In friendly terms, though with gentle firmness, she declined his offers, and studiously concealed her sentiments. Mr. L—— forebore to press his suit when he saw it gave her pain; and with a melancholy-brow took his leave, attributing her rejection to indifference. I fear he was in the wrong. I dared not scrutinize too deeply the feelings she so carefully veiled; but for months she was so wan and pale that we feared she had sealed her own unhappiness. She was outwardly cheerful, and unrepiningly continued her daily toil. Now, thank God, she is herself again. The bloom of health and contentment has returned to her cheek; and the smile comes readily to her lip at the joyous sallies of our buoyant Lucia.

Viola lost a husband in Mr. L——, but gained a firm friend. He married a short time since. She often meets his proud young bride, and is able to return her patronizing nods with a serene smile. Viola found a blessed comforter in our mother, who mourned over the drooping form of her darling, and prayed her not to sacrifice her earthly happiness for any false considerations of duty.

A few words of our pet Lucia, and then we will withdraw from public view. There is a sparkling joyousness about our youngest which takes our hearts'麝 perfume. Her sweet, ringing voice is always heard warbling some simple song, as with airy steps she pursues her domestic avocations. May God direct our beautiful, and keep her in the correct path through this, her earthly pilgrimage.

HAWK AND DOVE.

HARK! a plaintive cry is heard,
And see! a frightened, flutt'ring bird,
That, fleeing to the maiden's breast,
Is sheltered there, in happy rest!

Oh! thus, to life's remotest end,
Woman is man's sincerest friend:
And many cares she drives away,
And saves him from the spoiler's prey. * *

THE FANCY FAIR.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

Two leading members of a certain church, the minister of which was not too well paid, met one day, when the following conversation took place.

"I saw something this morning, Jones, that made me feel rather bad," said one of them.

"What was that, Mr. Smith?"

"I was standing by a stall in the market-house, and had just paid for a peck of some of the most delicious peaches I have tasted this year, when I heard a little voice say—

"Buy us some peaches, papa, won't you? We haven't had peaches but once."

"No, dear" was replied to this, in a low, and it struck me, almost sad tone. "I can't buy any today." The voice was familiar, and caused me to turn my head quickly. There stood Mr. Henry and his little son. They did not see me, and I was glad of it."

"Peaches but once!"

"Yes, think of that, Mr. Jones; and this delicious fruit so abundant and so cheap. I bought a basket, immediately, of the best I could find, and had them sent to his house."

"That was kind in you, Mr. Smith. I am glad you did so. The fact is, Mr. Henry's salary is too small. Four hundred dollars, and he with such a family! It is disgraceful to the congregation. A little self-denial on the part of a few of the members better off than the rest, would enable them to add to his income all that is needed for his comfortable maintenance."

"Yes; and they ought to practice such self-denial: until they do, their religion isn't worth a copper."

"Isn't it possible by some extra exertion to get a couple of hundred dollars added to his salary? There is ability enough in the congregation."

"We tried that, you are aware, a year ago, but met with no encouragement. Every one said he was taxed, already, for one charitable purpose or another, to a greater extent than he could really afford. When this is alledged, whether you believe it or not, there is an end of the matter. You have nothing more to say."

"No, of course not. This paying more for charitable purposes, already, than people can afford, is a very convenient and very common excuse. I have heard it a hundred times, and may be, used it myself."

"There is a way in which we might get two or three hundred dollars added to Mr. Henry's salary."

"How?"

"By means of a fair. People who feel as if giving a shilling for another's benefit was going to ruin them, spend dollars, uselessly, to gratify themselves, without dreaming that they can't afford it. Our neighbors of

the church over the way held a fair about a month ago, and cleared two hundred and fifty dollars; and we can do the same. If the people won't give willingly, we must cheat them into giving."

"A fair. A fair," was answered in a musing tone. "I confess I don't like fairs, and never did. But then—"

"Nor do I like them. But then, as you say—"

"Money must be raised somehow—"

"Yes; there is no getting away from that. It is worse to starve our minister than to hold a fair."

"I rather think it is. But can we get up a fair?"

"Easily enough. The women must be set to work; you know. There are three or four maiden ladies in our congregation, who haven't much to do besides distributing tracts and visiting the sick; and as the new tracts come only at intervals, and there are no sick to visit just now, they will take hold of a suggestion like this, eagerly. Never fear its being carried out if once set on foot."

"Will you put the ball in motion?"

"If you will permit me to use your name as applying the measure."

"You are welcome to do that; although I really disapprove the thing from principle."

"Very well. I'll soon see what can be done."

Smith forthwith called upon one or two of the ladies just mentioned, and after relating the incident of the peaches, and dwelling upon the insufficiency of the minister's income, closed by saying that it was the duty of the ladies of the congregation to get up a fair in order to increase Mr. Henry's salary.

The manner in which Mr. Smith brought the subject to these ladies' attention, left no room for them to gainsay his assertion as to their duty. They assented to his declaration, and forthwith, in a small meeting of influential female members, it was unanimously determined to hold a fair for the purpose of "increasing the funds of the church." The real object, it was thought best not to declare, as that might cause the minister to feel unpleasant; and would, moreover, betray to those out of the church, the fact that they paid him an insufficient salary.

And now began the busy note of preparation. Committees of two or three ladies, each, entered upon the duty assigned them, that of begging from those who could not, in justice to themselves and families, give another dollar toward church purposes, something for the fair. Who could deny the polite, smiling, importunate ladies? None! Mr. Baker, who positively refused some time before, to give another dollar toward replenishing the exhausted treasury of the church, although told that a quarter's salary was due and unpaid to the minister, handed

over five dollars for the fair without feeling that he had made a terrible sacrifice, or that he was in danger of ruin. Mr. Staytape, the merchant tailor, who, like Mr. Baker, had said more than once—"not another dollar," made liberal contributions of fine remnants of fancy cassimeres, broadcloths, figured silk vestings and velvet, for pin-cushions, needle-cases, ottoman covers, and the dear knows what all, without making a single wry face. And so the ball which Mr. Smith had set in motion was sent rolling from hand to hand. All the men were made to give something, either in money or raw material, and all the women were set to work in the manufacture of articles that would sell at the fair. There was quite an excitement in the congregation. But, as there always is and always will be, no matter what is doing, there were some fault finders in Mr. Henry's congregation. Some who did not approve of fairs, and, although they gave, for appearance sake, grumbled about it afterward.

"Why not make a direct contribution to the funds of the church at once? Why go in this round about way to get what is wanted?" they said. But they did not understand as much about this as Messrs. Jones and Smith.

A few days before the time at which the fair was to begin, the gentlemen, last mentioned, happening to meet, one of them said to the other.

"I saw Mr. Henry this morning, and would you believe it, he is warm in his disapproval of this fair."

"Indeed! What does he say?"

"That such schemes for raising money are unworthy of the Christian character. 'Let men give freely,' he says, 'of what they have to give; but don't play off games like these upon them, in order to obtain the money they are not willing to bestow. They never do any real good; but always much harm.'"

"He will think differently, perhaps, when we take him two or three hundred dollars as the proceeds of the fair, and say it is for him."

"I rather think so. Still, I must confess that I am and always have been partly of his way of thinking. A fair is only an ingenious mode of extorting money from those who would not voluntarily give it for the purpose to which the proceeds are to be applied. But what are we to do? Mr. Henry is not adequately supported, although his congregation are fully able, and without inconvenience, to double his salary. They will not give anything more by direct contribution, and, therefore, I don't see that the crime of levying an indirect tax upon them is a very serious one."

"Nor do I," replied Mr. Jones.

The fair at length opened with a fine display of articles, few of which were classed among those called useful. Five-dollar dolls, dollar-pin cushions and pyramids of sugar candy were plentifully scattered about on the tables of the fair venders, who sought to effect sales with a tact and perseverance rarely to be met with in the most accomplished of women.

"Where is Mr. Henry? I haven't seen him here at all, yet?" asked one lady of another, toward the evening of the first day.

"I believe he doesn't approve of fairs," was replied.

"Why not?"

"Dear knows! He would find it hard to answer your question himself."

From one to another the whisper passed that the minister was opposed to fairs. This intelligence rather dampened the ardor with which some were entering into the business on hand. Others doubted the truth of what was said, and confidently looked for the minister in the evening. But he did not make his appearance. Nor, in fact, at any time during the fair, much to the surprise of some and the mortification of others.

At the close of the third and last day of the fair, notwithstanding all manner of expedients had been used to force people to buy articles that were of no use to themselves, nor to those to whom it was suggested they might present them—or, to buy even useful articles at double what they were worth—it was decided that what remained should be disposed of by raffle.

"Take a chance in this splendid doll? Only twenty-five cents a chance!" met you on one side—and

"Come; I know you'll take a chance in this raffle; its my whole table. Tickets fifty cents, and every one a prize," met you on the other. And so it went throughout the room. People who wouldn't pay five, ten or twenty dollars for an article, were willing to risk twenty-five or fifty cents, or even a dollar, in the hope of getting it for that small sum. Did this differ anything from gambling? We will not say.

"Three hundred dollars, clear of all expenses," said Mr. Smith to Mr. Jones, on the next day.

"Indeed? So much! Really, I had no expectation that so large a sum would be realized! I rather think our minister will reverse his opinion on the subject of fairs when this handsome sum is paid over to him."

"There will certainly be some reasons presented to his mind in favor of doing so."

"Three hundred dollars! Our lady friends have done well, haven't they?"

"They have indeed. We must set them going again next year, for the same purpose."

"Oh, yes. A good thing, like this, must not be permitted to die out."

There was, belonging to the congregation of Mr. Henry, a poor widow named Heinrich. She was very poor. Ill health, and but poor ability to get along in the world at best, made her income very small; inadequate in fact for the supplying of her real wants. She had two children, Henry, her eldest boy, who was apprenticed to a very good master, and was now in his twenty-first year; and Emma, an invalid daughter, the entire burden of whose support fell upon Mrs. Heinrich. Henry was industrious and stood well with his master. He had about ten months' to serve before he would be free. To the expiration of his minority, for the sake of his mother and sister, he looked forward with great anxiety. It was his intention to devote all his earnings to their support.

Occasionally, this young man could get overwork from his master. Of this privilege he always availed

himself eagerly, and gave what he earned to his mother. It so happened that, from sickness, the poor widow got so far behind hand with her rent, that her landlord became alarmed for his money, and threatened to seize and sell all she had unless she paid him the whole, or a considerable portion of what she owed him. She did not tell her son about her indebtedness for rent, for she knew his inability to aid her, and did not wish to distress him.

Young Heiner, about this time, had been favored with more than his usual supply of overwork, and had accumulated ten dollars. His wish was to save about fifteen dollars, and with this to buy his mother a warm and comfortable cloak as a Christmas present.

On the second evening of the fair, the young man, who had heard a good deal said about it, was induced to go. He had never seen a fair, and his curiosity, excited by hearing others talk about this one, became strong enough to tempt him to part with a shilling, the regular admission fee. So he went. He did not dream of the danger he was to encounter there. Heiner was a fine looking young man, and his master did him the justice to dress him in respectable clothing; so that, though still an apprentice, he made as good an appearance as almost any one at the fair.

The gay scene within, quite dazzled and bewildered the young man. He had never witnessed anything so brilliant. He moved down the centre of the room, looking first upon one side and then upon the other at the rich display of beautiful articles, and still more beautiful saleswomen. While thus passing leisurely along, a bright hand was laid upon his arm. He turned quickly. A pair of bright eyes were looking bewitchingly upon him; and he saw a pair of rosy lips, parted in a winning smile, while a low, sweet voice said—

"Come! You must buy something from my table."

A moment only passed, before Heiner found himself standing before a table, upon which was a handsome wax doll, sundry pin-cushions, ladies worked collars, and nick-nackeries of all imaginable kinds, while the young siren who had drawn him to the spot, was urging him to buy something. To him she was a perfect stranger. He had never even seen her before.

"Now I am sure you have got some little cousin or niece, whose gratitude for a present like this will cause her to name you in her prayers every night," she said, holding before him the beautiful doll. "It is only three dollars. Say you will take it."

What could the poor young man do? He had been but little into company; was unused to the ways of the world; and especially unprepared to meet an encounter like this, and come off victorious. He blushed—hesitated—tried to stammer out some excuse for not making the purchase. But the young lady read his character at a glance, and said—

"Oh, yes, but you must take it," and forthwith began to wrap it up very carelessly in paper.

"There," she said, when this had been done. "It is given away at that price." And she handed Heiner the doll.

Slowly he drew forth the purse that contained his

little treasure, selected therefrom three dollars, paid it to the smiling girl, and taking his purchase, retired hastily from the room, blushing at the thought of being seen with such an article in his hand. The moment he reached the street he threw the doll fiercely down upon the pavement, and hurried away muttering to himself—

"Fool! Fool! Fool!"

Three dollars was a good deal of money for Heiner to lose, and he felt its loss more than the loss of thousands is felt by some.

On the next day much was said in the shop about the fair by customers, and among other things, it was stated, that there was to be a raffle at night, and that among the things to be raffled were a number of valuable articles. A marble-top centre-table, worth twenty-five dollars, was mentioned among other things, the chances in which were only one dollar. There was also a large mahogany rocking-chair, the chances in which were the same; besides a good many other things.

Heiner had seven dollars left. The hope of not only getting back the three dollars he had lost, but of adding materially to his little treasure by means of the proposed raffle, began to fill his thoughts, and finally possessed his mind entirely. In imagination, he already had in possession at least fifty dollars worth of articles, which could easily be sold for thirty or forty dollars, and thus make him comparatively rich. He could hardly wait until evening came, so impatient was he to realize the little fortune that lay within his reach.

With his seven dollars in his pocket, the infatuated young man hastened to the fair. First he secured by the payment of a dollar, a chance in the centre-table; then one in the handsome chair, and so on in the various little lotteries that were established for pious purposes by fair and pious young Christians, until he had adventured upon this uncertain sea his whole treasure.

It was now that anxieties and fears began to arise in his mind. Should the result prove disastrous to his hopes? The thought made his heart sink trembling in his bosom. For two hours all was suspense. Then the various articles were raffled—some by drawing numbers as in a lottery, and others by throwing the dice.

At twelve o'clock Heiner went home wretched. He had gambled and lost all!

Three days passed before he could venture to visit his mother. Of the deep extremity she was in he knew nothing. But he felt so miserable about the loss of the little treasure he had accumulated, that he did not wish to see her, lest she should notice his unhappiness and inquire the cause.

"You look very much troubled, mother; what is the matter?" he asked of his parent, when he at length ventured to see her, and observed that she was unusually depressed in spirits.

"All my things have been seized, Henry," she replied, giving way to tears, "and are to be sold in a week. I owe twenty-five dollars for rent, and our landlord says that he must and will have it. He called day before yesterday, and said if I would pay

him ten dollars, he would wait longer for the rest. But I had not a dollar to give him."

"Mother! Why did you not tell me this before?" exclaimed her son, rising from his seat and wringing his hands as he paced the floor with agitated steps.

"It would have done no good," she replied, mournfully, "and would only have distressed you. I hoped that he would have borne longer with me, but I was mistaken."

"Yes, it would have done good," returned Henry. "I had ten dollars saved toward buying you a cloak for a Christmas present. But——"

The young man could not utter the words that were upon his tongue.

"Where is the money now, Henry?" eagerly asked Mrs. Heiner.

"Gone!" was the sad reply.

"Gone? Where?"

Henry related, without concealment or extenuation, all that had occurred at the fair. When he had finished his mother burst into tears and wept bitterly. The young man had no words of consolation to offer her. He sat silent, with his eyes upon the floor, feeling little less wretched than a condemned criminal. Suddenly he started up, and rushed from the house ere his mother could speak a word to prevent his going away.

To the house of the minister the young man bent his steps. He found Mr. Henry at home, who received him kindly. After he had been seated a few moments, the minister, who had been observing him closely, said—

"What is the matter, Henry? You look in trouble."

"And so I am, sir, in very great trouble. My mother has got behind hand with her rent, and the landlord has seized her things and is going to sell them all. If she could only pay him ten dollars, he would wait longer for the balance; but she hasn't a single dollar to pay. Oh! sir; do you not know of some kind person who would lend her ten dollars? I could pay it back in two or three months by doing overwork. I would let the money lie in Mr. Martin's hands, as fast as I earned it, and he would pay it over."

"Do you frequently earn money by overwork?" asked Mr. Henry.

"Yes, sir. I do all the overwork I can get."

"What use do you make of what you earn in this way? Do you spend it for yourself?"

"Oh, no, sir! I spend it for mother and sister."

One question after another, asked by the minister, elicited from the young man a full confession of what had occurred a few evenings previous.

"And so, my poor young friend," said Mr. Henry, after he clearly comprehended all, "they have sent you home from their vanity fair a ruined gamester! But your mother's things must not be sold. I happen to have twenty dollars in the house. Ten I will loan to you. You will repay it to me as fast as you can. And let this be a warning to you, never to risk a dollar so long as you live, in any game of chance, whether it be at a faro-bank, or in a so called charitable fair. The principle is the same, and the evil as heinous in the sight of Heaven."

The young man thanked the minister with tears

in his eyes. As soon as he received the money, he hurried away to make glad the heart of his poor mother.

Heiner had not left the house of Mr. Henry over ten minutes, when Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, accompanied by another leading member of the church, called in to see the minister.

"We have some pleasant news for you," said Mr. Smith, after they had been seated a few minutes.

"Have you, indeed? A pleasant task have they who bring pleasant news."

"We are commissioned, by the managers of the fair that has been held in our church, to pay you over the entire proceeds, which amount to three hundred and six dollars, to your salary for this year. Here they are."

And Mr. Smith extended a small roll of bank notes. But Mr. Henry drew back, while his face became very serious.

"No, gentlemen," he said, firmly, "I cannot receive a dollar of it."

"Why not?" was asked, in profound surprise.

"If the members of my congregation think my salary inadequate to my support, let them increase it by regular contributions made for that purpose, and let it come as a free will offering. But with extortion and wrong, such as ever attend your fairs, I will have nothing to do. You bring me, in your hand, the price of honor, delicacy, justice and truth, and do you think I will accept of it? No! I would as lief touch fire! At your fair a young man, who had not the firmness to resist indelicate importunity, paid three dollars for a doll; which in anger he broke upon the pavement the moment he got into the street. He was an apprentice, who could only get small sums of money at a time, by overwork. In this way he had accumulated ten dollars, with which large sum, for him, he was going to buy his poor mother a cloak for a Christmas present. He was tempted to go to the fair by hearing so much said about it by those who visited his master's shop, and there he was robbed of three dollars—I call it so—you must excuse my plain way of speaking. But this was not all. He next heard about your beautiful gambling operations, and in the hope of winning back what he had already lost, went and risked the seven that remained in chances in centre-tables, rocking-chairs, and I don't know what all. He lost! When next he saw his mother, judge of his surprise and anguish of mind, to discover that she owed rent of which he knew nothing, and that her landlord had seized her things and was about selling them. Ten dollars—the man had offered to take on account, and give a longer time for the remainder; but he had lost his ten dollars at the fair—he was a ruined gamester, and you made him such. In his extremity he came to me to ask if I would not get somebody to lend his mother ten dollars, he pledging himself to pay it back by his overwork."

"I will do it," said each of the three men.

"I have already set his heart at rest," replied the minister.

"You didn't lend it to him," said Mr. Smith.

"Yes. I happened to have twenty dollars by me, and I divided it with him."

His visitors were mute with surprise and mortification. At length one of them said—

"You certainly will not persist in refusing to take the money we have brought you. The thing is done now, and cannot be undone. The money is for you, and we cannot appropriate it to any other purpose."

"Not a dollar of it will I accept," was firmly answered. "You had better seek out all the instances of wrong done by the practical working of your fair, like that which I have mentioned, and make restitution. Certainly that poor young man ought not to be doomed to work late at night for two or three months to make up what he has lost, when his poor mother so badly needs all he can earn."

It was in vain to talk to Mr. Henry. He would not have a dollar of what had been cleared at the fair. His refusal to do so made quite a stir in his

church. But like a rock in the ocean, he stood firm, although the waves dashed angrily about his feet. A day or two after he had loaned young Heiner ten dollars, that young man called upon him and returned the money with many sincere thanks. Some unknown friend, he said, had sent his mother money enough to pay all her back rent, and enable him to replace the small sum he had borrowed.

The exact disposition of the three hundred dollars, Mr. Henry never knew. A portion of it, doubtless, went into the funds of the church and helped to make up the increase of salary that it was voted him, a few months later. But he did not know this, nor think it his business to inquire. As for fairs, very little was ever said about them in his congregation. The subject was rather an unpleasant one.

TO MY CANARY BIRD.

BY MRS. S. J. HOWE.

I love thee, bright and bonny bird, I know thy heart is free
From ev'ry earth-stain, as it pours its treasures out on me,
And to a heart that long has sought a weary pathway thro'—
For love among its native kind—love, changeless, deep, and true,
'Tis sweet to know that in a heart e'en little as thine own,
That I am made a very queen upon affection's throne.
'Tis sweet to know that in thy heart there lies no germ of change,
That poverty, like all its ills, cannot that heart estrange—
The world may smile because I pour affection out on thee,

And lavish fondly warmth of heart on bird, and flower, and tree;
But ah! they know not what it is to let affection twine Around some treasured altar-place, and find a ruin'd shrine.
Ah, sadly must the human heart be tortur'd ere it turns To hearts like thine, where constancy, a dim-like taper, burns,
The flame is not like that we sought in earlier, brighter years,
But tho' it lacks the brilliant light, 'twill not be quench'd in tears;
The boasted friendship of the world, each softly whisper'd word,
I'd give them all for one bright glance of thine, my gentle bird.

THE NETTLE AND THE VIOLET.

BY LYMAN LONG.

The Nettle, with ambitious air,
Earth-spurning, mounteth toward the sky;
So Pride a look of scorn doth wear,
His Naughty head uplifting high.
The Violet, low upon the ground,
Peeps meekly from its quiet dell;
E'en so Humility is found
In lowly, gentle hearts to dwell.

The Nettle pompously displays
Its meagre bloom to every eye;
So Vain Pretension courts the gaze
Of each admiring passer-by.

The Violet hides its timid face
Beneath a shroud of leaflets green;
So, from the bold, presuming race,
Shrinks Modest Worth away unseen.

The Nettle grasped, the hand receives,
From thousand goads, a stinging smart;
So commerce with the Evil leaves
Unnumbered stings within the heart.
An odor sweet the Violet sheds,
By which its secret home we trace;
So when the flower of Goodness spreads,
A fragrance hallowes all the place!



GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.

PUTNAM AT BUNKER HILL.*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

To Putnam we owe the battle of Bunker Hill. At the council, in which the matter was debated, he was the eager advocate of a fight. "We will risk only two thousand men," said he, "and if driven to retreat, every stone-wall shall be lined with dead. If surrounded, and escape cut off, we shall set our country an example of which it shall not be ashamed, and teach mercenaries what men can do, who are determined to live or die free." At these stirring words, Warren, who had been walking the floor, stopped and said, "almost thou persuadest me, Gen. Putnam: still the project is rash; yet, if you go, be not surprised to find me at your side." "I hope not," said Putnam, earnestly, laying his hand on his young associate's shoulder, "let us who are old and can be spared, begin the fray. There will be time enough for you hereafter, for it will not soon be over." The bolder counsel of Putnam, aided by his enthusiasm, prevailed; and when the council broke up, it had been resolved to seize and fortify Bunker Hill.

It was after twilight, on the sixteenth of June, 1775, when the detachment, selected for this enterprise, left Cambridge, and took its way, in silence and darkness,

across the Neck into the peninsula. It was necessary to move with caution, for two men-of-war lay in Charles River, commanding the Neck. Colonel Prescott, who had charge of the expedition, led the way, attended by two sergeants, carrying dark lanterns. Arrived at Bunker Hill, a consultation was held as to whether it would be best to fortify that height, or advance to Breed's Hill, which was nearer Boston. It was finally determined to erect the principal works on the latter place, and construct a smaller redoubt in the rear, on Bunker Hill. This resolution was in consequence of Putnam's counsel, who, in the preliminary transactions, evidently endeavored to render a battle inevitable.

All through the night the provincials labored incessantly, and when morning broke, their work was well advanced. No suspicion of what was going on meantime had reached the city. Silence reigned in the deserted streets of Boston, and the sentry, as he went his rounds, distinguished no unusual noises. At last the sun, rising through the haze on the eastern horizon, shot his lurid rays along the summit of Breed's Hill; and to the astonishment of the sentries, the beams were reflected back from a long line of glittering steel. Instantly the American fortification stood revealed! The discovery was first made on board a British sloop-of-war, which promptly fired an alarm gun. This was

* From a work now in press, and shortly to be published, entitled "*The Military Heroes of the United States.*" By Charles J. Peterson. 2 vols. 8 mo., 500 pages.

replied to by the Somerset frigate, from the more immediate vicinity of the fortification. Speedily, all Boston was aroused by the unusual sounds. The rumor of their cause soon spread. The people and soldiery, crowding to the North End, could scarcely believe what they saw, the redoubt and its brave occupiers appearing as if they had risen by enchantment in the night. But the enemy lost no time in idle wonder. The shipping at once opened their fire on the entrenchments, and soon the battery at Copp's Hill, in Boston, began to play. Bombs were seen, black and threatening, traversing the sky: shot ricochetted along the sides of Breed's: and the thunder of continual explosions shook the windows of the city, and echoed off among the neighboring hills.

Putnam had left the detachment, immediately after midnight, and returned to his quarters; but, at the first sound of the cannon, he galloped to the scene of action. Here, it was proposed by some, to send to camp for a relief; but Prescott urged that the men who raised the works were best entitled to the honor of defending them. He consented, however, to despatch a messenger to General Ward for refreshments. Putnam, perceiving, from the bustle in Boston, how imposing a force was mustering to the attack, hurried back to camp, thinking his presence might carry influence with it, and begged the Commander-in-chief to reinforce the redoubt. But General Ward was convinced that the enemy intended to attack the main army, and hence refused. He would not even allow the troops of Putnam to follow their leader. Putnam himself, however, could not be restrained. He remained at Inman's farm only long enough to be satisfied that the enemy did not contemplate a landing at that position, and then, flinging himself on his horse, dashed off toward Bunker Hill, his blood quickening as he approached the scene of action, where the cannoneade seemed to grow louder and more incessant.

Putnam now labored to throw up a redoubt on Bunker Hill, while Prescott, with the larger detachment, worked assiduously on that at Breed's. At this latter place a redoubt, eight rods square, was erected; while a breastwork extended, from its north-eastern angle, in a northerly direction, to the marshy ground, or slough, in that quarter. Just as the battle was about to begin, the American line of defence, at Putnam's suggestion, was extended from the slough across the ridge to the Mystic River, by the erection of two parallel rail fences, filled up between with new made hay. Meantime, Prescott applied to General Ward for reinforcements. Putnam, too, finding the crisis approaching, galloped once more to head-quarters; this time, it is said, in his shirt-sleeves, for he was too excited to think of his coat, which he had cast off to assist his men. Aid at last was granted, the designs of the enemy no longer being doubtful.

He was absent but a short period, and soon hurried back to Bunker Hill, where he remained, busily animating the men. Prescott, in the main fortification, equally encouraged to assiduity. The redoubt was now nearly finished. As the provincials rested a moment on their spades and looked off toward the neighboring country, they witnessed a spectacle which fired each patriotic bosom anew. It was now the

height of the summer solstice. Far away, the quiet farm-houses, amid their waving fields, slept in the sultry noon-tide. Here and there, in the lape of the hills, stood the white churches, the spires peeping out above the elms that shaded New England's ancestral graves. How peaceful the prospect—yet how inspiring its associations! Changing the direction of the eye, and looking toward the south, Boston, with her thousand troops, was seen beneath. An ominous buzz floated up from her streets, as if the whole population was in motion, above which at intervals rose the blare of trumpets, the shriller note of the fife, and the rumbling of artillery wagons. Whole companies of troops were already mustered along the wharves as if in readiness to be embarked. The cannon, from the shipping, thundered continually.

This spectacle might have moved stouter hearts, but it struck no terror to the provincials, who labored silently on. Noon passed, yet they still toiled on. Since they had left Cambridge the night before, not a morsel of food had passed their lips; and now one o'clock was come; yet they still toiled on. Shells exploded, and cannon balls ploughed up the earth around; yet they toiled on. One of their comrades fell; they buried him where he died; and toiled on. There was something stern and terrible in such demeanor. No shouts rent the air; no martial music cheered their task; no time-hallowed banner waved above their heads:—there was nothing of the usual accompaniments of war to excite and madden their imaginations! But there were other things as spirit-stirring; for, as they looked off toward the mainland, they could see the dim walls of their homes; and almost fancy they beheld, gazing on, their wives, their sires, or the mothers that gave them milk. All over the surrounding hills were groups gathered in anxious expectation; while, in Boston, crowds lined the wharves, hung on the roofs, or looked down from the church steeples. Not a cloud obscured the sky. It was a panorama such as the world has never seen but once.

Noon had scarcely passed, when the British, to the number of three thousand men, with three pieces of artillery, landed at Morton's Point, under command of General Howe. The field pieces of the enemy immediately began to play, and were answered, for a while, by some cannon from the redoubt; but these soon becoming useless, were carried to the rear. Meantime Warren had arrived on the field, and shortly after him General Pomeroy: both these well known patriots were received with cheers as they rode along the line. The men were in the highest spirits. Putnam remained working at his redoubt on Bunker Hill, until toward three o'clock, when it became evident the enemy were about to advance. Then he hastened to Breed's Hill, where he rode along the line, his presence increasing, if that were possible, the enthusiasm of the men.

It was a splendid spectacle, all cotemporary witnesses agree to see the British army advancing to the attack. It seemed as if a single volley from it would annihilate the Americans. The proud step of the grenadiers; their lofty height; their glittering arms; and the exulting bursts of music which accompanied

their march realized all that had ever been imagined of the might and panoply of war. The men came on in columns, their artillery playing in the advance. As the imposing array moved, through the long grass, up the hill, the provincials, manning their entrenchments, stood anxiously awaiting the crisis. Few of them had ever been in action before. Their best weapons were muskets without bayonets: not a few had only rusty firelocks. Doubtless many a stout yeoman's bosom throbbed that day with terrible suspense. Putnam, Prescott and Pomeroy passed among the men encouraging and instructing them. "Do not fire until you can see their waistbands," said Putnam. "Take a steady aim and have a care not to throw away your balls."

The enemy advanced slowly, stopping to let his artillery play, and afterward moving quicker and discharging volley after volley. The thousands of spectators in Boston and elsewhere, seeing no return made to this fire, fancied the provincials were paralyzed with fear. Nearer, still nearer, the grenadiers approached, and now were close upon the redoubt. Suddenly a gush of flame streamed from one end of the entrenchment, and ran swiftly along the American line, until the whole front was a blaze of fire: a white cloud of smoke shot forward, concealing the assailants from sight: a rattling sound, sharp and incessant, followed: and then, after a breathless pause of suspense, which may have continued ten or even twenty seconds, for in that thrilling interval no one thought of time, the royal army emerged in disorder from the smoke, and was seen, in full retreat, recoiling down the hill. Just as the British turned to fly, a form leaped up on the parapet, and a voice cried tauntingly after one of the fugitives who had spoken with a sneer of American courage, "Colonel Abercrombie, do you call the Yankees cowards, now?"

The provincials had conquered. The spectators drew a long breath. But suddenly, and almost before their exhilaration had time to spread, a scene met their view which changed those feelings of triumph into horror and hate. Charlestown, the home of many of them, lying directly at the foot of Breed's Hill, was discovered to be in flames; for Sir William Howe had ordered it to be set on fire while he made his preparations for a second attack. Soon the raging element was in full play. The flames caught rapidly from house to house, rolling volumes of smoke to the sky. Their crackling sound smote incessantly on the ear. As the conflagration spread, it reached the church, up whose lofty spire the subtle essence ran, and streamed far above the vane, a pillar of fire. Sparks were hurried up in millions, accompanied by burning fragments, starrng with gold the black canopy that now hung over the city. The warehouses began to explode their combustible materials. Women were seen abandoning their houses, glad to escape alive with their children. The bells rang out in alarm; shrieks and other sounds of tumult arose; while over all was heard the deep roar of the conflagration, wild and terrible as when a hurricane is devastating forests. Each instant the fury of the raging destroyer increased. The houses, built mostly of wood, flashed into flames like powder before the approaching con-

flagration, and the lurid element, surging across the streets, overwhelmed new tenements, tossing its fiery crests and plunging headlong on, like some devouring ocean.

In the meantime, reinforcements from Cambridge had arrived at the Neck; but the enemy's shipping had resumed their cannonade; and gusts of fiery sleet drove incessantly across the narrow isthmus. The troops drew back. Putnam, who had hurried from the entrenchments to bring up assistance, was almost beside himself at this hesitation. He dashed through the hurricane of balls, and calling the men to follow him, re-crossed the isthmus. But they remained unmoved. Once more he passed the Neck. He exhorted, he implored the troops; he even walked his horse across the isthmus; he stood still, while the shot threw the earth up all around him. But neither his entreaties, his reproaches, nor the haughty scorn of danger he exhibited, could move the men: a few only crossed; and stung to madness by his failure, he turned and hurried passionately back to the fight.

He arrived just in season to participate in the second repulse of the British; for Howe, having rallied his troops, was now advancing again to the assault. This time the patriots waited until the enemy had arrived within six rods; when they delivered a fire, even more murderous than the first. The British again recoiled. In vain their officers strove to rally them: the volleys of the excited provincials followed in rapid succession: and at last the whole assailing army, grenadiers and infantry pell-mell, rushed in disorder to their boats. The slaughter had been terrible. Of one company it was found that five, of another only fourteen, had escaped. Most of the officers were down. It was during this assault that an incident occurred, which, for a moment, relieved the horrors of the fight. Among the enemy Putnam recognised an old friend and fellow soldier, Major Small, and recognised him just in time to save his life, by striking up a musket levelled at him. Poetic as this occurrence seems, it is established on the best testimony, and is, moreover, eminently characteristic of Putnam.

Sir Henry Clinton, perceiving the desperate character of the fight, had, meantime, hastened from Boston to Howe's assistance; and, with some difficulty, the troops were rallied once more, and led to the attack. This time the soldiers were ordered to throw away their knapsacks, reserve their fire, and trust to the bayonet. Howe had now discovered, also, the vulnerable point of the Americans; and pushing forward his artillery to the opening between the breastwork and redoubt, was enabled to enfilade the whole of the provincial line. He, moreover, abandoned the attack on the rail fence, concentrating his whole force on the redoubt. To resist these preparations, the Americans had not even their former means. They were now reduced to their last extremity. Their ammunition was exhausted; bayonets, they had none; Putnam, with tears of mortification, had returned from his unavailing effort to bring up reinforcements. Nothing was left but to retreat, or repel the enemy with the butts of their muskets, or with stones. Having reached the works, the foremost of the British attempted to

scale them. A private mounted first. He was shot down at once with one of the few remaining charges of ammunition. Major Pitcairn followed him. "The day is ours!" he cried, waving his sword, as he leaped on the parapet. The words had scarcely left his lips, when he, too, fell, mortally wounded. General Pigot next made the attempt to enter the works. He was the first man who succeeded. The British now came pouring in on all sides. The Americans, however, still held out. Clubbing their muskets, they fought with desperate valor, or gave ground slowly and sullenly. At last Prescott ordered a retreat. The American right first fell back, and after it the left. Putnam followed the retiring troops, indignant and enraged: making a vain effort to induce them to stand again on Bunker Hill. Finding this impossible, he remained behind to cover their retreat. Coming to a deserted field-piece, he dismounted, and, taking his post by it, seemed resolved to brave the foe alone. One man only dared remain with him, and he was soon shot down. Putnam did not retire until the British bayonets were close upon him. He then followed the retreating troops, who fell back, in good order, across the Neck, and took post at Bunker Hill.

Night fell on the scene of battle, but did not bring repose. The British, as if fearful of an attack from the colonists, kept up an incessant fire of shot and shells, in the direction of Cambridge. As the gloom deepened, the spectacle became sublime. Bombs crossed and re-crossed in the air, leaving fiery trails like comets: the thunder of cannon echoed among the hills, and shook the solid shores; lights were flashing up and down in Boston, and far and wide over the neighboring country; while, as if to crown this terrific day, the smouldering embers of Charlestown illuminated the horizon in that direction, and poured upward thick volumes of smoke, which, gradually extending, blotted star after star from the Heavens. Terrible omen of the years of war to come! It was a night of alarm and vague foreboding, as the day had been of horror and blood.

The moral effect of this battle, especially in England, was almost incredible. But the truth is, that men there had been accustomed to regard the inhabitants of the colonies in the same light they did the peasantry of the continent—a timorous, ignorant race,

poor, without leaders, awe-struck before authority: and in this opinion they had been confirmed by the representations sent home from persons high in authority. In consequence, when it was told abroad, that two or three thousand of these despised peasants had virtually defeated four thousand well appointed British troops, with a loss to the latter of nearly one-third of their number, astonishment and admiration took the place of contempt. Horace Walpole alluded to the conflict almost with glee, overlooking all considerations of country in sympathy for the Americans. At the Court of Versailles the intelligence was received with secret exultation, and France, lifting her dishonored head, dreamed of revenge and glory.

Putnam was unquestionably *the* hero of Bunker Hill. Much has been written to dispute his claim to this high merit; but, even admitting all the assertions of his enemies, their facts prove nothing. It is not now pretended that Putnam held any authorized command on the field; his real post was at Imman's farm; but he seems to have hurried, in the restlessness of his spirit, from one place to another, until the battle really began, when he flew to Breed's Hill, and fought on the American left. Here, as during his occasional presence in the preceding hours, his reputation, his energetic spirit, and the fact of his being the highest officer in rank present, gave him an authority which, wherever he went, was paramount for the time. He seems, however, not to have interfered with Prescott, who was the real Commander-in-chief, and who fought on the right. But as it was in consequence of Putnam's counsels that the battle was brought on, so, during the strife, and in the retreat, he was the presiding spirit of the day. Whether galloping to headquarters for reinforcements, or assisting his men to throw up the redoubt on Bunker Hill, or hurrying along the line telling the provincials to reserve their fire, or dashing backward and forward over the isthmus to persuade the recruits to cross, or standing alone before that solitary cannon, in the retreat, brandishing his sword passionately against a thousand British bayonets, it is still Putnam whom we meet, the Achilles of the fight, or, to change the simile, the lurid comet of the scene, blazing hither and thither, wilder and wilder every moment, until we lose sight of every thing else in watching its fiery progress.



ENTRENCHING AT BUNKER HILL.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

BY MRS. NANCY SMITH.

AH! who is it that does not love the good old village pastor, with his silvery locks and his pale, care-worn brow? Time has traced upon that brow many furrows, but it has not yet dimmed the lustre of his eye, quenched the brightness of his intellect, nor crushed his noble spirit. And yet sorrows like mountains have weighed upon his existence!

No ambitious dreams can tempt or lure him from the little flock that has so long looked up to him for guidance and instruction. No, he is content to dwell in an humble sphere, and teach an honorable and devout flock. Though many fascinating temptations are held out to him, to take a wider field of labor, where worldly honors lie thickly scattered round, yet the love of his little flock, and a knowledge of the frailty of humanity prevent him from yielding to their alluring charms; knowing that worldly honors, like the deadly Upas tree, that blasts everything that comes within its sphere, often take possession of the immortal mind, and root out its longings and aspirations for celestial glory.

It was a bright summer evening! The sun was sinking to repose in the far-off West, tipping the trees and hills and spire of our village church with a rosy tinge. Not a cloud dimmed the deep blue Heavens; not a harsh sound floated on the air; and not a breeze stirred the surrounding rich green foliage. The laborer had ceased to toil, and sat beside his loving wife, watching the gamboling of his darling little ones upon the green lawn in front of his dwelling; and as I listened to their ringing shouts and merry laughter, my heart seemed full of tender emotions, for the days of childhood came rushing back to my mind. After advancing some little distance, I sat myself down to muse on the bright, the sunny, happy days of youth, which this lovely scene brought to mind, when no sorrow hung in life's serene and peaceful sky. But scarce had I seated myself upon the green sward, before a sound of melody greeted my ear, as if breathed by angel lips, that aroused me from my reverie. I listened, and again the gushing music of a rich, soft voice, from the direction of the old parsonage, that lay to my right amid a cluster of trees a short distance off, came lightly floating on the air. I started up, and bent my steps thitherward, hoping, by screening myself by the shrubbery, to get nearer the fair minstrel without being observed. As I approached this little earthly Paradise, a simplicity and neatness which ever characterized the parsonage, struck my mind forcibly; and, with the poet, I exclaimed involuntarily to myself—

"If there is peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

It was indeed a charming spot. A neat, white cottage

lay there nestled amid roses, woodbines, honeysuckles and hyacinths—fit dwelling-place, methought, for innocence and loveliness. I drank deep of that melody: but, alas! too soon it ceased. It was the vesper hymn chaunted by a fair girl of scarce sixteen summers to her father. Now all was silent—the music had ceased, and the fairy looking being that had awakened those notes that melted on the soul so feelingly had departed; and yet I did not leave that spot; for I felt as if chained to it by some magic spell. Then thought, deep thought, took possession of my mind, and I found myself wandering over the history of that good village pastor, whom I had been taught to revere from my days of childhood. From his earliest manhood he had been "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Though comfortably situated as far as it regards the common necessities of life, and living in the hearts of all who knew him; for, truly, "none knew him but to love him"—yet he had seen his children, one after another, drop to earth as the leaves from the trees beneath an autumn sky. And at last she that had been his partner and solace in sorrow, sickened and died also. This seemed to fill his cup of bitterness to overflowing; yet he did not chide the hand that laid upon him "the chastening rod." He would say, "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord." All that bound him now to earth, by kindred ties, was a daughter, over whom he still watched with the most tender solicitude. With what care did he train her budding and expanding mind, fearing that he would scarce be able to catch the fragrance from that frail flower, ere death would come and nip it too. Truly he trained her up in the way she should go, for she seemed to hover round the poor and distressed of the village like a ministering angel, soothing the afflicted and broken-hearted; and administering to every want of her aged parent. Who could blame him for thinking her his earthly treasure? None, for such an one is valued above rubies. I had been musing upon the incidents of this history for some time, when a sound fell upon my ear like the voice of supplication, at which I started up half frightened from the spot where I had lingered so long in abstracted thought. For ere this the sun had sunk to sleep, and "gray twilight" had dissolved into the sable folds of night; and myriads of bright stars, and the silvery moon gemmed the brow of Heaven. A light now broke upon my vision through a small window fronting me, as the voice of the pastor, (for it was he) in words of adoration, fell pleasingly on the entranced senses; and I now approached nearer where I could command a view of the inmates. Reader, I would not have thee think me an eve's dropper, and I would ask thee to forgive me for the

act; for an irresistible power impelled me forward. I drew near to the small window, and beheld through it, by the aid of the solitary but brilliant taper that lighted up the apartment, a scene that angels delight to behold, and mortals witness with awe profound! On the little stand, in the centre of the room, lay an open Bible, near which two figures knelt in humble and devout prayer to the keeper of spirits, and the dispenser of blessings. What a striking contrast was here presented! A young girl, with her small white hands clasped—her blooming cheeks and rosy lips—her fair brow, upon which time had set no signet of care, her soft blue eyes upturned to Heaven—her golden tresses falling carelessly over her fair shoulders, and her gently heaving bosom, as it gave utterance to the silent, yet eloquent appeals to her father and God, encircled by a simple robe of white muslin, which fell in graceful folds round her kneeling form, seemed all the mind could picture of loveliness and

goodness. Then, the old man, with his white and flowing locks—his pale, furrowed brow—his trembling hands clasped, and his deep, sonorous voice of burning eloquence melting on the evening air in untold sweetness, struck the beholder with unutterable beauty and sublimity. Oh, what a picture of loveliness was here presented! What a contrast! what an example to mankind! age and youth, where purity and innocence seemed to dwell, mingling the voice of supplication together! As I gazed upon the scene my heart softened and seemed to melt within me. The prayer ceased, and all again was silent.

I now turned away from this hallowed spot a better being, and silently retraced my footsteps, saying to myself, surely there is a truth in the religion of Jesus-Christ, and if those who seem purity and innocence itself need repentance, how will it be at the day of reckoning with the sinful!

How will it?

TO AN ANGEL IN HEAVEN.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

"Il vago spirto ardento,
E'n alto intelletto, un puro core."—PETRARCH.

I WORSHIPPED thee in thy bright perfectness afar,
As Chaldea's sons the brightest star of even;
And longed, as they, to be with my bright star,
Because, like theirs, thou wert so nigh to Heaven.

I knew to worship thee was to adore
That Being who had made thee so divine;
And felt my heart grow happier than before,
But only wishing it to be with thine.

I felt, while gazing on thy beauteous face,
And the calm language of those dove-like eyes,

And that angelic form of Heavenly grace—
That thou wert sure an angel in disguise.

I saw my soul to gaze on thee was lost,
Though, in thy presence, it grew more divine;
For, when my spirit wanted thee the most,
I knew, alas! thou never could' st be mine!

And thus, while gazing on thy loveliness,
The night itself grew more like day to me;
For, in thy smiles the earth like earth grew less,
And more like Heaven—when Heaven took thee!

LINES ON AN INFANT.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

WHEN first I received this fair child,
Enraptured to call it my own,
My heart felt a bliss as it smiled,
And leapt at its first lisping tone.
I saw in its dark swimming eyes,
As they beamed from their orbits of pearl,
That a cherub had dropt from the skies,
Its wings on my bosom to furl.

'Tis fair as the morn's dewy rose,
When first its soft petals unroll;
And bright o'er its features there glows
An eloquent beauty of soul.
To enjoy such a rapture of bliss,
If permission to angels were given
To print on these pure lips a kiss,
They would stoop from their own native Heaven!

J E A L O U S Y ' S V I C T I M .

BY ANGELINE E. ALEXANDER.

C H A P T E R I .

What is this life without the light of love?

AT the tender age of two years, Florence Elwyn was bequeathed by a dying mother to a father's love. As is generally the case, the affections of the husband and father centered in the little being who remained as the last tie which bound him to earth, guarding her like some cherished flower which neither the air nor sunshine might too rudely visit. At seventeen the light-hearted child had grown into a being of rare loveliness, while to her striking beauty was added the charm of a sweet disposition and filial devotedness. But, alas! a strange world is this—in which heart-breaking grief stalks abroad, eager for his prey, and marks as his victims the sweetest of earth's flowers. Is there no remedy? Alas, none! Youth, beauty, innocence, possess no charm of occult power with which to ward off the fatal spells. Just as Florence Elwyn was budding into womanhood her father was suddenly attacked with a malignant fever, which in a few days terminated his existence, and she was a lone orphan. When Florence partially recovered from this severe shock, it was to feel most keenly the desolation of her situation. She knew of no relatives. She was young and unprotected, alone in the wide world, and as she threw herself beside her father's grave and wept in passionate despair, how fervently did she pray that the damp earth would unclose and receive her to his cold embrace. An early and long tried friend of Mr. Elwyn attended to the settlement of the estate, and in the most pressing and affectionate manner solicited Florence to make his house her future home. Mr. Ellison had for years been on terms of the closest friendship with her beloved parent, and his only child Anne Ellison, the playmate of her childhood, was her own most intimate friend. Her father's property, although not so ample as was supposed, was fully sufficient to support her handsomely and relieve all fear of dependence, so the sorrowful girl accepted with gratitude the kind offer, and became a member of his family, while the sympathies and kind attentions of his wife and daughter tended to lessen somewhat the excess of her grief. She dwelt in great retirement in the bosom of the Ellison family, and two years elapsed ere they could prevail on her to accompany them in their occasional visits through the neighborhood. But although Florence Elwyn had secluded herself from society, yet she had been seen and admired.

Frederick Ashton was the last member of a family noted for its wealth and respectability. Having no particular tie upon his affections, and ample means to gratify his wishes, he had spent several years in

travelling through Europe as well as his own country. During a tour through the Southwestern states fortuitous circumstances detained him sometime at E—, the dwelling place of Florence Elwyn, and charmed by the picturesque views in the vicinity he still lingered, long after the necessity for delay ceased to exist. His person was commanding, and the fire of his soul shone in the depths of his dark eyes, emitting sparks of intellect; but a close observer might have detected a shade of disappointment, or a little suspicion of mankind in his handsome features. His mind was of the kind to grapple with the world. The brilliancy of his genius, and the soundness of his principles well calculated him to rule over mind in general, while to his gifted understanding was added a taste rich by nature, and highly cultivated by study and travel. Such was the man in whose bosom Florence Elwyn had awakened an interest hitherto unknown. At first the story of her early sorrows touched his heart, then followed the desire to gain her acquaintance. Frequent intercourse deepened his impressions, and love came upon him ere he was aware. What were the feelings of the object of his love? Florence Elwyn was the tenderly cherished idol of a father's love upon which she leaned, and when death with ruthless hand tore away her prop, the sense of loneliness that filled her sad heart was almost insupportable. She had a soul too full of poetry, drinking it in from every lovely thing around her. The shadowy glen, the rippling streamlet, and the dark forest were to her beauty and incense. Imaginative and susceptible, she had always lived in a world of her own creation, and in her heart there was an undefinable yearning for some one to guide its impulses, share its communings, and cling to for support. Such an one she found in Frederick Ashton. The correctness of his judgment would direct her, in the deep tenderness of his heart she would find kindred sympathy, and the strength and decision of his character would prove a sure defence against life's storms. To her mind he presented an embodiment of the noblest and loftiest principles which adorn and sublime human nature. Her love was like

A dream of poetry that may not be
Written or told—exceedingly beautiful.

Under the influence of this sweet vision the joy blossoms of her innocent heart, that had once withered away at the touch of sorrow, now revived and became redolent with a thousand perfumes. In the quiet of the summer twilight they would stray forth to gaze upon the beautiful scenery and listen to the low whispering anthem of the forest trees. Then would Frederick Ashton recall the classic enthusiasm of his early days, until Florence, fascinated into a

forgetfulness of herself, became a partaker in a conversation to which at first she was only a timid listener. She loved poetry, and he was an admirable reciter. He had imbibed the poetry of nature from the rushing mountain streams and beautiful lakes of the North, and loved to repeat his verse to an ear so rapt as hers. She was a daughter of the sunny South, where the gush of warm affections flow out pure from the heart, unrestrained by the chilling breath of a colder climate, and as she listened to those thrilling strains a rapture would steal over her, stirring her heart with vague and mysterious feelings. How she loved to watch the pale moon leading on the starry host of Heaven, until the fairy-like landscape dreamily melted away, and the soft summer air floated by like angels' whispers, while with a soul beating in unison with this harmony, and a crowd of holy feelings round her heart, she would stroll silently along forgetting earth in thoughts too ecstatic to be clothed in words. Thus she loved. Frederick Ashton had mingled a great deal with society, and had met with hartlessness as well among woman-kind as the other sex, which had created a great disgust of them, and an utter dread and abhorrence of coquetry. He imagined his wealth and station in society to be the desideratum at which the fair ones aimed to carry out successfully their schemes of flirtation. If a pretty woman smiled on him or received him graciously, he was sure it was the concealment of a plan to jilt him. So strong was his prejudice upon this point, that it amounted almost to monomania, and so completely had he encased himself in this coat of mail, as to render his heart impervious to the arrows that were constantly flashing from the brilliant eyes, or quivering on the dimpled cheeks of the fair beings with whom he associated. But a change had come over him. His hitherto watchful heart had been betrayed into loving the sweet and gentle Florence before he was aware of danger. He admired the blended fervor, delicacy, and ethereality of her mind, and he loved her for her gentle dependence and trusting confidence. He thought her as near perfection as it was possible for human nature to approach; and yet he persuaded his better judgment that it was necessary to study her nature and character more thoroughly ere he confessed his love. How little does man know of the depth and tenderness of woman's affection! He may think that she is influenced by sinister motives; that his fortune or worldly fame perhaps attracted her. Deluded mortal! does he imagine that the love of a true woman can be bought with such gilded trifles as these? He bestows upon her numberless pleasing attentions, that are so gratifying to a woman when coming from the man she loves. He yields a constant deference to her wishes, that is as delicate as it is flattering, and is so fully appreciated by a refined mind. All this he thinks he may do with impunity, while, as he calls it, he is studying her character. If he should happen to find some discord with the perfect harmony of his ideas, or perchance a rival present herself, in one fairer, richer, or more accomplished, his pursuit is at an end, and those delicate attentions are transferred to another. Judging from his own heart he supposes that should the forsaken one feel a little at first, time,

change of scene, or perhaps a new lover, will soon heal the wound and leave no scar. Thus do men, who are far from intending wrong, often reason with themselves. They know not that every look, every tone of the beloved one is engraven upon woman's heart, guarded as a sacred treasure, and yielded up only at the behest of death.

CHAPTER II.

She wove a tale with all a demon's art
Should bear to mock the secret of her heart;
She formed a plot that o'er her fair young brow
Should call of pain and shame the crimson glow.

"It shall never be," exclaimed a haughty girl, as she pushed aside the embroidery frame over which she was bending, and rising up, commenced walking the floor with a quick, irregular step, then suddenly pausing before the person whom she addressed, her eyes sparkling with ungovernable rage—"it shall never be. I repeat it—Frederick Ashton shall never marry Florence Elwyn."

"And pray, how will you prevent it, Kate?" asked the young man, who bore so striking a resemblance to the first speaker, that it were an easy matter to decide the relationship that existed between them. "Everything seems to be going on very prosperously—indeed I should not be astonished if they are already engaged—and an angel he'll get for a wife."

"Fool!" muttered the angry woman, contemptuously, "are you too caught by that baby face, whining voice and affected manners?"

"Pretty language for a sister to address to a brother," replied the young man, while a cold smile of disdain played around his mouth. "Ah, Kate, you had better take Florence Elwyn for a pattern if you ever expect to get such a man as Frederick Ashton, or indeed any other."

"The artful creature! well does she know how to play her part. She feigns a sweet pensive look, and enlists sympathy in behalf of her early sorrows; but it is not the loss of a dead father she mourns, these are only the arts she employs to secure the living lover."

"Shame on you, Kate!" exclaimed her brother, indignantly, "to judge of any woman by such a cold heartless piece of artificiality as yourself."

"Have I not seen it all?" she replied, in a voice that passion rendered tremulous. "Frederick Ashton would have been mine had he not fell into the snare of that designing creature. But it is not too late—I'll have him yet."

"A very maidenly assertion, upon my word," said her brother, ironically. "But," resumed he, in a more natural tone, "that were easier said than done."

"I shall need your assistance," continued his sister, "to that will be added my own discriminating judgment and unfailing resources of invention, and I have no fear for the end."

Her brother regarded her with a look of withering scorn, "say your artful maliceousness, and you'll come nearer the truth. However," he added, gaily, "I am ready to enter into any measures that will be

likely to make me the proud and happy husband of Florence Elwyn. What do you intend to do?"

"I have no settled plan as yet," replied Kate, without taking any notice of the former part of his observation. "I intend to watch narrowly the course of events, and make them subservient to my purpose. What I expect of you is to follow closely where I lead or direct."

Catharine Mailand had been the schoolmate of Florence Elwyn; but so uneogenous were their natures, that as they grew up nothing more than the civilities of society were kept up between them. Catharine Mailand was vain, haughty, cold-hearted, and revengeful in disposition; indeed there was scarcely a redeeming trait in her character; but possessing an uncommon share of vivacity, together with considerable personal attractions, her great moral defects were concealed when in society. She loved Frederick Ashton as much as she was capable of loving any one. The gentle Florence Elwyn had ever been the object of her envy, and now that she was likely to prove a rival, the most implacable hatred took possession of her breast. Robert Mailand, the brother of Catharine, differed but little from his sister, except that a bad man seldom possesses in the same proportion the expertness to devise mischief, and those qualities of mean artfulness that characterize a bad woman. As we have seen he loved Florence Elwyn, and hesitated not at the means employed to obtain her, thinking that if he could break off the intimacy between her and Frederick Ashton, there would be no obstacle to his happiness. According to the instructions of his sister he set about cultivating an intimate acquaintance with Frederick Ashton, endeavoring to find out his peculiarities. Ashton found in Mailand an agreeable and pleasing companion, and very soon the two were on quite intimate terms. One day, when out on a shooting party, Ashton's gun suddenly burst, severely wounding him. During the insensibility occasioned by the severe pain and loss of blood, Mailand had him conveyed to his own residence, as affording earlier assistance from its being nearer the place of the accident than the hotel where he boarded. On examination the wound proved to be a very dangerous one, and the fever that ensued reduced him so low that his life was despaired of; but a strong constitution baffled the disease, and he was pronounced convalescent. The only solace he had while lingering on his bed of pain was the thought of his gentle Florence. "How," he thought, "could her sweet voice have assuaged his sufferings, and from her dear hand the nauseous drugs would have lost half their bitterness. But this was impossible—so he must be resigned." He had fully determined that immediately on his restoration to health he would offer to her his heart and hand. During his protracted sickness he was attended in the most faithful manner by Robert Mailand. His apparently disinterested kindness completely won upon the generous nature of Frederick Ashton, and he regarded him as his best friend, for whom he would have made any sacrifice. Propped up by pillows, Ashton was now able to sit up for a short time, and once more to taste the sweets of returning health; but latterly he had

discovered an air of abstraction about his friend that sorely grieved him. He watched him closely, and when Mailand thought he was not observed, he would sit in deep dejection, while heavy sighs heaved his breast, then drawing from his bosom a beautifully wrought golden locket, he would gaze on it until the tears seemed ready to start, and, fondly kissing it, would carefully lay it away in its hiding-place. Ashton respected his feelings, and would not for worlds have had his friend know that he had been a witness of his weakness. It was true then that Mailand loved; and perhaps some heartless creature had dared to trifle with the affections of such a noble and generous soul. Ashton was almost tempted to curse the folly of man for loving, and the heartlessness of woman for trifling. At length one morning, from a dreamy reverie, he happened to open his eyes very suddenly, and beside him sat his friend, the locket lying in his hand, and he regarding it with a look of great sadness. Before he could recover his wonted presence of mind, Mailand lifted his eyes and met those of Ashton fixed on him. In evident confusion he closed his hand upon the locket—but it was too late, his secret was discovered. The thought occurred to Frederick to rally his friend upon his attachment, perhaps he might win his confidence, and by sharing his grief might lessen its poignancy. At all events he determined to broach the subject, fully persuaded that if he understood the case he could be of service.

"Nay, Mailand," said he, good humoredly, "do not be so selfish. Allow me a glimpse of the pretty face that you hold in your covetous grasp; for pretty I know it must be if you admire it."

"And as false as fair," returned Mailand, bitterly, and relapsing into his former dejected mood, seemed to preclude all attempts at further conversation. But Ashton was not to be diverted: having the welfare of his friend at heart, he determined to persevere.

"Mailand," said Ashton, with manly frankness, "excuse me if I have aroused from their repose thoughts of an unpleasant nature. Such was not my intention, neither do I desire to pry into the secrets of your heart from motives of vain curiosity; but having unknown to you, and unintentionally on my part, observed many things that led me to suspect the state of your affections, I thought that a repose of confidence might enable me to be of some service, which it would be my greatest happiness to render."

"Heaven be praised for granting me such a friend," exclaimed Mailand, as he cordially grasped Ashton's extended hand, "but, alas! you can be of no use to me, therefore it is unnecessary to trouble you with—"

"If nothing else will be gained," replied Frederick, who resumed the conversation, unfinished as Mailand had left it, "rest assured your heart will feel lighter when its burden of grief is divided with your friend."

"Impossible! naught on earth can heal the wounds of a crushed spirit, or restore happiness to the heart from whence hope hath forever departed. It began in our early youth," continued Mailand, reluctantly, "was the charm of my boyish days, and the hope of my manhood. Need I tell you how I loved," exclaimed he, fervently, as glowing with his subject he forgot his former embarrassment, and seemed now as

anxious to dwell upon the theme as before he had been reluctant. "It filled my whole soul—it became my animating principle—it gave vigor to my intellect—fervor to my devotions—energy to my whole character. And it was returned with the purity and sweetness of a young heart's first love. She was a confiding and innocent young creature—too guileless to conceal her attachment for me, and too pure-minded to deny the sweet familiarities of the innocent. Her lovely head found its resting-place upon my breast, while my hand was allowed to roam at pleasure through its rich garniture of tresses. I might look into the depths of those soft violet orbs, and drink my fill of the intoxicating delight, or if my gaze became too impassioned, and in rebuke the lovely lids drooped softly over them, my pardon was sure to be sealed upon the ripe, pouting lips. Thus we grew up and were betrothed. But why dwell upon these moments of ineffable bliss?—for years they were the light of my existence, now they are gone never to return. A change came over my beloved, and when I sought to know the cause and revive the recollections of by-gone hours, she coldly repulsed me, telling me that I must forget as she had the fancies of her girlish days, and when I reminded her of the solemn engagement between us, of which Heaven was witness, she answered with a scornful smile that I could not expect her to fulfil, or even remember engagements that were made when she was a mere child. At length she refused to see me, and I am left to bear the anguish that is devouring me as best I may."

Mailand paused overcome by his feelings, while Ashton was deeply moved at the recital of his wrongs.

"Am I acquainted with her?" asked he, in a sooth-ing tone.

"Yes—no—that is—I mean—let us speak no more about it," said Mailand, exceedingly agitated, and evidently from different emotions than those which had just before held their sway over him.

"What ails you, Mailand?" said Frederick, astonished at his singularity of speech and manner. "What am I to gather from your strange answers?"

"Seek not to question me further," replied Mailand. "Too much has already been said; but, thank Heaven, I have not gone too far," he continued, in an under-tone, as if thinking aloud. "I have been careful. He knows not who it is."

"What can you mean? Of whom have you been speaking? Tell me her name," wildly demanded Ashton, while a strange presentiment crept around his heart.

"Alas! you know not what you ask," said Mailand, fixing his eyes sadly upon him. "Would that I had said nothing; but who could have foreseen this. No, no, you could not bear it."

"I can bear anything but this torturing suspense—speak quickly," almost gasped Ashton, a death-like pallor spreading over his countenance.

Mailand returned no answer; but slowly unclasping the fingers that seemed to cling with fond tenacity to the locket, he extended his hand to Ashton. A look was sufficient. In their sweet placidity, as pure andainless as an angel's, the lovely features of Florence Elwyn met his wild gaze. An agonizing cry escaped

from his bursting heart as he sank back upon the pillow. It was the struggle of a mighty spirit. While it was going on a gleam of fiendish triumph shot across the countenance of the wretch who sat beside him, and instantly passing away, left upon it its former woe-sful expression. In a short time Frederick Ashton arose. His face was deadly pale, and the mental suffering of years seemed to have passed over him in those few moments.

"My friend," said he, in a voice so calm and composed, that it quite startled Mailand, "how deeply I have wronged you your suffering heart can best tell, and yet your generous spirit has returned good for evil, and cherished with your kindness the serpent who had coiled itself around your hopes of happiness, and poisoned them with its venom. Say that you forgive me, and the rest of my life shall prove how utterly I deplore the ignorance that unconsciously led me to injure you. But rest assured, nothing has passed between the lady and myself that need, for an instant, disturb your peace. The love for her that I now confess to you, has never been breathed into her ear. Excuse me if I advert to unpleasant circumstances. I once noticed in her possession a counterpart of the locket you have just showed me, and so careful was she of it that I could scarce gain a glimpse; for it was, she said, painted for her father, by an eminent artist, who, ere a copy of it could be taken, went unexpectedly to Europe, and has resided there ever since."

"That copy is the one I now have, and at the time of our betrothal was exchanged for my likeness. A few months since she returned mine requesting her own; but I could not part with it."

"What could be her object in thus resorting to falsehood and deception?"

"You are reputed wealthy, my dear sir, and beside an attractive exterior you are talented and well educated. Having seen much of the world has given ease to your manner, and variety to your information. You are just the sort of man with whom a lady of taste and refinement loves to swell her train of admirers. Your attentions flattered Florence, and when contrasted with you her betrothed appeared to disadvantage; but I doubt not that in time the spell would have broken, and my heart been gladdened by a return of her former trusting affection."

"And could you love such a vain trifler? Oh! be careful, Mailand, how you throw away the sacred affections of a manly heart upon one who has proved herself so utterly unworthy of you."

"Speak not so, Frederick—she is now young and thoughtless—time and judicious counsel will correct the errors of her unformed character, and make her all that I could wish."

Ashton dropped the subject, for it was painful to both.

Was it possible, thought Frederick when alone, that he could have been so deceived? And yet the evidences were clear. In all his intercourse with society he had never met with one apparently so innocent, pure-minded: and yet this fair exterior, this semblance of innocence covered a false, and to his strict ideas of purity in the female sex, an almost impure heart.

That delicate waist had been encircled by the arm of a lover, and those loving eyes reflected his image. In this there might perhaps be no impropriety, for he was her betrothed; but Frederick remembered that her eyes had fallen beneath his look of respectful admiration, that she had walked alone with him, and her arm trembled as it rested in his. She had listened too with an air of quiet happiness to his conversation, and though she said but little in reply, yet that little was uttered in low, sweet tones that spoke of tenderness, and made his heart thrill with delight. All this was done while in the sight of Heaven she was the betrothed of another. And for what object? Money, a station in society, and the love of flirtation. Contempt for her dissimulation, and rage at having been made the dupe of an artful girl, made him at first almost furious; but after a while these emotions subsided, and thoughts of the sweet moments he had spent with the only one he had ever loved rose up before him with beauty and freshness. Must he awake from the blissful dream in which the last few months had sped away so quickly? Alas! he felt it was indeed only a dream, and already was he awake to its fallacy.

His course was at once decided. As he had made no profession of attachment to Florence Elwyn, it was unnecessary that he should see her, or offer any explanation of his conduct. His having been so long and intimately associated with the injured Mailand, would be likely to suggest to her guilty heart the true cause. As soon as he was able he intended to leave B——, and endeavor to forget the unhappy incidents of his sojourn there. But in this he was disappointed. The conflicting emotions that had agitated him in his weak state induced a return of the fever, and many weeks elapsed before he was restored to his former state of convalescence. At times, during his sickness, he imagined that the form of a female moved noiselessly about his room; but he closed his eyes resolutely upon the vision, determining that never again should false woman find a communication to his heart. Mailand's attentions were redoubled, and by careful nursing he was once more able to sit up; and to his great relief he perceived that his friend wore a more cheerful air than formerly. Clad in Mailand's elegantly embroidered robe de chambre, his feet covered by slippers elaborately wrought, and resting upon a cushion of the same beautiful style, Ashton would sit for hours and converse with his friend, while he could not but admire his delicate taste and compliment him thereon. Mailand disclaimed all merit to praise, remarking that the articles he admired were the taste and work of his sister, whose delight it was to contribute to her brother's comfort. Frederick now discovered to whom he was indebted for the many delicacies that he constantly received. At length he was able to leave his room; and one fine morning he strolled into the library, and taking up a book, threw himself upon a sofa to examine its pages. He was aroused from his reading by the voices of Mailand and his sister in the next room. The library opened into this apartment, so that he could not retire without discovering to them that he had overheard their conversation, which was of such a nature as to make this intrusion mortifying and painful to their feelings.

The only alternative was to remain. He then learned that an informality existed in the will of their deceased father, in consequence of which Catharine was left dependent upon her brother. This it appeared had been known to Mailand for sometime, and he had kept it carefully concealed from his sister, who had but just discovered it. She had now determined to leave her brother, and live upon the interest of a small legacy that had been left her by a maiden aunt. It was in vain her brother remonstrated and besought her in the most tender manner to give up her plans. She was affectionate but firm, telling him that it would have been her delight to have superintended his domestic affairs; but as his house would soon have a wife to preside over it, her services would not be needed, and that her spirit could not brook having her dependence thrown up to her by Florence Elwyn, even though she were her brother's wife. She expected to leave in a few days, having accepted the invitation of an intimate friend at a distance to pay her a visit, and intended to remain with her until she made some arrangement for the future. Mailand would not listen to her leaving him so soon, urging as a reason that it would look strange for her to leave so suddenly, and while Ashton was still his guest. At the mention of this Catharine burst into tears. By the most tender entreaties Mailand finally managed to draw from her the true cause of her desire to leave him so suddenly. It appeared that a censorious world had been animadverting upon Ashton's protracted stay at her brother's, and magnified the little acts of kindness that humanity had prompted toward an invalid, into serious attempts to secure his affections. Servants had been bribed to say that she spent the greater part of her time with him, singing to him, playing for him, and endeavoring in various ways to entrap him. In her distress she hinted that even more than this had been said, that she was unwilling to repeat. She appealed to her brother as to the falsity of these accusations, and how cruelly she had been belied. Mailand was at first silent from astonishment; but at length he succeeded in consoling his sister, agreeing with her that the best plan they could pursue was for her to leave immediately, the invitation from their friend being a good excuse, and the future was to be left to further consideration. After deciding upon this course they left the apartment together. Frederick Ashton's feelings may be more easily conceived than described. That he should be the cause of bringing sorrow and reproof upon an innocent girl was bitter anguish to his noble soul. It was true Miss Mailand had played and sung for him, and by her wit and vivacity in conversation made many an hour pass less heavily; but in this she only followed the dictates of her benevolent nature, and her great affection for her brother, of which he had seen many proofs, prompted her to be kind to his friend, and in return for her kindness she was to reap an abundant harvest of unmitigated anguish, aggravated by an accompaniment of domestic trouble. From being, as was generally supposed, an equal heir with her brother, she was suddenly reduced to comparative dependence, obliged to minister to the whims of a haughty sister-in-law, or cast herself upon an unfeeling world with a character

which the foul breath of calumny had tainted. As a high-minded and honorable man, there was but one course to pursue, which was to make her his wife, and thereby restore her to her former independence, and remove the reproach that had fallen upon her in consequence of him. Propriety and artfulness have made many a marriage; and Frederick Ashton like many another was compelled to resign himself to the lot in which he had become entangled. Without allowing himself to dwell upon his hard fate, he offered his hand to Catharine Mairland, which, after the proper hesitation, was accepted. As Frederick was very desirous to leave B——, an early day was fixed for the wedding ceremony, which was quietly performed, and immediately after he quitted the village with his bride.

CHAPTER III.

"Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 't is lost, life hath no mere to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone."

"I want you to be my bridesmaid, Anne," said Florence Elwyn, as she entered the room where her friend was seated.

"Your bridesmaid!" exclaimed Anne, in unfeigned astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," replied Florence, in a cold tone, "that I am to be married to Mr. Hastings the early part of next month——"

"To Mr. Hastings!" interrupted her friend. "Florence I shall be vexed with you if you continue to jest in this way."

"Anne," said Florence Elwyn, in a solemn tone that could not fail to carry conviction. "I assure you that I am engaged to Mr. Hastings, and ere another month passes away will be his wife. Believe me or not as you please."

"I am compelled to believe you," replied Anne. "But at first the announcement was so sudden and unexpected that I could scarce credit it. You have been so indifferent to the many gentlemen who visit you, and so absorbed in the various studies you were pursuing that I feared your heart would never unlock its rare treasures. I knew that you possessed deep tenderness of feeling; but I doubted if one could be found who could cause it to spring forth. I did think at one time that you were interested in Frederick Ashton; but I was mistaken. That passed away, and the voice of adulation and lover's vows you have ever treated as empty air. You cannot then be surprised that I was startled at what you have just told me. But, dearest Florence," continued Anne, in a gentle, yet earnest tone, as she approached her friend and passed an arm round her waist, "forgive me if I am frank with you, in a little while it will be too late. Have you reflected seriously upon this matter—remember Mr. Hastings is many years your senior, and will probably expect you to forget the young, fresh feelings of your heart and be like him. Are you prepared to admit him into the sanctuary of your soul, and yield your entire affections to him alone? Think of the holiness, the responsibilities, the trials of a married life, and assume not rashly these duties. Nothing less

than the entire yielding up of your heart to the one whom you have chosen will support you under them. Florence, dearest, do you love Mr. Hastings?" said Anne, fervently, gazing into her friend's face with affectionate tenderness, as though she expected to read there the answer. Florence Elwyn averted her head. She dared not encounter her friend's earnest look. A violent agitation convulsed her delicate frame. Her lips quivered, and the breath from them came in quick and irregular gasps, while the tumultuous heaving of her breast, and the wild throbings of her heart were fearful.

"Forbear, Anne," said she, in a voice that anguish had rendered tremulous and unnatural, "seek not to tear away the torturing mask with which I endeavor to hide a weary heart, whose griefs are insupportable and beyond alleviation. And yet why do I shrink from confiding in you? You shall know all," she exclaimed, suddenly, yielding to that recklessness of despair which realizes the utter annihilation of hope, and cares not to keep the secret of the heart longer buried. "I knew not, sought not Frederick Ashton—he was your father's guest. He solicited my acquaintance—caused me to forget my timidity—taught me the passionate delight of love. This was not done in words, it was not done in actions. It was—I know not how, but each knew that the other loved. Then came that unfortunate accident, and the illness that followed. Oh! what I suffered, and the sleepless nights I have passed praying for his restoration! Delicacy forbade any show of anxiety, and it was only occasionally that I heard from him. After a relapse he was at length pronounced convalescent, and I might hope soon to see him. With what emotions of rapture did I anticipate his visit. I would once more walk by his side, listen to his voice, gather instruction from his conversation. How tardily the hours moved on—time could not keep pace with my wild thoughts. At night I would long for morning, and in the morning I would think to-day he will be here; but day after day I expected him in vain—he came not. The anguish I endured who can imagine? I shudder when I think of it. My judgment would no longer receive the slight excuses with which I endeavored to account for his conduct. I blamed myself as being the cause of his estrangement, and yet I knew not in what I had offended. My nights were spent in pacing my chamber, torturing my mind to discover, if possible, the tidings of his marriage. It fell like lightning upon my heart, withering and consuming all its bright hopes. Oh! you of calmer soul dream not of this fierce, wild love that mocks at all control, save that of pride. All this time I was obliged to wear a smiling face to conceal the heart deep woe that was consuming me, and I succeeded. None ever dreamed, not even you, of the wild wishes, burning anguish, hidden, idolizing love, that lived on, hopeless still. But I became an altered being, with scarce a vestige of my former self left—I had grown old and wise prematurely. My first thought was to prove my power by a wealthy and honorable marriage, an offer of which being made just at this time presented a strong inducement; but reason interposed in time to spare the sacrifice. I knew that I could never again

love; and there was something too repulsive in the idea of rushing into the arms of a man whom I would otherwise have despised. I then turned to literature for peace. I determined that I would not think of him, and hoped that love would dim before the dazzling light of fame; but vain was the hope. The thought that his eye would rest upon my lines guided my pen; every page was written with the hope that it would meet his approval. When I knelt down for prayer his image was present. I struggled against these feelings; but I struggled in vain. I know that he is not to blame. I would that I could hate him, then I might forget. Thus guilty in the sight of Heaven have I lived for two years. It must be so no longer. I cannot dwell in the same place with him. I have turned away from offers of marriage with disgust. The present is different. Mr. Hastings is sensitive and high-minded, noble and generous, and as such commands my highest respect. Had I never met Frederick Ashton my heart would have delighted to yield its homage to such a man as Mr. Hastings. I regret that I have not a heart to give him in return for his manly affection; but I am not entirely a deceiver—he is aware that I have loved, although the object is unknown to him. I am going far away, perhaps the attentions of a noble and talented husband, and the new duties upon which I shall enter may divert my heart from brooding over its sorrows, and restore something of its wonted cheerfulness." Florence Elwyn ceased to speak, and burying her face upon her friend's bosom, wept convulsively.

CHAPTER IV.

"But thro' the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'T is agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought. * * *
* * * * The yellow tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps."

In the Highlands on the Hudson, amid a garden of rare cultivation, stood a charming villa. It was mid-summer, and during the day the mansion was closed to exclude the heated atmosphere; but on the coming of evening with the river breeze the house was thrown open for respiration. At the window of a tastefully furnished apartment of this beautiful dwelling sat the lady of ——. She was simply attired in a mourning dress, which gave to her quiet and pensive features a still more melancholy expression. There dwelt a world of shadowy thought within the depths of her eyes, as leaning on her arm she gazed musingly upon the beautiful scenery around her. The lady was Mrs. Hastings, a faint representation of the timid and gentle Florence Elwyn of other days. She had loved with woman's idolatry, with that deep, deathless passion life only once may know. She had tasted too the bliss of knowing that she was beloved, and she had felt the wretchedness and despair of desertion by the beloved one—a desertion that was surrounded by mystery inexplicable. Who can paint the bitter wasting agony of the young heart, as ages of withering pain roll over the victim's head, while to avoid the sneers of the unfeeling she tortures herself to

conceal the grief that is preying on her soul. Three years had elapsed since her marriage with Mr. Hastings; and within twelve months she had stood beside her husband's lifeless clay. Although toward her husband she had never known that fervid earnestness of feeling, that impulsive struggle of affection, which characterizes the marriage where hearts are united, yet she had ever felt a great reverence for him, an innate sense of dependence upon a stronger nature, and a kind wish to minister to his happiness. She carefully nursed him during his long illness; and the tears that fell upon his cold forehead, as she pressed her lips upon it, were prompted by the purest feelings of friendship and veneration. Twilight is always sadening, and the shadows deepening around increased her melancholy almost to pain. From the gloomy pleasure of this reverie she was aroused by the entrance of a servant, to say that a person wished to see her. Before she could reply, a female form, closely veiled, pushed aside the servant, and demanded a private interview. Mrs. Hastings motioned the servant to withdraw, which, being done, the intruder with a firm and determined step approached her, and throwing back her veil, paused directly in front of the pale and trembling Florence, whom she regarded with a stern and searching look. Florence started back in terror, for she recognized in the wild, haggard looking being before her, the once gay and admired Catharine Mailand.

"You know me, do you? Listen while I tell you that which will make you pray for death," she exclaimed, in a voice of haughty vindictiveness, while her strongly marked features wore a fearfully malignant expression. "You loved Frederick Ashton, and he loved you. I loved him; but I hated you. I determined he should never marry you—how well my determination was carried out time has shown. Before I had decided on any plan, Robert heard that the artist who painted your locket had returned from Europe. With great trouble and expense he ascertained his place of residence, and procured from him a copy of your likeness. Frederick's accident and subsequent illness afforded us unlock'd for advantages. In the ravings of delirium your name was ever on his lips; it stung me to the heart; but I possessed an antidote. According to my instructions Robert managed the matter cautiously; and while Frederick was weak in body, and his mind consequently deprived of its usual energy, by means of the locket made him believe a story of a long engagement between you and himself, of great coquetry on your part, and subsequent rejection of him in the hope of gaining Ashton, because he was more wealthy. I then succeeded in his overhearing a conversation between Robert and myself, in which I pretended that my character was suffering in consequence of his protracted stay at our house. I knew his high sense of honor too well to allow a doubt of the result, and in a short time I was his wife. After many months spent in travelling I was anxious to return to B——. My husband opposed this mildly, but so determinately that I feared I should not prevail. I rightly conjectured that the reason he objected to return to B—— was his unwillingness to meet you. To live away from B—— I had never dreamed of.

It was necessary to my happiness that you should be a witness of my triumph. At length the furies took possession of me, and I ventured to upbraid him with his love for you. "God in Heaven," exclaimed the wretched woman, tossing her arms wildly above her head, "shall I ever forget the expression of his countenance as I uttered these words, or the wild, fierce look he darted upon me as he rushed from the room. Hours elapsed ere he returned, and bitterly did I repent my rashness. When he came back he was deadly pale, and I knew that he had suffered intensely. In his manner too there was a frigidity that chilled my heart, as he coldly informed me that I might prepare to return to B—. I knew that my husband never loved me—I now felt that he abhorred me; but I secretly rejoiced in the possession of an influence with which I could tame him, determining to use it unsparingly. The birth of my daughter for a while diverted me from my wicked thoughts, and somewhat softened my obdurate heart. After that event, too, Frederick treated me more affectionately, and we might even then have been happy had not the evil spirit of my destiny haunted me. The better feelings awakened in my heart soon passed away. The striking resemblance that my child bore to you maddened me, and I ceased to love her because she brought your image to my mind: besides she was the delight of her father's heart. For hours would he walk the floor, holding her in his arms, and gazing tenderly into her meek, blue eyes, or kissing her soft velvet cheek. I grudged him this happiness, and fancied he loved his child because she reminded him of you. I hated my own child, and felt a sort of savage satisfaction as I listened to the falling of the cold clods upon her coffin lid, for then I thought he would have nothing to love. Our child's death deeply affected Frederick, at the same time that it rendered me more callous than ever. From expressions that escaped him during his sleep, I was convinced that he still passionately loved you, and as my jealousy rose beyond all bounds, my conduct toward him became intolerable. If he was detained out longer than usual, I accused him of haunting about your dwelling to catch a glimpse of you. If he was grave, or inclined to solitude, I upbraided him with pining away in love for you—in short, I made his house miserable, and yet I did not mean to do so, I was actuated solely by a jealous, absorbing desire to know that he was all my own. His was a high spirit, and would not tamely brook such a despotic tyrant, accordingly he threatened to employ legal measures to free himself from me; but I vowed solemnly before high Heaven that if he did so I would throw the whole blame of our unhappiness upon you. He knew my determined spirit too well to doubt the truth of my assertion, and to shield you he bore the anguish I heaped upon him. Your marriage and removal from B— brought no change to our home, peace had too long and distant flown ever to be wooed back. Robert who had always been wild after your rejection, gave himself up entirely to dissipation, and while out on a drunken revel was shot by one of his comrades. He sent for Frederick. Dreading that it was to make important disclosures, I accompanied him in hopes that my

presence would intimidate Robert; but it was in vain—the near approach of death terrified him—he revealed all, and died in agony, begging forgiveness of Frederick and you. When my husband aroused himself from the stunning effects produced by Robert's confession he darted from the room, and I have not seen him since. I staid not to see Robert's remains deposited in the earth; but collecting some money and articles for immediate necessities, I started in pursuit of Frederick. After a search of untiring diligence, I succeeded in tracing him to New York, which more than ever confirmed my suspicions that he had sought your presence for comfort, and that you might yet be happy together. The thought maddened my brain—I slept not day or night until I reached the city. I then learned that he had embarked for Europe; and when a few days out at sea jumped overboard and was drowned. I knew of nothing that could gratify me so much as to come up here and make you miserable by showing you the happiness you have lost, and the fiendish delight I feel in knowing that you can never be his, almost repays the sufferings I have endured."

The wretched woman glared her wild eyes upon Florence as she ceased to speak, and started a few paces forward, when uttering an agonizing cry she sank to the floor. The attendants whom the terrified Florence had summoned raised the prostrate form, and to their horror discovered that she had burst a blood-vessel, and the wicked passions that had so long influenced her were ebbing away in her life's blood.

CHAPTER V.

SOME time previous to the events related in the last chapter, Anne Ellison had married and removed North, which will account for Mrs. Hastings not learning the melancholy facts that had transpired in B— earlier than she did. At the earnest solicitations of Anne and her husband, Florence was at length induced to join them in a tour through Europe, in the hope to woo back to her dimmed eye and faded cheek their former brilliancy and roundness; for her health had entirely declined beneath the repeated shocks she had received. It was sunset in Italy—that far-famed and beautiful land of the poet's dream. Florence had strolled into the garden attached to the house where they resided, to watch the rich, soft hues of an Italian sky. The thought of Frederick Ashton rose in her mind—how could she prevent it?—and unconsciously she repeated some lines he had composed for her.

"Florence, dearest Florence!" broke upon her ear in tones that sounded like the echo of departed bliss, and in a moment after she was clasped in the arms, and felt that the eyes of Frederick Ashton were looking into hers. She forgot that she believed him dead—she forgot what she had suffered. She knew only, and it was all she wanted to know, that she was pressed to the heart of him whom she had loved so long and so hopelessly. The sudden transition from unhappiness to felicity was too much for her delicate frame to endure, and closing her eyes upon the joyousness of the present, she softly murmured his

name and sank in unconsciousness upon his bosom. After the recovery of Florence, the circumstances of Frederick's sudden appearance were soon explained. The confession of Robert Mailand almost deprived him of reason, and he seemed alive only to a sense of escaping, as far as possible, from the miserable being whom he called wife. Impelled by this feeling he embarked for Europe. The vessel in which he sailed carried out another cabin passenger, who bore the name of Ashton, and whose first name commenced with the same initial as his own. This person was in very bad health, and during the night, in a fit of insanity, either walked or fell overboard, and was drowned. This intelligence reached New York by a homeward bound vessel. Catharine, whose mind was agitated and wandering, at once concluded that it was her husband, and so represented it to Florence, who afterward seeing an account of it in the newspapers, and never hearing the true statement, believed that Frederick slept in the deep. Month after month was spent by Frederick Ashton in wandering over the various countries of Europe, seeking to drown in travel the bitter remembrances of happy days now gone forever, and hoping to discover that lethe for which so many have sought in vain. Time and reflection restored to his mind its wonted energy. He saw that he had acted precipitately in leaving America as he did, and without any definite object in view he resolved to return to his native land. Accordingly by the most rapid conveyances he reached Liverpool to embark. Upon his arrival there he found letters

awaiting him from his agent in New York, informing him of the death of his wife, and the ill health and departure of Mrs. Hastings and her friends for Naples. Here was an unexpected and most happy deliverance. He determined to seek Florence and entreat her forgiveness. Not that he dreamed she loved him still, for he felt that she must despise the man who became so easily the dupe of artful machinations, and could treat her so cruelly without even palliating his conduct by an explanation; yet, like a fascinated bird, he felt drawn to the spot, and longed to hear of her, though uncared for, to be near her, though unseen. With him to resolve was to execute, and in an incredibly short time he was in Naples. Without much difficulty he ascertained their place of residence, which was a short distance from the city. Riding out in its vicinity that evening he caught a glimpse of Florence walking through the garden. Alighting from his saddle he approached stealthily, and concealing himself among the shrubbery, listened as she repeated his own poetry until his brain grew dizzy with happiness. Unable to restrain himself longer, he sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

* * * * *

There was a wedding in Naples. A shade of silver mingled with the dark locks that clustered around the intellectual brow of the groom, and there was a touch of gentle sadness upon the meek face of the bride; but the look of satisfied bliss that responded to the love beaming eyes that were lifted to his was the surety of their future happiness.

P R A Y E R .

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

Trust in God!

Oh! forsaken, still thy sorrows!
Though thy grief's a crushing load,
Songs of joy full soon 't will borrow;
If not now, help comes to-morrow,
 Trust in God!

Trust in God!

He alarms the child that roveth
'Till it seeks the narrow road,
Aye, a father's care He provereth,
Even chastening whom He loveth,
 Trust in God!

God is near:

Though afar from Him thy straying,
Hope is brightening, never fear!
Good for thee His thought is weighing,
If thou ne'er dost tire of praying
 God is near.

God is thine:

If to Him thyself thou givest
Thou wilt joy where thou dost pine,
If to Him in love thou livest,
Nor His heart with doubting grievest,
 God is thine.

S O N G .

The chain of Love is broken—

Each link is rent apart,
The words of Friendship spoken
Have freed my captive heart.
Oh! it was pure when plighted,
And free from care and pain,
But now, alas! 't is blighted,
To bloom no more again!

Although I was confiding,

And loved thee once so dear,
I'll breathe no sentence chiding,
Nor shed a single tear:
Then go, I will forget thee,
And teach my heart to cease
To think of one who met me,
And marred my bosom's peace!

R. M. S.

TENNYSON'S PRINCESS.*

WITH CHOICE EXTRACTS.

THE advent of a new poem by Tennyson has created a buzz in the literary world. The critics are divided as to its merits, one half declaring he adds nothing to his reputation, the other half contending that it is for the "Princess" chiefly posterity will remember him.

The plan of the story is extremely simple. A prince and princess are betrothed in childhood; but the girl, as she approaches womanhood, becomes averse to the match, and prevailing on her father to give her a summer palace he owns on the borders of the two kingdoms, founds a college for women there, to redress past centuries of her sex's wrong. Her father, indignant at what he thinks her absurdity, wishes to compel by force the fulfilment of the betrothal; but the prince, like a true lover, will not consent to this. He prefers, with two companions to follow her, and gain entrance to the college in the disguise of females, it being death for men to enter. Now comes the action of the poem; and, as the Examiner says, "the grave sweet purpose, that lies hidden beneath its burlesque, peeps out." The prince is supposed, like Aeneas at Carthage, to tell the story. What follows is a string of pearls to the very end of the poem. We can only quote a few passages, leaving our readers to purchase and read this delicious book, if they would fully enjoy its beauties.

Here is a description of the heroine:

"Liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,
Than our man's earth; such eyes were in her head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arched brows, with every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet."

This, too, is a fine passage! It describes the consternation in the nest of fair thrushes, after the prince has been discovered, and when his father, fearing for his son's life, threatens to invade their retreat with armed men.

"There rose
A hubbub in the court of half the maids
Gathered together; from the illumined hall
Long lanes of splendor slanted o'er a press
Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems and gem-like eyes,
And gold and golden heads; they to and fro
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale,
All open-mouthed, all gazing to the light,
Some crying there was an army in the land,
And some that men were in the very walls,
And some they cared not; till a clamor grew
As of a new-world Babel, woman-built,
And worse-confounded: high above them stood
The placid marble Muses, looking peace.

Not peace, she looked, the head; but rising up
Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so
To the open window moved, remaining there
Fixt like a beacon tower above the waves
Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
Glare's rain, and the wild sea-birds on the light
Dash themselves dead. She stretched her arms and called
Across the tumult and the tumult fell."

* *The Princess, a Medley.* By Alfred Tennyson. 1 vol.
Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co.

We cannot follow the story in all its details. It is sufficient to say that, after threatening death to the discovered prince, his betrothed finally relents, and the tale closes with the union of hero and heroine. It is the evident purpose of Tennyson to repudiate, as far as he can by his genius, the modern idea that the sphere of woman is inferior to that of man, or that she ever does good by stepping out of it. Hear what he says:—

"For woman is not undeveloped man
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference:
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thaws that throw the world;
She mental breath, nor fail in childward care;
More as the double-natured poet each:
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reigns the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind!"

Tennyson's idea of a perfect woman is embodied in the following lines:—

"Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Nor perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the gods and men,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved
And girdled her with music."

The heroine, once in love, becomes transformed.

"From mine arms she rose
Glowing all over noble shame; and all
Her falser step slept from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood
Than in her mould that other, when she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love,
And down the streaming crystal dropt, and she
Far-fleeted by the purple island sides,
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
For worship without end; nor end of mine,
Stateliest, for thee!"

And then:

"Down thro' her limbs, a drooping languor wept;
Her head a little bent; and on her mouth
A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded moon
In a still water."

We now close our extracts from this exquisite poem. Our own decision is in its favor. Those who read it, thinking to find a regular poem will be disappointed; it is truly what its name imports, "A Medley." But it is a medley like that of the milky way, studded with stars innumerable. It will greatly increase the reputation of Tennyson among all lovers of the beautiful.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Continued from Page 117.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER VIII.

All desolate and sad they wander'd on,
Without a home beneath the broad, blue sky,
Their young hearts weary, and their hope all gone,
Like two bright seraphs driven from Paradise.

NEAR a cross road, upon the rising grounds that lie about Richmond, sat two travellers close together, and sheltered from the sun by a hawthorn hedge now sheeted with those white blossoms that seemed like perfumed snow-flakes that winter had left among the trees. The foreign costume in which the difference between male and female was less rigidly defined than is usual in England—the delicate features, and above all the half shy, half mournful air that hung around these two young creatures, might well render them objects of curious attention to the few persons that were passing on the Richmond road at that early hour. The two strangers were conversing together, but not in words. Though the expression on each face—the rapid change—the wild sort of sparkle that came and went in their violet eyes, spoke more eloquently than mere language could have done.

"Francesca you are ill. The sight of this great city frightens you," said the boy, in those mute signs with which he could alone communicate ideas. "There is a brook down yonder, wait while I get some water for you, my poor sister."

Francesca, the pale, weary Francesca, thanked him with her eyes; and bending down a branch of the hawthorn to shelter her from the sunbeams, Guilo ran for the water.

The old tree beneath which he had heard the water gurgling up as if forcing its way to the sunshine with a struggle, stood near the road and upon a sloping hill-side. Guilo had taken a little wooden cup from his bundle, and with this he sought the old tree. The sward all around it was vivid with moisture, and matted with such wild flowers as grow brightest where a spring has its source. Guilo knelt down on a root of the old tree, and parting the cowslips and violets that tangled their golden and purple flowers over the mouth of the spring, dipped his cup into the little basin.

"Ah, how bright it is; this will do her good," he thought, holding up the primitive goblet, and smiling to see the cool drops roll over its brim, and fall to the violets which his feet were crushing. "This will remind her of our little marble spring beneath the

orange trees in our mother's garden! After all, many beautiful things may be found in this strange, cold England. Oh, yes, I will do it, and that will make her smile," the boy's eyes sparkled with some bright idea as he sat the wooden cup down, and began with great eagerness to gather wild blossoms from the turf, which he tied dexterously together with blades of the young grass, and laid in a wreath around the brim; "blue, golden and white, oh, see how the pretty buds dip down to kiss the drops," thought the lad, as he walked slowly from the spring, settling the little garland around his wooden goblet.

That instant there came up the hill one of those huge and gorgeously ornamented carriages known about the court, but which were not common enough to pass the highway without exciting great curiosity among the populace, for very few that were not among the highest in the land could afford the ponderous splendor of the vehicles then in use.

This carriage was drawn by four white horses, in harnesses of scarlet leather, whose gilded steeds rattled and glanced in the sunshine as they came bounding forward at a pace which threatened danger to any person who chanced to be within their course. Still there was little danger, the noise made by the harnesses, the rattling wheels, and the cracking of a long, silken whip-lash that flashed and curled around the snowy coats of the horses like a hissing serpent, were enough to alarm any one in the road for many rods ahead. But that noise increased tenfold would have failed to penetrate the sealed ears of poor Guilo. All unconscious of danger, he was moving slowly along, directly in the horses path, and arranging with a well pleased smile the little garland of flowers upon his cup.

The coachman saw the lad and shouted, but without checking his horses till they were almost upon the unconscious stranger; and their hot breath floating over his shoulder. Then he drew them up with a violence that sent the carriage rolling some yards down the hill, where the wheels, protruding far behind the body, struck a fragment of rock. This gave a violent shock to the vehicle, and the galled animals snorted and struggled for a foothold on the hard and steep road, completed the confusion. Shrieks broke from the carriage. The door was flung open, and a lady, whose haughty eye and damask cheek seemed only to brighten with danger, leaned out, and flinging up her white hand with an imperative gesture, called to know what had frightened the horses.

"It is a boy—an obstinate young varlet, who deserves to be trampled down. I shouted half a dozen times, and there he stands yet!" cried the coachman, giving his whip a flourish that sent the lash curling within an inch of Guilo's cheek.

"Stop, stop, do not touch him!—oh, how beautiful—how very beautiful the creature is!" cried the lady, leaning further from the carriage, and bending her dark eyes on the lad in an ecstacy of admiration. "Keep the horses quiet—keep them quiet—do you hear? or they will hurt him—send the lad hither!"

"Do you not hear, sirrah? My lady would speak with you!" shouted the man, striving to restrain the spirited animals that still kept prancing and plunging beneath the strength of his arm.

But Guilo heard nothing: he still bent over the wooden drinking cup with that calm, sweet smile hovering about his mouth; and his beautiful head turned a little on one side, regarding a new turn that he had just given to the wreath.

"Impudent young varlet," muttered the coachman, with difficulty restraining his whip hand.

"What a singular creature!" exclaimed the lady; "what eyes—what an attitude—how calm he stands in all this storm of noise! Will some one bring that youth to the carriage door?" she added, waving her hand to a group of intruders that came galloping up the hill, and drew up around the carriage, increasing the noise and the brilliant confusion by the tramp of their horses, and the flash of their scarlet garments. "Will some one bring that lad hither?"

One of the horsemen instantly rode up to Guilo and touched his shoulder.

The boy started, looked up with the smile still around his lips, and a glow of pleasant wonder on his face. The gentleman spoke to him, but saw by the expression of his features that he was not understood; his foreign costume also aided the idea that he was of some other land and language. So pointing to the open carriage, the outrider indicated to the boy that some one wished to see him.

Bewildered by the tumult and splendor that had gathered unseen around him, Guilo turned back and went close to the carriage door, from which the lady was still bending.

"Why, child, were you crazed thus to stand in the highway, and we driving at such speed?" cried the lady, as the large, bright eyes of Guilo were lifted to her face; "a minute more and you might have been trampled to death."

Still Guilo looked in smiling bewilderment upon beauty of a kind that he had seldom, if ever seen before, brilliant and overpowering, but how unlike that of his own sweet sister.

"What have you here, a broken cup; and, by my life, garlanded with violets as if a fairy had done it," cried the lady, more and more enchanted with the features which had struck her so forcibly at a distance, and by the picturesque grace of Guilo's whole appearance; "oh, what a pity, the beautiful creature speaks no English!"

Guilo saw the lady's eyes wander from his face to the drinking cup, and imagining that perhaps she desired a draught of the water, was about to hold it

up—but that instant his eyes fell upon another person who occupied a seat in the carriage, and who frightened by the shock that had broken the vehicle, leaned back upon the azure cushions, pale and trembling. Instantly forgetting the proud beauty who bent over him with an air caressing, and yet full of oppressive coquetry, Guilo caught hold of the open door, and drawing himself up till he rested with one knee in the carriage, held his goblet toward the lady whose terror had been so completely overlooked. Poor Guilo had no power of speech, but there was a world of gentle sympathy in his features as he lifted them to the pale lady, and with his eyes asked her to drink.

Catherine of Broganza—for it was the queen of England to whom Guilo had offered his cup of cold water—reached forth her hand, and taking the little goblet lifted it unsteadily to her mouth. Her large, dark eyes that had been half closed till now opened, and she bent them upon the kneeling boy with a warm look of touching gratitude, that made the young heart thrill in his bosom.

When Catharine withdrew the cup, Guilo saw that her lips trembled, and that her eyes were overcharged with fears. All unconscious of her rank, and only feeling in his heart that there was trouble beneath the look of patient sadness that lay upon her face, the boy unwound his little garland and laid it, sparkling with water-drops, upon the queen's lap; and with a hand upon his heart and uplifted eyes, besought her to receive it.

A blush and a bright smile lighted up the queen's face, and then it seemed very beautiful to Guilo—more beautiful than the brilliant woman from which he had just turned—for very pure and very deep feelings broke out in that smile and blush. The spirit of beauty was there, and in the other was only the coarse, earthly substance.

Catharine took up the pretty garland sparkling and wet as it was, and after inhaling its fragrance an instant, began to search among the ornaments of her dress for some jewel with which she might reward the youth. A little golden bird with diamond eyes, and its spread wings fringed with various colored gems, fastened the point lace upon her bosom, and this she disengaged.

"Here, my child," she said, in her sweet, broken English, attempting to place the ornament in his hand. "You seem a stranger: and—and—" she was about to add that she too was a stranger, but misdoubting their propriety the words were instantly checked, and a tear only betrayed what their import might have been.

Guilo put the jewel away, and shaking his head drew back, letting himself gently to the ground. Then he encountered the face of the lady who had first addressed him, and was startled by the change that had come over it. A frown lay upon the haughty forehead; fire flashed in the dark eyes; the vermillion lips were curled with an angry smile; and passions of the worst kind rendered her beauty almost repulsive. Guilo turned his eyes from her to the queen, who seemed troubled by the storm of passions that his impulsive homage to herself had called into action; and yet in the expression of her face was something of female

triumph. A single gleam, feminine and modest, that might have told to one who understood those things, how sweet was the gratification to have, even for a little moment, triumphed over the insolent freak of a rival.

But Guilo only saw that one of these ladies was very angry, and that the other could hardly suppress a tumult of feeling which that anger had excited. He had no idea of the rank which these two females held, and so having acted his part drew back, and with his eyes bent upon the earth, waited for the carriage to pass on.

Some little time passed before the equipage could be put in motion, and when all was ready, the Countess of Castlemain—for by this title of infamy was the bold woman who had first summoned Guilo, known at court—created further delay by calling one of the outriders to her side, and whispering some directions to him in a cautious manner, as if they were not intended for the queen's ear.

A flush came across Catharine's forehead; and speaking somewhat sharply to the outrider, she requested him to move away that the carriage might pass on.

"Oh! certainly," said Lady Castlemain, drawing back with a sneering smile, and folding her arms as she sank against the cushions of her seat. "I had forgotten that his majesty is waiting—and no one understands better than I do how impatient he always is for the presence of his royal bride!"

The sneering tone; the cruel triumph conveyed in this speech had its full effect upon Catharine. She turned very pale; and fire sparkled through the tears that Guilo's sympathy had brought to her eyes. But, without speaking, she waved her hand to the outriders: her order was repeated, and the royal equipage swept over the hill, leaving Guilo alone by the way side.

Pondering over that which he had seen, this gentle lad walked slowly toward the hedge where his sister still sat. She had been aroused from a dreary reverie by the passing carriage, and shrinking close to the hedge, watched it go by with a beating heart, for with her excited nerves everything filled her with apprehension. After a little she saw Guilo coming toward her very slowly, with his eyes fixed upon the drinking cup which he carried. All at once he started from a fit of abstraction into which he had fallen, and casting a sharp look up the hill, came hastily toward her. Before Francesca could frame the questions that rose uppermost in her mind, a horseman came galloping toward them, whom she instantly recognized as one of the gentleman who had followed the carriage.

"Nay, my fine lad," he said, reining in his horse, and riding more deliberately as he came toward Guilo, who looked anxiously at his sister, fearful that the strange horseman might terrify her. "And so you are here yet; be quick, and tell me if you understand English?"

Guilo did not answer.

"Well, well, I can manage French enough to make you understand!" he muttered, and again the question was put somewhat imperfectly in the language which he supposed familiar to the strange youth.

Still Guilo was silent: and his eyes turned anxiously from the cavalier to his sister, who, half starting up, stood sheltered by the hedge; her large eyes filled with affright, like a fawn hunted to its thicket. Through the flowing branches that sheltered her she had seen the horseman, and recognized him at once. It was the old noble whom she had met at Bowdon Castle. Guilo, too, that moment detected the identity of this man with his old acquaintance, and the discovery sent the color to and fro like lightning on his face. But in a strange dress, and thus sunburnt and travel-worn, the noble did not at first detect the orphan-mute whom he had seen much less frequently than his sister. It was not till the anxious glances that Guilo cast toward her place of concealment, had drawn his notice that way, that the truth flashed upon him.

"What ho! my runaway mute: and, and—aye, by my faith, the little shipwrecked beauty with him!" he exclaimed, with a look of well pleased surprise, riding a pace forward, and wheeling his horse that he might gain a fair view of the young girl. "Now this is a fortunate miracle indeed. While Bowdon is searching half over England for the pretty creatures, here I find them nestled like two birds in a hedge, half way between London and Hampton court."

Francesca came forward. With a flush upon her before pale features, she forced herself by Guilo. The old noble dismounted, and slipping his arm through the embossed bridle with which he commanded the movement of his horse, regarded them both more earnestly than he had hitherto done. Their worn garments: the two little bundles lying on the grass, all poverty-stricken and almost ragged, fixed his attention if they failed to excite much sympathy.

"Tell me," he said, gently taking Francesca's hand: "tell me where you have been these winter months? How came you hither?"

"We have been," answered Francesca, "wandering about I do not know where, but always in this cold country."

"And have you had no settled home?" inquired the courtier, now really touched by her tone of meek desolation.

"Yes," said the girl, "we stayed two entire months with a good widow, who would not let us travel when the winter was coldest; she was very kind to Guilo!"

"And then?"

"Then," replied Francesca, "we started for London again; but often lost the way, and so it took us a long time!"

"And how did you live?" questioned the noble, deeply interested.

"Oh! we had money at first, and when that was gone—" Francesca broke off, and pointed, with a mournful smile, to a lute that lay by her bundle mufled from the damp in a shawl which the poor girl had taken from her own person. That smile told more plainly than words how miserable had been the support that her exquisite talent had won from the country people.

"Poor child, and was that all?" exclaimed the noble, passing his hand over her tresses with an impulse of compassion that all his worldliness could not quite subdue. "You must have suffered!"

"Oh! I did not mind that," said Francesca, and her eyes filled; "but Guilo, poor Guilo, he would eat nothing at all when there was not enough for us both, and that broke my heart. See how thin he is, my poor, poor Guilo!—while I am so strong!"

Strong!—generous Francesca, how mournfully that delicate frame belied the assertion. How full of solitude, and of meekly endured want was those eyes, enlarged far beyond their natural size, and around which the black lashes seemed to have grown longer and thicker from the tears that had washed them!

"Indeed you both look tired and thin," said the noble, turning his eyes from one sweet face to the other; "I only wonder that either of you is alive; but now—where are you going now?"

"To London. Is not that great cloud of smoke there London?" said Francesca.

"It is! But whom do you know in London?"

Francesca shook her head, and tears started to her eyes again.

"We are strangers to everybody," she said.

"And what will you do?"

"You told me once," said the young girl, timidly, "that in London are people who love music; will they not give me a little bread every day, and a place to sleep in at night for Guilo and myself? We shall not want much; and I can sing better now than I could when you heard me. Every day I have looked up to Heaven; and my mother, who is there, has taught me so much. My very heart trembles sometimes with its sweet efforts when I sing to her in the moonlight; for then Guilo looks at me as if he could hear, and knew that our mother listened also."

Francesca looked anxiously at the old peer as she finished speaking. His eyes were bent on the grass; and he had fallen into a deep reverie, as if the sound of her voice had aroused painful reminiscences in his mind. At length he looked up with an expression of more profound feeling than he had yet displayed, and while he gazed upon those two young creatures some struggle seemed going on in his heart. He was silent so long that Francesca spoke first.

"Sir, you look doubtful. Is there no roof? Is there not bread enough in your great city for my brother and for me?"

"Yes, yes; doubt it not!" replied the peer, hastily; "I did but reflect how both might be obtained most readily. But you must not enter London thus! Wait here for an hour or two. Keep back from the highway, and I will send a person who will take charge of you for the night."

Francesca looked at her brother, she saw by his face that he had gathered much of what had been passing, and that some doubt clung to his mind, for he was gazing with a fixed scrutiny on the old courtier; and Francesca had great faith in the almost miraculous intuition with which the lad divined any lurking evil that threatened them. But there was much of genuine feeling in the old courtier just then; for the time all his better nature—so long dormant—was aroused. This Guilo saw written in his features, and his suspicions were appeased. A smile broke over his lips warm with gentle gratitude, and bending his knee to the old man he kissed his hand. Francesca

knew by this that Guilo was satisfied, and her anxious features lighted up.

"Sir, when the man whom you send shall come, he will find us by the old tree yonder; until nightfall we will not go from thence!"

"Be sure that you do not," replied the peer; "wait for an hour or two, and I will tax your patience no further. Now I must away, or her majesty will reach Hampton court before me."

These last words were muttered in an under tone as the peer mounted his horse. Just as he was gathering up his bridle to ride away, some painful thought seemed to strike Francesca. She started forward and laid her hand upon the rein. Her cheek was pale, and there was a wild tremor in her voice as she said—

"My lord—gentle sir, tell me one thing. Is—is—my Lord Bowdon in that great place?" she pointed her slender finger toward London. "Will he know of our coming if we yield ourselves to your guidance?"

"No, no—Lord Bowdow is in Cornwall!"

"And—and—" she could not frame the question. Her voice broke, and her sweet lips grew pale with the first effort; but her auditor knew what she would have asked, and answered as if she had spoken out.

"Lord Bowdon is in Cornwall, and unwedded as yet!" Francesca and Guilo each drew a deep breath, for he had been watching every turn of her face, and his heart rose with hers, but with far different sensation. His breath broke up with a pang of sharp pain—hers was a sigh of ineffable relief. It seemed as if a bird of prey had been driven from her heart.

"Oh! we will be sure to wait for your commands," she said, and a smile rendered the soft beauty of her face perfectly dazzling; "Guilo and I will only have pleasant thoughts till they come."

The nobleman smiled, and drawing his bridle gently from Francesca's hold, rode away.

"Now," said Francesca, turning her bright face toward her brother, and conversing after his own fashion; "now we will go down to the old tree there and fill your cup again, Guilo; see it is overturned on the grass. What has become of our hunger, sweet brother? I suppose the scent of the hedge has driven it away. Come, Guilo, come!"

Francesca gathered up her bundle and her lute. How elastic was her step as she went down the hill. How full of gentle light were the large eyes which she turned upon the distant city.

Poor Guilo, had all his efforts to make her forget been unavailing. Did his sister—his world—for she was all the world to him—still allow another to come near his place in her affections? These questions made the young mute very sad; when Francesca turned back to look upon his face, and saw the shadows there, she felt ashamed of her own sweet joy, and generously strove to subdue it. But the violets that grew over the spring, which they had reached, might as well have attempted to choke up its sparkling current, as any power of hers to check or conceal the happiness that had broken over her heart. Lord Bowdon was still unmarried. This knowledge was itself bliss, stronger than all her efforts at self-control.

Guilo flung himself by the spring, and burying his

face in the violet-covered turf, made an effort to conquer the jealous grief that had sprung to life with his sister's joy. He felt that it was ungenerous. He knew that it was wrong. But the poor boy had nothing in the world but his sister's love, and how could he share that, his sole precious wealth, with anything human?

"Guilo, dear Guilo—what is the matter?" questioned the young girl, forcing his face gently from the broken violets, and looking with eyes of anxious love into his.

Guilo made a sign that he was hungry; that the tears which bathed his cheek were wrung from him by a sharp craving after food.

And Francesca tried to believe him. She knew very well that it was a whole day and night since food had passed his lips; and cruel as the thought was, she felt it a relief that his trouble had only this cause. So hushing the sweet tumult in her own bosom, she fell to comforting him with hope. In less

than an hour's time another horseman came over the hill, his livery flowing with scarlet and gold, and bearing the lodge of some lordly house upon his shoulder.

The orphans left their station by the spring, and came forward to meet him.

"Oh! here you are," said the man, reining up his horse, and examining the young creatures from head to foot with a look of supercilious contempt for their travel-worn garments. "My lord was sure that you would be found hereabout. Come, gather up your bundles, and turn back a mile or so; my lord has ordered a dinner and rooms at the next public house that we pass. Come, I will walk my horse, and you need not lose sight of me."

Guilo took up the little burden of their world possessions, and giving one hand to his sister, followed the man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MIDNIGHT AND MORNING.

BY GEORGE W. DEWEY.

In the shadows of the midnight,
Walking down an old domain,
With the tones of solemn music
Keeping cadence in my brain;
There I heard a distant chorus,
Of a minstrelsy sublime,
Flowing down, in shade and silence,
Through the avenues of Time.

As the faint, and far vibrations,
Through the ebon vaults thrilled,
Sounds of ceaseless lutes and lyres
All my beating bosom filled;
And, I felt my heart responsive
To the music in my brain,
Giving back the ancient echoes
Of that desolate domain.

Thus I wandered, in the darkness,
'Till the shadows stole away:
And the sombre shroud of midnight
Left the vestibule of day;
Then, I heard another chorus,
With a pure and calm control,
Steal, in waving undulations,
Through the quiet of my soul.

There, I felt a rapture glowing,
While the sadness went away,
Melting in the amber sunlight
Through the portals of the day:
And a harmony of music,
Pouring like the Summer rain,
Overflowed the arid desert
That was burning in my brain.

MY LAMP.

BY ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

My lonely lamp! thine incense oil burns low.
Thy flickering rays fling round my little room
A dim, religious light—a twilight gloom;
Yet o'er you grave old Bishop's thought-touch'd brow—
And on this page of Milton sheddest thou
A glow that oft the Poet's eye enchant's,
While memory-tinted dreams his spirit haunts!

But o'er vain hopes, and vainer visions gone,
Sit I a muser, lonely and alone!
My faithful lamp! I watch thy sickly ray,
And well I know, like thee, I'm on the wane—
Like thine, my life's last oil must soon decay,
And then wilt light me to that place where pain
Tortures no more the weary heart and brain.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sismondi's Literature of Southern Europe. Translated by Thomas Roscoe. With notes and a life of the author. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers.—These two beautiful volumes should be shelf-mates with Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets," though as books of valuable literature they really can have no sequel. Few persons not dilettante can claim a thorough acquaintance with the literature of southern Europe; and though these two volumes give us only rich gleanings of a golden harvest, they are a sort of condensed Encyclopaedia, where a general idea of a great subject may be obtained without much mental exertion.

The literature of the Troubadours is a part of general history, with which we should all be familiar. There is enough in the Italian and Spanish literature, its history and the biographical sketches contained in this volume, to occupy a mind usefully and agreeably for almost any length of time. Many of the lofty names connected with the literature of these countries are, in this work, presented for the first time to the general reader. Many snatches of genius, unheard of before, will here dazzle and astonish those whose range of study has been confined to English authors. We shall be much surprised if this work does not occasion a demand for abundant translations from the rich mine of literary wealth which it exposes, that will be of great popular benefit in coming years. Meantime while these two inestimable volumes are extant, no American should be excused for entire ignorance regarding some of the best authors in the world. There is a fine engraving of Sismondi in one of these volumes, and one of Dante in the other.

Old Wine in New Bottles. Bowers & Co.—Some persons may think differently, but we are among those who read a book with deeper relish when we know and like the author. Any one who has been fortunate enough to chat with Dr. Augustus Kingsley Gardener, the author of "Old Wine in New Bottles," must have a fair and very pleasant idea of his book. Lively, full of spirit, and betraying in every word a genius for observation and analysis, he is one of the most agreeable fireside companions in the world, except his book. Though young, he is already distinguished as a medical man; and his scientific observations in the hospitals of Europe must be of great value to the profession. This volume also contains much information that a traveller will find invaluable while visiting Paris, besides a great deal to interest and amuse, regarding all classes of society which one is liable to meet there.

Glynn's Ancient Egypt. 1 vol. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.—This is a quarto volume, containing the substance of Mr. Glynn's lectures on Ancient Egypt. It is illustrated with a large number of cuts, in order to render the text more clear. Those who desire to learn by what process the hieroglyphics have been read, should purchase this book, a close study of which will enable any person to decipher the inscriptions on the monuments of Egypt. The volume is bound handsomely in cloth.

Luther and the Reformation. 2 vols. By Scott. Harper & Brothers.—Besides being invaluable as the history of the Reformation, this work is in itself a perfect biography of Luther.

Wilmsen's Reader; or, the Children's Friend. Translated by William Wells. 1 vol. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.—This is a work so celebrated in Prussia as to have attained there, according to the American publishers, its one hundred and fiftieth edition. The translator has very properly omitted all those parts which were written for the German people; for, in Germany, as all education is under the control of the state, even the simplest school-book contains something in favor of the peculiar government of Prussia. As now presented to the American public, "Wilmsen's Reader" is invaluable. Abounding with golden rules of conduct in life; fitted for the simplest, yet not too puerile for the largest capacity; full of scientific truths, succinctly conveyed—it forms altogether the best work of the kind that we have ever examined. It is very neatly got up.

The Primary School Reader. Parts I, II and III. By Wm. D. Swan, Principal of the Mayhew Grammar School, Boston. 3 vols. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.—Here are three very superior volumes. We have often had occasion to lament that so few school books were American in character; but the author of these primary volumes has redeemed his country, at last, from this reproach. We have also regretted to find how frequently school-books were either above or below the comprehension of pupils for whom they were intended: here also Mr. Swan has avoided a common error, and has, to use a nautical phrase, hulled his mark. The first, second and third volumes rise, in regular gradation, according to the capacity of the supposed learners. The books are well printed. We can recommend them for general adoption.

A Summer in Scotland. By Jacob Abbott. Harper & Brothers.—With all the usual interest of works devoted to travel, this book combines some very beautiful peculiarities entirely its own. Every scene that it describes is perfect as a picture. You see every beauty and every blemish exactly as they were presented to the author. Graphic and minute without being tedious, the author manages to give a fixed and vivid idea of everything he saw, which is almost like travelling over the ground in person. There is an exquisite view of Holy Rood House in this volume, with many other beautiful engravings.

The Iron Mask. Translated from Victor Hugo. New York: W. H. Graham.—Victor Hugo never wrote a page that was not thrilling and impressive. His genius is of an order to strike the popular mind and make itself felt. The Iron Mask is every way calculated to keep up the interest his previous books have created.

The Little Robinson and other Tales. 1 vol. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.—So much agreeable and useful reading was never, perhaps, embodied in so small a compass as in this Miscellany. It is, moreover, neatly printed; and embellished with spirited wood engravings.

The Grown-up School Reader. By Wm. D. Swan. 1 vol. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.—Without going into detail, we may say that this volume is equal, in its way, to the Primary School Reader noticed above.

The District School Reader. By Wm. D. Swan. 1 vol. Philada: Thomas, Connerthwois & Co.—This is a continuation of the series, to which the primary school readers, before alluded to, belong. The present volume is much larger than the others, and indeed contains more than the whole three. It is also composed of readings, prepared for pupils suitably advanced. We recognize in it selections from some of the first prose and poetry of the language; the American classics being given the precedence, whenever proper articles could be culled from them.

Burgess & Stringer.—This publishing house is winning for itself golden opinions by the value and beauty of its late publications. It has just issued "L. E. L.'s" translation of Madame De Staél's Corinne. Of course we shall not attempt here to "gild refined gold," or "add perfume to the violet," by needless praise of a work by the greatest female novelist that ever lived. But we can well say something of the fine taste in which the volume appears, than which nothing can be more perfect.

The Belle of the Family. By Mrs. Grey. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Whoever has read the "Duke and Cousin" will procure this novel by the same author. Mrs. Grey is, perhaps, more popular than any living female writer in England, in the same walk of literature.

Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry. 1 vol. Philada: J. W. Moore.—We have here the concluding volume of this interesting and valuable work, the first volume of which we noticed at large some months ago.

Mexico and the Rocky Mountains. By G. F. Burton, Esq.—We should like to omit the esquire if the author pleases, having rather a republican fancy to honest, unornamented names, especially for men who write remarkably interesting and clever books like this. Just now when uncle Sam is about purchasing an addition to his farm out of Mexico, a volume like this is worth its weight in gold.

Christopher Tadpole. Burgess & Stringer.—Dickens has written nothing better than Christopher Tadpole. It is of the same school, and somewhat after the plan of Douglas Jerrold's St. James and St. Giles. Equal in everything, it is yet finished up much more artistically than that popular book.

Splendor of Versailles. W. H. Graham.—The history of this wonderful palace is almost a biography of James XIV., and an epitome of his reign. How can it fail to be deeply interesting?

Arthur's Advice to Young Men. 1 vol. Boston: E. Howe & Co.—For practical sense this volume is unequalled. Every page conveys a moral. Like all Arthur's didactic treatises it is pleasantly as well as thoughtfully written.

Lyon's Christian Songs. 1 vol. Philada: G. S. Appleton.—The poems in this volume are of considerable merit; and one or two are eminently beautiful.

Scenes in Washington. By a citizen of Baltimore. Harper & Brothers.—A very pretty story, prettily printed and bound.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

We present our readers, this month, with one of the most exquisite fashion plates it has ever been our good fortune to have prepared for us. Nothing equal to it, we think we may assert, has been published by any cotemporary.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS of plain colored silk; corsage pointed and high in the neck; sleeves long and tight. The cap of the sleeve, at the shoulder, is trimmed with deep fringe. The skirt has one deep bounce; with *gyppo* put in waved lines across the top. The bonnet is trimmed simply with a bunch of flowers and foliage. A black lace scarf completes this lady-like costume.

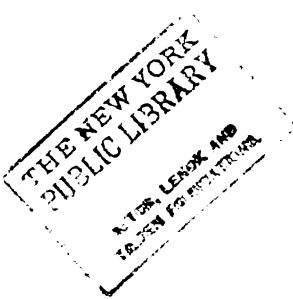
FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS of silk tissue; corsage pointed and high; sleeves long and tight; the bottom of the skirt trimmed with puffs in a beautiful and unique manner. A mantle, cut full and long in front; and trimmed with three rows of the same material, completes this elegant costume. The bonnet is trimmed with a plume.

WALKING DRESSES.—Walking dresses are still generally made with high bodies. In this case they are ornamented with rows of narrow velvet, or with braid mixed with gyppo. Some disorder begins to appear, made low in the neck, with loose caprice so as to be worn either way; a very inconvenient fashion! In Paris, dresses of Canso satin are much the vogue; they are trimmed with vandykes of the same material, and with narrow bands of velvet in four or five rows. Every variety of material is in use this spring. The most beautiful, perhaps, is the silk tissue, which is both elegant and light. Linens are not much in favor.

EVENING DRESSES.—These are made a la grecque, or with drapery; corsage a cœur before and behind, and rather long sleeves. With respect to the trimmings on the skirts, there is always much variety, but many are open at the sides, and confined at intervals by means of ribbon, or by blond échillonnées. Double and triple skirts continue in favor; in thin materials the corsages are not always pointed, but fulled into a band, with ceinture of ribbon so wide, that the long ends nearly cover the front breadth.

MANTEAUX, SHAWLS.—Long shawls are not yet out of date, perhaps will not soon be; for their costliness and beauty will keep them in the van. Manteaux, in Paris and London, are now trimmed with several rows of lace, or covered with embroidery. The London Magazine says: "Some manteaux mantelets of satin have frills festonnes in deep vandyke, or planked and edged with gimp; dark green and deep blue are used in the morning, and white and pink for evening sorties de bal, trimmed with colored blond, that on the hood being deep enough to form a veil."

CORRIGUES, &c.—Quite a new style of coiffure has appeared, or rather an old one has revived. It is called the Spanish coiffure, and is made in black and pink. Some are formed of very small mantilles, attached to the head by bunches of roses, and supported by a tortoise-shell comb, the ends of the mantille fall to the waist; a similar coiffure of white tulle laine d'or is very elegant. The ornamental combs have a good effect in coiffures, composed of a skein of black lace placed on a wreath of flowers, arranged in full bunches.





W. Brown.

W.C. Jackson.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.





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No. 5.

THE HOUSE CLEANING.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

TALK of a washing day! What is that to a whole week of washing days? No, even this gives no true idea of that worst of domestic inflictions a poor man can suffer—house cleaning. The washing is confined to the kitchen or wash-house, and the effect visible in the dining-room is in cold or badly cooked meals; with a few other matters not necessary to mention here. But in house cleaning—oh, dear! Like the dove from the ark, a man finds no place where he can rest the sole of his foot. Twice a year, regularly, have I to pass through this trying ordeal, *willy nilly*, as it is said, in some strange language. To rebel is useless. To grumble of no avail. Up come the carpets, topsy turvy go the furniture, and *splash* goes the water from garret to cellar. I don't know how other men act on these occasions, but I find discretion the better part of valor, and submission the wisest expedient.

Usually it happens, that my good wife works herself half to death—loses the even balance of her mind—and, in consequence, makes herself and all around her unhappy. To indulge in an unamiable temper is by no means a common thing for Mrs. Sunderland, and this makes its occurrence on these occasions so much the harder to bear. Our last house cleaning took place in the fall. I have been going to write a faithful history of what was said, done, and suffered on the occasion ever since, and now put my design into execution, even at the risk of having my head combed with a three legged stool by my excellent wife, who, when she sees this in print, will be taken, in nautical phrase, all aback. But, when a history of our own short comings, mishaps, mistakes and misadventures will do others good, I am for giving the history and pocketing the odium, if there be such a thing as odium attached to revelations of human weakness and error.

"We must clean house this week," said my good wife, one morning as we sat at the breakfast table—"everything is in a dreadful condition. I can't look at nor touch anything without feeling my flesh creep."

I turned my eyes, involuntarily, around the room. I was not, before, aware of the filthy state in which we were living. But not having so good "an eye

for dirt" as Mrs. Sunderland, I was not able, even after having my attention called to the fact, to see "the dreadful condition" of things. I said nothing, however, for I never like to interfere in my wife's department. I assume it is a fact that she knows her own business better than I do.

Our domestic establishment consisted of a cook, chambermaid and waiter. This was an ample force, my wife considered, for all purposes of house cleaning, and had so announced to the individuals concerned some days before she mentioned the matter incidentally to me. We had experience, in common with others, on our troubles with servants, but were now excellently well off in this respect. Things had gone on for months with scarcely a jar. This was a pleasant feature in affairs, and one upon which we often congratulated ourselves.

When I came home at dinner time, on the day the anticipated house cleaning had been mentioned to me, I found my wife with a long face.

"Are you not well?" I asked.
"I'm well enough," Mrs. Sunderland answered, "but I'm out of all patience with Ann and Hannah."

"What is the matter with them?" I asked, in surprise.

"They are both going at the end of this week."
"Indeed! How comes that? I thought they were very well satisfied."

"So they were, all along, until the time for house cleaning approached. It is too bad!"

"That's it—is it?"
"Yes. And I feel out of all patience about it. It shows such a want of principle."

"Is John going too?" I asked.
"Dear knows! I expect so. He's been as sulky as he could be all the morning—in fact, ever since I told him that he must begin taking up the carpets tomorrow and shake them."

"Do you think Ann and Hannah will really go?" I asked.

"Of course they will. I have received formal notice to supply their places by the end of this week, which I must do, somehow or other."

The next day was Thursday, and, notwithstanding both cook and chambermaid had given notice that they were going on Saturday, my wife had the whole house knocked into *pi* as the printers say, determined to get all she could out of them.

When I made my appearance at dinner time I found all in precious confusion, and my wife heated and worried excessively. Nothing was going on right. She had undertaken to get the dinner, in order that Ann and Hannah might proceed uninterrupted in the work of house cleaning; but as Ann and Hannah had give notice to quit in order to escape this very house cleaning, they were in no humor to put things a head. In consequence, they had "poked about and done nothing," to use Mrs. Sunderland's own language; at which she was no little incensed.

When evening came, I found things worse. My wife had set her whole force to work upon our chamber, early in the day, in order to have it finished as quickly as possible, that it might be in a sleeping condition by night—dry and well aired. But, instead of this, Ann and Hannah had "dilly dallied" the whole day over cleaning the paint, and now the floor was not even washed up. My poor wife was in a sad way about it; and I am sure that I felt uncomfortable enough. Afraid to sleep in a damp chamber, we put two sofas together in the parlor, and passed the night there.

The morning rose cloudily enough. I understood matters clearly. If Mrs. Sunderland had hired a couple of women for two or three days to do the cleaning, and got a man to shake the carpets, nothing would have been heard about the sulkiness of John, or the notice to quit of cook and chambermaid. Putting upon them the task of house cleaning, was considered an imposition, and they were not disposed to stand it.

"I shall not be home to dinner to-day," I said, as I rose from the breakfast table. "As you are all in so much confusion, and you have to do the cooking, I prefer getting something to eat down town."

"Very well," said Mrs. Sunderland—"so much the better."

I left the house a few minutes afterward, glad to get away. Everything was confusion; and every face under a cloud.

"How are you getting along?" I asked, on coming home at night.

"Humph! Not getting along at all!" replied Mrs. Sunderland, in a fretful tone. "In two days, the girls might have thoroughly cleaned the house from top to bottom, and what do you think they have done? Nothing at all!"

"Nothing at all? They must have done something."

"Well, next to nothing, then. They havn't finished the front and back chambers. And what is worse; Ann has gone away sick, and Hannah is in bed with a real or pretended sick-headache."

"Oh, dear!" I ejaculated, involuntarily.

"Now aint things in pretty way?"

"I think they are," I replied, and then asked—"what are you going to do?"

"I have sent John for old Jane who helped us clean

house last spring. But, as likely as not, she's at work somewhere."

Such was in fact the case, for John came in a moment after with that consoling report.

"Go and see Nancy, then," my wife said, sharply, to John, as if he were to blame for Jane's being at work.

John turned away slowly and went on his errand, evidently in not the most amiable mood in the world. It was soon ascertained that Nancy couldn't come.

"Why can't she come?" inquired my wife.

"She says she's doing some sewing for herself, and can't go out this week," replied John.

"Go and tell her that she must come. That my house is upside down, and both the girls are sick."

But Nancy was in no mood to comply. John brought back another negative.

"Go and say to her John that I will not take no for an answer. That she must come. I will give her a dollar a day."

This liberal offer of a dollar a day was effective. Nancy came and went to work on the next morning. Of course, Ann did not come back; and as it was Hannah's last day, she felt privileged to have more headache than was consistent with cleaning paint or scrubbing floors. The work went on, therefore, very slowly.

Saturday night found us without cook or chambermaid, and with only two rooms in order in the whole house, viz: one chamber on the second story. By great persuasion, Nancy was induced to stay during Sunday and cook for us.

An advertisement in the newspaper on Monday morning, brought us a couple of raw Irish girls, who were taken as better than nobody at all. With these new recruits, Mrs. Sunderland set about getting things "to right." Nancy plodded on, so well pleased with her wages, that she continued to get the work of one day lengthened out into two, and so managed to get a week's job.

For the whole of another precious week we were in confusion.

"How do your new girls get along?" I asked of my wife, upon whose face I had not seen a smile for ten days.

"Don't name them, Mr. Sunderland! They're not worth the powder it would take to shoot them. Lazy, ignorant, dirty, good-for-nothing creatures. I wouldn't give them house room."

"I'm sorry to learn that. What will you do?" I said.

"Dear knows! I was so well suited in Ann and Hannah, and, to think that they should have served me so! I wouldn't have believed it of them. But they are all as destitute of feeling and principle as they can be. And John continues as sulky as a bear. He pretended to shake the carpets, but you might get a wheelbarrow load of dirt out of them. I told him so, and the impudent fellow replied that he didn't know anything about shaking carpets; and that it wasn't the waiter's place, any how."

"He did?"

"Yes, he did. I was on the eve of ordering him to leave the house."

"I'll save you that trouble," I said, a little warmly. "Don't say anything to him, if you please, Mr. Sunderland," returned my wife. "There couldn't be a better man about the house than he is, for all ordinary purposes. If we should lose him, we shall never get another half so good. I wish I'd hired a man to shake the carpets at once; they would have been much better done, and I should have had John's cheerful assistance about the house, which would have been a great deal."

That evening I overheard, accidentally, a conversation between John and the new girls, which threw some light upon the whole matter.

"John," said one of them. "What made Mrs. Sunderland's cook and chambermaid go off and leave her right in the middle of house claimin'?"

"Because, Mrs. Sunderland, instead of hiring a woman, as every lady does, tried to put it all off upon them."

"Indade! And was that it?"

"Yes, it was. They never thought of leaving until they found they were to be imposed upon. And, to save fifty cents or a dollar, she made me shake the carpets. I never did such a thing in my life before. I think I managed to leave about as much dirt in as I shook out. But I'll leave the place before I do it again."

"So would I, John. It was a downright, mane imposition, so it was. Set a waiter to shaking carpets."

"I don't think much has been saved," remarked the waiter, "for Nancy has had a dollar a day ever since she has been here."

"Indade!"

"Yes; and besides that, Mrs. Sunderland has had to work like a dog herself. All this might have been saved, if she had hired a couple of women at sixty-two and a half cents a day for two or three days, and paid for having the carpets shaken. That's the way other people do. The house would have been to rights in three or four days, and everything going on like clock work."

I heard no more. I wanted to hear no more. It was all as clear as day to me. When I related to Mrs. Sunderland what John had said, she was, at first, quite indignant. But the reasonableness of the thing soon became so apparent that she could not but acknowledge that she had acted very unwisely.

"This is another specimen of your saving at the spiggot," I said, playfully.

"There, Mr. Sunderland! Not a word more, if you please, of that," she returned, her cheek more flushed than usual. "It is my duty, as your wife, to dispense with prudence in your household; and if, in seeking to do so, I have run a little into extremes, I think it ill becomes you to ridicule or censure me. Dear knows! I have not sought my own ease or comfort in the matter."

"My dear, good wife," I quickly said, in a soothing voice, "I have neither meant to ridicule nor censure you. Nothing was further from my thoughts."

"You shall certainly have no cause to complain of me on this score again," she said, still little warmly. "When next we clean house, I will take care that it shall be done by extra help altogether."

"Do so by all means, Mrs. Sunderland. Let there be, if possible, two paint cleaners and scrubbers in every room, that the work may all be done in a day instead of a week. Take my word for it, the cost will be less. Or, if double, I will cheerfully pay it for the sake of seeing 'order from chaos rise' more quickly than is wont under the ordinary system of doing things."

My wife did not just like this speech, I could see, but she bit her lips and kept silent.

In a week we were without a cook again; and months passed before we were in anything like domestic comfort. At last my wife was fortunate enough to get Ann and Hannah back again, and then the old pleasant order of things was restored. I rather think, that we shall have a different state of things at next house cleaning time. I certainly hope so.

SONG OF THE FARMER IN SEED TIME.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

We're ploughing, and we're sowing
The gold grain o'er the land,
But the quickening and the growing
Are in a higher hand.
The dew and rain's soft dressing,
The sun-ray clear doth crown,
And these, with every blessing,
Come from our Father down.

What near is, and what far in
The distance e'er may be—
The grass-flower, and the starshine,
The sand-grain and the sea

Are His:—and leaves that quiver,
And snow—earth's shroud and grave—
Spring's balmy airs, the rivers,
All corn and fruit, He gave.

Sun—moonlight in the valley,
—True cause of all He hath—
The gentle southwind's dally,
The cloud that folds His path.
He lifts from earth the shadow,
Health, life around doth spread,
For herds, the deep green meadow,
For us, our daily bread.

THE LAST DECLARATION.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"I spoke to her—she censured not;
I told her—now I scarce knew what."—C. H. HOWMAN.

"I've been in love some sixty times,
And always thought the newest fairest."—PARK BENJAMIN.

Cousin Frank was a jewel of a man. He was in society when I was a child, wearing pretty sashes, and being carried into the parlor to be called by the visitors a "little dear," when mamma was in the room, and a "little torment" if she went out of it.

That was fifteen years ago, almost—and cousin Frank is still a ladies-man, as well liked as ever, and vastly more agreeable. I think that dark, glossy moustache improves his face, he has cherished it since his last winter in Paris—and his figure is so commanding—not too tall, nor too large in any way. His hand is delicately fair—almost too much so for the son of honest republican parents; but his eyes—oh, such eyes! dancing with good humored glee, they would provoke the staidest lady of you all to mirth. His hair waves just as gracefully as ever, but I do not think it is quite as luxuriant as it once was—however, we will pass that point without further comment.

There!—how like you my hero's portrait, imperfectly as I have drawn it? Gay, agreeable—always at leisure—the life of every party or social gathering he attends, and quite as loveable in our own little circle where there are no hearts to be broken; wealthy too, and of a manly presence, do I not hear you ask why Frank Graham has never married? Many have been before you in that query—I hear it asked almost every evening we are out. I was saucy enough to inquire myself not many years since, and so I am prepared to speak upon the matter. I shall betray no confidence, and Frank will only laugh at the record.

It was a clear night in mid-winter, stormy and cold. Papa and mamma were just setting forth to a bridal party, when Frank entered, and, to the astonishment of all, said he came to spend the evening with me.

"Not going to the party!" said my mother, in surprise.

"No," said Frank, firmly, as if he did not care to listen to any questions on the somewhat strange resolve.

"Ah—ha—and now I remember—well if you really are not there to-night, others than myself will think you a rejected suitor of Anna Marston; you know it was whispered, my dear, that—" said mamma.

I thought Frank unusually careful as he folded mamma's crape shawl about her, and just then he was so awkward as to entangle the fringe in his watch-chain. By the time it was extracted, mamma had forgot what she was going to say.

"Take good care of Ellen," were mamma's last words, as Frank handed her into the carriage.

When I found that in the plenitude of his good nature he had come to stay a whole evening alone with me, I could have smothered him with kisses. "What shall we do?" I asked, as I waltzed gaily through the long rooms. "Come, sing that duett Clara Waterman likes so much—or shall I read you Susie Bradley's last letter?—ah, ha—you cannot guess what she says of your eyes."

Cousin Frank was not inclined to sing, he would not even guess what Sue had said of him; and I began to suspect that he had come to be amused instead of amusing me. At last he roused himself somewhat, and asked, "where was the chess-board? Would I not like to check-mate him?" To bring up stupid chess, of all things, on such an evening!—when he could talk so pleasantly too—for his descriptions of Paris and Rome were far more interesting than any book of travels I had ever read. I declare it was too provoking. But I did not make the least objection; I brought the chess men, arranged the stand myself, while he composedly sat quite still, gazing intently into the fire, now and then knocking his boots together with ringing clank, as much as to say "confound it!" Nor did he move when I was all ready to commence the game—he did not even seem to remember that I was in the room. "Never mind," thought I, "all in good time," so I rang for some fruit, and the cake-basket, and amused myself by watching the changes of expression which flitted over his face.

"Cousin Frank," said I, at last, pausing in my demolition of some unusually fine grapes—"cousin, these grapes are very nice," and I held the luscious cluster before the fine light temptingly.

"Ah, yes," he ejaculated, "a fine voice, very fine, but—oh, that's you, Ellen, isn't it?—well, little one, about that game at chess."

So it was commenced—but Frank lost pawn after pawn—a knight, a castle—and at last as I triumphantly captured his queen, he threw the pieces together with one sweep, and voted chess a bore.

"Come, Ellen, let's chat—pass me that fruit knife—don't you wish I was a little less irritable?"

"But, Frank, what is the matter with you? I never have seen you so quiet."

"So stupid you mean—but never mind, I'll make amends. What shall I tell you of?—my presentation?—how Queen Vic was dressed?—what she said, and all that? I will promise to answer any query,

however much my memory or my imagination may be taxed."

A sudden thought came over me.

"Never mind the queen," said I, "but tell me one thing—will you now?—recollect you have promised to tell me *anything* I might ask?"

"Yes—pussy, anything—what may it be?"

"Cousin Frank, *why did you never get married?*"

Oh, how heartily he laughed—I was quite relieved, for somehow I feared after I had spoken, that I might have roused some painful recollection, or—I did not know exactly what.

"And pray, you little interrogation point," (had Frank heard what mamma had said of my growing crooked—I had half a mind to be angry) "what gave you that fancy? Has any good aunt chosen a new lady-love for me, who 'would make such a nice domestic wife?'—or has your father been wishing he was as free as bachelor Frank? Perhaps you have a lover; good, tell me all about him, he is such a charming little man I have no doubt; black eyes—pink cheeks, and all that, just like your famous wax doll I brought you from Paris."

"It's *years* since I've seen a doll—do you know I was sixteen yesterday," said I, indignantly, "and besides I haven't any lover, and never shall have," ("as I see," I was going to add, but prudently restrained the terminatim of my sentence.)

"Well, I have promised and I must perform, though after all it's no great secret why I never was married. The fact is those who would have pleased me did not hear your good opinion of cousin Frank; and those whom I might have pleased did not seem to me worth the trouble. So after being very near matrimony all my life, I never have quite attained to that felicity. Will that satisfy you?"

"But were you never in love—really downright in love?"

"Oh, yes—a hundred times at the very least. There was cousin Sophie—I was devoted to her for six months; but your mother once hinted that she wore false braids or curls, and I never could think of her for a wife after that. Then came Miss Ellis."

"What the beautiful Miss Ellis—mamma's old friend?"

"The very same—beautiful indeed she was, but with no more intelligence than your doll we were just speaking of. Lizzy Lesten—she was quite a belle ten years ago, very sprightly and vivacious, but Lizzy inclined to be something of a vixen I thought; I always held a distrust of Lizzy's *nez retroussé*. Then Clara Rush came, and fifty others—the list is quite too long for recollection. There was always some fault though—either in the demoiselle or myself that put a finis to our friendship. There was another cousin you have never seen, Harriet Ward; I had almost come to the point of a declaration—but one day, at a dinner party, I noticed her eating fish with her knife—bah—the recollection is painful even yet; her sister was pretty, but she never looked well in the morning. If you really knew my horror of a slovenly wrapper and curl of papers! Ellen never let your lover get a glimpse of you in deshabille—it will be the end of your matrimonial prospects, I warn you."

"I am very certain he never will—I never shall have a lover, Frank."

"Don't speak so mournfully, *ma belle*, there is plenty of time for that consideration—but have I satisfied you?"

"Not quite—one thing more, were you ever *refused*?"

"Now you have indeed brought me to the confessional! What a mortifying reminiscence you have conjured up. Will nothing less than a straight forward reply satisfy you? Do you leave no corner for evasion—plump yes or no?"

Once more I clapped my hands in delight; I was inexorable—he had promised to tell me all I should ask, nothing less than a full recital of the whole affair would serve me. Was not cousin Frank kind?—he promised if I would be quiet, would never tell mamma a word, (it's so pleasant to be a confidant) and would finish that purse I had been so long intending to *crochet* for him—that he would tell me word for word all about the last declaration he had ever made. Just imagine how easily we were sitting—with with the gas and the blazing grate the room was almost as light as day; the dark crimson furniture looked so comfortable; and on the table, which was drawn quite close to the fire, was a tray of grapes and ruby cheeked apples. I sat on an ottoman quite at Frank's feet; while he leaned back at ease in papa's own lounging chair.

"It is two or three years," said he, at last, "since I first met the lady who was so nearly your cousin. I remember distinctly seeing her enter this room, for it was at one of your mother's little musical parties, (they were great bores sometimes by the way.) She was a stranger to me, as were many of the younger ladies who had come out while I was in Europe; so I asked Ned Mitchell who she was. Finding her to be an intimate acquaintance in the family, and being well pleased with her queen-like figure and graceful movements, I requested an introduction—was graciously received—and we were soon floating down the stream of musical small talk. She had a magnificent hand and arm, and on the whole I was much delighted with the acquisition to my visiting list. I had the pleasure of handing her to the piano; her voice was a rich, full mezzo soprano, and she sang a cavatina from Lucre Borgia very well—very well indeed; then came another chat as we stood in the recess of that window—there were heavy blue and fawn curtains there then; these crimson affairs are not in good taste."

I bowed in assent. Frank's opinion in all such matters was law, so I resolved to ask mamma to have them changed for blue and fawn—quite forgetful that the whole rooms had been refurnished since that important music party, and very possibly blue curtains would not be quite the thing with crimson velvet chairs and lounges.

"However," continued Frank, "we did not coquette at all; we spoke gaily and seriously on Bulwer's new novel, and I described his appearance at Sir John Graham's literary dinner party, which I had attended just before leaving London. Then we spoke of Miss Lesten's voice, she was singing a duett from Norma

with your mother; and last of all the conversation ended by both declaring a love for simple ballads. I recollect asking her to sing me 'The Lass O' Gowrie,' but as there was no opportunity she could not, but promised that the next time we met she would grant my request.

"Two or three weeks glided by, and I had almost forgotten my fair friend. Your mother had ceased to rally me on what she chose to call my devotion to her the evening of our introduction; but one evening I recognized her at the theatre, and as Ned Mitchell and his sister were of the party, I ventured to join them at the close of the second act of Ion, which was the play that evening. She received me very cordially, and in conversation I reminded her that I had not yet listened to my favorite ballad; this ended in an invitation to call socially with Ned, (it seems she was a school friend of his sister's) and she would sing English and Scotch ballads for me until I was weary with listening. Of course I averred that would involve a visit with no conclusion, and of course her reply was, I should soon be happy of an escape. People are obliged to say many things they don't mean, Nellie—particularly gentlemen—that is if they expect to be liked in society.

"I thought of my juvenile introduction to mamma's friends, and did not dispute the fact of such things being said, though I had my doubts of the necessity for them.

"So I called, and thought she was even more pleasing at home than in society, she conversed remarkably well, and sang very sweetly; though I remarked to Ned as we walked home that the upper tones of her voice were neither so clear nor so strong as they might have been with proper cultivation. From that time I visited the house frequently, and at last the gossips began to say that my attentions were quite pointed—your mother went so far as to remark to my fair friend, 'that Frank needed nothing but a wife to whom he was devoted, to make him the best and kindest of men,' and then she came to me offering congratulations. I was thunderstruck! the possibility of addressing the lady had never occurred to me; I had visited her as a pleasant acquaintance, and had not dreamed that she regarded my attentions as in the least lover-like. My aunt had hinted that it was otherwise, and perhaps—dolt that I was!—the lady herself thought so too. With a desperate resolve I set forth on a visit determined to watch her narrowly, and if I found any indications of peculiar interest on her part I would—no I could not quite make up my mind to propose.

"She welcomed me with the greatest cordiality, and from habit, after a few minutes chat I requested her to sing.

"Here is an old favorite," said I, turning over the music which lay upon the piano, "and I have not heard it for many a day—you will sing this, will you not?"

"She started as I placed it before her, and she glanced at the title. I saw a crimson flush steal over brow and cheek—'no, anything but that,' she said, astily.

"I do not know what induced me to persist in my

request, perhaps my curiosity was roused, for the song was one of those common place affairs, that is the words, though the melody was very beautiful. After a somewhat urgent solicitation she consented, and as she sang

*'My soul in silence and tears
Has cherished now for many years
A love for one who must not know
The thoughts that in my bosom glow.'*

"I noticed that her voice trembled very much, and in the second stanzas

*'Ah, let me rouse my slumbering pride,
And from his gaze my senses hide.'*

she fairly gave way, and tossing the music one side rose hastily, saying, 'some other time it shall be finished for you,' her cheeks and brow were still crimson, and I saw her lips quiver as if she strove to quell some painful emotion.

"Was not here proof enough?—true it was not years since I had first known her, but several months had passed, and we had met very frequently. What a villain I had been, I saw at once my folly—I could have cursed my own want of thought. There she sat, poor girl, nervously twisting a tassel that depended from her waist, and now and then stealing a half fearful glance at me, as if to notice if I understood her strange tremor, fearful that she had betrayed her secret. I remember making some strangely disconnected remarks, and seized the first opportunity to bid her good evening. Oh, what a walk was that—I paced for hours in the moonlight, forming resolutions for my future conduct, and recalling any little circumstance of our friendship. Now that the veil had fallen, how plainly I saw her preference for me, and I felt that all the reparation in my power was due to her. Hard as it was to give up my bachelor freedom, I resolved to beg her acceptance of my hand and fortune—and, must I confess it, there was a strange tremor about my heart whenever I thought of the appealing glances I had that evening met from her eyes, which seemed to predict that it would be included in the offering. Two or three days passed: every evening I was firm in my resolution to act like a man toward her: each morning that resolution faded as the sun rose. You are not an unembarrassed bachelor, Nellie, so you can have no idea of the tremendous struggle. At length I began to think I might have been deceived, and—so perverse is man's nature—the thought was almost painful to me. What with dreaming of her at night, and thinking of her sweet face by day, I had become not a little interested in your mother's friend. The die should be cast—that I was determined upon—and I resolved to make that very song the bridge, as it were, of the fearful chasm I intended to leap: I would ask her to sing it again, and if the same emotion was visible, I would hail it as an omen in my favor.

"I am sure she blushed deeply as I entered the room where she was sitting quite alone. I am *not* sure that I did not also, if an old bachelor can by any possibility be supposed to blush; at all events my hand trembled as I clasped her own, which was frankly extended.

"The moment arrived that was to decide my fate—I had handed her to the piano, and again placed that song before her—again she declined singing it, now more firmly than before. But I was inexorable—no other song would do—for me—would she not please me so much as that? and with a scarce audible voice she commenced the strain. When she came to the lines—

'They cannot see the silent tear
That falls unheeded when none are near,
Nor do they mark the smothered sigh.'

I could scarce refrain from clasping her to my heart, and telling her that her sorrow was ended—the strain arose, tremulously, feebly—again she raised that appealing glance, and then suddenly ceasing, she covered her face with her hands, and I am sure I heard a sob—oh! how mournfully it smote upon my ear!

"She left the piano, and throwing herself upon a lounge, I saw tears stealing through the soft, white hands that covered her face. I could endure suspense no longer—I knelt beside her—I strove to clasp one of these delicate hands—I know not to this day exactly what I said, but I am sure I poured forth a passionate entreaty that she would give me the precious right to kiss these tears away.

"Nellie, imagine my consternation when she rose haughtily, and said in the coldest tone of surprise—'Mr. Graham!'

"It was enough—it recalled me to my senses—I stood before her in an instant, and will you believe it, I reproached her for leading me to believe that she had not been indifferent to my attentions.

"'Never!' was her brief reply, and her eyes flashed gloriously.

"Nell you have no idea how like a queen she stood there—or how like a slave I was humbled before her. But I dared to expostulate—the song, I said: whence her emotion? twice had she trembled as she sung the strain: the tears were even yet undried that it had called forth. Nor was my astonishment less when she burst into a merry peal of laughter and clapped her slender hands in perfect glee. I waited, however, calmly as I could with the blood boiling at my heart, until she should see fit to explain. At length she extended her hand kindly, and begging me to be seated, said—'let us be friends again, Mr. Graham—this is too ridiculous'—and once more that musical laugh rang through the room.

"And so I gathered the cause of my foolish conclusion. It appeared that my passing remark upon the quality of her voice had been reported to her—not forgetting my opinion that the upper notes were not as strong or pure as they should be; this had made her always dissident in attempting songs in a high key

where I was the listener. 'The Dream is Past' was a particularly difficult air it happened, and hence her reluctance to sing it for me; hence too the tremulous tones I had noticed the first time she sang it. This evening the recollection of her former mortifying failure made the matter even worse, and as she noticed what she supposed my critical attention she became embarrassed, and at last gave way to a childish burst of vexation as she found herself adding discord to discord.

"There was the whole plainly told—but had she not received me always with evident pleasure? Confound Ned Mitchell's goessipping report of my foolish remark!

"Yes, she confessed that she had ever been pleased to meet me as a friend of—of Edward's—could it be possible I was not aware of their recent engagement?

"Do you blame me, Nell, for rushing from the room at this unkindest stroke of all? I had been proposing to the affiance of my most intimate friend! My own vanity had led me to the mortifying act."

"Well, but you were good friends after all, were you not? Did you ever meet her afterward?"

"Yes, she was kind enough to keep my secret from all but Ned; and after a time I called at the house as before, though not so frequently, for a feeling of the deepest mortification always came over me as I saw that piano, and once or twice she wickedly said with a mischievous glance toward me—'yes, I will sing Mr. Graham's favorite, The Dream is Past!'"

"The dream was past of a truth—and I never have been so presuming as to dream again of any fair lady. So, coz, you have the veritable history of my 'last declaration.'"

"But who was the lady, Frank? Did I ever see her?"

"What? have I not told you her name? I thought you knew it was Anna Marston."

I saw it all then, the secret of cousin Frank's absence from the bridal party—but I was again puzzled, she had not married Ned Mitchell.

"No, there was some lover's quarrel in which Ned was to blame, and he had proved himself unworthy of her by never explaining the matter; so after a year or more had passed she consented to become Mrs. Willis—as Mrs. Willis I wish her all happiness; but I shall not go there to-night to tell her so."

Cousin Frank relapsed into his dreamy reverie, and I meditated upon the story I had just listened to, wondering, as I watched the flickering fire-light, how any man could summon resolution sufficient to declare himself at all. I am sure if I were refused it would prove a *last declaration* as well as a first.

SONG.

I WILL not emblem flowers to tell
How dear thou art to me,
For though so fair, no soulless thing
Can e'er resemble thee!

Yet thou art fair as any flower,
Or star that e'er hath shone,

But I do love thee most because,
Thy heart is all my own.

The fairest flowers are born of earth,
And soon decay and die,
But love and beauty such as thine,
Are gathered to the sky.

S. D.

THE MAID OF MELOS.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF ALCIBIADES.

BY JOSEPH B. COBB.

CHAPTER I.

ATHENS. HER ODEUM.

EVENING had enveloped in its sable shades the fair city of Athens; and the inhabitants, wearied with the various labors of the day, were seen wending their way to their several abodes. Groups of young men were strolling leisurely along the streets, and loud shouts of hilarity, now and then breaking on the stillness of the evening, betrayed the approach of companies fresh from the arduous, though alluring exercises of the gymnasium. These were bright and happy times for the sons of Attica! The lessons and instructions of Socrates dispelled the tediousness of day—the splendid entertainments of Pericles and his band of admirers charmed the hours of evening.

The curtain of night has closed around, and the scene has changed. Crowds of both sexes, in dense and glittering columns, pursue the direction of a towering and magnificent edifice seen in the distance, its gigantic and gaudy proportions swelling upon the vision in the dim reflections of the twilight. Like a thing of magic, the odeum—that grand and unsurpassable model of ancient architecture, eclipsing all other like buildings in the splendor of its structure and the novelty of its design—the odeum, which will ever remain a lasting monument to the taste and genius of Pericles, had risen suddenly from its foundation, and stood the pride and ornament of the city. Still further, in the rear, was seen the summit of the Areopagus, where the god of war had stood upon his trial, and where still the laws upheld their majesty, and justice was impartially dispensed.

Still further on, the gloomy porticoes of the Parthenon frowned in the pale moonbeams—melancholy reflection does it bring to the mind of the classic reader! The stupendous monument of art, which drew the respect of Alaric and the second Mahomet, who dared not to raise against it their barbarian hands, has been since demolished by the leaders of armies belonging to countries claiming to be civilized. Wherever the lion banner of England has been planted, or her rapacious claws have gained a hold, all remains of art and taste, however ancient or elegant, disappear—as if she feared a comparison with the huge, shapeless piles of her own smoky metropolis!

The reign of Pericles, the era in which our story is placed, has been justly regarded as the most brilliant era in Athenian history. Art, at this period, had nearly exhausted itself in the sublimity of conception, the splendor of design and the wonder of execution. Science progressed with rapid strides—whilst wisdom

and philosophy, under the energetic researches of Socrates and his pupils, were unfolding their wings, and preparing for higher and more astonishing flights. Society and refinement had attained their zenith, and Athens abounded with pleasures, whilst it gloried in its strength, and bid haughty defiance to its enemies. Well directed, internal labor, displayed its golden fruits, and domestic pursuits were eagerly cultivated in the midst of luxury and temptation. So happy a union of these seemingly discordant elements had never before been witnessed, and Athens, since, has sighed in vain for its reappearance. The peace of the country, secured by treaties of comity and alliance with the principal neighboring powers, stood in no immediate danger of interruption, and whilst fully prepared for war, the Athenians revelled in their love of public shows and entertainments, and the shrewd Pericles took care to gratify their eager and morbid appetites.

On the evening in question,* the interior of the odeum blazed with uncommon brilliancy, and its spacious area and ample rows of seats glittered with an array which would have dazzled the vision of Oriental Satraps. In a conspicuous and sumptuously furnished compartment on the first or lower gallery, sat the great ruler himself, clad in his flowing vestments of state, and holding in his hands the simple prizes which he himself chose to distribute amongst the successful performers. The entertainment was exclusively musical, and on the stage were seen various instruments, ready for the touch of the masters in this elegant accomplishment. Not far from Pericles, and separated from him only by a row of small Corinthian pillars, reclined the divinely moulded figure of the fair but voluptuous Aspasia—the most beautiful and fascinating woman in Athens, who had infused new spirit in its circles, and engendered a deference for females hitherto unknown in Greece. Her countenance gleamed with bewitching smiles, and love and passion sparkled from her bright, yet languishing eyes. Easy and unabashed in her manner, she was yet conscious of the universal buzz of admiration which her presence had excited among the thousands gathered within these charmed walls; and when even Pericles, who bowed notoriously at the shrine of her charms, had fixed upon her his eager and penetrating gaze, her appearance gave no tokens that it was observed.

"By Jupiter, Nicias, she would compare with the

* Musical entertainments were not unfrequently given after night, but dramatic performances invariably at dawn of day.

goddess of love herself, as she now reclines and glances over the assembly," said young Clitus, the pupil of Agatharus the painter, a youth well known for his genius and social qualities.

"Venus will yet prove to be her mother," answered Nicias, in a strain of enthusiasm, "or else I will be consigned to the furies-gods; see, her very soul beams forth, as she now returns the ardent looks of Pericles—she presents him her hand—and, by the fates, he presses it openly to his bosom."

"Methinks, Nicias," said young Clitus, smiling, "we both know of *one*, who, if here, in the sight of such Heavenly charms, would not scruple, if his passions were excited, to hurl even the archon from the enjoyment of so much bliss, that he might, himself, partake—I marvel that he is not here."

"I do not marvel at all," returned Nicias, "for thanks to the potent spells of the wine god, we left him safely 'stened in his embraces."

"I know not that such is the case," said Clitus. "His manner seemed to me more restless than usual, and I suspect that he is resolving some wild scheme."

"Better to have said some *mad* project," said Nicias, sneeringly, "for, in truth, he is more than half a madman."

"Hast thou heard aught," asked Clitus, "of his new born passion for the fair Nemea, whom Hippolitus brought with him from Corcyra?"

"Softly, my Clitus," said Nicias, "for that is a tender subject. Nemea has, in her turn, been abandoned—a fiercer flame sure has hold on him. Hast thou not marked his frequent excursions, solitary and at night? My eyes have been upon him—and as the net gathers its thick folds around him, I see that proud spirit subdued—that fierce temper brought under—the holiest objects balk not his intemperate and loose desires—the gods themselves are insulted and ridiculed if his aim can be accomplished. And yet the man was born to be great. I predict his future fortunes as well as his fall. Other than the fields of his native land will feel the power of his influence, and attest the vast conceptions of his genius."

"Take heed, young man, that thy words, unwarily uttered in a spirit of envy, bring not trouble on thy head. Beware lest the unlooked for fulfilment of thy thoughtless prophecy rankle not, one day, in thy bosom, and torture thy soaring spirit. *He*, of whom thou hast spoken, is well known to me. For years have I watched his progress. *He will rise* to high fortune, and guileful enemies may work his fall. Thou, Nicias, hast no kind feeling for that man, and seek to draw from thy unsuspecting friend cautious admissions. But look to it that 'the power of *his* influence' avert not all thy malignity."

The young men had turned as these words, gravely uttered, had fallen upon their ears, and, to their surprise, beheld the venerable figure of the philosopher, Socrates, who for some moments had been standing quietly behind them.

A frown contracted the brow of Nicias as he regarded the sage, and he muttered a reproach at being overheard. The philosopher observed the frown, and caught the words.

"Think not," he continued, "that I was a willing

listener to thy words. Thou art my pupil, Nicias, as well as him of whom thou hast been conversing. I never repeat. It is a rule will always recoil. Learn caution thyself, ere thou suspect others of eves-dropping."

The young men rose to offer their seats to the sage, but he declined, giving them to understand that he was on the point of leaving, as he had come for a special purpose which had now been answered. But still he left not, and was detained by a circumstance yet to be related.

The entertainment now opened. The musicians all occupied seats on the stage, with their instruments beside them. The first performers ranged themselves to begin. The arched roof and long galleries rang with sounds of ravishing melody, and the spectators listened with feelings of high delight. The beautiful Aspasia dispensed liberally her approving smiles; the great Pericles testified his pleasure, and the whole vast concourse moved in applause. The prelude had been most brilliant and successful. And now separate trials of skill were practised in turn by the various performers, eager to win from the hands of their powerful patron the coveted prizes. As the celebration was had during the feast of Panathenea, (sacred to Minerva, the utilitarian goddess of the city) the *rhapsodoi*, accompanying with their instruments, sang the praises of their ancient heroes—some chose for their theme the exploits of Hercules; others dedicated their verses to Harmodius and Aristogitans, the bold leaders in the war against the tyranny and misrule of the Piristratides. Others again revived the glories of the Argonautic expedition, and other champions of the golden fleece. Past deeds were arrayed and recited, and the silence told the effect.

These impromptu recitations, then so popular among the gay Athenians, were not unlike the mode of improvising practised in later ages by wandering troubadours, and now fallen entirely into disuse. Such, however, was the extravagant passion of the people of Athens for all public entertainments, that Pericles established prizes for him who could select the best theme, and recite the most stirring events.

The vocalists concluded their parts amidst evidences of the most general satisfaction, and the performers on the wind instruments now presented themselves. Among them was the young son of Menon, an opulent citizen, especially favored by Pericles and Aspasia. Years of toil and practise had been the price at which he attained his excellence, and no one among the contestants was thought capable of competing with him. The strongest demonstrations of joy from the company welcomed his appearance, and parting the fair locks which shaded his handsome countenance, he began his performance. All were hanging with eager interest on the rich tones; the performer was absorbed in the intricacies and beauties of his music—when suddenly a young man, clad in vulgar apparel, and staggering from the effects of wine, leaped on the stage, and struck the instrument from the hands of the astonished musician. The haughty Pericles raised his hand in indignation—the bright eyes of Aspasia flashed fire of resentment. The spectators rose to their feet with a simultaneous movement, as if intent on preventing

foroibly all further rudeness. But the intruder blanched not. With a proud step he advanced to the front of the stage, and throwing back with a haughty toss the thick cluster of curls, displayed a face eminently handsome, almost effeminately so; and was recognized by most of those present. But the large, brilliant eyes rolled fearfully—the pearly teeth were clenched, as if in anger—the veins of the neck were swollen with passion. He strode across the area with rapid steps, uneven and wavering—and drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"By the gods above us, Clitus, it is the very man, it is Alcibiades," whispered Nicias. "Now for some brutal scene. His haughty temper will find vent before he leaves the stage."

His companion answered not, but kept his eye intently fixed on the strange being before him, turning now and then, as if to find some one in the assembly.

The intruder paused, and in harsh, impassioned tones addressed the spectators. "Are ye indeed Athenians, who witness such perversion of manhood, and appear charmed with such unseemly sounds? Shame upon you, and upon him who fosters such degeneracy," and he pointed to the archon with a fierce glance. "Your tastes are corrupted by the continued repetition of such scenes of unmanly prostitution. Is this harsh, grating instrument fit to engage a man—an Athenian? It is a mean art—this piping—suited only to slaves and barbarians. The Theban youth who know not how to discourse, may pipe away their lives—but we have Minerva for our patroness, and Apollo for our protector, one of whom threw away the creaking flute, and the other punished severely the besotted Marsyas who ventured to play upon it in divine presence. Let us then follow examples so illustrious. Let Athenians find a more manly instrument. The lyre requires no such hideous distortion of form and feature to extract its music, and the voice can accompany it. Let Athenians then banish these unmusical pipes—and adopt an instrument worthy of men."* Thus saying, he seized upon a lyre which was near him, and swept over its chord with a master's hand. The touch seemed to electrify the spectators, and in surprise at this unexpected display of skill, they gradually resumed their seats. The fine, strong voice of the singular minstrel, mingled with his notes: and then was breathed forth in language, fervent and eloquent, the deeds of Athenian heroes. He recounted the glory of the great Themistocles—the brilliant triumph at Artemisium, "where Athens, the foundations laid of liberty's fair structure." The minstrel, warming with his progress, now changed his theme. He pictured the present glory of Athens—her pleasures—her people satisfied and flourishing, her strength and her resources. The fireside of every person, drawn in lively colors, was present before them, calm and quiet—whilst no untoward event from without menaced its tranquillity. Scenes of domestic bliss filled the imagination—all was spring time in the future—and all was cheerful and secure. A thrill of delight shot through every bosom—and the young musician ceased amidst rapturous shouts of applause.

Pericles adjudged him the highest prize—Aspasia, resplendent in smiles, greeted him with her bright eyes as he came forward to receive the honor. Socrates had beheld this strange scene where insolence had been so decidedly turned to account: where haughtiness had shown the power of will; and his venerable head was bent in abstracted reflection. He was gratified at the singular success of his powerful and popular pupil, whilst, at the same time, he deplored for Athens her subjection to such whimsical tyranny.

Concealed in the shadow of an Ionic pillar which supported the portico, was seated a fair young girl, disguised in a large, loose mantle, which enveloped her whole person. The eyes of this girl glistened with singular lustre—a tear-drop lingered upon the trembling lids—her bosom was burning with emotion—but it was the emotion of pride and not of weakness. The success which had crowned the musician brought rapturous joy to the heart of that fair, solitary creature. But he saw her not.

The long, circular rows of seats no longer held the masses, which a moment before pressed upon them. The wide galleries vibrated under the weight of retreating thousands, the streets were filled with groups of the delighted concourse—and the odeum was left to silence once more.

Many were the auguries consulted—the predictions uttered on that night, in which so strange a scene had happened—of the future greatness and supremacy of him who had acted the chief part. The star of the haughty son of Clinias culminated amidst the confusion he had created—and Alcibiades, though scarcely recovered from a fit of intoxication, swelled with the vaulting ambition which glowed within him.

CHAPTER II.

A NOCTURNAL VISIT.

By the pale light of the moonbeams reflected upon the waters, a magnificent galley was seen shooting over the smooth bosom of the Egean sea, directing its course toward the island of Eubcea, now dimly visible in the distance. A few hours previously, and the same galley had been safely moored at the foot of a street in Athens, and the inmates were evidently inhabitants of that city. Three persons were seen in the vessel, two of whom labored at the oars, whilst the third, moody and abstracted, was seated alone in the stern. This individual was elegantly attired, and his rich robes wafted to and fro in the fresh breeze which met them. His face was strikingly handsome—and the exquisitely arched eyebrow—and the long, flowing ringlets which fell gracefully and carelessly around his neck, as he sat with his figure vaguely shadowed in the shining mirror beneath, invested him with a peculiarly romantic appearance. The white foam of the sea dashed against the carved sides of the boat as it sped, swiftly propelled, to its destined haven. The waves of the classic Egean sparkled in the silvery light, and parted their waters as the galley glided along over the calm surface.

Innumerable ripples now disclosed that the pebbly sands of the beach were under them, and the green

* Plutarch gives the outline of this scene. Vit. Alcib.

shore rose by degrees to their sight. The rowers, slightly shifting their course, steered slowly along the margin for a short distance, and then suddenly turned into a limpid basin or pool, formed by a current from the sea, and which was almost entirely shrouded by the surrounding exuberant shrubbery. Here the small anchor was cast—the oars were pulled in, and the galley rode upon the waters a few paces from the shore.

Roused from his reverie, the personage who occupied the stern seat, now rose to his feet, and springing actively ashore, bade the rowers remain where they were, and await his coming. He then struck into a small footpath, which, beginning at the water, wound along through the grove; and after walking rapidly for several minutes, stopped before a high stone enclosure, and applying a key to the fastenings of the gateway, opened it and plunged into the dark recesses within.

In the centre of the grove around him stood a building of great beauty and symmetrical proportions, though not remarkable for size. It was a temple, erected by the aristocracy of Athens, and dedicated to their favorite divinity, Apollo. A glittering row of Ionic columns studded the entire front and sides, which were finely cast and ornamented. A flight of marble steps conducted the visitor to the upper vestibule, at the base of which were two superb statues, one of Minerva, the other of Apollo. The doors were of splendid, massive material, coming to a point at the top, and so constructed as to admit the only light which penetrated the interior. The whole finish and design exhibited the rarest and most exquisite taste, and might have been considered a fair specimen of the great excellence which the Athenian artists had attained at that period in architectural science. It was also surrounded by an enclosed court, which included the grove, besides various buildings appertaining to the temple. The solemnities were conducted and the worship performed by a priest, of whom very little was known, except that he was reputed for piety, and the strictest morality of life. His auguries were held in general and high esteem; and on the eve of marriages among the high-born of Athens, the couples sought always, in the first instance, the holy ministrations of this temple, and the benefit of the priest's advice. In all the duties of his calling he was assisted by several priestesses, one of whom will hereafter engage in a more especial manner the attention of the reader.

Our hero, as we have already seen, had easily gained admission within the sacred bounds, and found himself faced by the images of the various divinities. Proceeding cautiously amidst the shadows of these Heavenly hosts, his attention was arrested by the soft murmurs of running water, which reminded him that he was near a fountain. The reservoir was shaped from the pedestal of a gigantic statue of the king of gods, which stood towering and frowning above him, impressing the beholder with that awe and respect justly due to one of his high and dread authority. An immense block of solid marble supported the left arm of the god, whilst on his right hand was chiselled the royal sceptre, which imaged his divine power and

undisputed supremacy. Our hero, however, with reckless impetuosity seemed utterly to disregard all these appalling symbols; and with an audacity which would have struck terror in most other bosoms, seated himself at the base of the column, and laved his hands and feet in the pure, refreshing element. The fierce glance of imperial Jove fell sternly upon him, as though rebuking the sacrilegious disposition which tempted a mortal to cleanse his flesh in a fountain sacred to his Heavenly majesty, and the surrounding deities seemed beholding, with looks of surprise, the daring man who so rashly ventured upon an act which might, in a moment of anger, have hurled even an immortal from the Olympic abodes. What wonder, then, that a thunderbolt launched from the unerring hand of the resentful god did not dash to atoms the bold transgressor! But the offence is not half told. A huge, shaggy dog, which belonged to the stranger, was imitating the recklessness of his master, and lapped up the sacred water to cool his thirst, as if he had been drinking from a pond in some obscure alley of the city! And the master smiled and glanced with a mischievous leer at the surrounding deities.

Having thus occupied himself for several minutes, he withdrew his feet from the basin, and leaning his head against the column, and drawing around him the mantle in which he was clad, he seemed to gaze with intense earnestness at the resplendent glories of the Heavens. The pale moon was speeding onward in her mighty course, and the bright stars twinkled in his vision with unusual brilliancy. Not a cloud interposed to obscure the celestial bodies; all beamed with their mild, shining effulgence. But far toward the horizon was seen a narrow, scarlet streak, as if flames of fire burned within its bosom. Occasional and quick flashes would, now and then, illuminate its whole extent with a vivid, lurid glare, and then the brightness would again appear. Upon this was the eye of our hero resting, and the alluring dreams of ambition floated through his lofty mind. The marble features of the statue which towered above seemed not more inanimate than the countenance of that solitary being—the cold, steady gaze of the god had been imparted to the aspiring mortal below. No flush of emotion was discernible, intense reflection had apparently absorbed all traces of humanity. Suddenly there appeared to his sight one of these astonishing and unaccountable phenomena, which, we are told in ancient times, so often foreshadowed important events, or revealed to mortals lively glimpses of the fate before them. The red, narrow streak was seen rapidly contracting, and presently it had assumed the shape of a concentric circle. From a given arc of this flaming circle a meteor blazed forth with a quick flash, and following its appointed course spanned the entire margin, leaving the whole tipped with the pale glare of its lurid radiance. Then issued from within the body, thus strangely lighted, eccentric trains of phantasmatogoria, which none but a feverish and excited mind could have engendered. Here, restless mortal, was a mirror spread before thine eyes which may image thy future destinies! A line of triumphal cars succeeded each other rapidly, and as rapidly faded from view. Then the panorama of a vast city

was figured in the burning circle; and in the dim distance an object indistinctly resembling the Acropolis of his native Athens. On the summit a dark figure appeared. A nearer view disclosed his own features in those of the phantom. A zone of fiery meteors crowned the head, but disturbed not the calm expression of the face. The figure paused, and then arose the form of a lovely and benign female, bearing in her hand a brazen plate, on which was engraved the solitary word *Wisdom*. It beckoned to the figure—the call was unheeded. Presently was seen advancing from the gloom beyond another female, whose dashing steps and seductive smiles drew the earnest attention of the figure. Wild enthusiasm beamed in every lineament; pride and sternness marked her imperious brow. She gave no imitation as *Wisdom* had done, and the dark figure followed with imploring hands. His first step conjured up a third phantom, decked in all the voluptuous garnishments which allure and tempt the weakness of humanity. Heavenly beauty was hers; and enchanting attitudes of grace and meretricious blandishments arrested the eager step of the frail aspirant in his pursuit of ambition, and won him to the attractive arms of *Pleasure*. And then the glittering tiara of meteors fell to his feet, and lost their brightness; and a dark veil divided him from the Syren who had seduced him. And the margin was no longer tipped with its electric glare, and the burning circle was melting into chaos—and the solitary figure of the seeker receded from the vision, whilst hosts of grim and hideous phantasies flitted in the obscurity. The sight of our beholder was sickened, and his bounding heart sank as his accompanying genius whispered in his ear the interpretation of the phenomenon. Yet his high spirit revolted not, and his mind still wandered in ambitious abstraction. The dark figure was *alone* on the summit of the Acropolis. His power was *not divided*—though lost by restless pursuit, and tempted by seductions. Ere the veil could drop, glory and power and renown might be obtained, and the triumphal cars might whirl through the streets of Athens, himself the honored hero. The path was before him—the end was in view—the whole had been figured to him. A land overflowing with resources opened before him, and a population, the most spirited and accomplished in the world, breathed and moved around. Pretexts were easily found—his influence in the public councils, young as he was, astonished all Greece—his soaring mind expanded with his reflections, and the cold dreamer emerged into the conquering hero. He was averse to longer inaction, and the glorious peace which for years has blessed and developed thy prosperity, Athens, hangs heavily on the heart of thy young citizen! Fame and aggrandizement must be attained through seas of thy best blood; worlds of thy treasure must sustain them! The dreamer conceived and matured his mischievous plan of operation; and Greece was to become the scene of action. But in order to nourish the flame of enthusiasm which already kindled at the mention of his name, some brilliant preliminary achievement in connection with the popular athletic sports of the age must be accomplished. This would fix attention—would throw around him a species

of notoriety, essential at that time in all attempts and struggles for elevation.

The thoughts matured that night were afterward thoroughly fulfilled. In thy person, son of Clinias, Athens beheld a being whose towering and universal genius—whose unvarying success stripped the laurel wreaths from the brows of her ancient heroes—which covered her classic shores with unsading renown, and has filled her history with its most resplendent pages.

From behind a neighboring statue another figure now stealthily approached. His purple vestments at once indicated his sacred calling—but his words dispelled the illusions of his sanctity, and were strangely inconsistent with the priestly decorum.

"By all the gods, it is my Alcibiades? Why, maw thy attitude caused me some sharp misgiving as to thy identify; but thy uncleanly beast there reassured me. It is not the wont of the most famous debauchee in Athens thus silently to indulge in meditation. But what, in Apollo's name, ails thee?" he continued, suddenly recoiling. "Has Bacchus proven an overmatch for the allurements of Venus?—or are the arms of the lovely damsel forgotten in other and fresher pursuits?"

The priest was abashed and awed by the cold, stern gaze which had met his disgusting and licentious ribaldry. The time was inappropriate. The haughty and abstracted dreamer lost, for the moment, in sublime reflection, rose to his feet, and bent his piercing eye upon his companion. That lofty, withering look was long remembered; and though Alcibiades recalled himself in an instant, the priest was not so easily restored. Accustomed to familiarity, and to minister, in his way, to the impure tastes of the Athenian, the priest had ceased, in some measure, to respect the high pretensions and overshadowing talents of his friend—and he trembled now as he pondered the rudeness of which he had been unwarily guilty. But Alcibiades seizing his hand, relieved his uneasiness by the wonted cordiality of address.

"Ha, my old Calyx, hast thou come at last! Many long and weary hours have I been awaiting thee, anxious for thy tidings. But where is my sweet Calesthena—the fair priestess whom thou hast dedicated to our gracious and benign Apollo?"

"Calesthena awaits thee in her private apartment," answered the priest. "Her anxiety at thy prolonged absence has been great, and both father and daughter have feared that in the revels and excitement of the city, the powerful Alcibiades will soon forget the friends of early days, and banish from his mind all lingering impressions of the poor maiden who once claimed his love."

"Then do father and daughter do me most signal injustice and cruel wrong," said Alcibiades—"think not I forget you. Calesthena reigns supreme in my heart—and whatever policy may dictate, or prudence enjoin in a career yet unknown, I shall ever own the gentle influence of her sway. And now I must see her. Haste away, old man, and inform her of my presence."

A small, neat building near the temple was occupied as a residence by the priest and his fair daughter, the latter of whom had, recently, by the suggestion of

her imperious lover, undertaken the melancholy duties of priestess in quality of first assistant to Calyx. They were natives of Melos. Whilst yet a young man, and in the dawn of his amazing career, Alcibiades had journeyed to that distant and romantic isle, near the borders of the Mediterranean, where, at a public festival, he had seen and loved the daughter of Calyx. He conveyed them to the shores of his native Attica, unwilling to resign his fervent attachment. This was hazardous. But the intermarriage of one, born of a high Athenian family with a foreigner, or a woman of low origin, was not sanctioned by custom, though not strictly prohibited by law. Yet it blasted all prospects of elevation. The young Athenian was, then, forced either to abandon forever the object of his fondest affections, or else to adopt some plan which might unite them without the public forms of a nuptial ceremony. Calyx was a man of base morals, and yielding readily to the fascinations held out by the great wealth and high standing of Alcibiades, consented to abet his projects and sacrifice his only daughter at the shrine of power and greatness. At length the Athenian, whose riches were immense, and whose influence great, doubtless from a dim presentiment of his future glory, determined to procure for the dissolute Calyx the situation of priest to Apollo, in the private temple of that god in Eubaea, and to dedicate the daughter to the same holy office. By this criminal precaution suspicion was entirely kept down, though among the watchful enemies of the rising man, there were not wanting those who soon found means to ferret out the object of his mysterious excursions on the Egean after night.

Let us now ascertain more particularly the situation in which the Athenian hero, yet young in his career, found himself placed. By an existing law of the land, founded upon experience and usage, all who wished for political or military elevation, or aspired to renown, must first become the head of a family, and must be the possessor of a permanent or real estate. These being wisely regarded as the surest guarantees of good faith, and the firmest basis of allegiance, the law was vigorously held and enforced. The hero then of so many battles, though only a subordinate—so distinguished for versatility of genius, and so celebrated for courage—who excelled pre-eminently in all athletic sports, and was becoming the most popular man in Athens—this hero could not bring himself to crush, by an imprudent alliance, such fair openings to greatness. A patrician in every sense of the word, whose connection was traced even to the renowned Ajax, and who was the kinsman and ward of Pericles, could never stoop to humble himself with those around him—but his lofty and arbitrary will would brook no opposing obstacle to the attainment of his desires. He loved passionately the fair Melian, and to enjoy this love, free from detection, he scrupled not to violate the sanctity of religion, and pollute the altars of his fathers. He was at once polite and self-willed—affable and haughty—virtuous and profigate, but never constant. Yet every advantageous circumstance of birth and fortune—talents natural and acquired—rare accomplishments of mind and body pleaded an exception in favor of

this extraordinary character, which, producing at once flowers and fruit, united with the blooming vivacity of youth the refined wisdom of experience.

Such was Alcibiades—and now what of the fair, but humble Calesthena! Thou shalt not be passed over, sweet one, for that quickening spirit which enlivens thy bosom was not bowed down under obscure birth! Thou wert not unworthy of thy high born lover; thy softer sex needed but small allowance had the path been but open.

An orphan in early life—and left to the care of a negligent father, Calesthena had given way to all the wild ardor and impetuosity of her nature. She had met with no crosses—she had forced none to engage her affections, or who called into life the warm feelings which slumbered around her heart. She knew not of what she was capable, she was the child of nature—filled with nature's impulses. She learned the use of musical instruments, and her voice was one rich and enchanting strain of melody. She danced most gracefully, and many a Melian swain sighed to possess that divine and faultless form. She excelled to an extraordinary degree for her sex, in riding, and in the noble art of managing the reins. She was fond of chariot driving—and men stopped to inquire the name and birth of the lovely and daring female who dashed through their groves and retreat, foremost in all rides and contests, and whom all admired. Such rare qualities in a woman could not fail to attract the attention, and win the regard of a man like Alcibiades when witnessing their display. He sought and wooed her—and her ardent soul soon gloried in the rapture of a congenial spirit—found and appreciated. The whole fullness of her heart, beating with the strong fires of love, were centred in this sole object of her devotion—and the Athenian saw that her very existence was merged in his. Protestations and persuasion soon won her to his wishes, and he determined to surrender neither his brilliant prospects, nor abandon the gratification of his passion. Calesthena wound herself around every penetrable avenue of his heart, and vowed eternal fidelity, and begged never to be separated from him. The proud woman who had disdained others worthy of her in a wordly sense, was now the slave of a superior genius, the minion of a master spirit.

All women, capable of loving, and whose souls are alive to the soft glows of love ardently bestowed, are apt one day to find a like influence. The bonds of the marriage rite itself cannot, alas! always prevent or obstruct its sway. Love may be bought or coaxed, or in some cases even forced—but where a fine woman, gifted with true, unbridled nobility of soul sinks voluntarily into the arms of the little blind god, be sure she has found the spirit or genius who owns the magic ring which enslaves her. But we must return to the characters in question.

The priest having ascended the steps which conducted him to the small, tasteful portico in front of the house, opened the wicket to admit his illustrious guest. Alcibiades was ushered into a small, circular room, fitted up with cushioned benches for the entire circumference—and ornamented with the various articles of furniture peculiar to the age. Reclining

carelessly, and unfolding the long mantle in which he was enveloped, he awaited the appearance of Calesthenia.

A few moments only had passed ere she entered. Rushing with a wild bound to the recumbent hero, the young girl seized both his hands in hers, after the fashion of the early Greeks, and imprinted upon his lips and cheeks kisses of burning love and welcome.

"Oh, what an age hast thou been absent!" she murmured, as she parted the glossy locks from his forehead. "But I have been faithful—I have thought only of thee—I place thee before even the deity to whose service thou hast doomed me. Thou hast made me sin, beloved. I venture an awful hazard, *but I would do the same for thee again*. Only these terrible vows—these gloomy, mock solemnities, which I appreciate not. Oh! they torment me!"

Alcibiades in a thrill of pleasurable emotion caught the lovely being in his arms, and rapturously folded her to his bosom. Glory and ambition were forgotten—banished in that one short moment of bliss. The pressure of that warm and throbbing form would have dispelled malice from a demon of darkness! It might have caused a god to forget his divinity, and bend to the weakness of humanity. A stern, aspiring man of the world totters on the brink of a precipice when a blooming, impassioned, loving woman rests in his arms! And Alcibiades ceased to ruminate on his destiny. The long ringlets of soft, light brown hair waving to and fro around the neck and shoulders of Calesthenia, disclosed at intervals the exquisite mould of neck and bust; and exposed a pair of dark eyes, sparkling with passion, and brightly gazing upon the features of him whose glowing breast pillow'd her head. The costly robe which was worn over the short tunic, swept around in undulating folds; and unclasping the golden buckle which bound her girdle, the heavy vestments were thrown off, leaving only the finer, thin draperies which enveloped the voluptuous figure.

And Calesthenia had forgotten her vows in her ecstasy—the priestess was lost in the woman. Alcibiades was with her—he held her in his fond embraces, and him she worshipped more than Apollo; veneration for the god was disregarded in her love for the man.

The wild dreams, which, just before, had floated through his soaring mind, were dispelled as chimeras; and power and aggrandizement vanished "like baseless fabrics of a vision seen" from his thoughts as that divine form, filled with emotions of rapture, nestled in his bosom! The future dictator of Greece was, for the time, the entranced victim of passion! Such is humanity, even when extraordinarily endowed! His murmuring whispers assured the Melian of the continued love which burned within him—and the girl pressed him more fondly and was happy. They were both happy!

CHAPTER III.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES. MYSTERIES.

It is well known to every reader of general history, that the ancient Greeks were remarkably scrupulous

in observing the various games which they supposed to have been instituted by their gods. Among all these, according to approved authors, those celebrated at Olympia, a town of Pisa or Elia, in Peloponnesus, held, unquestionably, the highest rank. They were sacred to Jupiter, the greatest of gods—they were instituted by Hercules, who stood foremost among the heroes—and they were solemnized with more pomp, amidst a larger concourse of spectators from every quarter of the confederacy, than any of the rest. They recurred every four years; at which period, so profound was the reverence felt for them, that there was a general amnesty and cessation of arms throughout all Greece, that all persons who were desirous might be present with perfect security.

At this particular period of their history, the Greeks were infatuated with an inordinate taste for all varieties of public sports and exhibitions, and to this fact historians trace the sources of their decline, the "beginning of their end." As yet, however, the manly and vigorous exercises had not been supplanted by the effeminate and enticing amusements of the theatre. Sophocles and Eschylus had not attained their popularity and celebrity—the buffoonery of love comedians would have been laughed to scorn. Honorable, and not mercenary motives were, as yet, the incentives of success.

The awards distributed among the victors in the games were of various descriptions, but, as is well known, always simple and unostentatious. At the Olympic games, the only prize sought for was a wreath of olive branches, ingeniously woven together, and so shaped as to fit the human head. The victor was also presented with a branch of palm, which, according to Plutarch, was a custom derived from a peculiarity of the tree, which displays new vigor under every repeated exertion to bend it, and was indication of the champion's courage and perseverance. Such toil and energy for a remuneration comparatively so trivial, was not without service to the Greeks as a nation; and we are told that on one occasion, an officer of Xerxes's grand army, when hearing the fact mentioned, exclaimed to Mardonius, "against whom are you leading us? Insensible to interest, these men fight only for glory." And, in fact, the Greeks thought nothing equal to a victory in these games. It was regarded as the perfection of glory, and, we are assured by ancient writers, that a military triumph was scarcely looked on as a higher honor. At all events, excellence in these sports was considered as an indispensable pre-requisite in the qualifications of a great commander. Hence the most eminent men of the age frequently entered the lists as contestants. Kings, princes, heroes and generals combated for the honors, for there was not so sure a path to the hearts of the people.

There were numerous parts or divisions of the games, but as our purpose is not legitimately connected with all, we leave the reader, not already acquainted, to make up the deficiency by his own resources.

As it had been widely circulated on the present occasion that Pericles and his gay suite, and Agesilaus, brother to the Spartan monarch, with his beautiful and accomplished sister, Cynisca, who was so famed

for her wonderful equestrian achievements, together with all the leading men of the country, would grace the celebration with their presence—thousands from Greece and the neighboring isles flocked to enjoy the grand and ancient repast. Public curioetiy had been inflamed to an unusual height—and expectation bounded in every heart. All had some friend or favorite for whose success they felt deep solicitude.

At length the morning dawned, “big with the fate” of many ardent and anxious aspirants. Five days were allotted for the exercises. The last was selected for the chariot races to be contested.

The sun rose in cloudless splendor to illumine that brilliant scene—and the salutations of thousands welcomed the happy omen. The colossal statue of Jupiter Olympus, which adorned the entrance to the stadium, looked pleasingly upon the immense concourse of devotees beneath, as if reflecting the gracious smiles of the god whom it represented. A long row of magnificent pavilions lined the extent of the area, from which floated the symbols of the various nations assembled. The neighboring country was adorned with rich and handsome porticoes, interspersed with shady groves and walks, where the candidates for Olympic fame rested from their anxieties and fatigues. Imagination must fill up the picture—for description is vainly essayed.

Long previous to the hour, the athlete were seen parading through the grounds, as if to exhibit their persons to the eager crowd before whom they were soon to engage in their perilous sports. Two of these seemed to attract particular attention. They were Anytus, of Athens, and Arrachion, of Sparta, who were to enter the lists of the Paucratium. The Spartan was the more active and alert—the Athenian was noted for strength and muscular power. Their step denoted great flexibility of limbs, whose sinewy and solid proportions exhibited the force and practice of the combatants. No small degree of rivalry existed between the two nations in anticipation of the issue of this combat, the most dangerous of all the Olympic exercises.

Now a more brilliant group drew forth the admiration of the beholders. All along the banks of the Alpheus, whose crystal waves flowed at the marble base of the stadium, beautiful females were seen promenading and catching the fresh, pure breezes of the morning. The whole terrace presented one glittering array—for females (by authority of some of the best authors) were not excluded from either seeing or partaking in these sports.

In the midst of this assemblage, the stately form of Cynisca, the Spartan heroine, was particularly distinguished. A short tunic, reaching not far below the knee, served to display her elegant proportions. A fillet, wrought of golden cords, and fastening with small clasps of the same metal, confined her long, auburn hair; whilst on her arms was seen the glittering effulgence of bracelets set with the most precious stones. A small, flat hat covered her head, and her feet were enclosed in red slippers, confined by slender thongs, which met under the sole. Though the descendant and sister of kings, this young woman had become famous for her success in the chariot

races, which was the only part of the games suited to female propriety.*

At the other extremity was seen another figure not less remarkable for its faultless proportions and dignified demeanor than Cynisca herself. A long robe reaching from the shoulders to the feet, almost entirely concealed the fine form, but the outlines, save now and then, were sufficient to exhibit its extreme neatness. A mask covered the features, and invested the wearer with an air of mystery, which many were anxious to divine. She joined no company, and made no advances to such females as sought to share her promenade. A solitary walk in the balmy air of early morn was the object of her appearance—and not the desire for admiration. Yet she was admired—and as the breeze sweeping down the current lifted the folds of her robe, and pressed them closer around that peerless figure, a thrill of emotion pierced the beholder. Hold to thy mask, fair one, and suffer not the rude wind to penetrate thy disguise, and expose to view the beauty underneath!

Not far from the hippodrome was Calimachus, the representative of the king of Syracuse, surrounded by his grooms and horses, and standing in front of a spacious and magnificent pavilion which blazed with the royal insignia. He it was, who, by order of his master, had solicited the honor of contesting the chariot race with Alcibiades and Cynisca.

Lastly, a collection of tents, a short distance from those of Calimachus, were pointed out as belonging to Alcibiades; filled with his noble steeds, collected from all parts of Greece and her dependencies. Such was the popularity of this wonderful man among the neighboring potentates—such the fame of his skill in the management and direction of horses, that voluntary contributions were made by all in emulation of each other to the supply of his stables, and to furnishing elegant equipages, together with all else necessary to sustain his incredible displays of splendor. The wealth of no one private person could have sufficed for such enormous expense.

Contiguous to his own, Alcibiades had caused to be erected a small circular pavilion of exquisite beauty and taste, handsomely decorated, and to which no one was allowed admission. The tenant was unknown—almost unsuspected—and the entrance was ever guarded by an immense shaggy dog, whose watchful eye and fierce look kept all prying intruders at their proper distance. It was connected with the tent of Alcibiades by a narrow passage of drapery impenetrable to the eye, as no shadow had been seen crossing the aisle from one to the other. No one had been observed to enter within these forbidden bounds except a sprightly, comely youth—an attendant upon Alcibiades. He wore always a full mantle, which covered the head and sheltered the entire body. The awe universally felt for his powerful master preserved him from the annoyances of impertinent curiosity, though some there were who had strange doubts as to the character of that fair, unknown boy.

If the reader has not already guessed as much, I

* Many authors attest this fact—and there can be no doubt that Cynisca often contested these races.

must frankly say that the tenant of that mysterious pavilion was no other than Calesthenia, the fair priestess of Apollo. A strange place for a priestess truly, but yet nevertheless true! She it was who had adopted the disguise, as well to hide her sex as to avert suspicion from her lover, knowing that he was closely watched by jealous, malignant, and crafty enemies. And she was right! By permission of Alcibiades she had accompanied him to the games, that she might once again indulge her wild inclinations in contesting under his auspices the honors of the chariot race. In a glow of fondness, unfortunate for both, he had consented to her entreaties—for the stern man loved that frail girl with a passion which could refuse nothing! And on the morning in question she had arisen at an early hour, and directing her steps to a secluded spot on the banks of the Alpheus, almost hid by the intersection of olive branches which fell around, had there disdained herself of the disguise, and fastening on her light mask, appeared on the promenade as noticed above.

These games were intimately interwoven with the whole civil, military and religious polity of Greece, and as evidence of this, the most aged of her distinguished men were selected to preside at their celebration. These were called agonothete.

And now they had ascended the throne erected for them at the further extremity of the stadium, which was the signal for the exercises to begin. On a small altar piece near the throne sat the priestess of Ceres, and the other virgins who were permitted within the area. Opposite to these were placed the statue and emblems of the chaste Diana, supported on the tomb of her favorite Endymion.

The contests usually began with the foot races, then followed boxing, wrestling, throwing the discus and javelin, and leaping. The contestants in these various sports were ranged in a line before the agonothete, who inspected their qualifications. It was required that they should be born in Greece, or in the countries connected with her government. In the other games this was not the case, as the chariot racing was free for all, whether alien or citizen, with certain restrictions. Fraud and artifice were vigorously excluded from the games; and the maxim so generally then in vogue, that deceit or valor were the same in overcoming an enemy, was not held good at these sacred celebrations.

The foot races were over—the boxing and wrestling were over, and the judges announced that the combat of the paucratium between Anytus and Arrachion, was next in succession. This being, as we have before said, the most rough and dangerous of all the sports, and the champions being from the two great rival states, the spectators, with eager interest, crowded around the area in which the combat was to be tried. This game united boxing and wrestling, and is derived from two Greek words, which signify that the whole strength of the body was necessary for success.

Anxiety had reached to an almost irrepressible intensity when the champions leaped simultaneously on the area before the vast crowd. Their only apparel was a leathern girdle around the waist, to which was

suspended a fringed scarf of short dimensions. Their bodies had been anointed with oil in order to render their limbs flexible and supple—and to assist them in eluding the grasp of their adversary. Not a word was spoken as they now approached each other cautiously and vigilantly in order to gain the first advantage. Some time was spent in these harrassing feints—and then the stout Athenian aimed a blow at the head of his antagonist, throwing himself violently forward at the same time, as if to force him to grapple. But the eagle eye of the active Spartan had watched every motion—and though partially receiving the blow, he eluded, with surprising address, the attempted grasp, and his imprudent antagonist fell to the ground. Arrachion leaped upon him with the spring of a tiger, and seizing his throat, endeavored to hold him down until he should be forced to cry for quarter.

But he mistook the fierce and indomitable spirit of the Athenian. Exerting his immense strength, Anytus half rose, bearing the full weight of his antagonist, and struggling for breath under the severe grasp which held his throat. Finding it impossible to disengage himself, he dealt the Spartan a blow on the chest, the violence and force of which rendered the face of the one a pale, purplish contrast to the blackened and distorted features of the other. The blood now started in torrents from the eyes, nose and ears of Arrachion—whilst the swollen tongue of the Athenian hung long and loosely from the mouth.

Looks of horror and disgust settled upon the faces of the vast concourse around—and the agonothete in vain gave the signal for the combat to be suspended. The priestess of Ceres and her virgins averted their eyes from the ghastly spectacle. Groans and hisses were smotheringly sent forth from the crowd; but in the meantime the antagonists were again rolling in the dust, the fearful hold of the Spartan still unrelaxed, while Anytus elicited universal applause by his incredible displays of strength. He had seized Arrachion with the left hand, and holding him by main force high up from the ground, endeavored, by repeated blows, to loosen his throat from a grasp which he felt was fast wearing away his strength, and impairing his efforts.

But blows availed not. The wily Spartan had from the first perceived that all his hope depended upon the advantage he had gained—and that if his hold was once broken, the great strength of his adversary would soon overpower him. Again both fell to the ground, and Anytus now suffering the most acute anguish from the suppression of breath, would roll over and over, carrying along the Spartan as though the weight was nothing.

At length, in his frantic and desperate struggles his hand by chance came in contact with the foot of his obstinate adversary. Approaching death lent him new strength for the moment, and he crushed and mangled the bones as though an egg shell were in his grasp. The sudden and exquisite torture obliged Arrachion to release his hold, and shout for quarter at the very moment that Anytus breathed his last.

The vanquished Spartan lay beside his dead adversary panting, almost breathless, and groaning with agony, whilst the agonothete proclaiming Anytus the

victor, crowned his inanimate temples with the wreath of success.

The sports ended for the day; the dense masses of spectators moved from the stadium to their various places of rest. That night a light was seen dimly shining through the covering of the small circular pavilion attached to the tent of Alcibiades. The lovers were together, and the Athenian reclined upon a splendid couch, whilst the fair Melian knelt caressingly by his side, playing in child-like simplicity with the long, curling locks which fell over his face.

The lofty brow of Alcibiades was bent in thought: and the mellow eyes of Calesthena fell drooping upon him. She wished not that aught else save love should share that endearing solitude. Now and then she would press her glowing bosom to his in the hope to recall him from his abstraction, and to bury dreams of ambition in the alluring embraces of love. But her charms were unable, at that moment, to entice the restless spirit from its wanderings.

The eventful morrow was close at hand, on which his hopes were fixed. Upon the issue of these hopes the destinies of Greece depended. Success in the game was sure to bring a speedy realization of his dreams and projects—failure would be irretrievable ruin. As a tribute to his skill and fame, the Syracusan monarch had sent over his finest horses—his most elegant equipages—under charge of his ablest general and most renowned subject. The accomplished sister of Agesilaus had publicly solicited the honor of matching herself with him in the race—and her distinguished and rising young brother was there in person to witness the contest.

Defeat, under such circumstances, and in such company would be not only mortifying, but must forever blast his prospects, and the aspiring man narrowly calculated his chances, and fully comprehended the consequences. And the fate of all Greece rested upon a chariot race, so great was the importance attached to these games.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

LINES TO THE ABSENT.

BY MARION H. RAND.

From a dream of many months,
Sister, I am waking;
Mournful memories, their course
O'er my heart are taking.

Of the sunny days of old
Sadly am I thinking,
Present, Past and Future, all
In one chain am linking.

Through our lives how every thought,
Hope and fear were blended!
Can we bear to think that those
Happy days are ended?

Never through their varied course
So long were we parted;
Can you wonder that I feel
Sad and lonely-hearted?

Many months have hurried by
Since we were forsaken;
Since thy smile and pleasant voice
From our home were taken.

But we could not give thee up,
Still with ceaseless yearning,
We have in our foolish dreams
Looked for thy returning.

Can we, must we realize
Thou art now another's,
For whose love thou didst forsake
Parents, sisters, brothers?

Is he able to repay
All thy fond devotion?
Has thy bark been safely launched
On life's fitful ocean?

Has he been a pilot true
Guiding thee to Heaven?
Has he been a faithful friend
For thy comfort given!

This and more than this, I know,
Thou hast proved him, sister,
Hope is shining brightly through
Thy life's shadowy vista.

But the truth that thou art gone,
(Sad and dreary feeling)
Day by day more vividly,
O'er my heart is stealing.

Words but faintly can express
How we miss thee, dearest,
In our fond hearts uppermost,
In our memories nearest.

Now, no more, sweet minstrelsy
Echoes thro' our dwelling;
Mournfully the silence seems
Of thine absence telling.

When my heart goes heavily,
'Neath its burdens sighing
Now no more, I hear thy voice
Tenderly replying.

When for blessings multiplied,
Tears to praise are turning,
How, for thy sweet sympathy
My full heart is yearning.

But, sweet sister, know we not
In this world of ours,
'Mid the many thorns that grow
God hath planted flowers?

Would He plant them, but to leave
All their buds to wither?
Cause us wonderingly to grieve
Why He sent them hither?

Let us never murmur then,
Though the thorns should wound us,
But remember that there are
Blessings still around us.

IMOGEN MUSGRAVE.

A TALE OF THE OLD DOMINION.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

Not many years after the first settlement of Virginia, on the banks of a small river tributary to the James, stood a large, irregular mansion, its roof presenting various angles to the keen, and not unfrequently heavy winds that swept down from the mountains.

The proprietor was Mr. George Musgrave, and at the time this story commences he and his family were in the banqueting-room, gathered round the table which was plentifully furnished with substantial viands such as they had been accustomed to in England.

There were only three at the board besides Mr. Musgrave—his wife, Merton Wyatt, her son by a former marriage, and Imogen Musgrave, the only child of her father's first marriage.

Mrs. Musgrave, though a little rising forty, was still eminently handsome, and her manners were at times singularly fascinating, though she knew well when it suited her pleasure how to assume that cold, stately demeanor which checks any approach to familiarity, and chills the heart yearning for kindness and sympathy.

Her son inherited none of her beauty and talent, being heavy and ungainly in person, and of a dull and stolid intellect. Imogen, two years younger than Wyatt, was a creature of rare loveliness. Her eyes, which were almost always mistaken for black, were of the dark blue of those large violets which nestle the lowliest amid the dewy grass, and were shaded by long, jetty lashes. Her hair, though of the same dark hue in the shade, caught gleams of dusky gold from each glancing sunbeam, and was parted above her smooth, white forehead, whence it fell in a profusion of natural curls, heightening by their contrast the rich and varying damask that mantled her cheeks.

Mrs. Musgrave had early formed the plan of marrying her son to Imogen; a plan in which she had succeeded in gaining her husband's co-operation in spite of his daughter's repugnance. Imogen now seemed absent and thoughtful, a mood which was probably occasioned by the annexed note, which early in the morning had been put into her hands by a young girl, who had walked over two miles for the express purpose, though she pretended that she had called to inquire the way to a neighboring plantation.

"About an hour before sunset I shall be in the wood on the west side of the park. Meet me there, dear Imogen, that I may hear from your own lips, that the rumor which says you have consented to marry Wyatt is false. A single, long-drawn bugle note will announce to you the time of my arrival."

PERCIVAL WHARTON."

Before the family rose from the table, Mr. Musgrave filled a glass with claret which had long mellowed in the vaults of the old manor house in England before it

made its voyage to the New World, and passing it to his daughter, filled another for himself.

"Daughter," said he, "health and happiness be yours, unstinted in measure as this brimming glass of red wine, if you obey your mother's wishes and mine by renouncing Percival Wharton, and listening to the suit of our well beloved son; but if you set them at naught, then may your cup brim equally high with the bitter waters of pain, poverty and disaster, which should ever be the reward of filial disobedience."

As he pronounced the last word, a bugle note sweet, wild and clear, stole in at an open window that looked upon the park, and circling round the room gradually died away to the softest cadence, and then ceased. There was something dreamy and spirit-like in the sound, and with feelings slightly tinged with superstition they continued to listen, as if they expected to hear it repeated. All but Imogen, whose heart thrilled to the sound as if an arrow had pierced it; while the wine that filled the cup so high as to swell above its rim, fell in large drops upon her shaking hand. A few moments sufficed to enable her in part to subdue her agitation. She raised her bowed head, and with her left hand nervously swept back the tresses which nearly veiled her face. A golden chain which, for a year or more she had worn round her neck, being entangled with one of the longer ringlets, was by this sudden motion snapped asunder, so that a miniature which it had suspended, and which had lain concealed amid the snowy folds of her neck-kerchief, slipped from its hiding place and fell upon the table almost under the eye of her father. He had often suspected when he saw the gleam of the chain as it mingled with her hair, that the picture of Percival Wharton was appended to it, and he now eagerly seized the miniature before Imogen could prevent him. A look of triumph kindled on the countenance of Mrs. Musgrave, and even the features of her son lost a portion of their stolidity as he said to Imogen—

"You see that you haven't gained anything by trying to keep the picture so private. You might as well have let me see it the other day when I wanted to."

"As she refused to condescend to permit even me to see it," said his mother, "you could not reasonably expect that she would stoop so low as to exhibit it to you."

"If I objected to showing it to you," said Imogen, addressing her mother, "it was from motives of delicacy, knowing as I did that you have ever avoided the apartment containing—" she was going to add, "the portrait from which this was painted;" but she left the sentence unfinished.

Mrs. Musgrave deigned to make no reply except by a scornful curl of her lip. The eyes of Mr. Musgrave had in the meantime been fixed upon the miniature, which instead of the features of Percival Wharton, represented those of Imogen's mother, such as eighteen years before he had seen glowing with a freshness and beauty he had never seen excelled even by his daughter's. The lips, radiant with a smile bright as a sunbeam revelling in the heart of an opening rose, appeared as if they were about to speak, and the clear, silvery tones of her voice like the music of fairy bells, seemed to break upon his listening ear. A sudden gush of delight filled his heart, so strong was the illusion which fancy had woven. It was as quickly succeeded by a pang of remorse, for the joyous voice was changed to one of mournful fervor, such as with, during her last moments, she charged him to be both father and mother to Imogen. Without saying a word he handed her the miniature, and abruptly rising from the table, left the toast undrunk in which he had called upon his daughter to pledge him. As he did this he encountered an angry glance from his wife.

"Imogen," said he, "let your mother see it—it will do no harm."

She obeyed, but the exulting look with which her step-mother received it faded away as her eye fell on the lovely features of her predecessor. The pain, however, occasioned by mortified pride, instead of producing humility, or causing her in any degree to swerve from the purpose she had formed of bringing about a match between Imogen and her son, only made her more determined to use every effort in her power to ensure success.

Imogen waited till she regained possession of the miniature, and then hastening to her room and throwing a scarf over her shoulders, she stepped into a balcony which overlooked the park. A few fallen deer which her father had caused to be brought from England, mingling in picturesque groups with those which had been procured from the American wilds, were the only living things which appeared in sight; and descending a flight of stone steps, she stole cautiously round the edge of the park under cover of the trees and shrubbery, till she gained the denser shades of the forest, where she expected to meet Percival Wharton. She now paused and listened, but the deep silence of the woods was unbroken save by the music of birds, or the bark of the squirrel, as perched on some slender bough, it sat eyeing her for a few moments, and then with almost winged speed darted away. The undergrowth of the forest had been cleared off, so that the evening sunbeams, streaming through the foliage, lay quivering like a veil of golden gossamer upon the fresh green moss profusely intermingled with wild flowers of delicious fragrance; while hovering above the distant mountains, which were mantled with a warm, mellow purple, floated a mass of snowy clouds, their lower skirts flushed with a faint, reey light. The footstep of Imogen fell silently as dew as she hastened toward a sweet, wild spot, where she and Percival had last parted, and which her heart whispered her was the one where he now awaited her. It was more than a year since, and then no parent's

interdiction had checked the sweet impulses of an affection not more freely than worthily bestowed. She had divined truly, and as she approached the spot, already wrapped in the gloom of twilight, by being encompassed by shades rendered nearly impervious by the mingling foliage of vines and trees, Percival Wharton, whose eye had caught a glimpse of her light colored garments, sprang forward to meet her.

Many faces might have been deemed handsomer than Percival Wharton's, by persons who think more of finely cut features than the ever varying beauty of expression: yet large hazle eyes, changeable in color as they were in their brightness—a mouth which almost stern in his graver moods, only made his smile the more fascinating—a clear, olive complexion, shaded by masses of dark, wavy hair, together with a figure full of spirit, if not exactly symmetrical, formed an ensemble which might have challenged attention rather than one which nature's hand had more daintily moulded.

"You have granted my request, Imogen," said he, "which of itself ought to satisfy me that the rumor respecting your marriage with Wyatt is false; yet why this agitation?—and why instead of smiles, after our long separation, do you greet me with scarcely suppressed tears?"

"They are tears of joy, rather than of sorrow," replied Imogen, "and yet I have little cause for joy, for what can a weak girl like me do, with no one to shield her from the machinations of an artful woman, who if thwarted in her design, will not rest night nor day till she succeeds in bringing upon me my father's malediction."

"To avert which you will yield to her wishes and marry her stupid son."

"What can I do? If you could only have heard the fearful words uttered by my father, scarce an half hour since, if I did not comply."

"And you will sacrifice yourself and me, because your father is, at present, subjected to the wiles of a woman who has the face of an angel, but the heart of a demon. Believe me, Imogen, he is now bound by the spells of an enchantress, from which he will one day be set free—whether too late or otherwise for your peace and mine depends on your firmness."

"When in your presence my spirits revive and my courage rises, but when there is no one to speak comfortably to me week after week, even month after month—then they both fail: fearful fancies fit through my mind, and I sometimes think that should I brave all it would only be to find that you, Percival, had grown cold, and had forsaken me forever. I wrong you to think thus, I know, but the taunts, the sarcasm, and the sneers of my step-mother—the reproaches, the threats, and above all, the entreaties of my father, to which is added the fulsome flattery of Wyatt, are like the continual dropping of water which will wear even a rock. Oh, Percival, I am sorely beset, and cannot answer for myself as to what I may be tempted to do. Perhaps I shall be goaded on to marry this hateful Wyatt, as you have just now intimated, and thus purchase a moment's repose at the expense of a who's life time of misery."

"Then shun the ordeal, Imogen. Fly with me. My sister's doors are open to welcome you."

"No, Percival, not now. I will try and bear up a little longer. It may be that the more generous feelings of my father's nature will be wrought upon."

"Do not flatter yourself with any such result as long as he is subject to the evil influences of the Circe he has taken to his heart. What then can I hope for, when you freely confess that your courage may succumb to their united and unwearying persecution."

"Percival," said she, earnestly, but calmly, "we will part now, but I will first give you my promise that I will not wed Merton Wyatt whatever may befall me. Not even though the day and the hour be set, and the wedding guests be assembled. This must satisfy you, Percival, for you well know that I am incapable of breaking a promise thus solemnly given."

"It does satisfy me as far as I myself am concerned, yet would you be persuaded to fly with me now, how much suffering would you escape?"

"No, Percival, you are mistaken. Let me entreat my father to the uttermost—let me wait even until the last moment, and then if he do not relent I shall be ready to go with you. September next has already been talked of as the time for my marriage with Wyatt to take place. Be at your sister's, and I will find means to let you know in such season as to enable you to be here in waiting at the appointed hour, when the confusion attending the preparation customary at such times, and the assembling of the guests will give me opportunity to escape."

"This must content me, dear Imogen," said he, "since you will not be persuaded to go with me. A bugle-note, such as has told you of my arrival this evening, will be the signal that I am here. Be faithful and resolute, and all will be well."

With these words they parted. Percival springing upon his noble steed that stood impatiently champing his bit, touched him lightly with his spurred heel, and in a few minutes was out of sight. The stars were beginning to look down from the clear sky, and the night-bird's wild and mournful notes broke the stillness of the forest, and deepened the melancholy that weighed upon the spirits of Imogen as she stood listening till the last dull sound of the horse's feet as they smote the green sward, was lost in the far distance.

Encouraged by the emotion shown by her father at sight of her mother's picture, Imogen watched for an opportunity to once more assure him of the utter aversion with which she regarded Merton Wyatt, and of the misery which a marriage with him would consequently involve. It soon happened that they were alone, and while hesitating in what manner she could best introduce the subject, her father referred to it himself.

"Your mother and I," said he, "have had some conversation relative to your marriage with her son, and have concluded for it to take place the fifteenth of September. We should have set an earlier day, only he is obliged to be absent a few weeks on account of some property left him by his father in the Bay State."

All that Imogen could say to move her father from his purpose was of no avail. The contemplated absence of Wyatt was some consolation, and as it would yet be a number of weeks before the day named for her bridal, she could not but hope that something might take place to change her father's mind. Had she known how entirely his will was regulated by that of his wife, she would have regarded any such hope as entirely chimerical.

It was the fifteenth of September, and Imogen sat leaning over her dressing-table, her long, heavy ringlets falling over it, and mingling with the gleam of pearls and diamonds. At a little distance, thrown over the back of a richly carved chair, was a robe of white silk brocaded with silver, and resting on an ottoman that stood near, were a pair of white satin slippers, that looked as if Queen Titania might have worn them, when at the head of her fairy troupe she led the dance in the charmed ring round some green-wood tree. A sash fringed with silver, a pearl necklace, and a pair of tiny gloves beautifully embroidered, completed the bridal costume intended for Imogen. Lucy Feno, who was to be the first bridesmaid, and had for some time been waiting patiently for her to rouse herself from her melancholy mood, now ventured to remind her of the hour.

"So late?" said Imogen, and then suddenly turning pale as death, she assumed an attitude of listening. "It is *his*—it is Wyatt's step coming up the gravel walk," said she, "I had hoped that he would not come."

"You must be mistaken, I think," said Lucy, "for scarcely ten minutes since I looked out of the window and saw no one in sight."

"No, Lucy, I am not mistaken. That step would have power to wake me from my last dreamless sleep, were it not that no human sound has power to pierce the cold, dull ear of death."

"Has hatred then as well as love the power of thus sharpening the senses? The footsteps of one, and only one, though they might fall silently as rose leaves to every other ear, would have music for mine," said Lucy.

Imogen rose. "I will go to my father once more," said she, "and tell him that it is impossible for me to marry Wyatt. I will tell him that I hate him—that I loathe him as I should the deadliest reptile that was ever suffered to crawl upon the earth as a scourge to the human race."

"Do not go, Imogen," said Lucy—"I beg that you will not, for, far from moving your father in your behalf, it will only occasion a scene of violence. Compose yourself and meet your fate with dignity since you have no power to avert it. Come, sit down and let me commence braiding your hair."

Imogen said no more, and resuming the chair whence she had recently risen, sat pale and still, while Lucy braided and arranged her long, luxuriant tresses. Once indeed she started, for she heard the signal note that told her that Percival Wharton was waiting for her. She immediately regained her composure, and when Lucy had finished her task, "let me," said she, "have fifteen minutes to myself," and as she spoke she threw her arms round Lucy's neck

and kissed her. "Go now," she added, "and let me have the time I mentioned, even to the last half minute." Lucy hesitated.

"I know what you are thinking of," said Imogen, "but you are wrong in your suspicion. My life is in the hands of my Maker, and I shall not seek to destroy it."

Thus assured, Lucy left the room.

Without a moment's delay, Imogen put on a riding-dress and hastened down the stairs that led from the balcony. Then, as on a former occasion, availing herself of the mazy windings among the trees and shrubbery in the park, she flitted along with fawn-like speed till she gained the covert of the forest. Here she was almost instantly joined by Percival, and upheld by his strong arm, she was able to quicken her footsteps that had begun to lag from fatigue. Five minutes brought them to the spot where two horses were in waiting. Owing to the badness of the roads wheeled vehicles of any kind were not much used in that part of the country, so that Imogen had learned to be a good horsewoman. She was, therefore, without fear or inconvenience, able to ride with such speed as to keep side by side with her lover, without obliging him to check his own spirited horse, so that they were soon beyond the danger of immediate pursuit.

At the expiration of the fifteen minutes, Lucy returned to Imogen's room. When she found that it was empty, she half suspected the truth, and, therefore, lingered somewhat before she informed the family. When at last she was compelled to make known to Mrs. Musgrave and his wife that their daughter was nowhere to be found, everything was

thrown into a state of the greatest confusion. Orders were given for the grounds to be thoroughly searched, and Mr. Musgrave, when he recalled to mind the repugnance she had expressed to a marriage with Wyatt, and the deep melancholy which had oppressed her for the last few weeks, directed his steps toward the river, for he feared that its waters might have proved but too tempting a refuge from the fate she so much dreaded. It is possible that Mrs. Musgrave's thoughts glanced the same way; if they did she locked them in her own bosom. It is probable that her chief regret arose from being defeated in the plan she had formed of enriching her son by uniting him to a wealthy heiress. As for Wyatt, he regarded the whole affair with philosophical indifference, indemnifying himself for missing the eclat which he imagined would necessarily attach to himself, by appearing as the bridegroom of so beautiful and accomplished a lady, by partaking liberally of the sumptuous entertainment prepared for the occasion.

Toward sunset, the following day, Mr. Musgrave received a call from a clergyman well known to him, who told him that he had that morning united his daughter in marriage to Percival Wharton. Mr. Musgrave listened to this account with much less indignation than might have been anticipated; and subsequently when his wife urged him to disinherit his daughter as the well deserved meed of her disobedience, though he did not peremptorily refuse, he would not promise to comply. After the decease of his wife, which took place within a few years afterward, he was openly reconciled to his daughter and her husband, who, at his earnest request, came to reside with him in the old manor house.

M A Y .

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

SWEET May is here with its sunny hours,
With its countless wealth of opening flowers,
And the perfumed breath of the dewy showers.

In the thrilling gush of the wild birds song,
As it floats on the morning breeze along,
As pure as the laugh of the childish throng.

In the murmuring notes of the meadow stream,
Bathed deep in the flush of the rosy beam,
That spreads over all like a baptismal gleam;

The forest looks dark on the mountain side,
The oak towers aloft in conscious pride,
And the willow bends by the river's tide.

The rose up springs from its wintry bed,
And the daisy lifts its modest head,
From the icy pale that overspread.

The robin sings by the cottage door,
And through the wild vines that curtain it o'er,
The sunlight peeps in upon the floor.

The prattle of infancy is there,
And the fingers of the passing air
Plays with the ringlet of golden hair.

The vallies are deck'd in a garb of green,
And far, far away in their Springy sheen
The homes of the happy ones are seen.

The ploughman toils through the balmy day,
With a heart as light as the zephyr's play
That ruffles the waves on some sleeping bay.

Music is heard in the moonlit night;
And the stars look down as pure and bright
As a maiden's dream of love's delight;

The young heart bounds in its joy to meet
The first impress of Spring's flow'ry feet,
And its airy heralds warm and sweet,

To them it speaks of the song and dance,
Of the whisper'd word and the answering glance,
That wraps the soul in its burning trance.

To the old it tells of a happy clime,
Where flowers are ever in their prime,
And the day goes by like a merry chime.

Each morn there opes on a tearful day,
And no storm clouds come with angry ray—
But all is one endless, happy May.

ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE DAUGHTER OF AARON BURR.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

[The following passage, from Mr. Peterson's new work, narrates one of the most romantic incidents in American history, and pays a deserved tribute to one of the most extraordinary women of the republic. Just now, moreover, when the public mind is absorbed with Mexican affairs, an account of what are believed to have been Burr's designs on Mexico, will prove interesting.]

AFTER his duel with Hamilton, Burr was a desperate man. The country pronounced the death of Hamilton a virtual assassination. New York and New Jersey each indicted Burr for homicide; and he, who had lately traversed the Union amid the acclamations of crowds, now skulked from his native state with a price set upon his head. His term as Vice President had expired, and his party cast him out with loathing and scorn. His fortune was squandered, his business as a lawyer gone. He wandered for some time over the Western states. Ordinary men would have yielded, without a further struggle, to fate. But Burr, in the vastness of his adventurous mind, now conceived a project whose magnitude carries the imagination back to the times when Pizarro plundered the Incas, when Cortez put a king to ransom, when cities were sacked by the free rovers of the seas.

Far away to the South-west, a thousand miles beyond the Mississippi, lay a vast and wealthy empire, governed by tyrants whom the people hated, and defended by troops whom soldiers should despise. For centuries the riches of that kingdom had been the theme of travellers. Her mines were inexhaustible, and had flooded Europe with gold. Her nobles enjoyed the revenues of emperors. Her capital city was said to blaze with jewels. It was known to look down on the lake into whose waters the unhappy Gantamozin had cast the treasures of that long line of native princes of which he was the last. Men dreamed of that magnificent city as Aladdin dreamed of his palaces, as Columbus of Cathay. Costly statues, vessels of gold and silver, jewels of untold value, trove of the fairest Indian girls for slaves, all that the eye delighted in, or the heart of man could desire, it was currently declared would form the plunder of Mexico. A bold adventurer, commanding an army of Anglo-Saxon soldiers, could possess himself of the empire in less than a twelve-month. The times were favorable to the enterprize. The priesthood throughout Mexico was disaffected, and would gladly lend its aid to any conqueror who secured its privileges; and the priesthood then, as now, exercised a paramount influence over the weak and superstitious Mexicans. America, too, was thought to be on the eve of a Spanish war, when the contemplated expedition might

easily be fitted out at New Orleans. Burr saw the glittering prize and resolved to seize it. He was an outcast in his native country, but he would become the ruler of a prouder land. He would conquer this gorgeous realm. He would realize in the new world, as Napoleon in the old, a dream of romance. He would surround his throne with dukes and marshals and princes of the empire. The pomp of chivalry, the splendors of the East should be revived in his gorgeous court. And when he had founded this empire, and girt his throne with these new Paladins, he would look back with scorn on the country which had cast him off. And who knew what further conquests he might achieve? Realms equally rich, and even more easy of spoil opened to the South, to whose conquest his successors, if not himself might aspire. Perhaps nothing would check his victorious banner until he had traversed the continent, and stood on that bold and stormy promontory where the contending waters of the Atlantic and Pacific lash around Cape Horn.

Such were the dreams of Burr. He proceeded at once to realize them. He sounded men in high station, and from many met encouragement. Officers of rank eagerly embraced the enterprise; politicians of commanding influence united themselves to his party. The adventure dazzled young and ardent tempaments. Hundreds held themselves in readiness to join the expedition as soon as war should be declared, and funds were secretly provided in our Eastern cities to forward this romantic enterprise. In the private papers of some of our most distinguished families, rests ample evidence of the magnitude and brilliancy of this plot.

It was at this period that Burr met Blennarhassett, an Irish gentleman of fortune, who had purchased and settled on an island in the Ohio river. This little spot bloomed, under his culture, like the enchanted gardens of the Hesperides. Here, surrounded by a lovely wife and family, he had passed several years, dividing his time between literature and domestic ease. But the fascination of Burr soon transmuted the character of his host, until the hitherto quiet student was fired with dreams of immortal glory. His mansion soon became the rendezvous of the bold spirits whom Burr had enlisted in his enterprise; and the magic of music, united to the charms of lovely women, threw a romantic fascination around the spot. The coolest minds could not withstand the intoxication of that moment. Amid the panes of the dance, the enthusiast adventurers talked of the banners, embroidered by fair hands, under which they were to march

to conquest; while the softer sex discussed, half jestingly, half earnestly, the gay dresses they were to rustle at their future court. But to this bewildering dream there came a sudden awaking. An arrangement had been made with Spain, and the government, apprized of the enterprise of Burr, sent its emissaries to arrest him. He fled, and with him, Blennerhassett. From that hour the fairy island became a desert, and its once lonely possessor a beggar and outcast. Desolation soon brooded over the hearth-stone which the wife and mother had cheered with her smiles. A few months elapsed, and the traveller passing that island, heard the long grass whistling in the ruins, and saw the wild fox look forth from his hole unscared.

Burr did not, however, abandon his darling scheme. Deserted by nine-tenths of his adherents, he still refused to despair, but collecting a small body of men began to descend the Ohio. He had purchased a tract of land in Louisiana, where he resolved to form a settlement, which, in time, might become a depot from which to direct an attack on Mexico, if a favorable opportunity should occur. But, as he proceeded, the country began to be alarmed. Rumors were in circulation that he intended to dismember the Union by separating the South-western states from the rest of the confederacy. At length his progress was stopped by the authorities. He was arrested on a charge of high treason, and sent to Virginia for trial, under the escort of a party of dragoons.

The history of this country affords no parallel to the extraordinary reverses of fortune which had befallen Burr; and the mind can discover nothing to which to liken it, except in the events of Eastern story, where, by the same turn of the wheel, the camel-driver rises to a monarch, and the sultan sinks to a slave. But a few years before, and he had been the popular idol, filling the second office of the nation, living with the splendor and munificence of a prince: now the meanest thief who dodged the officers of justice in some low alley, would not have bartered situations with him. His adherents were scattered to all quarters. Every man thought only of saving himself. It was believed that he would be convicted, guilty or not guilty: and, as in all popular tumults, pretended informers were not wanting. The public did not stop to inquire into his real purposes. One universal voice of reprobation rose up from East to West, from North to South, crying out for the blood of the traitor who had ventured to plot the dismemberment of his country. His few remaining friends bent before the fury of the storm. Even his son-in-law, Governor Alston, of South Carolina, shrank from his side in this crisis. One individual alone clung to him in his hour of trial: need we say it was a woman, the only daughter of the accused?

If there is a redeeming feature in the character of Burr, it is to be found in his love for that child. From her earliest years, he had educated her with a care to which we look in vain for a parallel among his contemporaries. She grew up, in consequence, no ordinary woman. Beautiful beyond most of her sex, accomplished as few females at that day were accomplished, displaying to her family and friends a fervor of affection which not even every woman is capable

of, the character of Theodosia Burr has long been regarded almost as we would regard that of a heroine of romance. Her love for her father partook of the purity of a better world: holy, deep, unchanging, it reminds us of the affection which a celestial spirit might be supposed to entertain for a parent, cast down from Heaven for sharing in the sin of the "Son of the Morning." No sooner did she hear of her father's arrest than she flew to his side. There is nothing in human history more touching than the hurried letters, blotted with tears, in which she announced her daily progress to Richmond, for she was too weak to travel with the rapidity of the mail; and even the character of Burr borrows a momentary halo from hers when we peruse his replies, in which, forgetting his peril, and relaxing the stern front he assumed toward his enemies, he labors only to quiet her fears and inspire her with confidence in his acquittal. He even writes from his prison in a tone of gaiety, jestingly regretting that his accommodations for her reception are not more elegant. Once, and once only, does he melt; and then it is to tell her, that, in the event of the worst, he will die worthy of himself.

The trial of Burr was an event that struck every imaginative mind. The prisoner had been the Vice President of the nation. His crime was the most flagrant known to the law. His country was the accuser. He was arraigned before the supreme tribunal of the nation, and the judge who presided was the highest dignitary of that high court. The magnitude of the charges, the number of persons involved in the plot, the former high standing and extraordinary fortunes of the accused, all these combined had fastened the attention of the community on his trial, and, as it progressed, the nation stood gazing on in breathless suspense. Never before or since has this country witnessed such an array of talent in any public cause. There was the chief justice, learned, dignified, incorruptible. There was Wirt, brilliant and showy, but less known to fame then, than he was destined afterward to become. There was Martin, quick, keen, armed at all points. There were Hay, Randolph, and a host of others, renowned for legal acumen and forensic skill. And there, too, was the accused, eminent amid that bright array, inferior to none in intellect, superior to all in the magnitude of his resources. Never, indeed, did the vast ability of Burr shine with more resplendent lustre. He felt the full peril of his situation. The stake was life or death. He was arraigned by a powerful foe: the executive itself was secretly busy against him: the jury regarded him with prejudice. Yet he stood up against this combination of dangers cool, ready, stout of heart. He fought every inch of ground with a skill and perseverance which resulted in the total rout of his foes. Without adducing a witness for the defence, he suffered his case to go to the jury, who acquitted him at once.

But his country still refused to believe him innocent. Though stout old Truxton had testified in his favor, though Jackson had seen nothing wrong in Burr's project, but agreed to favor it, the popular voice continued to regard him as a traitor, whom accident alone had prevented from dismembering the

Union. But that a man of sense and ability should entertain such a notion, relying for aid on associates whom he knew would countenance no treason, is a preposterous and insane supposition. As he said on his death-bed, he might as well have attempted to seize the moon and parcel it out among his followers.

The real secret of the popular belief is to be found in the character of Burr. In him the elements which make great and good men were strangely mixed up with those in which we may suppose the spirits of evil to pride themselves. He was brave, affable, munificent, of indomitable energy, of signal perseverance. In his own person he combined two opposite natures. He was studious but insinuating, dignified yet seductive. Success did not intoxicate, nor reverses dismay him. Turning to the other aspect of his character, these great qualities sank into insignificance beside his evil ones. He was a profligate in morals, public and private. He was selfish, he was artful, a master in dissimulation, treacherous, cold-hearted. What Sallust said of Catiline might, with equal propriety, be said of him: "cupidus volupsum glorie cupidior." Subtile, intriguing, full of promises, unsparing of means, regardless of consequences, he shot upward in popularity with astonishing velocity; but, a skeptic in honesty, a scorner of all things noble and good, he failed to secure the public confidence, and fell headlong from his dizzy eminence. Here lies the secret of his ruin; there was nothing in his character to which the great heart of the people could attach itself in love; but they shrank from him in mistrust, as from a cold and glittering serpent. The public rarely errs in an estimate like this.

After his trial Burr went abroad virtually a banished man. He was still full of his schemes against the Spanish provinces; but in England he met no encouragement, that nation being engaged in the Peninsular war. He afterward visited France, where his petitions were equally disregarded, the emperor being engrossed in the continental wars. Here his funds failed. He became miserably poor. He had no friend

to whom to apply, but was forced to borrow, on one occasion, a couple of sous from a cigar woman at a corner of the street.

At last he returned to New York, but in how different a guise from the days of his glory. No cannon thundered at his coming, no crowds thronged along the quay. Men gazed suspiciously on him as he walked along, or crossed the street to avoid him like one having the pestilence. But he was not, he thought, wholly desolate. His daughter still lived; his heart yearned to clasp her again to his bosom. She left Charleston accordingly to meet him. But though more than thirty years have since elapsed, no tidings of the pilot-boat in which she sailed have ever been received. Weeks grew into months, and months glided into years; yet her father and husband watched in vain for her coming. Whether the vessel perished by conflagration, whether it foundered in a gale, or whether it was taken by pirates and all on board murdered, will never be known until that great day when the deep shall give up its dead.

It is said this last blow broke the heart of Burr, and that, though in public he maintained a proud equanimity, in private tears would force themselves down his furrowed cheeks. He lived thirty years after this event, but, in his own words, felt severed from the human race. He had neither brother, nor sister, nor child, nor lineal descendant. No man called him by the endearing title of friend. The weight of fourscore years was on his brow. He was racked by disease. At last death, so long desired, came, but it found him, it is said, in a miserable lodging, and alone. Was there ever such a retribution!

In the burial place of Princeton College are three graves. Two side by side, are surmounted by marble tablets, recording the virtues of those who sleep below, and who died presidents of that august institution. They are the tombs of the father and grandfather of Burr. At their feet, and partially between, is a third grave, but without headstone, untrimmed, and sunken in. There rests Aaron Burr!

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JUSTINUS KERNER.

In an ancient German castle,
Many Barons bold,
Revelling in lordly wassail,
Of their riches told.

Spake a Saxon Prince right boldly,
Of his wide domain;
Gold is buried in the mountain,
Silver in the plain.

Said a King, my land in fulness
Lies upon the Rhine,
Golden cornfields in the valleys,
On the mountains wine.

None the less are my land's treasures,
Spake Bavaria's lord—

In the convents, and the cities,
All my wealth is stored.

Wurtemburg's beloved monarch,
Erhard with the beard—
Said, within my land no city,
No work of Art is reared.

Yet a jewel is within it,
Tho' its forests be not tall;
I can trust my head in safety
With my subjects all.

Then exclaimed the Lord from Saxon,
From Bavaria, from the Rhine,
Earl with beard, thou art the richest,
Greatest treasure thine.

J. C. S.

THE SCIOTE GIRL.

BY GEORGE B. MAXWELL.

EVENING was falling over the rocky island of Scio, when a young and beautiful girl walked along the shore. Her way led by the foot of the cliffs, between them and the sea, often so close to the latter that the water almost rolled over her tiny slippers as the surf came in.

Never, in the fairest days of Grecian loveliness, was there one more graceful or elegant than this Sciote girl. Her form was of exquisite proportions; her feet and hands were delicately small; and her face was modelled in the purest style of classic beauty. A broad, low forehead; large, languishing eyes; a straight and exquisitely chiselled nose; a mouth small almost to deformity; and a chin gracefully rounded formed the details of her countenance. Her tresses were long, luxuriant and dark as the wing of night. She wore a jacket of crimson silk, fitting tight to the voluptuous bust, and fastened in front by diamond buttons. The two upper buttons, however, were now loosed, disclosing the fine cambric cymar beneath, that, white as it was, scarcely rivalled the snowy skin. A girdle of the richest descriptions, with clasps set with precious stones, marked the outline of her delicate waist. A veil, fastened at the top of her forehead, thence thrown over her head, and so falling backward and downward, with its texture of gossamer seemed to give an ethereal aspect to her figure, whose wavy outlines it now concealed, and now revealed.

Suddenly, on turning the angle of a cliff, she entered a little cove, in which lay a skiff, and on the shore by it stood a martial looking man, apparently five or six years her senior. He was attired as a Greek mariner of the better class, and was armed to the teeth as the times demanded. The instant he saw the young girl he sprang forward and clasped her in his arms.

"At last, Zoe," he cried, "at last you have come! Ah, how I have waited for you!"

The maiden raised her dark eyes to his with a look, half tender, half reproachful, and said—

"You know not what I have ventured to meet you. Oh! if my father knew it, he would seek your life."

"I know that your father does not love me—that he has scorned my suit—that, perhaps, if he believed we met clandestinely he would make his dagger drink my heart's blood. Yes! I know all this, and were he any one else than your father, my blade should have crossed his before now. Is my blood less noble than his?" said he, speaking with impassioned eagerness. "Do I not trace my ancestry back to the gods themselves, to Theseus——"

"He is my father!" said his companion; and this was her only answer save a look.

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Instantly the fiery glance passed from his eye, and he gazed on the sand abashed.

"Pardon me!" were his words at last. "I was wrong. And yet it maddens me that my suit should thus be scorned."

Tears were falling fast from the eyes of the young girl. She spoke.

"All will yet go well, Seyd, dear Seyd—only let us wait patiently."

"Will you not fly with me?" said he, at length. "See, my barge rides in the offing. In a few hours we would be beyond reach of pursuit—in a few days we could gain the coasts of Western Europe. At Marseilles, or some other port we will find a home, and while you live there in safety I will pursue my avocation. A little will suffice us, and gradually shall grow rich. Then, when your father has forgiven us, as he *will* forgive us at last, we will come back to our dear Scio to live. By that time, too, the war will be over, and we can reside here in security, which now we cannot."

He spoke earnestly and eloquently, and the maiden wavered for a moment. But it was only for a moment. However strong her love, duty was stronger. She answered sadly, yet firmly.

"It cannot be. I will never wed another, but I must not wed even you without my father's consent. Oh! remember the curse pronounced against those who disobey their parents."

As she spoke she raised her clasped hands pleadingly; and Seyd was not proof against her. In his secret heart he loved her the better for her lofty principles.

"I will accept your prophecy of brighter times," he said. "And now I must go. The sun is setting behind the mainland, and you should not be out after nightfall; for who knows but some Turkish corsair, with its thieving crew, may be lurking in the neighborhood? Your decision, Zoe, has assured my sword to my country for a while longer. Love for you came near triumphing over my patriotism, but now I shall be more eager than ever against the foe, hoping to win both wealth and glory, and thus gain your father's consent."

"Now you look and speak like the heroes of old Greece," said his companion, enthusiastically. "It is thus I will recall you to memory, as a Miltiades or a Themistocles."

And, as the sun dipped behind the horizon, they exchanged a parting embrace. The young suitor sprang into his skiff and pushed off from the shore, while the maiden, turning the angle of the rock, picked her way back along the beach. Soon the little boat shot out from the cove, and, urged by the

strong arm of the youth, began to skim over the tranquil waters; but its occupant continually looked back, and long after the light figure of the maiden had disappeared, winding up the rocks, he watched the place where he had last seen her.

The moon was just rising, like a silver shield, when our hero leaped on the deck of his vessel.

"All hands make sail," was his first exclamation. "The breeze is favorable, and, by morning, we must be on our way to Smyrna, off which, lads, we may expect to pick up a prize."

Seyd, as the reader may have imagined, was the captain of a small Greek vessel, which, in the departed times of peace, had been employed in traffic. But, on the beginning of the struggle for liberty, which the Greeks had commenced some years before, he had transformed his saucy craft into a sort of privateer, and had already done considerable injury to the Turkish commerce. About a twelvemonth before he had seen and loved the daughter of a rich Sciot, a retired mariner, who, on learning the youth's presumption, had scornfully rejected his suit. The young couple, however, found opportunities for occasional secret interviews, as Seyd's voyages led him frequently near Scio. On such occasions he left his vessel in the offing, and, at an agreed signal, the discharge of three cannon, met Zoe in the little cove on the beach.

The cruise of Seyd, after the meeting we have just described, was more than twice the ordinary length. While off Smyrna, he heard of a rich ship that had just sailed for Alexandria, and hastening in pursuit of her, succeeded in taking the valuable prize. The prisoners being set on shore, the ship burnt, and the spoil safely stowed in his own vessel, he set sail for Italy, whither he invariably carried his richest cargoes, as there the best prices could be obtained for them. On his return a storm blew him off his course. Several months had elapsed since his last visit to Scio, when, about daybreak, he made out the island in the distance.

A dark cloud seemed hovering over the hills, an unusual thing for that clear atmosphere. As the saucy little craft beat up to Scio, Seyd, alarmed and anxious, took his telescope and began to reconnoitre the land. Smoking ruins, desolated fields, and other marks of war and violence met his eyes. At last a fisherman's skiff was seen approaching, and, at sight of the Greek flag, its occupant came on board. From him Seyd learned the appalling news of the descent of the Turks on the island, the massacre of most of the male inhabitants, and the carrying off of the women to be sold as slaves in the market of Constantinople.

"A few of us escaped by hiding in secret caves," said the fisherman. "The last of the spoilers left but yesterday."

Seyd eagerly asked if the man knew the family of Alexis, and what had been its fate.

"Ah! they are all massacred, all except his only child."

"And she?"

"She was carried off into captivity. Concealed in a cave, I saw the Turks drag her down to the shore, place her, with two of her women, in a boat, and row off to a ship, which immediately set sail. I was so

near that I could hear the words of the ruffians. They were speculating what price her extraordinary beauty would bring in the slave-market of the capital."

"Oh! God," exclaimed Seyd, and he staggered back as if a thunderbolt had struck him. But, in a minute, he rallied himself.

"When was this? Would you know the ship? Which course did she take?" he asked rapidly.

"It was the day before yesterday, in the afternoon—say an hour or two before sunset," replied the man. "I think I would know the vessel again. She sailed toward the capital."

"Will you go with us, and point out the ship if we overtake her. Not quite two days start, and the winds have been ahead: if she is a dull sailer, there is yet hope."

The fisherman shook his head. "Her crew is three times as numerous as yours," he answered. "Besides, as I said, she sailed straight for the Dardanelles, where Turkish vessels are as plenty as eggs on Easter morning. Ah! captain, you are mad."

"No! I am not mad," said Seyd. "Listen! I was betrothed to Zoe. I will follow her if not another man goes with me. All I have is yours if you consent to attend us and point out the ship."

"I will not take your money," said the fisherman, with emotion. "You have told me your tale, now I will tell mine. The Turks surprised my house when I was abroad—they murdered its inmates, wife, children, sire, all—so that when I came back I found myself without a relation in the wide world. I will go with you. Revenge is all I seek. Your project is mad, but we shall at least have a combat, and in that I can send some of the accursed Infidels to Satan even if I fall myself."

They clasped hands, Seyd and that childless man, and together swore vengeance. The course of the vessel was instantly shaped toward Constantinople. As they glided by the shore opposite to the dwelling of Zoe, Seyd looked for some traces of its extensive gardens; but all was a smoking ruin.

His whole thoughts were now concentrated on one idea, the overtaking the ship that bore his betrothed to captivity. Her rescue, now in his cooler moments, was not considered possible; but he was resolved to avenge her first; and then stab her himself, if necessary to avert her dishonor. Terrible alternative!

How he watched every receding headland, impatient at the slow progress of the vessel. The winds were light, sometimes baffling; and at last it fell a dead calm. When this happened Seyd became almost frantic. He walked the deck day and night without succession. Boats were got out, at last, for he had seen vessels kedged along in the western Mediterranean, and in this way his little craft made some headway.

During the whole of a cloudy night the vessel was thus propelled, and, at dawn, Seyd found himself between two capes, with a vast bay sweeping inward. Numerous craft dotted the horizon. But just under the further cape was a vessel at anchor which instantly attracted the attention of the fisherman: he called for a telescope, and after a long survey, pronounced it the ship that had borne off Zoe.

"She has been becalmed as well as ourselves, and having, as she fancies, no occasion to hurry, has loitered. But do you really mean to attack her, captain? You see now that she is four times the size of our craft."

"I would attack her if she were as large as an admiral's ship," said Seyd, courageously. "See—the breeze makes—we will spread every sail—and if God pleases, will be aboard of her before noon. Then death, or a rescue!"

He raised his arms fervently to the skies, as if invoking Heaven; and then gave orders for immediate pursuit. Like a bird, opening its white wings, the saucy craft spread its canvass, and was soon speeding over the bay, the water flashing under her bows, and the bright sunshite glistening on her sails.

The Turkish ship did not long remain idle either, but as if suspecting danger from the trim of the Greek craft, spread her canvass in turn and was off like some huge albatross.

And now ensued an hour of thrilling suspense, during which the two vessels were testing their relative speed. The race was closely contested. When the wind freshened the Turk shot ahead, when it grew lighter the saucy Greek gained on her larger opponent.

During these uncertain moments Seyd walked the deck the victim of suspense, which is worse than despair. At last the breeze freshened so much that the Turk began actually to run away from his pursuer.

"Oh! God of Heaven," exclaimed Seyd, "am I to see her carried into captivity before my eyes? Stay! there is yet one hope—we have the long twenty-four amidships—I will aim the piece myself and try to cut away some important part of his rigging. The gun will indeed alarm the neighboring vessels, and bring down succor to the Turk, but if I can succeed in overhauling him meantime, I will save Zoe from dishonor, by dying with her."

A stern, rigid expression, perfectly frightful, was on his features as he ordered the twenty-four to be unslung, and himself proceeded to point the piece. The men gathered around him in an anxious group: they knew their peril, but were resolute to sustain him.

At the first shot the mast of the Turk was cut in half, about ten feet above the deck, and the sail fell consequently in a wreck over the side, bringing the ship nearly to a pause. A hurrah went up from the crew of the Greek vessel at the sight.

All was now hurry and confusion on board the Turk. Swiftly Seyd bore down on the enemy, spreading every inch of canvass his vessel could carry; for he saw several other Turkish ships heading toward his prey, as if to bring succor, and his object was to arrive first. The guns of the foe opened on him, but he kept on his course, resolute to find revenge, or perish.

One large vessel seemed for awhile, to dispute his ability to reach his prey first. At this Seyd, remembering the Turks dread of a fire-ship, ordered his boat to be lowered to the edge of the water, as if he was about to desert his little craft the instant he laid her alongside the enemy. The stratagem was successful.

The cry of "a fire-ship—a fire-ship," was heard from the Turkish crews; and the vessel that was coming up to the succor, sheered off immediately.

"Now, lay her aboard," cried Seyd, with excitement flushing his face, and, as he spoke, he sprang into the rigging, waving his sword. "Let every brave man follow me. Comrades, think of Leonidas, and conquer!"

With a crash the two vessels touched; and the Greek was promptly made fast to the enemy. Then, with a wild hurrah, her gallant crew sprang on board the Turk.

Had the foe possessed his original superiority of numbers, the assailants would have been overpowered; but fortunately for Seyd, at the alarm of a fire-ship, many of the Turks had leaped overboard.

Like a mountain torrent, impetuous and restless, Seyd's little band of heroes burst upon the foe. In an instant the *melee* was terrible. Wild shouts, followed by blows of the scimitar, and here and there a pistol shot told how fiercely the strife went on.

Seyd had but one object: to reach the hatches: to tear them open; to release the captives. The Turkish captain, divining his purpose, rallied the bravest of his men around him and struggled desperately to save his prey. But in vain. Each man of the assailants fought with the strength of ten, the fisherman striking terrible blows at the side of Seyd.

At last the decks were cleared, and the hatches removed, when Seyd sprang down foremost of all. A cry of delight and gratitude broke from the crowd of captives, as beholding the Greek dress of the intruder, they recognized a deliverer. But he pushed all aside, for he beheld Zoe, and to her he rushed. The next instant she had fainted in his arms.

He bore the insensible girl to the decks, ordering the remainder of the captives to follow as they valued their lives. Not a moment, indeed, was to be lost! The neighboring Turkish vessels, now perceiving the true character of Seyd's ship, were hastening to the rescue of their companion. The only chance of the Greek, therefore, was to crowd into his light craft, set fire to the deserted vessel, and endeavor to escape by superior fleetness.

Fortunately the course which Seyd had to take would bring his ship on a wind, a point of sailing in which she had few superiors. As he left the captured vessel the flames were already bursting from her hold and licking up the rigging.

Five different Turkish ships were now in pursuit. The breeze had freshened, but, on a wind, this was favorable to Seyd: so, leaving the deck a moment, he hastened to the cabin to see if Zoe had yet revived.

She was just beginning to comprehend her situation. Blushes covered her cheek at the sight of her lover. She sprang forward and fell into his embrace.

"Father—mother—all are gone," she exclaimed, with a burst of passionate grief, "and now I am thine, only thine, my preserver, my life."

Need we add that Seyd went on deck, after this interview, more eager than ever to escape. All things looked favorable. The shot of the enemy were already beginning to fall short, and his little craft had, as yet, received no material damage.

So rapidly did Seyd's vessel beat to windward, that, before noon, the Turks had given up the chase in despair. Seyd now hoisted Ottoman colors, fearing to meet other vessels of the enemy. The thought was a good one, for, toward evening, he actually passed a Turkish frigate.

Escaped from the Egean, and making sail for a secure harbor, Seyd, at last, had the felicity of placing his bride on neutral soil. They were married, and lived eventually to return to their beloved Greece, now free once more, and holding a place among the nations of the earth.

THE WOODS IN MAY.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

I HAVE found the first sweet violets springing star-like in our vale—

I have heard the blue-bird trilling from the roof its tender tale,

And the sparrow's early love-note trembling on the sylvan gale.

Far across the beaming country rolls afresh the breath of flowers,

By the streams, upon the hill-side start to life the Eden bowers,

And the smile of God seems resting on this wintry world of ours.

Wavering through the woven branches slants the Heavenly sunshine down,

Dallying 'midst the crimson mosses, sleeping on the lily's crown—

Bringing verdure to the valleys, glee and gladness to the town.

Come the blithe South-wind to woo me as I seek the glen and stream—

Whilst I wander in the shadows—wander out to sigh and dream,

And the wakening hues and blossoms fairer for their slumbers seen.

Far below me winds the brooklet in a gleaming silver line,

Many voices whisper to me from the swaying, windy pine,

And the primrose from the grasses lifts its loving eye to mine.

Slides the swallow o'er the waters, calls the martin from the eaves,

Whilst the thrush within the hazel, song that thrills the woodland, weaves—

Song that melts into my bosom as the sunlight on the leaves, As the golden glowing sunlight melts upon the infant leaves.

THE FOREST GIRL'S GRAVE.

BY CALVIN B. M'DONALD.

The hunters talk of a fair, young girl, who was killed by a Panther on the Rio Grande, and they say they have seen her lonely grave.

LONG years have gone by since they made her a grave
In the shade of the tall forest tree,
And o'er that lone spot does the giant pine wave,
And the forest deer bounds o'er it free.

There on the banks of the proud Rio Grande,
Does the maiden still dreamlessly sleep;
But o'er the green mound is the warrior unmanned,
And the forester tarries to weep.

Full oft 'neath the shade of the wild creeping vine
Did she echo the chorister's song,
And erst did she playfully fling out her line
On the wave that was dancing along;
And fearlessly watched for the catamount's leap,
From the top of the precipice high,
And there she beheld the grey king eagle sweep
Proudly down from his throne in the sky.

And long did the forester sit by his door,
And wait for his gay, laughing child;
But ah! her warm cheek was to greet him no more—
It had greeted the Panther wild!

The woodsman found at the dawn of the day
His lost child's lifeless form;
And the cold dew-drops on her bosom lay,
That erst with life beat warm.

But, they say, that a white winged angel keeps
His night watch o'er her grave;
And the violet bows its head and weeps,
And the river stills its wave—
That the wandering star sheds a softer light,
And a tear as it circles by,
And over the tomb through the voiceless night
The winds in concert sigh.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Continued from Page 160.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER IX.

Yes, she was beautiful and full of pride—
Such pride as battens on material things;
Shrouding itself in luxury to hide
That hidden sense of shame that goads and stings,
Her life was one wild passion, and her soul
Grew fierce and reckless, lacking all control.

The palace of Hampton Court was always a favorite residence with King Charles II. During the protectorship it had been much neglected, but after the restoration large sums were lavished upon it in repairs and decorations. At first the associations connected with White Hall, and even with London itself were almost insupportable to the son whose father had perished there, and Charles established his court as far as possible from the scene of royal butchery, that had given him a tardy crown. The position of this old palace upon the river, the rich country that surrounded it, and its easy distance from town, either by land or water, were of themselves reason enough why it should have been chosen as a favorite residence, independent of all painful associations. A sumptuous and noble pile it was at the time of our story, brilliant with decorations, and swarming with courtiers not yet over the intoxication that followed the return of their monarch to his inheritance. Everything around breathed of artificial life: perfumes floated upon the air, gay colors, smiling faces, fluttering ribands, rich coquettish laughter broke upon the beholder at every side. A few sad hearts there might have been buried in that brilliant pile, but they came not forth to the sunshine, for Charles loved no moody spirits, and those who were bowed by sorrow or disappointment kept aloof from a court where nothing but mirth and good cheer was tolerated.

There was one range of apartments at Hampton Court filled up with a degree of luxury that nothing could surpass. Wealth in its most lavish profusion had been exhausted in rendering these apartments more than regal in their magnificence. Those which the king inhabited, with his young bride, appeared meagre in comparison. This suit of rooms consisted of a bed-chamber, a dressing-room, a withdrawing-room and ante-chamber, all opening to each other, and each viewing with its neighbor in lavish splendor. Burnished cornices, from which the golden fruit seemed dropping, ran around the ceiling, upon whose perishable surface art in its warmest and most exquisite form seemed flung in the perfect wantonness of

genius. Gems from the old masters lined the walls. The floors were covered with Persian carpets, where after every foot-tread the flowers rose up from the massy silk as if their delicate stalks had been elastic. On all sides were divans of blue and scarlet velvet, swelling with cushions, and glowing with gold beauties, piled with rich plate; easy chairs, soft and luxurious as a nook lined with wood moss, and superfluous cushions heaped together in corners ready to be placed upon the couches or beneath the feet of their occupants, should any be indolent enough to require them. All this world of luxury half revealed, half obscured by the silken curtains that muffled the sunshine in their rich folds, or were drawn up to admit bright glimpses of the river, and the far off hills, belonged to that bold, bad woman, the Countess of Castlemain.

It was perhaps eleven o'clock in the morning, and yet these apartments were almost unoccupied. A breakfast-table, spread with the finest damask and the rarest porcelain, was drawn up to an open window, and covers for two were laid upon the table. The steam of chocolate floated idly from a small silver urn, and spread over a plate of snow white bread, a basket of filagree gold, half full of flowers, in which some apricots and fine bunches of grapes with the first bloom upon them, were embedded, and cast a sort of haze upon the whole repast, which was swept away each moment by a gush of air that came through the rosy curtains, sweet from the hawthorn hedges and violet hollows along the river.

The whole of this magnificent room was unoccupied save by a small negro boy, who sat upon a heap of cushions near the table, gazing lazily upon the steam as it rose from the chocolate urn. A turban of orange silk was folded over the ebony forehead of this strange creature, and around his slender person was flung a toga of scarlet thibet wool, which left one arm and half his chest entirely bare. The glossy space from the slender ankle up to his knee was only broken by an anklet of gold, to which was suspended a little jeweled padlock, and a chain of linked gold that ran up to a neck-collar of the same precious metal, either as a fantastic badge of servitude, or as a guard chain to ornaments which from their material and workmanship were of great value.

A slight noise from the next room made the negro start from his half slumber, and look eagerly about. His eyes began to glitter, and rising softly from his cushions he stole to the table, and thrusting his little

black hand into a vase of French comfits that stood near the fruit basket, concealed a quantity of the precious sweets in the folds of his toga. Scarcely had he crept back to his pile of cushions when a door was opened, and the Countess of Castlemain, in a loose morning dress of white silk, fastened with profuse knots of rose colored riband, and her hair falling in negligent curls over her shoulders, entered the room. The door behind her was left open, and through it might be seen a bed covered with white satin, surmounted by a canopy, and curtains of crimson damask with rosy linings, that bent over the couch like a sunset cloud floating above a snow drift. The atmosphere was full of fragrant steam that came pouring in from the bath-room, which the countess had just quitted; but the glitter of a superb gold toilet service and of that exquisite couch shone richly through the sweet mist.

"Who has claimed admittance?" said the countess, moving with a sort of languid grace toward the breakfast-table, and tossing over a pile of delicately tinted billets that lay on a chased salver near the chocolate urn; "poh, Buckingham and his eternal sonnets, I believe the creature keeps a poet as he keeps a French cook, to get up these dainty morsels for my breakfast-table. Oh, from my little friend the manager. The queen will honor him to-night; but the performance shall wait till I come. Yes, yes, and her majesty also, she with the audience, all shall wait. I say, Anthony, do not forget to order my equipage a half hour later this evening than usual!"

The negro half rose from his cushion and fell back with an indolent salam, while the countess merely turned her large, black eyes that way an instant, and went on with her examination of the notes. Some she cast contemptuously away without touching the seals, others she tore open, honored with a glance, and some a sneer before they were flung aside. One or two she read with considerable interest, and then seating herself in a large, easy chair by the breakfast-table, she pushed the salver away so abruptly that half its contents fluttered to the carpet, and called for the negro to place a cushion beneath her feet.

Scarcely had her silken clad foot come in contact with the gold and velvet which the negro presented on one knee, when there was a gentle knock at the door, and Anthony looked up to his mistress for orders; before she could speak the door was quietly pushed open, and Lord Rochley, the old noble, whom we have presented to the reader in other scenes, glided into the chamber.

The countess started up. "Ah, is it you, my lord; this is kind. I have not slept all night from thinking of that exquisite child; Anthony here was droll enough for a time, but since I have seen that strange creature he has become quite disgusting; what a beautiful page he will make—of course you have secured him!"

"Upon my word," said the old noble, dropping one knee to the cushion which the impetuous woman had carelessly spurned away with her foot, and kissing her hand with an air of contemptuous idolatry, such as men unconsciously assume toward women for whom they have some admiration and no respect. "This wandering boy will drive half the court beside

itself if your ladyship raves about him so eloquently a day longer. I am half tempted to smuggle him out of England at once; or what were better, turn traitor and resign him to the other faction."

"To the other faction—what do you mean, my lord?" cried the countess, lifting her large eyes suddenly.

"Oh, nothing, only that the queen has taken as great a liking to the lad as your ladyship, and is resolved to secure him for one of her train-bearers," replied the old peer, with a covert smile as he saw the color mount warmly to Lady Castlemain's cheek. "She has spoken to his majesty about it already!"

"She shall not have him—I tell you, Rochley, she shall not have him—the boy is mine. If she wants a new page let her take Anthony. He will suit her style of face; look at him and say if he will not!"

"Oh, you ladies are so bitter upon one another!" said the old noble, smiling as he turned his eyes upon the apeish little negro, who shook his head and began muttering angrily through the half comfits with which his mouth was filled.

"What is the creature choking himself about?" cried the countess, laughing. "I very believe he is angry because I offer him to the queen. You see, my lord!"

"It is to be hoped that your new protegee will be equally fascinated with his mistress," said the old courtier, bowing; "but there is a thing connected with the young lad which may change your designs regarding him—this beautiful boy is a mute!"

"A mute!" cried the countess, with animation, "so much the better; what can be more delightful? That angel face—those wild eyes—that sweet, loving smile with one all the while; and no tongue to wound, or language to sting. My lord the creature is a jewel—you only interest me more and more. Bring him hither at once. If Anthony will not go to the queen, why let him be made useful among my women. His collar and fetters there can be left behind for my wandering beauty."

The negro, who was listening with great eagerness, here grasped his golden anklets with both hands, and crouching down on the cushions, began to moan and weep bitterly, protesting that he would neither give up his ornaments, nor be sent to the queen. But the countess only cast an impatient glance that way, and bade him be still or carry his clamor into the anteroom.

"But that is not all," said Lord Rochley; "this child who has been so fortunate as to obtain notice from the most beautiful women in the realm—this child has a sister, his twin, I think, who will not be separated from him; and from whom he refuses to part even for an hour."

"A sister, and beautiful as he is!" cried the countess, aghast with surprise and displeasure.

"The girl is, if possible, more beautiful than her brother!"

"And she has the gift of speech, I doubt not," cried the countess, with brightened color.

"Like all her sex!" replied the courtier, with honied sarcasm.

"Then!" cried the countess, angrily, "I will have

neither boy nor girl. Let them go, I want no female beauties who can smile, and—and—" Here the haughty woman checked herself; the shrewd smile that crept softly over the old peer's lips, warned her that she was expressing her feelings quite too frankly.

" You are right," said Lord Rochley, allowing the smile to deepen into an expression of cordial sympathy; " you are right now as ever, no one thinks more wisely than your ladyship at all times; but then there is her majesty, determined to have this pretty page at any cost."

" True, true; and only because I seemed to fancy he creature—I tell you it is nothing but the spirit of opposition to me—it is so in everything. You remember about the open carriage which his majesty received from France but last week, the most perfecting ever imagined; well, no sooner did the Portuguese lady learn that I had set my heart on appearing in it, than she must insist upon exhibiting her dumpy person and smooth features in this superb equipage."

" And did you yield?" inquired Rochley, as if he were ignorant of the scandal which had filled the court for a week.

" Did I yield!" cried the countess, with intense scorn—" did I yield to Catharine of Braganza!" and she smiled in contempt of the supposition.

" But," said the old peer, anxious to draw the lady from any discussion of her contests with the queen, which were usually violent and interminable; " I keep your ladyship from breakfast. Pray let Anthony pour out a cup of chocolate, and we can talk over this affair of the page meantime!"

" Nay, here are cups for two," said the countess, pushing a cup of rich porcelain toward the earl. " I thought, perhaps, that the king might look in a moment before he goes to the park—but no matter! Anthony, here!"

The negro started up with a degree of alacrity that made the golden chains rattle against his ebony limbs. He filled two cups from the silver urn, and presented that of the countess with bended knee, as if she had in truth a royal claim to such homage.

" Now," said the earl, slowly drawing his spoon across the creamy surface of his chocolate—" now let us decide what shall be done with the boy whom we have absolutely picked up from the hedge. The queen knows that he is under my protection, as one of her gentlemen was at the little public inn near Richmond when I had them brought in. Catharine, it seems, had sent him to conduct them to the palace."

" She shall not have the boy!" cried the countess, with renewed determination; " he must, he shall come into my service, and that without the girl too. Surely, my lord, you who never are outmanaged in your own objects, can accomplish this for me."

" I do not know," replied the earl, with a faint smile. " It is dangerous work interfering with ladies, especially when they have crowns, with which to establish their pretty caprices."

Lady Castlemain looked up, and a scornful smile shone in her black eyes.

" And so you, too, my lord—you, too, are among those who think that Catharine of Braganza is more a queen than I!"

" Oh! you are both queens," replied the wily old courtier. " You are the queen of beauty and of love—she of this good realm."

" I comprehend. Your sweet speeches are not thrown away, my lord; but just now we have other things to talk of—this boy is in your hands. Is he destined for my service, or will this Portuguese lady find her influence more powerful with you than mine has proved?"

" Nay, you are getting angry, sweet countess, and that in my eyes renders your beauty superb. It half tempts me to gratify the queen in her fancy for the child, if it were only to prove that one man in the world can resist the full blaze of attractions that have thrice enslaved a monarch."

The countess answered him with an impatient movement of the head; and angrily tearing the grapes from a cluster that she had just taken from the fruit basket, she tossed them back among the flowers with a gesture at once graceful and impetuous.

" But the boy—the boy!" she cried.

" He shall be yours," answered the earl, quietly dropping his hand into the basket, and mellowing an apricot between his thumb and finger. " I intended it all the time, but it is only when your ladyship is opposed that one has an opportunity of seeing the entire triumph of your beauty; the child is yours, though it make her majesty my bitter enemy forever."

" This is kind, I shall not forget it," cried the countess, her face radiant with pleasure; " and here, as the Portuguese lady would say, we give you our hand to kiss."

The malicious woman reached forth her snowy hand, and falling into an attitude peculiar to the young queen, imitated the broken English and constrained manner of that ill used lady with just enough exaggeration to excite ridicule, without being absolutely coarse.

Laughing softly at her mischievous humor, the earl pressed his lips to the fair hand held toward him. But he had scarcely raised his head when footsteps crossed the ante-chamber, and with a light knock, which Anthony had no time to answer, a gentleman, somewhat heavy in person and in countenance, entered the room.

Both the earl and countess rose at his appearance, and the lady advanced a step smiling brightly, and with her hand extended. Charles—for it was the king—touched the fair hand with his lips, and then grasping it with a light shake in his, led her back to the breakfast-table, nodding good humoredly to the earl, who stood leaning on the back of his chair.

" Sit down—sit down," said Charles, dropping into the easy chair which Anthony wheeled up to the table, and throwing the black velvet cloak with its diamond star and crimson silk linings loose from his shoulders. " I am glad to find you here, my lord; a messenger has just gone to your house. Her majesty has taken a fancy to some wandering boy that gave her a cup of water, or something of the kind on her way from Richmond, and whom it seems your lordship gathered up from the way side. Nothing would do but I must promise to beg the creature of you for a page. So I pray you, in this fair presence, not to

refuse the first feminine caprice that our queen has indulged in since her advent in the realm."

The Earl of Rochley bowed low with his usual bland smile, and glanced at the countess, whose vermilion lips were closing with an angry expression, and whose eyes began to flash.

"Your majesty shall decide for me," said the old peer. "Lady Castlemain was making the same request not a moment since."

Charles lifted his eyes, and met the signs of passion that he so well understood in that beautiful face. A look of perplexity came over his own dark features, and as a resource he fell to a close investigation of the table, as if searching for something that might tempt his appetite.

"Odsfish," he said, at last, looking up with a constrained laugh, "we are getting into a new dilemma, it seems. My sweet lady countess, for once we trust to your generosity; remember the queen is a stranger as yet, and we must not always thwart her wishes."

The countess drew up her superb form, and while her cheek burned crimson, and the angry flush of her eyes broke through her long lashes like lightning from a cloud, she bent her head, and in a voice that trembled with passion, said, "she had no will save that of his majesty," and then left the room, violently closing the bed-chamber door after her. Charles turned his eyes upon the Earl of Rochley with a look of comic distress.

"You see how it is," he said, "unless you can devise some means of reconciling things, there will be nothing but storms in this wing of the palace for a month to come!"

Lord Rochley bent his head and smiled.

"Shall I go to the queen? Perhaps she may be persuaded out of this fancy?"

"Odash—no," replied Charles, shaking his head. "I never saw her majesty so eager for anything; and both you and Clarendon know well that she can be obstinate in her quiet way as well as her imperious ladyship yonder."

"Perhaps I may find some argument that will reconcile her majesty; at least I can but fail! Shall I go at once?"

"Do so!" replied Charles, with the air of a man half ashamed of his position; "prevent, if possible, any new gossip spreading through the court. That of the French carriage has done mischief enough already."

"Depend upon it, sire, the countess shall have her page, and the queen must be satisfied!" said the earl, gliding toward the door, and into the ante-chamber, where he took his leave with a profound bow, and proceeded to the apartments occupied by Catharine of Braganza.

CHAPTER X.

NOTHING could be more simple and chaste than the apartments in which Lord Rochley found the young Queen of England. Hangings of thick watered silk starred with silver, which alone broke their waving snow; a devotional desk of ebony rimmed with pearl; a couch or two, where polished ebony took a more lustrous black from cushions of white and silver, with

a soft green carpet, where snow-drops and valley lilies seemed sleeping in their native moss, formed a chaste and striking contrast to the joyous confusion which the earl had just quitted.

Catharine was sitting before her desk, upon which was a crucifix of gold, marvelous in the beauty of its workmanship, and an illuminated missal, with a large ruby blazing upon each half of the golden clasp, as if everything was to strike her visitor with the most severe contrast. Catharine, though she had evidently but just arisen from breakfast, was dressed with great precision and neatness. There were no disbelieved tresses, no slip-shod splendor about her person, such as had marked the careless costume of Lady Castlemain. Her robe was of black satin, high on the bust, and relieved at the throat and wrists by a fall of exquisite point lace, that cast its gossamer shadow over her small hands, and a neck, which, if it lacked whiteness, was both graceful and well formed. Her thick, raven hair was simply confined by a diamond bodkin, and nothing could be more perfect in symmetry than the small foot that peeped from beneath the folds of her robe. Still Catharine could boast nothing of the superb beauty, bold, imperious and dazzling, that distinguished her rival. A look of disquiet rested upon her features; and her really beautiful eyes were full of touching sadness as she turned them gently upon her visitor.

"My lord you are welcome," she said, in her sweet broken English, that sounded peculiarly child-like and feminine after the haughty tones that had last fallen upon his ear. "You have come to bring me news of the strange child that has haunted me ever since I saw him. I am not weary, my lord, it is of him you would speak."

"Yes, it was on his behalf I came thus early to crave your majesty's attention," said the earl, rising from the profound bow with which he had lifted Catharine's hand to his lips.

"And have you brought him with you?" inquired the queen, with animation. "Methought—say was I wrong that—the child had a foreign look? Perhaps he came from my own land. Did your lordship speak with him?"

"Lady, the boy is a mute!"
"Alas! can this be true, and so beautiful; do you know, my lord, I was just wondering if he could sing well. Methought I saw a lute lying on the grass near his little bundle, and so was half designing to place him among our foreign band of musicians."

"The child's infirmity renders your majesty's generous intentions impossible," replied the earl, carefully watching each turn of the conversation.

"Still we must do something for him; this want of speech should not disqualify him for our page. It is a pity he cannot sing."

"Perhaps your highness may be gratified even in this—the mute has a sister."

"A sister, and beautiful as he is," cried the queen.

"Even more beautiful, and with all other bright qualifications that can please your highness. Nothing can be sweeter than her voice!"

"And has she the same tender jook? Does she speak English?"

"Perfectly; and Spanish also!"

"Oh! this is happiness. They shall both be placed about our person; the maiden may become our teacher in English; she shall read to us at night when the time hangs heavily in the king's absence. Now that my poor Portuguese ladies are sent away, I sadly want some one who will serve me as they did for love of myself. This beautiful girl—a stranger in a strange land—will she not love one, who, though a queen, has learned to weep more than she ought in her husband's kingdom. Say, my lord, think you not that these strange children will learn to love the queen?"

There was touching sadness in Catharine's voice, and Lord Rochley observed that it was with difficulty that she kept the tears from starting to her fine eyes.

"Who could help loving so much goodness!" exclaimed the earl, with more sincerity than was usual in his flattering speeches. Catharine so soon cast aside from her husband's love, regarded every manifestation of personal sympathy from his courtiers with peculiar gratitude. She smiled, therefore, but very faintly upon the old noble, and said—

"Well, my lord, you will bring these children to me at once; they shall find no harsh mistress in Catharine!"

"It is this that troubles me somewhat," replied the earl. "Before I knew of your majesty's desire, a lady of the court had won my promise to place one of these pretty wanderers among her attendants. The request was made in kindness, and my promise given unconditionally."

"Indeed!" said the queen, looking suddenly up; "and who was the kind lady?"

The earl hesitated, and even in his warm cheek the crimson mounted vividly, as it now burned upon the neck and brow of the injured wife.

"My promise was given to the Countess of Castlemain; but I should deeply grieve if it were the cause of annoyance to your highness!"

The color fled from Catharine's face; her lips began to quiver, and bending her eyes as if to gain full command over her outraged feelings, she inquired in a low voice if this promise had been made at the suggestion of the king.

Rochley answered, and indeed truly, that it had not. Catharine drew a deep breath, and a look of relief came over her features.

"It is well," she said, very gently; "we can contest no possession with the Countess of Castlemain. Still unless your lordship is not pledged against it, let the maiden be sent to us. If she has beauty and feeling, the queen's protection may avail her something!"

"This is as I could have wished," replied Rochley, and again he was perfectly sincere. "My heart revolted at the thought of placing this lovely child under less exceptionable protection than that which your highness has just graciously proposed." Again Catharine betrayed in her eloquent looks the satisfaction these words had given her.

And the artful old courtier lost no change of her eloquent features. He was playing a deep game, in which the king—the innocent and helpless queen—with the vindictive Castlemain, were to be moved according to his skill. He arose from the chair which

Catharine had graciously requested him to assume, and with deep reverence prepared to withdraw.

"When will it be your highness' pleasure to receive this pretty wanderer?"

"I would that she were here now; methinks if she possesses so sweet a voice, it might charm away the sad thoughts that seem to haunt me to-day," replied the queen, with gentle melancholy.

"She does but wait your royal pleasure in my carriage! In five minutes time she may be introduced," said the earl.

"Let her come, and her poor mute brother if he is in the carriage also. I would see these sweet children together."

"Your highness shall be gratified," replied the earl, and with another profound bow he left the royal cabinet. When he was gone, and Catharine found herself quite alone, she placed her clasped hands upon the reading desk, and dropping her forehead upon them began to weep.

"Alas! alas! will anything ever love me?" she cried, in a voice that was broken with passionate grief. "This poor boy, the only creature that has ever given me a look of pity that was not humiliating. Even him will this bad woman deprive me of—and I—I who am a queen—a bride—dare not contest the point from dread that in this, as in things of greater moment, my husband would force me to yield."

A little time and the poor young queen forced back her broken sobs, and wiping the tears from her inky lashes, composed herself to receive the earl, whose footsteps sounded in the ante-chamber. He entered the cabinet, and following him hand in hand, with that sort of clinging trust upon each other that banished fear, came Francesca and Guilo. Refreshments and a night of quiet rest had rendered their appearance less travel-worn and dejected; while upon the sweet face of Francesca beamed that bright glare of happiness that had broken over it as a rose bursts into bloom when the Earl of Rochley told her that Lord Bowdon was still unwedded.

Francesca knew that she was to meet the same lady who had taken an interest in her destitution, and who in exchange for her music would give food and shelter to herself and Guilo. But she had no idea that the young female who bent her eyes with so much melancholy kindness upon her as she entered the cabinet, could be the queen. The simplicity of her dress, the quiet repose of her manners, and above all the look and tone that proclaimed her of foreign birth, were enough to arouse powerful sympathy at the first sight in a creature so sensitive and full of warm impulses as Francesca. She paused an instant at the door, gazing earnestly at the queen, and then at Guilo, her second soul. His eyes were full of pleasant astonishment; his lips were parted, and a bright smile trembled over them. He pressed Francesca's hand, and with one impulse the orphans approached the queen, waiting for no introduction, and knelt at her feet.

Touched to the heart by this impulsive homage, Catharine, forgetting all etiquette, and even in the presence of Lord Rochley, bent her head and kissed Francesca upon the forehead, while her small hand lay caressingly among Guilo's curls.

"You will learn to love me!" she said, bending her large eyes, now full of tears, upon the young girl.

"I do love you!" said Francesca, meeting the queen's glance with eyes tearful as her own; "and Guilo—Guilo loves nothing that is not good—see how he smiles when you look upon him!"

"Are they not beautiful, these little wanderers?" cried the queen, smiling through her tears, and lifting her face to the earl, while her hand still rested upon Guilo's head. "Do not blame these tears, my lord, these children are strangers like myself!"

"We are strangers," said Francesca, clasping Guilo's hand in hers, and resting both upon the queen's lap; "and if you are such, dear lady, there is great reason why we should love you well!"

Francesca had no idea that the terms of equality which she was using were in the least improper. Even had she been aware of the queen's rank, the young creature was so unaccustomed to the world, and so profoundly ignorant of the usages of a court, that it is doubtful if she could have fully appreciated the immense social difference between a wandering singer and the high-born lady at whose feet she knelt. And this very ignorance was a new charm with the queen. Her affectionate heart, disappointed and thrown back upon itself in a strange land, absolutely athirst for some evidence of disinterested affection, turned to this little well spring that seemed to have gushed at once from the arid barren of her court life, as the thirsty Arab rushes to the desert spring.

"Oh! if they could both remain with me," said Catharine, looking wistfully at the earl; "poor things, they are all the world to each other!"

"My word, my pledged word!" replied Lord Rochley, with a deprecating smile; "your majesty must not tempt me to violate that!"

"Still it seems hard to separate them!" pleaded the queen.

"They will be under the same roof, and thus can see each other often!" was the rejoinder.

"True," replied the queen, turning pale while the pleading smile died upon her lips. "I had forgotten that advantage."

There was a tinge of bitterness in Catharine's voice that Lord Rochley could well understand as a reproof. She became anxious to change the subject, and to remove Guilo before he became the subject of more urgent entreaty.

"Your majesty has not tested the maiden's skill," he said; "shall I bid a page bring in her lute from the ante-chamber?"

Catharine bent her head, and the earl went out.

"Majesty—majesty. Is not that a title which the people of England give to their king and queen?" said Francesca, with singular tranquillity.

"It is," replied Catharine, smiling at the puzzled expression that came over Francesca's features.

"And only to the king or queen?" continued the young girl.

"Only to them," was Catharine's reply.

"Then, lady, why was it that Lord Rochley said your majesty just now?"

"Because," said Catharine, bending her head while the tears rushed to her eyes, and her olive cheeks took a dusky crimson; "because I am the Queen of England."

Francesca turned to her brother almost breathless, and made a quick sign. The boy lifted his eyes earnestly to the queen, as if to reperuse her features. Then bowing down, he gently raised the hem of her robe and pressed it to his lips.

The sign which Francesca made was this—

"Guilo this is a queen, and yet do you not see how she suffers!"

And Guilo answered by kissing the queen's robe. Never before or since did a sovereign receive homage so ardent or so pure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO ————— .

BY MISS IDA VALE.

Ox, come, for the night is gathering fast,
And the flowers are folded now,
The cool, moist breath of the breeze I feel
On my hot and throbbing brow;
And I fain would lay my wearied head
On thy bosom fond and true,
And breathe in thine ear a tale of grief
I must keep from all but you.

Then come when the mood is up, when stars
Look down with their speaking eyes,
While thoughts that are pure as early dew,
On their noiseless pinions rise;
Oh, come at that hour, I love it best,
And my heart shall breathe to thine,
How its holiest love was spurned away
From a false, yet worshipped shrine.

My heart throbbed wild—my brain seemed fire,
But my eyes were clear and dry;
And the only tone that told my grief
Was an almost voiceless sigh.
For I mastered all in that dread hour,
Lest the heartless one should know
The strength of my love for a soul so false,
And the depth of my bitter woe.

But now it is passed—aye! all, all passed,
From my grief I will turn to you,
Then come, and I'll lay my wearied head
On thy bosom fond and true,
And some gentle song of thine shall lull
The thoughts that will yet arise,
But their power wanes fast in the light of love
That beams from thy heart and eyes.

THE FLOWER GATHERERS.

BY P. BENJAMIN GAGE.

It was spring—fresh, fair, and lovely spring! All around was radiantly bright and beautiful. The white mantle of winter had fled away from the frozen hills.

The bright flowers bloomed along the borders of the green valley, and the unsealed mountain stream warbled its own wild music in its Maker's ear. The enchanting wild-bird spread her golden wing on the soft air, and again her welcome song echoed sweetly through the mysterious aisles of the dim old forest.

A fair, young child went out from the white cottage to gather flowers. The soft breeze played among her golden hair as she bounded joyfully on from rock to rock. She gathered bright blossoms. She seated herself beneath a waving elm, on the flower-embroidered turf, and twined them in a fair and beautiful garland. But that beautiful garland faded away. Its bright hues were gone. Its perfume had departed; and the young child wept bitterly over its faded leaves.

Then she looked around, and lo! a strange, bright being came and stood by her side. She glanced up through her tears and wondered at his strange beauty. His look was full of Heavenly sweetness, and he smiled upon her as he spoke.

"Why dost thou weep?" said he. "Sorrow has not touched your young heart! Time has not stolen the bloom from your cheek! Go, gather the blue violet! Gather the golden buttercup—the wild blooming rose, and weep no more!"

Again the child wept. She held up her garland of withered flowers.

"I gathered them in the waving grass," said she. "They were bright with pearly dew, and the morning air was laden with their balmy sweetness. But, oh!

they have faded away! Their bright hues are gone;" and still the young child wept bitterly over the drooping leaves!

"And I, too, gather flowers," said he. "I gather the incense of their sweet lips. I gather the bright cups and bear them away to a far distant and glorious land, and twine them in a fair, unsading wreath. There is no sun in that land—no moon nor stars. But the air is filled with golden light, and balmy with unspeakable melody, sweeter, far sweeter than the wild bird's warbled song. And the flowers that I gather fade not away, for night comes not there, and the frosts of death gather not upon their fragrant leaves."

"Oh! how I should love to see that beautiful land!" said the weeping child.

Then she cast away her withered garland, and held forth her hand to the spotless being at her side. He smiled upon her, and, as he drew nearer, he laid his hand upon her own, and whispered—

"Thou shalt see that beautiful land!"

Day rolled away.

The golden sun went down in the West.

Evening returned balmy and beautiful, and the mother sought her child.

She found her seated beneath the waving elm; but her eye was dim, and her cheek was hard and cold!

She had gathered fragile flowers—she had woven a frail garland. It had faded away, and now lay withered on her pale cheek!

But the Angel of Death had gathered a brighter flower—had borne it away to twine in the glorious and unfading garland of Heaven! *The young child was dead!*

B R I N G F L O W E R S.

BY T. F. WOODFORD.

BRING flowers, fresh flowers, to strew above
The green graves of the early dead!
Bring beauteous flowers to deck the sod,
And all around their perfume shed!
For meet it is that they who died
So early in Life's golden Spring,
Whilst flowers are making sweet the air,
And birds their love-songs sweetly sing—
Should have their emblem in the flowers,
Like which their span of life was brief!
Like them were bright and beautiful—
Like them unknown to cares or grief!
Like flowers that perish'd in all their loveliness—
Lovely were they e'en in Death's dark embrace!

Bring flowers, bright flowers, to deck the graves—
The green graves of the early lost!
The young, the pure, the beautiful—
Blighted by Death's untimely frost!
The cold remains of those we loved
Repose beneath the April sod—
Yet beauty lingers round their dust—
By fairy feet their graves are trod!
Bring flowers to bloom upon the turf
That wraps their senseless forms of clay—
Like flowers that faded all too soon,
Yet beautiful in their decay!
'Tis meet that they who lived so few, yet happy hours,
Should have their emblem in the Spring's bright flowers!

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

We give, this month, three figures in our fashion plate, as well as full descriptions of new costumes.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS of green silk; high on the neck; corsage plain with bands running across it, of ribbon with tags; sleeves tight and plain; skirt plain, but very full, and with bands across it in front similar to those on the corsage. Small square collar. Chip hat, trimmed with white ribbon and flowers. A visite of purple *glace* silk, trimmed with three falls of deep black lace.

FIG. II.—A DINNER DRESS of white muslin; low in the neck; full body; short sleeves; with three deep flounces on the skirt, each flounce trimmed with two rows of narrow silk ribbon; a broad sash of white ribbon edged with pink, is worn around the waist. A rich lace cape trimmed with two rows of Valenciennes put on very full; and a long collar, meeting in a point on the bust and fastened with a pink rosette, completes this beautiful costume.

FIG. III.—A CARRIAGE DRESS of silk tissue; very high on the neck; finished with a Jenny Lind trimming; small bishop sleeves and ruffle falling over the hand; infant waists, and the skirt having eight narrow flounces. A pink silk visite, trimmed with a *ruche* of the same, and one deep flounce around the bottom. A poke bonnet of white *crepe* lace, with bands of green ribbon running across, and a bunch of flowers at the side.

We add, as appropriate to the season, descriptions of three of the newest costumes.

DINNER DRESS, OR EVENING DEMI-TOILETTE.—Dress of pink moire antique, richly sprigged with large flowers. The skirt is ornamented up the front with two rows of lace, set on quite plain, and narrowing as they approach the waist. Each row of lace is headed by a quilling of pink satin ribbon. The corsage is high, and ornamented in front with lace and ribbon in a manner corresponding with the skirt. A lace chemisette fits closely round the throat, where it is fastened by a brooch of amethyst in a broad setting of wrought gold. Demi-long sleeves, loose at the lower part of the arm, where they are finished with a trimming of lace and pink-quilled ribbon. Round cap of white lace, trimmed with pink ribbon and bouquets of flowers. Full under sleeves of white net, and white kid gloves.

HALF-MOURNING COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF FIVE OR SIX YEARS OF AGE.—Dress of slate-colored cachemire. The corsage high, and with a broad basque or skirt, plaited so as to hang in fulness at the back. The sleeves are short, and edged with three rows of black velvet ribbon. The same trimming ornaments the front of the corsage.

LADY'S MOURNING DEMI-TOILETTE.—Dress of black satin, the skirt trimmed with four rows of black chenille fringe, each row narrowing gradually as they ascend upward. A high corsage, ornamented in front with passementerie, and fancy buttons with pendent tassels. Demi-long sleeves, edged with passementerie, and loose under sleeves of black lace. Round the throat a small black lace collar, fastened in front by a jet brooch. A round cap of black lace, with bouquets of white flowers at each side of the face. Grey kid gloves sewed with black; and black velvet bracelets with jet snaps.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.—The favorite style of dressing the hair is the French twist. The back hair is worn very low behind, and the front is arranged in curls or bandeaux according to the taste of the wearer. Light ringlets are adopted by blondes, to whom certainly they are exquisitely becoming. For dark hair, bandeaux, slightly full over the upper part of the ear, are

most approved. Waived bandeaux are likewise very generally worn; and to some countenances that style is more becoming than any other. The favorite ornaments for young ladies' hair are wreaths of flowers, or bouquets tastefully disposed, some at each side, and others at the back of the head. By ladies of more mature years feathers are much worn in the hair in full dress. Marabouts, either white or colored, have a very pretty effect when disposed in the style called a *l'Italienne*, that is to say, fixed on each side of the head, so as to droop and curl round the plait or twists of hair.

The simplicity which at present prevails in the style of dressing the hair does not extend to the trimming of ball dresses. Never, at any former time, were jupes adorned with such a profusion of pompons, rosettes of ribbon, flowers, blonde, and lace. The garniture of the first jupe ascends to the height of the knee, then over it are the second and third jupes, each highly trimmed; the ornaments of the third jupe terminating only at the waist.

For young ladies this profusion of trimming is usually dispensed with. A very pretty juvenile ball dress may be composed of a silk slip of blue, pink, or any color effective by night-light. This slip may be covered by two or three jupes of blonde of the same color, having no other ornament than bows of satin ribbon, serving to fasten the upper jupe in festoons at each side. Another very pretty style of ball dresses for young ladies is a double skirt of blue, pink, or white taffety; the upper jupe being ornamented with bows in the style above mentioned. These taffety dresses may have berthes of the same, edged with fringe, or with quillings of satin ribbon.

The most fashionable evening head-dresses are of velvet, or of lace, either gold or silver. They are ornamented with feathers, which, it must be confessed, accord better with velvet than with any other material. Velvet and pearls are also exceedingly beautiful in combination, and nothing is more fashionable. We have observed many head-dresses of black velvet and pearls, in the Marie Stuart form.

For dinner or demi full dress, small caps are preferred to any other kind of coiffure. They are made of lace or blonde, white or black, and sometimes of both intermingled together. Flowers in the various shades of pink and red are the most suitable ornaments for these caps.

Bonnets of dark colored satin, lined with pink, blue, or cerise, are much worn. With these bonnets a small veil of black lace or blonde is invariably worn. For young ladies, bonnets of drawn silk promise to be the prevailing styles. Dark colors, together with the various shades of fawn and drab, may be employed for these bonnets. They may be lined with pink, blue, or maize color silk or therry velvet; and the outside trimming may be fancy ribbon or bands of therry velvet. The latter either the color of the lining or of the outside. The under trimming may be of colored blonde, with bows of ribbon or flowers. Large leghorn bonnets are much worn in Philadelphia.

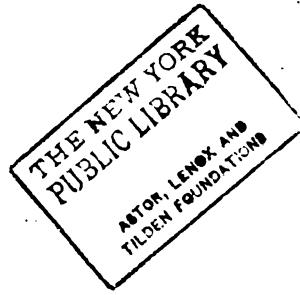
THE MAID OF MELOS.—This powerfully written tale will be completed in the next number, when it will be illustrated by a superb mezzotint, entitled "The Chariot Race," engraved from an original design. It is rare, even in the pages of Blackwood, to find a tale so thrilling, so chastely written, and so correct in its delineations of the manners of a past age



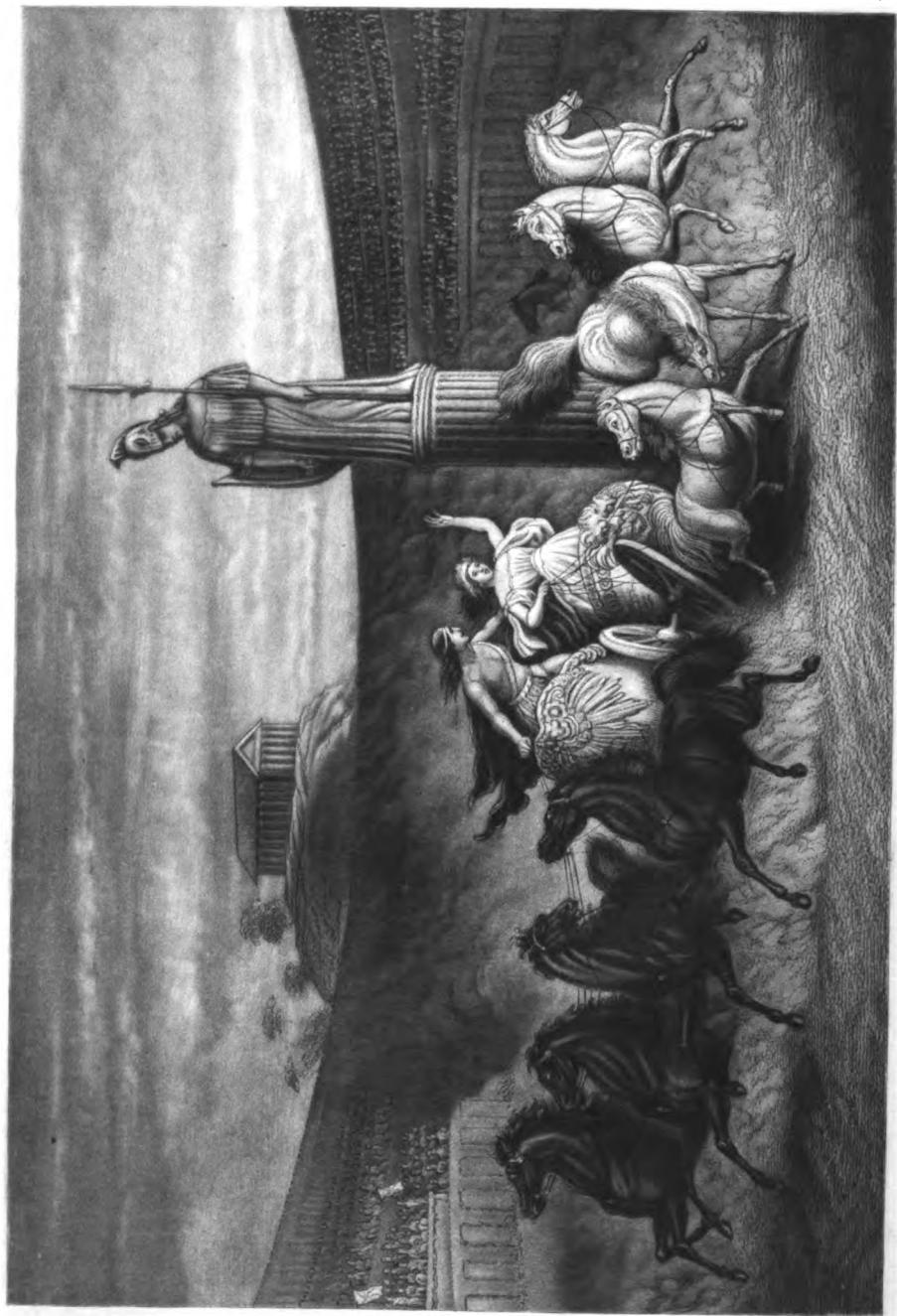
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LES VESTES PARISIENNES
LES VESTES PARISIENNES







These are virtues against which we can lean, without feeling a rough corner, or being wounded by a thorn. Compare Alice Lane with Jessie Morris, and see how strong the contrast. Everything about Alice is real. How gentle, how loving, how earnest is her whole character. You sit by her side and feel that you are

But, how all was changed! Nothing seemed exactly as of old. The elm, in whose fluttering leaves I had heard the wind sighing for twenty years, still stood with its arms stretched over the home of my childhood; but it did not look as of old. In what it was changed I could not exactly tell; but the elm tree I

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THE ODOR OF A CRUSHED FLOWER.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

TEN years ago, Jessie Morris came to the village, a gay, high-spirited young creature. Jessie had passed two fashionable seasons in New York, and, from having moved in brilliant circles, and among the witty and intelligent, felt herself rather above the quiet, unpretending people of Hawthorne. Her father had been a city merchant; but his business becoming embarrassed, he, in alarm, closed it up, and with a small remnant of property retired to our pleasant village, in order to husband his diminished resources for the education of his younger children. Only to a limited extent, did Jessie understand her father's true position. She did not know how greatly reduced his means were, nor that even what he had in possession was held by a tenure which admitted of a question.

I was thrown frequently into the society of Jessie on her first coming to our village, and soon felt a prejudice against her on account of the air of superiority which she assumed, and the haughtiness of tone and manner too often apparent in her intercourse with others.

"She has no heart," I remember having said of her to a friend. "There is nothing about her to attract you, or cause you to love her. She is beautiful, I will own; but her beauty does not affect you with a sentiment. You look on with a certain cold admiration, but are not drawn toward her."

"Still, she is a pleasant, witty, intelligent girl," replied the friend. "She has a fine flow of spirits, and, I must own, that I cannot help liking her with all her faults."

"Her wit is sharp enough," I answered to this. "But I never call that a merit in any one. Sharp-witted people, I look upon as very disagreeable members of society. For your smart saying or cutting repartee, I have no fancy. Give me, above all things, in my friends, frankness, sincerity and sympathy. These are virtues against which we can lean, without feeling a rough corner, or being wounded by a thorn. Compare Alice Lane with Jessie Morris, and see how strong the contrast. Everything about Alice is real. How gentle, how loving, how earnest is her whole character. You sit by her side and feel that you are

near a friend to whom, in an hour of sadness or grief, you could open your heart. Not so with the wild city hoyden, if I must speak so strongly. You would as soon think of casting your pearls before swine as uttering before her anything that your bosom held sacred."

Thus had she at first impressed me. Others liked her better; for she was a girl of high spirits; and pleased the less discriminating with her ready wit, gaiety, and off-hand mode of treating all subjects, even those which should never be approached with lightness.

Time went on his way. A year or two after Jess came to Hawthorne, I left the village, and many years passed before my return. For a short time I kept up a correspondence with an intimate friend; but she, too, left the pleasant place, and from that time until I went back to the green and quiet valley, I knew nothing of what was passing there.

How steadily, like the needle to the pole, turns the heart ever toward the home of early days. Hawthorne was sunshine in my feelings, the loveliest spot on the earth. In my waking dreams, and in my night visions, the green places of that dear retreat were before me, and I could hear the birds singing as of old in the quiet elm tree that stretched its giant arms protectingly over our dwelling. Every year that went by, added to my desire to go back to Hawthorne. At last I was permitted to make the pilgrimage. To an old friend of my mother's, whom I had loved as a child, and leaned upon with affectionate confidence in maturer years, I wrote of my intended visit, and received, in answer, a warm invitation to spend in her family the time I passed in the village. I shall not soon forget the tender embrace with which she received me when I came, nor the few weeks I spent in her family.

But, how all was changed! Nothing seemed exactly as of old. The elm, in whose fluttering leaves I had heard the wind sighing for twenty years, still stood with its arms stretched over the home of my childhood; but it did not look as of old. In what it was changed I could not exactly tell; but the elm tree I

had seen in the many dreams of my early cottage-home, was no longer before me. And so it was everywhere. My eyes seemed to have obtained an intenser vision, and to look through the investing charm to the naked, skeleton reality.

I shall never forget the day I walked over Hawthorne for the first time in nearly ten years. To my eyes, there remained but few of the old traces of beauty; and yet, the honeysuckles twined above the doors and windows as before, and flowers bloomed as thickly in the gardens. Scarcely a tree had been removed, and I did not miss a single dwelling the remembrance of which had brought to my mind a feeling of pleasure. But I was changed. I saw with different eyes. My affections were not there, and, already were my thoughts beginning to go back to a distant city, led by the attractive power of absent and beloved ones.

Few real changes were there in external things about Hawthorne. But, when I came to ask for one and another whom I had known, the answers touched me with sadness. Death, sorrow or misfortune had visited many, and a change had passed upon all.

"And what of Jessie Morris?" I asked. "Gay, giddy, thoughtless Jessie Morris?"

"She is still with us," replied my friend.

"And the same as when I left?"

"Oh, no. Far—very far from it. Jessie has looked upon the dark side of life's picture since you were here. The remnant of her father's property, which he brought with him to Hawthorne, he was not permitted to retain. Some old claims against him were revived, which he resisted for some years, but finally they were recovered, and everything he had was swept from his hands. In a year he died, and the mother of Jessie soon followed him. An older brother, upon whom the family depended, died also, and Jessie, with two younger sisters to care for, was left alone."

"Poor girl! What a sad—sad change." All my sympathies were at once awakened.

"It was indeed a sad change. But there was still a sadder experience for Jessie's heart. You remember Edmonds?"

"Very well."

"He gained her affections, and deserted her when sorrow and misfortune came. For only a little while, however, did she droop like a beautiful flower smitten in the storm. She lifted her head again, although tears were on her cheeks and in her eyes. Two dear sisters looked to her as the only one to love and care for them, and they did not look in vain. It was then that her true character began to show itself. I was sitting in this room about two months after her brother's death, when the door opened and the dear girl entered. She was not dressed in mourning garments; they would have but mocked the sorrow that was in her heart. I shall not soon forget the pensive smile that was on her lips, as I welcomed her, nor the quickness with which it faded as she sat down by my side. The errand upon which she had come was mentioned without embarrassment or needless preliminaries.

"'You may not know,' she said, 'that, since the death of my brother, all income has ceased. But it

is so. My two sisters have only me to look up to, and they must not look in vain. To them, I must now supply the place of father, mother and brother. God giving me strength.'"

"Noble girl," I could not help ejaculating.

My narrator proceeded—

"I could not but utter my warm approval of her generous purpose. To my question what she proposed doing, she replied—

"'I have been well educated, and feel myself competent to undertake a school.'

"'A good school is much needed in the village,' I answered, 'and if you are ready to assume the task of instructor, I am sure you will be amply sustained.'

"'For the sake of my sisters, I am ready to do any work within my ability to perform. They must not, they shall not look to me in vain.'

"'And they will not, I am sure,' I said, in a voice of encouragement. 'Leave this whole matter to me. I will see a number of my friends, and introduce the subject.'

"Jessie left me with a beautiful light in her pensive face. To me, she had never looked so lovely. Dear girl! She seemed to have nestled into my very heart like a frightened bird. There was no difficulty in the way of getting up the school. In two weeks she opened with fifteen scholars, and has ever since had her rooms full."

"And does she give satisfaction?" I asked.

"Perfect satisfaction. There isn't a child under her care who does not love her, nor a parent whose little ones are with her, who does not feel it as a privilege. We couldn't do without her in Hawthorne, Kate. Her loss would be a calamity."

"How like a crushing hand to a sweet flower is the pressure of adversity upon a true spirit," said I.

"Yes," returned my friend, "it brings out the rich odor that lies hidden in its heart."

"It does, it does! How like the odor of a crushed flower, must be the exquisite perfume of Jessie's new life. I must see her; I must know her again. We must be friends as of old, but closer and dearer friends."

A few evenings afterward I met Jessie Morris. My friend invited a little company to honor my visit to Hawthorne, and among those who came was the subject of this little sketch. I was prepared for a change. But it was greater than I had expected. At first I was half in doubt as to her identity. While I was talking with an old acquaintance, a delicately formed girl entered, and with exquisite grace of movement crossed the room to where the lady hostess of the evening sat. She was simply attired, and her light brown hair was plainly parted above her pure white forehead. There was not a single ornament on her person, and yet you did not feel that anything was wanting. But her face! I used to think her beautiful. When I had last seen her, there was a brilliancy about her that dazzled. Now she was before me a very impersonation of loveliness; chaste, classic, pure, yet warm with intelligence and love. I felt my pulses bound, and my eyes moisten; for the cause of this great change was vividly present to my mind. She stood before me a being purified in the

fires of affliction, and I could not, at the moment, banish the thought of all she had borne and suffered.

But, soon, I forgot all in the delight of a sweet and elevating communion of thought and feeling that followed our renewed acquaintance. I found that Jessie had indeed new views and new affections. Touch her where you would, there was nothing rough nor pointed. To do good, and to communicate in a loving, honest spirit, seemed to be her very life. When she spoke of affliction, and then her voice was low, intense, and exquisitely impressive and musical, she pictured it as a purifying trial—a blessing rather than a curse.

In a word, she seemed the very opposite of what

she was when I last saw her. Many hours did I pass in her society while I remained in Hawthorne, and their impression upon me can never be effaced. I trust that, when I left, the odor of that crushed flower lingered in the garments of my spirit. It must be so, for I have had better purposes since, and a more earnest desire to seek rather the good of others than my own pleasure.

Sweet Jessie Morris! Adversity has not really hurt thee. It has only revealed thy inner and true life, and made thy beauty like the beauty of angels. Thou art a form of goodness! Would that there were more in the world like thee!

THE DYING BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

BY M. SHIVELEY.

These lines are by a young contributor lately deceased. His sister sends them to us with these touching words:—“He wrote the poem expressly for you, but I trust that you will pardon me for sending you a copy in my own hand writing. It being the last poem he wrote before he died, we desire to keep the copy which he had written.”

DEAR mother—come and kiss
Thy dying boy! for I am dying now;
And I would pass away to worlds of bliss,
With kisses on my brow!

Ay! I would go to Heaven,
With all a mother's love, in kisses bright
Imprinted on my pale, pale cheeks—for even
The angels 't would delight:

And they would welcome me
With their sweet songs of rapture and of praise;
And, mother, we would all watch over thee,
And guard thee all thy days!

There—there! I knew—I knew
That thou wouldest haste to kiss thy dying boy!
For well thou knowest that the angels view
A scene like this with joy!

Ay! and the God of Love
Sheds an approving smile on such a scene,
As He looks down from His bright home above
On noble things, and mean.

So, mother, lay thy hand
Upon my cheek, and kiss my forehead fair;
For I am hastening to the morning land
To wait thy coming there.

Now press thy lips to mine,
That I may feel their warmth of love once more;
But, mother, weep not thus; for joy divine
Thrills my young bosom's core!

And I would see thee smile
Upon thy darling as in days gone by:
Let tears be shed for such as die when vile—
Not for the pure that die!

Sing, mother, I would hear
That song which I so oft have heard thee sing;
And let thy voice be low, and sweet, and clear,
That ev'ry note may bring

Heav'n nearer to my sight,
With all its mighty throng of angels fair,
Array'd in flowing robes of stainless white,
And breathing Heav'n's pure air!

Sit close beside my bed,
And lay thy hand upon my marble brow:
Begin the song—for fast the death-dews spread
O'er my pale forehead now!

Sing louder, mother—sing
A little louder; for I scarce can hear
The tones of thy clear voice, that used to ring
So sweetly on mine ear!

But, mother, music sweet
Comes from above! I hear the angels sing:
They call me home; they bid me haste to meet
My Saviour and my King!

So—now—a last farewell
To thee, my mother dear! A moment more
And I shall be in Heaven—there to dwell
For aye—and God adore!

LOOK UP.

THROUEN Death's dark billows surging wild,
Though clay lips powerless be,
Only look up to Christ, my child,

And He will look down to thee!
And the smile of His love with radiance mild
Will light the heaving sea!

K. H.

THE MAID OF MELAS.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF ALCIBIADES.

BY JOSEPH B. COBB.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 179.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHARIOT RACES.

THE morning opened, but not so brightly as before. Misty clouds floated through the Heavens, and occasional showers sprinkled the earth. The fact was carefully noted—and in after years when the dreams of the aspiring hero had attained to a zenith of brilliant reality, and the genius of Alcibiades had surmounted all obstacles opposed to its ascent—many called to mind the predictions then uttered, that the fate of Greece, under his auspices, would be as a day of sunshine and clouds—brilliant but transitory, fatal token of her approaching dissolution!

The chariot races were esteemed much higher than any other of the Olympic sports. The common people were not allowed to participate in them. To acquire perfection, or even to attain ordinary excellence in these, required a bold heart, and the most consummate skill. They were contested over a track or turf, called the hippodrome, much larger than the stadium, and differing in shape. It was capable of admitting forty chariots at a time, and from this fact one can easily imagine the splendor and grandeur which distinguished some of the ancient public spectacles. The horses were always attached abreast, of course requiring more skill to drive than if paired off according to modern fashions. The driver generally stood.

It seems now to be generally settled from the writings of ancient authors, that this sport was introduced among the Olympic exercises, from the fact that in earlier days the chariots had been used in battle by kings and great warriors when mingling personally in the fray. They were armed on the sides and underneath with keen-edged scythes, and, in their resistless course, whole ranks of soldiers were mowed down—and they soon became a formidable means in turning, at a critical moment, the scale of victory. The shape of the car was low, open behind; running only on two wheels, and unprovided with seats, though elegantly modelled and finished.

The agonothetes having taken their seats, heralds proclaimed the order in which the sports would take place. The main contest was open for all possessed of the requisite qualifications; but the race between Alcibiades, Cynisca and the Syracusan, being one of a private character, when they were to direct and drive their own horses, no person else could participate.

And now was heard the rattling din of the approaching vehicles destined to contest the first race.

Among these were some belonging to the kings of Lacedemon, Macedon, Boeotia, and other neighboring powers. But the most conspicuous in the throng were the equipages of Alcibiades, magnificently adorned, and drawn by horses of the noblest appearance, and the most approved breed. In the midst of these was seen a car, somewhat smaller than the rest, but more richly decorated, to which four milk white horses of Arabia were attached, whose trappings glistened with ornaments, and whose slender limbs and glowing nostrils evinced the superiority of their nature. The driver was comparatively a slight, but compact youth, fair to behold, and clad in the gaudy and resplendent appurtenances of Persia. The complexion of this youth was most unusually swarthy—but as the wind would part the locks of dark brown hair, a close observer might have perceived a singular contrast in the snowy whiteness of the neck. He directed his mettled steeds with ease and grace, and his delicate foot was firmly planted to sustain the exertion of curbing their fiery ardor. This chariot Alcibiades had entered in the front rank to contend for the first prize—and many wondered that he should thus risk his fortunes, by trusting so seemingly incompetent and fragile a youth.

The agonothetes now proceeded to cast lots, in order to ascertain upon whom the choice of position should fall, which was by no means an indifferent circumstance to the victory. In making the turn at the extremity of the hippodrome, a boundary stone had to be doubled—and consequently the car on the left, passing nearer to the point than those on the right, gained most considerable advantage. To turn this angle was a nice proceeding—and in fact was the great point in the race, as it was eminently the point of danger.*

The lots were so distributed that the chariot of Alcibiades was thrown near the extreme right—and thus far fate was against him. The car of the Spartan king occupied the preferred post. But nothing daunted, the Athenian whispered softly to his youthful chariooteer, "you know the stake for which we contend—you see the danger before you. Keep your eye steadily on the progress of the race, and take advantage as occasion offers." The youth bowed a smiling assent, whirled his steeds suddenly round, and dashed gallantly forward to the place assigned him.

The chariots were now arranged in a long line, according to lot, twenty in number, with short intervals

* See Book 18th of Homer's Iliad, where Nestor advises his son.

between each vehicle, the line slightly curving from the left so as to make some more equality. At a given signal they started simultaneously from the *carceres*, amidst the shouts and cheerings of the crowd. The Boeotian and Macedonian, stationed on the right, took the lead; the Spartan and those nearest him still managing to maintain their vantage ground. But the chariot of Alcibiades was seen gradually to fall behind, which continued to be the case for the first and second rounds, and it was generally believed that the Persian youth was incompetent to manage his horses, whose rearing and champing evinced their restlessness under restraint. It was, however, by no means the fact, for the youth having before him, now, the whole appearance and situation of the race, abandoned suddenly the reins to his impatient steeds, and his artful and sagacious plan was rapidly developed by the consequences. The other chariots being now scattered at long intervals during the whole line of the course, the Persian, encouraging the ardor of his fresh steeds, passed successively one after the other, until he found at last only the Spartan ahead. Seeing the near approach of the youth, and having witnessed and quickly comprehended his manoeuvre, the infuriated driver goaded forward his panting horses as his antagonist swept onward in his rear, aiming directly for the inner track near the point. The latter easily proved the overmatch, and the foaming white steeds, with heads erect and nostrils dilated, were seen far in advance, and rapidly nearing the goal. Roaring with rage, and maddened with disappointment at having lost a victory in the very moment of anticipated triumph, the angry Spartan, in his confused and desperate attempt, had wheeled his chariot directly athwart the line of the stadium. In a moment more he had disappeared in the clouds of dust raised by the rush of his antagonists behind, and his horses were seen wildly careering along the track with only a fragrant of the splendid car, which they had so proudly drawn at the beginning.

The flashing eyes of Agesilaus—the proud, disdainful looks of Cynisca told of the mortification which rankled within, as the Persian youth dexterously drew up his victorious Arabians amidst the universal greetings of the spectators.

And the green chaplets bound the brow of the Athenian, and he tenderly led away the trembling, fragile youth, whose genius alone had conquered difficulties and chances which all thought insurmountable, and had secured a triumph which all thought was lost.

"Thanks to thy bold and masterly conception, my sweet one!" whispered Alcibiades, as gaining the private pavilion the young girl threw off her disguise, and sank pale and almost breathless into his arms. "Nothing was ever more beautifully done—a more complete movement in detail was never witnessed or brought to so successful a result. But I must use a more trying and hazardous plan, no matter what befall—"

The second and third honors were lost to the Athenian.

And now had come the exciting moment—the grand finale of the exercises. The crowd pressed around more densely as the heralds proclaimed that the race

of Alcibiades, the Syracusan and Cynisca would now be contested. Anxiety was deeply pictured in every face—the agonethetae themselves looked more agitated—as the distinguished contestants were stationed at the *carceres*. Fate was again opposed to the Athenian—for he was now thrown on the extreme right, the Syracusan having obtained the left, whilst Cynisca of course occupied the centre.

Four coal black steeds, remarkable for immense muscular developments, answered to the rein of Alcibiades. His chariot was also of ponderous size, and glittered with the massive, rich gildings. One would have supposed that the weight of the vehicle would necessarily impede its celerity—though none questioned the sagacity of the Athenian—yet many wondered. Nothing more splendid or better appointed had ever been seen upon the hippodrome than this equipage. Those of Cynisca and Calimachus were indeed remarkably beautiful and symmetrical—but no comparison was instituted against the Athenian's, for who could cope with the far-famed Alcibiades!

The signal was again given, and again the charioeters whirled off in the exciting race. The contestants were apparently quite evenly matched, for after the first round as the vehicles passed the throne of the Judges, no discernible advantage had been gained by either. It was observed, however, that the Athenian having the extreme right end had gradually approached the centre, throwing the fair Spartan much nearer to Calimachus.

"By Jove," said a stout Athenian, "I had strange thoughts from the first as to the motives which influenced the choice of those clumsy, overgrown horses and that huge car."

"Be sure that movement bodes danger to one of them," said his companion. "Alcibiades is not wont to make a mischoice—but Heavens, look now!"

This last remark had been elicited by a glance hastily thrown at the chariots, which now had assumed a most perilous and thrilling attitude. The wily Athenian had thought that speed was not alone to be relied on in a contest of the character which he was now engaged in—and his fertile mind had fallen upon an expedient at once sagacious and fearful. The chariots, passing in the last round, had been forced more closely to each other, and from the direction of the Athenian's eye and his evident aim, it was seen that they must come together at or near the boundary point, and produce by a concussion the most imminent danger to the parties. The plan of Alcibiades, and the objects of his selection were now penetrated, and the judges and privileged spectators rose to their feet breathless with anxiety, for all fore saw the inevitable and fatal result should that plan be heartlessly pursued.

The antagonists approached the critical point; a shudder thrilled through every bosom as the ponderous chariot was seen still pressing to the others. The beautiful and intrepid Spartan madly urged her spirited steeds to avoid the threatened danger and obtain the lead. Her long, luxuriant hair floated wildly in the breeze raised by the speed of her career; and her fine voice was heard encouraging the Syracusan to maintain his speed and position, that the boundary

might be safely passed. But she had made her discovery too late—the black coursers were too near upon them—and now an adroit movement of Alcibiades threw her chariot full against that of Calimachus, and his own interlocked with them. A ghastly pallor had overspread the features of the Spartan girl, whilst the wild looks of the frightened Syracusan betokened his sense of the danger.

They were now opposite the column—the black coursers were suddenly and violently reined inward, and a crash grated on the ear.

The terrible shock was too much for the slender and elegant vehicles of his antagoniste, but that of Alcibiades was unhurt. The terrified Calimachus leaped forward, but in the attempt to sheer one danger he rashly plunged into another. He missed his aim and fell—his feet became entangled in the trappings of the horses, and in an instant more he was trampled and mangled to death.

The most lively anxiety was now felt on all sides for the fate of the heroic Cynisca, who could be seen still standing on a fragment of her chariot, but whose horses, yet more hampered and pressed by the artful manœuvres of the Athenian, were rearing and plunging in the endeavor to extricate themselves. Two of them had been frightfully wounded in the confusion, and were utterly intractable.

And now the black steeds, almost unmanageable themselves, seemed to be charging full against them: the fragment of the carriage was crushed against the column, and the wounded horses fell under the pressure. Just then when all were looking with intense and appalling horror to see the Spartan sink before the dread fate which menaced her, Alcibiades was seen to stoop, and quick as lightning he grasped with his left hand the waist of the beautiful woman, and held her safely before the astonished crowd, whilst his huge coursers thundered forward to the goal, closely pursued by the remaining horses of Cynisca.

And the venerable and affectionate Socrates shed tears of joy as Alcibiades galloped triumphantly to the throne of the judges, and deposited his lovely burthen in the arms of her royal brother. But he whispered to Hipponicus, the intended father-in-law of his pupil—"ah, my friend, Greece will feel the consequences of this day's sport in more ways than one. Trifles, light as air, often produce the most serious results. Watch that frown which hangs like a dark shadow on the face of the haughty Agesilaus—see the ominous groups of Spartans separated from the throng, and conversing with impassioned gestures! These things bode no good. Did you observe that priestess of Ceres as she covered her face with the black veil when our champion rescued the woman? Thousands noticed it, and it will be taken as a sad omen. Mark what I say! The lessons of the Peloponnesian war will be renewed on fated Greece, and Athens will have a master, and both will date from this Olympiad."

At this moment the judges crowned Alcibiades again with the olive wreath; and the elated Athenians raised a loud shout of victory. They broke through all restraint, they gathered in crowds around the car of the victor—the black horses were no longer allowed

to perform their duty—and the loftiest names which graced the calendars of Athens, and gave greatest lustre to its pages, were soon mingling in the giddy throng which drew that car to the gorgeous quarters of its ambitious owner.

But there was one who joined not in this applause. It was the proud, revengeful Nicias, the jealous rival of Alcibiades. Turning to his companions he said, exultingly, "probably he will not find another barbarous and ingenious expedient to bring him down triumphantly from the Areopagus! The holiest laws of Heaven and of Athens have been ruthlessly defied this day by that man, and yet must he be let alone for the present. His destiny will reach its climax, but at the first turn he shall be brought to a heavy account."

"Yet you surely do not contemplate bringing these charges against one so beloved by the populace?" asked Clitus.

"Ay, does he," said a stern voice near them—"envy ventures far against those who excite her rabid fires. I warned Nicias that his prediction might be fulfilled. The terrors of the Areopagus, and the wiles of enemies will be alike unable to destroy the power of his influence. Govern thyself, Athenian!"

And the offended Socrates walked off. Years afterward the recollection of this rebuke by Nicias caused the philosopher to drink his cup of hemlock.

And the games were now ended. Tents were struck, and all moved for their distant homes. The plans of Alcibiades had succeeded—his crafty aim was accomplished.

The Spartans nursed the rancor which so many disasters had begotten within their bosoms, and soon after, when the proud Cynisca, fretting under her defeat, hastened her end by unlawful means, her admiring countrymen erected a magnificent monument to commemorate her life and deeds, and burned for the renewal of strife to satisfy their feelings for revenge. And they were soon gratified.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARRIAGE. ARTIFICE OF ALCIBIADES.

It was a lovely summer morning, and the feathered songsters caroled gaily as they took their flight—and the air was balmy and fresh from the dews of the past night, which yet glistened on the shrubs and flowers. The glories of the rising sun bespangled the gorgeous horizon of the East, and the mists were fast vanishing before his severe rays from the bright bosom of the Egean sea.

Again a splendid galley, loosed from its mooring at the city, sped swiftly over the waves, and made for the opposite shores of Eubea. But it was not the galley which bore the lover of the fair priestess to brighten her solitude with his presence, and fill her young heart with joy. A large company of both sexes filled the benches of the galley, and in their midst was a destined bride, going to consult the auguries in the private temple of Apollo.

And the shore was gained—the barque tied up—the proud Greek maiden knelt alone before the altar on which the holy incense had been sprinkled, and which

held the reeking bowels of the hymenial victim. Calyx frowned upon the devotee with a well dissembled but withering look; whilst his trembling and agitated daughter, with her mantle drawn over her fair, pale face, sat not far from him.

"Young maiden," said the priest in a stern, solemn voice, "I cannot promise much for thy marriage from the signs vouchsafed by the immortal god. But this I may venture to tell thee. Thy lord will rise to high and dazzling eminence in the state, but the neglected bride will not partake of his glory; Athens will find a master in the husband—and behold a slave in the wife. The gods, from some cause, are angry—a sacrifice and offering are needed to appease them. The union can never be blest—but let thy father bestow a part of his riches upon Apollo, and offer the customary sacrifice to the chaste Diana. Then may favor be granted—and thy peace secured. This is all I am permitted to say."

The maiden rose—more pale than when she had entered—and the party moved away. Her father had been present, and liked not the haughty and forbidding tone of the priest.

"And dost thou know, stern priest," he asked, "who is destined to lead home my daughter as his wife?"

"What matters it to me who the bridegroom shall be?" said Calyx. "Is it my part to show subserviency to individuals in making known the will of the immortals! Go, proud man, and were it the Archon himself the answer should still be the same."

The priestess drew aside her veil, and as she surveyed the retreating figure of the bride, she sighed and hung her head.

Poor girl, she was but a woman, and with woman's affections she feared to trust the words of her lover, when he told her that he sought not the marriage from love, but for the power and influence it would bring to him. Calessthene shuddered to think that the idol whom she adored would soon be bound by vows other than he had so often plighted to herself. But the aspiring man had formed his plan, and woman, although the pastime of his idle hours, was not allowed, in his moments of cool reflection, to cast a shadow in the path of his ambition. The fair Melian knew him well—she shared his confidence—she felt that his best affections were hers—she loved him beyond all power of control, and she resigned herself to share his destiny as he himself should determine.

That same night the spacious dwelling of the Hipponeus was illuminated with unusual splendor. Many guests were assembled, and the wine flowed freely, and congratulations were flatteringly showered upon the father, at the brilliant existence which opened before his daughter as the bride of Alcibiades.

And the chaste Diana was appeared; the fair bride was conducted with torches amidst the noise and bustle of an Athenian wedding to her new home, and all were delighted, and all envied the bright prospects of Hippante. And the night had passed—and morning came—and again friends and relations assembled to greet the newly married couple.

But the nuptial couch was tenanted only by the blushing bride. The groom had left her at an early hour. All wondered, and none wondered more than

Hippante at the coldness and apparent want of animation her lord had shown. She thought of the priest. The marriage was consummated—the husband was satisfied—and now other ends were to be attained—and he thought not of calming the disappointment of the bride, or allaying the wonder of friends. The wife was forgotten in the strife for glory.

Had Calessthene but known this how lightly would her warm heart have pulsated!

The secret soon transpired. The Spartan ambassadors were in Athens. The object of their mission was generally known, and deep anxiety pervaded that vast city.

That very morning an audience was to be granted them before the popular assembly, and crowds had already collected to witness the proceeding, and learn the fate of Greece. The senate had been made acquainted with the full extent of their powers, and now the subject was to be brought before the people.

The Spartans made their appearance, and Alcibiades, already impressed with the dignity of his standing in this branch of the national councils, demanded of them the object and extent of their commission. Unexpectedly to nearly all, and especially to the senate, before whom they had made an expressly contrary statement, the Spartans now declared that their powers were by no means full, and that the proceedings could only be regarded as a preliminary to future negotiations. The crafty aspirant, affecting a transport of indignation, and turning his fierce eyes upon the astonished Spartans, flashing with fire and glowing with resentment, arraigned the audacity of a people who thus dared to sport with Athens, by sending to her councilmen who knew not what they did, and who contradicted one day what they had asserted another.

"And can you still, Athenians," continued he, "tamely submit to such indignities? In the conduct of these men you behold reflected the usual duplicity of their republic. And what has not Sparta done to insult and provoke you? This abominable peace of Nicias shows the character of the man, and should be cursed by Athenians. Not a stipulation it enjoined has been complied with on our side, whilst we have yielded everything to their rapacity. With the oath of alliance with us yet fresh on their lips, they form a league with Thebes, your ancient and inveterate foe. They promised to restore Panactium—but they first dismantled its walls and laid low its fortifications. Many neighboring towns were to have been surrendered to you—yet the soldiers of Sparta still revel in their streets. And can you endure in your midst, after this, such determined traitors and foes?" and he pointed to Nicias and the Spartan envoys. "No, Athenians, let the vile peace of Nicias be forever annulled. If Sparta draws the sword, we will not sheathe it until we have covered with shame all her truckling partisans in this city. We will defy her."

Words like these, spoken with all the fervor of excited patriotism—and in the style so peculiar to Alcibiades—went to the hearts of the Athenians already prepossessed by his glory, and the disconcerted ambassadors fled precipitately from the assembly, whilst the name of Alcibiades was rung in the air.

And none suspected that the credulous Spartans

had been made the dupes of an artifice planned by Alcibiades—that their perjury was the result of his intrigues. None dreamed of the unholy ambition which burned like a quenchless fire within his bosom, or of his resolve to find some pretext which would again kindle the expiring flames of the Peloponnesian war. Here chance had found him—and he was successful.

And Athens paid dearly for the honors showered upon her rising hero, and Greece felt for many years the weight of wars directed by the genius, and sustained with rare address by a gifted intriguer and bold tyrant.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COURT OF AREOPAGUS.

THE reader must now run some few years ahead with us in this our truthful chronicle of past times. We must pass over the fierce battles, the bloody fields which raised the glorious fortunes of Alcibiades, and wasted the strength of Greece.

The car of fortune does not always turn forward; we must now trace its backward rotations, and find the reverses in this hitherto brilliant career.

The twilight of a calm summer's evening had settled around—and the fair city of Attica presented a scene of singular commotion. From every quarter long, dense masses of people were seen moving in one common direction, and, by degrees, converging like parallel lines on an open plain near the foot of Mar's Hill. It was evident that some unusual event had taken place, which created the most intense interest. The dusky figures seen by the uncertain light seemed like so many airy spectres increasing every moment in size and number. And not a lamp was visible.

On the summit of the celebrated mount, and in the open air the members of the court of Areopagus had taken their seats, all venerable from age and the distinguished offices they had filled. The struggling moonbeams which penetrated the intervals of the grove, was the only light which fell upon that solemn scene. Silence reigned around, broken only now and then by a summons from the officer of the court, directed to the various witnesses who ranged themselves in front of the court. Among these was seen Socrates, Calyx, the priest, and Hipponicus, the father-in-law of Alcibiades. This excited no small curiosity—the sight of the venerable men appearing as witnesses before the highest tribunal known to the laws.

All eyes were fixed upon the silver stones, on which sat the accused and their accuser preparatory for trial. On one of these appeared Alcibiades, the greatest general of Greece, the petted favorite of Athens. But none who observed the proud glance of his bold eye, or the severe dignity of his demeanor, would have taken him for the accused. No unseemly and repentant habiliment covered him, as was usual with all on trial—but with his accustomed self-will he had refused to appear before the court in other than his military apparel, covered over with the mantle he had worn on his last triumphant return from the

scenes of his glory. Strange sight for that age! The most renowned leader of his time—the most powerful man in Greece quietly seated to undergo a trial before the tribunals of his country.

Not far from the hero, occupying the seat which signified Innocence, was the beautiful priestess of Apollo, clad in the purple vestments of her office, the fellow prisoner of her distinguished lover. Nothing of external emotion was visible in that fair countenance, yet the girl had some misgivings, and trusted alone to the power and influence of Alcibiades to rescue her from the perilous situation in which she was placed.

Their accuser was the malignant Nicias—and the lustrous eye of the fallen hero flashed with anger as he beheld his unrelenting enemy calmly seated before him, apparently enjoying the triumph of having humbled his pride. And no light was there to reveal the cowering shudder which thrilled the frame of Nicias, as the fierce glance of his terrible rival pierced him in the moonbeams. He saw in the anxious faces and unusual excitement which surrounded the tribunal, the popularity of him whom he had denounced, and trembled to think of the retribution which might yet be visited upon him.

The tumult subsided—the hum of voices ceased as the revered Socrates submitted himself to the accuser's advocate for examination.

"Socrates," said the advocate, "thou knowest the nature of the indictment which readers Alcibiades odious to this tribunal. He is accused by Nicias of seditious conduct, impiety, and illicit connection with a priestess of our holy religion. These, under our laws, are serious charges. Answer then the questions which I propound as thy duty to those laws demands. And firstly, dost thou know of such connection existing as charged?"

"I have long known of the favor shown by Alcibiades to the priest and his daughter," answered the sage, gravely. "It is neither my duty nor my desire to trace crime."

"Canst thou tell aught as to the objects of the visits made by him (the accused) to Eubea after night?"

"Such visits were frequently made—I did not follow him."

"These visits then were always made after night?"

"I am not aware that the gods have excluded mortals from paying their devotional visits after night. I know many who have visited the temple at all hours of day and night."

"Is Alcibiades then so pious that he should perform his devotions at hours so unseemly?"

"The answer to that must come from his own conscience. Thou hast no right to ask such, and the sneer is unworthy and shameful as directed against an accused person."

"We seek not to be admonished—we wish thy testimony. Thou wert at the Olympic games with Alcibiades when he won the prize from the Spartan woman? Now who occupied the small pavilion which was attached to his own on that occasion?"

"I am surely required to answer strange questions. I am not acquainted with the domestic arrangements of my friend. I saw none but *dogs* about the pavilion you allude to."

As the sage made this answer, Nicias moved convulsively as if rising to his feet—but at a sign from the advocate he again resumed his position. Socrates smiled sarcastically as he met the eye of Alcibiades, who had also noticed the uneasiness of his accuser.

"Well parried," said the advocate; "one would suppose that subtlety as an advocate and not philosophy was thy study. We know that a dog guarded this tent—so much the more suspicious. I ask if thou canst tell who staid within?"

"I have served with Alcibiades in the field against our enemies—I have ever shared his hospitality—and I have known him for many years—I never went where he did not invite me when under his cover—I am not able to answer the question, as I never was within the tent myself—I have but little curiosity, and never am impertinent. Few others can say as much."

"Canst thou tell who it was, disguised as a Persian, that drove the chariot of Alcibiades in his first race?"

"Thou hast surely mistaken my calling. Is it for me to inquire into the character or identity of grooms and charioteers? I was the guest of my friend—not his sentry."

A short consultation now ensued between Nicias and the advocate, and then the latter dismissed the philosopher, despairing of all attempts, however well disguised, to disarm his self-possession or shake his fidelity.

Hippocicus was called. Inflamed with resentment at the neglect his daughter had experienced during her married life, and burning with desire for vengeance, the father of Hippante recited a string of facts which satisfied all minds of the truth of the third charge against Alcibiades.

Calyx was summoned—and the dejected priest stepped forth to undergo a fearful examination, the result of which might ruin himself—blast his only child—and cloud the prospects forever of his distinguished friend and benefactor. But at this stage of the proceeding the advocate of Alcibiades, hitherto perfectly silent, arose and eloquently objected to the introduction of a father as witness in a cause in which his child was a party. The laws recognised no such unnatural principle—and humanity sickened at the bare idea. The testimony of the priest in any event must affect the daughter, and he motioned for his discharge. The plea was sustained, and the priest retired.

Other witnesses, less friendly to the accused, were introduced, and one by one the charges against Alcibiades were substantiated. He was convicted of seditious attempts—of having by an act of treachery brought about a renewal of the Peloponnesian war—of having shown on many occasions flagrant irreverence for the gods—of having violated the sanctity of temples by holding illegal intercourse with a priestess.

The brazen urn which stood in front was opened, and the judges by turns deposited their votes. This was done by black and white stones, the color of which always denoted the decision. These stones were drawn from urns which stood on either side of the one in which the votes were cast, and as this court always held its sessions after night, the white pebbles were distinguished from the black by holes bored through them.

The members had resumed their seats, and now the officer in attendance proceeded to tell the state of the votes.

Breathless silence prevailed—not a whisper was heard throughout that vast and crowded assembly. And Alcibiades betrayed no sign of emotion as his doom was being determined: the beauty of that face was radiant as when he had entered Athens, a short time before, at the head of his victorious bands. Aware of the contrivances by which his arrest had been effected, he had scarcely from the first doubted the issue of his trial—and he fortified his mind with all the native firmness which distinguished him, determined to crush, even in that fearful emergency, the anticipated triumph of his enemies. He had whispered courage and consolation in the ear of his drooping companion, and the spirited girl had regained her self-possession as the critical moment drew nearer. A flush of excitement tinged her delicate cheek—but the worst had now passed—and she feared nothing to come so long as Alcibiades was by her side.

Amidst this solemn stillness the decision of the court was made known. The black balls far outnumbered the white—the accused were condemned.

An exulting smile curled the lip of Nicias and his satellites—and the proud heart of Alcibiades was smitten to the quick. He had sought with honor the battles of his country—he was the terror of her enemies—and he, the descendant of a long line of illustrious ancestry, now condemned for treachery—and at furthest, for crimes trivial and inconsiderable when weighed in the balance against his meritorious services.

His haughty spirit revolted—and rising from his seat, he addressed the Areopagites and the assembly in the forcible and laconic style so peculiarly his own.

"Athenians, the early days of my life have been devoted to the service of your country. The best blood of my heart has been freely poured out in fighting your battles, and in leading your armies. I bear wounds of which I am proud—and the scars which they have left are proofs of my devotion. But I have lived too long. I have lived to feel the sting of ingratitude at the hands of my countrymen whom I have loved so well. Insidious counsels and envious intrigues have prevailed in circles where the pure light of justice has been wont to shine in solitary beauty. Old and arduous services are forgotten in imaginary crimes, conceived by base and jealous rivals, and are passed over for a few slight offences perverted by malignant foes. Justice has been melted down into unwarrantable and stern rigor—clemency no longer adorns the shrines where once she loved to dwell. Virtue sighing has departed, and the light of her benignant presence no longer illuminates the darkness which has crept in to supplant her.

"I have been hunted and pursued for years like some wild beast—and the testimony elicited this day proves the fact. Those who love me have been watched and persecuted with the single view of striking me. My best friends have been forced to appear before you to answer the base purposes of my enemies. Wisdom and philosophy have been insulted in the person of the revered Socrates—the natural affections

of the heart have been sported with in the person of one dedicated to a holy calling. This has been done to subserve the most wicked ends—I have been spared in no particular. What then am I to think? Can I forget the land of my birth, the country in whose service imperishable glory has covered my name? No, but I can despise and defy the counsels by which she is governed—and seek in other climes the peace which is denied me here. I love the people—they have honored me with their constant affection, and I shall not forget them. I know your laws, Athenians, and I will abide them. I choose my fate before that choice is submitted to me. I go into voluntary exile. This young woman shall go with me. She shall not stay to suffer for my sake, and become the prey of revengeful intriguers. I know what I do—let him who dares, attempt to stop me."

Thus saying, he unsheathed his gleaming sword, and turning so as to display his full military costume, Alcibiades with that impetuosity and boldness which so eminently, on all occasions, characterized him, seized Calesthenia and advanced into the midst of the spectators. They opened their ranks before his strides.

Some attempts at resisting his progress were made by Nicias and his followers—but the people gathered around their favorite, and followed his footsteps with mingled admiration and grief. It would have been dangerous, even in the august presence of the Areopagites, to have interposed any obstacle to his retreat.

The fair girl kept by the side of her lover, and her step was firm and light as the mountain fawn, and there was no wavering in her gait.

The sea-shore was gained—the barge of Alcibiades awaited them—and at that solitary, cheerless hour of the night he bade farewell to the land of his glory and his fortunes, whilst his countrymen bewailed his hard fate.

The oars splashed in the bright waters—the light boat bounded onward in its course—and the lovers, seated side by side, were conveyed swiftly away on the broad bosom of the sea. And then from the distance, sweet, plaintive notes wafted in mellow cadences, fell upon the ear. It was the rich voice of Calesthenia warbling a wild, melancholy air of her own Melas. A dark figure, but dimly discernible, was seen standing in the stern, waving his adieus to the shores of his fatherland—the last dip of the oars was heard, and amidst the vast waves of the Egrian, beneath the pale beams of the midnight moon, the dejected Athenians lost sight of the renowned hero, whose brilliant exploits and splendid genius had shed undying lustre upon his country, and whose great name alone was a bulwark against all her enemies.

And now we must leave the exiles to the fates which awaited them. At another day we may picture the years of solitude thus passed by the Athenian hero—his triumphant return, and his last days.

DUN EVENING IS FALLING.

TO MARY.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Dun evening is falling,
The shadows are gliding,
Like phantom o'er forest,
And mountain and lea;
The moon with her white shield
Of light is dividing
The clouds, as a bark ploughs
The sunbeam'd sea.

Thou art near, thou art near in
My moments of sadness—
Thy voice is breathed low through
The mist of my dreams;
In its sunshine, its triumph,
Its loneliness—madness,
Come thy tones o'er my soul like
The music of streams.

Thou art near, thou art near in
The far-running pinions
Of winds wasting verdure
And song to our clime;

With sweet tales of the South,
The Spring's sunny dominions—
Bright islets, blue waves, groves
Of orange and lime.

Thou art near in each flower that 'midst
Dew-beaded grasses,
Lifts its eye to the stars from
The garden or vale;
Each songster that courts
The free breeze as it passes,
Hath mention of thee in
Its vanishing tale.

Dun evening is falling—
The valleys grow dimmer—
The white lips of the Past
Murmur dumbly to me;
Earth gilds into darkness,
The forest-tops glimmer,
Whilst the leaves and warm stars
Speak in whispers of thee.

THE TWO SHREDS OF HAIR.

BY MRS. D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

A SIMPLE lock of hair—glossy and black as night—coiled into a delicate curl, and nestled down in the folds of this snowy paper, like the wing of a raven resting upon a fleecy cloud! A single tress of jetty hair, soft and silken—strange that it should thus touch the chain of memory link by link till it vibrates almost painfully—strange that it should awaken such emotions, and cause my heart to beat thus heavily. And yet it is not very strange after all; for the pale, fair fingers that placed this little treasure in mine, and the fairer brow that once wore the black lock, have long been cold in death.

Sweet Caroline—thine was a bright but brief existence. Too gentle and pure for this dark world, thy spirit early plumed its wings for Heaven. She was a tall, graceful girl, with a brow of marble pureness, and an eye softer than the young gazelle's. I have often gazed into those dark, gentle orbs, and tried to fathom their deep and wonderful expression; but I could not. There was something in their glance, though they beamed only in love and trustfulness, something which was not of earth. There was always a rose tinge upon her cheek, and a deeper dye on either lip; and then the long, jetty, shining braids of her hair twined so gracefully about her fine head, and their deep shadows made the whiteness of her brow and neck almost dazzling. Yes—she was *beautiful*, and each low tone of her soft voice fell upon the ear like the trembling echo of a harp, musical and thrilling.

Her home was in the bosom of bright, fair Connecticut; and its green hills and flowery vales, with the melody of its gliding streamlets, had been her companions, and the music she loved; and from the sweet influences surrounding her had her soul taken a tinge of romance and of sadness, which made the light of her lovely face all the more attractive and winning. At last my own dear friend left the home of her girlhood, and left her girlhood too. She stood at the holy altar with the chosen of her young heart, and spake the solemn vow which made her another's. A teardrop dimmed her eye, and a paleness came over her cheek as she stooped to imprint upon her sick mother's brow the parting kiss; and her breath was quick and almost suffocating as she unlocked the entwining arms of her only sister from her neck, and turned from her anxious, tearful face. But a low voice whose faintest tones was melody to her trusting soul, soon banished the glistening gems from her cheeks and brought back the sunshine of joy to her drooping eyes. The dear one came in all her loveliness, and with her bright dreams to our own beautiful village—to be one among us—and now face to face we whispered of the past, and wreathed bright garlands of hope for the future.

Months passed on, and the light of her eye was yet undimmed—ay, it gathered intenser brightness. The glow on her cheek became richer, and I sometimes fancied the sweet, gentle voice grew tremulous and weaker; though I hoped it was a mere fancy. Summer had again thrown her wreath of many flowers over the brow of nature, and each sheltered nook rung with the echo of fairy music, while the green valleys and sunny hill-sides blushed and smiled beneath their burden of clustering blossoms. There was a smile too upon the lips of the young bride, as she walked forth to inhale the delicious odor that filled the air almost to heaviness. But her step was not as light, her heart not as joyous as in the happy past. A cold and withered hand was upon her heart-strings, and soon she yielded to its merciless touch. Like a flower she faded, as silently, as peacefully. We hardly knew that death was by till she had ceased to breathe, and lay cold and still, but oh, how beautiful in his icy arms. There was a crushing of hearts that had bowed to an earthly idol, a withering of blissful dreams, a bending to earth of broken spirits. There was an infant wail; but the tremulous cry fell unheeded upon the young mother's ear. Her quivering lips had pressed the last cold kiss upon its tender brow, and now she had tuned her harp in Heaven. It was a rural spot near her childhood haunts where they laid the lovely clay to rest; and in a few months the dead babe slept upon the mother's bosom, while over the blossom and the bud flowers less beautiful, but frail like them, shed their soft perfume. She has passed from the dark and cheerless world, but the gentle memory of my youthful schoolmate, my chosen friend, is yet fresh and green in my heart of hearts.

With this long, soft curl of *auburn* came a thousand bright and happy thoughts. It is not exactly auburn; yet there is a mingling of *gold* with the rich brown; and I fancy now that I see the slender thing waving with its fellow ringlets over a pure, fair forehead, shading eyes of deepest grey. With this tress comes to my mind a snowy cottage nestled within a shadowy, grassy vale, at the foot of that tall, bold mountain in good, dear Vermont. The air is so pure and fresh, and the summer breeze so soft and musical on that mountain's summit, and then the broad, green valley below, with its clustering white cottages and its velvet lawns, and the winding river, whose silver waters sparkle in the sunlight—all, *all* unite to make it one of nature's "beauty spots." That summer was a bright, a happy one which I spent beneath the roof of that sweet little cottage, with her from whose sunny brow I plucked this trembling little prisoner. Winder, that is the name of my mountain nymph. She is a fairy girl, and the music of her mellow voice has

often rung around that mountain side and through the shady glens, till its soft echo came floating back in the melody of the rippling waters, and the quivering strains of the spring warblers that shook their bright wings and soared Heavenward till lost to the watching eye.

Dear Winder! though the smile on her full, red lips is ever fresh and dimpling; though the light of her soft grey eye seems ever clear and steady, and the glow on her cheek unfading, yet there was a time when lip, and cheek, and brow were marble white, when the sunny eyes were dimmed with thickly coming tears, and the heart throbbed in pain and agony. And those who watch her closely now, those who watch each varying expression of her bright face, may see a sadness in the playful smile, and a melancholy mingling in the deep light of her grey eye. Winder was very young when she gave her warm, loving heart away; and he who took the gift and gladly gave his own in exchange, was worthy the priceless gem. A few short months they were very happy, and wandered hand in hand over that mountain's brow, and drank in the glories of the surrounding scene. But at last the youth grew sick, and his lofty soul wandered in darkness. A deathly paleness sat upon his noble forehead, and a wild light was in his dark eye. Her name was ever on his parched lips, and he was again wandering over the hill-side and deep vales with her he loved. She was near, and it was her hand that smoothed the jetty locks from his fevered cheek, and she whispered gently in her subdued and trembling tones to his heart. He heard her at last, and with a faint smile coming over his ashy lip, he fell asleep.

Poor Winder! she was young yet for such sorrow, and it fell heavily upon her heart; and though as time rolled on, the bloom returned to her pale cheek, and health to her frame, she has never forgotten that manly form, nor the music of that voice. She is a dear, good girl, and her auburn locks have often been pressed by the palsied hand of age, while a blessing on her head has come from the heart which four-score years had not chilled. I well remember one personage, the most remarkable in my youthful mind of any in that pleasant little Edlen-flower vale. She was a very old woman, and occupied the ancient *white house* across the narrow, wooden bridge, only a few rods from Winder's cottage. The building was almost as aged as its solitary inmate, and its dark brown walls bent over the green bank, and seemed to totter in every breeze that swept over the flat roof, while the tall, old oaks that towered around it had almost forgotten to clothe themselves in the fresh, green livery of their auburn hair led me?

young days, and stood in leafless grandeur like sentinels about the dilapidated mansion. It had been a structure of elegance once, and its now rusty sides had glittered in the sunbeams the proudest and lordliest dwelling for miles around. It was the only painted house in all that region, and that gave it the title which it still bore, though nearly half a century back the brown walls peeped through their covering of white, and the last vestige of paint disappeared.

I well remember the first time I ascended the steep, grassy bank, and trod the narrow, moss-grown footpath leading to the old hall door. I clung to the hand of my smiling companion, and trembled I scarce knew why. But there was something about that strange old house that looked so frowningly down upon us, that made the warm blood chill about my heart. We passed through two or three large, vacant rooms, our footsteps echoing along the empty windings, and falling upon my ear like a death-knell, till at last in a small apartment that contained but little to make life pleasant, we found the old lady, and I started back as she arose from her seat and approached to meet us, with her bony hand extended, and her blue eyes, which seemed utterly rayless, directed toward the spot where we stood. She was bent nearly double, and it was with difficulty she hobbled along, calling out in her shrill, sharp voice—

"Is it you, Winder child; and who, pray, have you here?" She laid her skinny fingers upon my arm and peered into my pale face with those strange little eyes, until I turned away in an agony of fear from her gaze. The poor old woman was very deaf, and the bright, laughing lips of Winder approached her ear, while in her clear, bird-like voice she screamed out—

"Good mother, this is a dear friend whom I call sister. She has come far to visit our mountain home, and we have called to see you, and bring you this nice fruit!"

The old mother was satisfied, for a faint smile broke over her livid lips, and I fancied a ray of light came to her dull eyes. She took the little basket and crept back to her seat, while we with her permission wandered up the broken stair-way, and over the forsaken rooms of that ancient house.

We often visited the poor old creature after that, and I have gazed over her wrinkled face and wondered if the glow of beauty ever lit up those features, and if that wandering eye ever danced in sunny light. The weary frame is crumbling now to its mother dust; but perhaps the spirit that inhabited that crumbling temple is clothed in a beauty far surpassing earth's loveliest visions. But where has this little ringlet of auburn hair led me?

THE world may wonder at the gloom
Which sometimes o'er my spirit steals,
As though some wand'ring thought brought home
A bitterness it there reveals,
Which rises up to cloud my brow
As rude winds cloud the Summer day,
Which darkens o'er the heart below,
And dashes fancy all away.

The world hath no fit soul as thine
To meet and mingle with my own,
Yet must I drive this hope from mine
And wander on unloved—alone;
My spirits own this funeral shroud,
And shrink beneath their weight of care,
For oh! I am by far too proud
To win a heart I cannot wear.

MRS. DODDINGTON'S BALL.

BY GRACE MANNERS.

"Lords, to the dance—a ball! a ball!"

Mrs. Doddington's party was a most successful affair. For full two hours had the whole square (a most fashionable one, reader,) been annoyed or amused, as the case might be, with the ceaseless roll of carriages, the clanging of carriage steps, as each in turn deposited its charge, the oaths of the coachmen, and the prancing of restive horses, the raising of windows for the numerous serving damsels in the neighborhood to take a peep at the hooded and cloaked ladies, as they tripped up the steps and vanished into the illuminated hall. Soon, however, all was comparatively quiet, and save for the occasional bursts of music that came through the door, as it now and then opened for the admittance of an ultra fashionable dandy, and the light that was thrown on the pavement from the lamp inside, all seemed as usual in the square. But

"Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright."

Plumes waved and jewels flashed; ladies smiled and gentlemen flirted; and Mrs. Doddington was in the seventh heaven of ecstatic delight—for she had made a hit, a palpable hit, and felt herself securely perched upon the topmost rong of fashion's ladder; that most capricious goddess, to whom for many years her unceasing prayers had been made, with but doubtful success. But now, as she glanced through her gorgeous rooms, and caught sight of first one and then another of the well-born, gracious ladies, as the Germans have it, who at last she had been able to collect at her party, she was supremely happy for the time, and forgot all the rebuffs, the freezing civility, and the scarcely concealed contempt with which her former attempts had been met. But this, gentle reader, was a fancy ball; and if Hecate herself were to issue notes for such an affair, in a place that shall be nameless to "ears polite," she would finds crowds willing to favor her, "for that night only." Not that Mrs. Doddington was anything like Hecate, far, far from it; she was a right pretty woman—vulgarly pretty—fat, fair and forty; and now dressed as a Sultana, with her thick ankles concealed by her full Turkish pantaloons, her fat, white arms covered with sparkling bracelets, and her face shining like a full moon from beneath her Oriental turban, she was the "belle ideal" of a Turkish beauty, who had been fed on Odessa wheat until she had filled up the magic ring, whose circle decides the point with a Turk, and is his standard of beauty as regards the female form divine.

Do you wonder then that Mrs. Doddington was happy? There was not a single blot on the fair plan of her ball—not one vulgar relation was there to stir up her anger; the death of a worthy old uncle of

hers and theirs—a respectable tailor—having, most fortunately, as she thought, just occurred, and kept them all out of her way; and no one of those present she flattered herself knew of the connexion. But she was mistaken. More than one of the grey-headed papas of her fashionable young guests had for many years worn garments of her uncle's manufacture, and knew of the death of the respectable old tailor; and what was worse, had in times gone by met his pretty niece in the shop, as in her girlhood she passed in and out with her then loved cousins. But over all these things she trusted the waters of Lethe had rolled—at all events they were banished from her thoughts now, and she mingled with her guests, being introduced now and then to persons she did not know, and complimenting all upon the felicitous taste displayed in his or her dress.

Two of these young ladies now attracted her attention, and *one* her especial devotion. She was a stranger, who as yet had not been able, even with the efficient aid of a very dashing looking Fra Diavola, to make her way through the crowd to her hostess. This was now accomplished by that worthy individual coming to her; and the introduction was made in due form, and the young lady mentioned as Miss Percy. Following her was a young girl, her cousin, to whom Mrs. Doddington bowed slightly, and then turned to the stranger, whom she immediately began to overwhelm with flattery and thanks, for honoring her on so short a notice, as Miss Percy had only been in town a few days. A few civil replies from the young lady contented her, and she went off to her toils and duty elsewhere, and left the young ladies together.

A lovely couple they were; and while Capuchin friars and peasant girls; stately dames of the old regime, and Indian warriors dance together; while Sir Peter Teazle and Ida of Athens are hopping in a Polka, and a tall French chasseur and Titania are whirling in a waltz, we will abide with these two young girls as "lookers on in Venice" for a short period. But first we must describe them. Miss Percy was a sparkling, bright, rather mischievous looking beauty; a brunette of the most striking order, with regular, finely chiselled features, raven black hair, and flashing hazle eyes that looked full of intelligence, and, softly be it spoken, not a little sarcastic; and now robed as a novice, with her simple white dress and flowing veil, her crown of white roses, and her rosy fingers looked very like an escaped nun, that no convent walls would ever lure back to their dingy precincts, especially when as now surrounded by a

knot of beaux, with whom she was exchanging courtesies and making promises of future dances, when she had found out who the Jews, Turks and Infidels were, by whom she was solicited. Different in every respect was Ellen Arlington from her cousin, both in appearance, dress and manner; and now making her first acquaintance with that motley scene, a fancy ball, she was not a little frightened by the strangely disguised figures who claimed her notice. Her own appearance was too striking, and she was too lovely herself to pass without many comments. A blonde, with a profusion of soft, fair hair, a skin like wax, and eyes so "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," as to be almost black; robed as Night, with a black lace dress and ample veil, spangled with stars, a diamond crescent on her forehead, she was most lovely to look upon, and frightened as she was, she was not insensible to the many whispered praises of her own charms that met her ear. What girl ever was? And when it comes from knights and troubadors (carpet knights to be sure) as it now did to Ellen Arlington, is it to be wondered at if she speedily forgot her fright, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the fairy scene.

"Ah," whispered a dark eyed youth, most gorgeously arrayed as a prince of some unknown kingdom or other. "I never before understood the full force of Byron's apostrophe, 'how beautiful is Night;' but now I *feel* it. Will you not, Miss Arlington, treat a measure with me? and then those stars on your veil can wheel their mystic dance, and fair Dian, throned on your milk white brow, can from that envied spot look down approval."

"Hail '*sparkling*' goddess from thine ebon throne," exclaimed another; "deign to look upon a suffering mortal, who, moon-struck, will never recover his lost wits, unless graciously favored by thy hand in the mazy waltz."

"What a profanation," said a sentimental looking youth, attired as a Troubadour, "to address such an ethereal looking being with such mundane trash. Deign rather, sovereign lady of the skies, to gaze with me through yonder casement at your fair sister stars, who are now trying in vain to emulate your brightness."

Bewildered by this storm of nonsense and mock sentiment from gentlemen that she hardly knew, Ellen gladly turned away to dance with one of them, thinking as she did so that the pleasure she received from their compliments was fully counterbalanced by the pain their freedom of manner caused her; "but I suppose," she thought, "that is one of the abuses of a fancy ball, for I see Cecelia seems to be pretty much in the same case, so I shall try and forget these foolish speeches, and think only of enjoying myself." Miss Percy was her cousin's vis-a-vis, and as she now stood surrounded by gentlemen, answering each one in the same way in which he addressed her, paying back the fulsome flattery she received in the same coin, and then by a witty remark exciting the laughter of the whole group; Cecelia seemed to her cousin to be in her element, and she was highly amused in watching and admiring her ready wit and graceful manners, and wishing she could attain her happy

readiness instead of loosing all command of intellect from rhyme when she most wanted it.

Mrs. Doddington now made her appearance among the group of Miss Percy's listeners, and as they all respectfully made way for her, many a glance was exchanged in anticipation of the amusement her absurdities was about to furnish them. She was in a great flutter of spirits, and approached Miss Percy to reiterate her thanks for coming to her.

"I think it," she said, "not the least of my gratification of to-night, that my house is the first honored by the appearance of so distinguished a belle as Miss Percy, on *this* visit of yours to our city. I hardly hoped you would arrive in time, for I have known for weeks you were expected."

"The pleasure is all on my side, I assure you, Mrs. Doddington," politely returned her guest, "and I am only sorry that I had not time to prepare a prettier dress for your very brilliant ball. But this was the soonest arranged, and my heart warms to the novice's dress from my long residence in the Georgetown convent when a school girl. I had a great fancy to be a nun myself then, and so had a niece of yours that I was very fond of there, Mary Mason; she used often to speak of aunt Doddington, and the old uncle she lived with, uncle Jones; where is Mary now, Mrs. Doddington? I should be so very glad to see her again."

Had the earth opened at the feet of Mrs. Doddington; had her chandelier with its thousand lustres fallen from its high estate; or had all her prized and valued fashionable friends suddenly turned into demons, and this smiling, pretty girl into chief imp of the troupe, she could not have been more stunned and confounded. For uncle Jones was the tailor uncle, just dead, and Mary Mason was living in his family; and that Miss Percy, the handsome, distinguished, high-born, wealthy Miss Percy, should know all this (and know she did not doubt she did, as school girls are so communicative) was too much to bear. At first vague thoughts of denying the whole connexion rushed into her mind; then of saying Mary was dead, or that she had quarrelled with her, and knew nothing of her, flitted into her brain; but that would speedily be discovered to be untrue, and she had made up her mind to say she was not in the city, when as her perplexed faculties regained their tone, and the whizzing in her ears ceased sufficiently to enable her to hear what was said, she found a gentleman answering all Miss Percy's questions about her niece; relating the death of her uncle, and finally offering to convey her to the house where Mary was still living, as he was sure she would not be able to call and see Miss Percy at such a time.

How Mrs. Doddington extricated herself from the group she never knew; but the rest of the evening she fancied she saw a smile of derision on the faces of her guests, and that they all despised her, and fervently did she wish she had never thought of giving this ball. Not so Miss Percy. Utterly unsuspecting of the consternation her question had excited, and not being able to enter into, or comprehend such infinite meanness as that which had prompted her hostess to think of disowning her own niece, she continued her conversation with the gentleman, her informant of

these (to her) simple facts, and soon other topics were introduced, and Mary Mason was for the time forgotten in the more puzzling train of ideas by which she was excited.

As she rested from time to time during the continuance of a waltz, she observed a new and most distinguished looking person had been added to the motley group that had gathered round the waltzers. Most magnificently attired in an Albanian dress, the gentleman stood leaning against a door in conversation with another, and whenever she looked toward him she met his earnest gaze fixed upon herself. That he was a stranger was evident, as he spoke but to the one gentleman, and that she had never seen him before, she was sure. Great, therefore, was her surprise, when at the ending of the waltz as she passed into the hall for the sake of a cooler atmosphere, he left his companion and approached her, and in a voice that was evidently disguised, addressed her by name, and then added—"nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered." At first she felt indignant at the liberty thus taken by him without an introduction; but as he proceeded, and his voice lowered its tone, something familiar in it struck her ear, and she determined to go on with the conversation, that she might find out who among her acquaintance could so disguise himself as to baffle her penetration. That he knew her, and that well, she speedily discovered, and piqued by his successful disguise she continued to converse with him, hoping that by some oversight he would betray himself. But none such occurred; ever on his guard, he gave no clue to his own identity, while at the same time he showed such a correct knowledge of her affairs, travels and journeyings, that owning herself thoroughly mystified she rose, and with a slight glance at his well shaped feet, which she declared she almost believed to see cloven, she left him to join the dancers. "I shall see you at your aunt's to-morrow," were his parting words, "and trust you will not then disown me for a friend."

No one could enlighten her ignorance as to who he was; and Mrs. Doddington, to whom she applied, declared she had forgotten his name, but that he was a very distingué personage, and had just arrived from Europe, where he had procured that beautiful dress, which was the real costume of an Albanian chief, and not a mere fancy dress. "A very distingué person, and just returned from abroad," repeated Miss Percy, and as she ran over in her mind the many such personages she might know, a vague hope, accompanied with a thrill of delight, arose in her bosom that this might be *the one*, the favored one, who, months ago, when she was in Europe had been devoted to her, and made the first and only impression her heart had ever received. But that she should not know him, under any disguise, seemed impossible; and yet voice, eyes, figure, and all seemed changed. Her heart bounded with rapture at the bare thought of its being this favored mortal, and everything now seemed charming in her eyes under the influence of her own happy feelings, which before had begun to tire and weary her.

To seek out Ellen, the fair Queen of Night, and propose leaving the ball, was now her aim; but when she

saw her seated apart from the crowd, partly screened by a window curtain, with a handsome youth, attired as Endymion, on a low ottoman at her side, and by the looks of devotion and rapture on his face, and the blushes and happiness in hers, suspected that a very tender scene was being enacted; she had the charity to withdraw unseen, and once more joining the waltzers, gave her cousin time to recover her serenity sufficiently to appear before the eyes of others. Carefully had Cecelia kept the secret of the enamored Endymion, which had been confided to her by him the day of her arrival, of his intention to wear that costume. And now that his fanciful and happy gallantry had been crowned with success, and his coy goddess had confessed that his love was not unrequited, and owned that this last piece of devotion was irresistible; she was able to rejoice most completely with him, and the exulting hope throbbed in her heart that perhaps from this ball too she might be able to date her happiness.

Poor Mrs. Doddington meantime, though everything had gone off to all appearance most successfully, was wretched. She saw and knew that many of her guests despised her for despising her own relatives, and that they thought her a most unfeeling creature for thus outraging the decencies of life, by having this ball while her uncle was unburied; while she was vainly flattering herself they had never known of his existence. She felt she was *with* them, but not of them; and when having curtied out the last of her great acquaintance, she heard as she passed the door of the now nearly empty supper-room, some gay sprigs of fashion, whom she had asked to her house without knowing them, because they were the fashion, give as a toast in her best champagne, "the memory of our hostesses worthy uncle, that ninth part of a man," and the shouts of laughter that followed, her mortification was complete. And as she laid her aching head on her pillow, she acknowledged all was "bitterness and vexation of spirit."

If Mrs. Doddington did not enjoy the next day's reminiscence of her ball, Miss Percy and Ellen Arlington did. The delicious chat over the breakfast-table next morning; the acknowledged happiness of the one, and the secret unacknowledged hopes of the other were alike delightful, and made both confess that it was the most enchanting ball they had ever been at. Noon saw Miss Percy seated in her aunt's drawing-room, looking as lovely in her morning costume as in her evening fancy dress; but not wasting her "sweetness on the desert air," for she is talking with a very stylish looking young man, who is seated close to her in that most dangerous of all seats a "confidence," and from the pleased looks of both neither find it disagreeable.

"And so it was by a mere accident that you stayed for the ball last evening," said Miss Percy.

"By the merest," replied the gentleman. "I had been to Washington looking for some one that I was told in New York, where I arrived a fortnight since, I should find there. But my search was vain, for I found my friend had returned to Boston. In the cars I met an old college chum, who persuaded me to stay here half a day, as we had not met for years. In the

course of conversation the ball was spoken of, and you were mentioned as one of the greatest attractions expected there. My friend was going, and as my search for my Washington friend could now wait," and here a look from the gentleman caused the eyes of the lady to drop, and a blush to mantle on her cheek, "I determined to try if I could see and speak to you without your recognizing me. How successful I was you have confessed; and I believe you had absolutely forgotten me; I should have known you in any disguise under Heaven."

"Not if I had changed the color of my hair and eyebrows, and spoke in a 'falsetto' voice as you did; to say nothing of the ferocious beard with which you covered half of your face. And then thinking as I did you were still in Europe. Even now that I see and know that it was you, I can hardly trace the resemblance."

"I am glad," replied the gentleman, "that imagination if not memory was my friend, and that you had allowed that to wander and conjure up the thought that it might possibly be your Naples friend who had thus suddenly appeared."

And now, reader, when a handsome young lady and gentleman recur to Italy and Italian scenes enjoyed together; when sails on the bay of Naples, and sunset and moonlight effects, and bewitching songs are talked over; when Rome and its carnival joys, and St. Peter and its glories are discussed; when Venice and its gondolas, and its barcarolles, and its moonlit seas are touched on; when sighs become audible, and blushes frequent as these scenes are recalled, it is but kind to turn away and pretend not to see or heed. So we must do, and jumping to the end, the natural end of all these sighs and blushes, only say that in a very short time after Mrs. Doddington's ball, that good lady having swallowed all

her vexation emanating therefrom, was boasting to every one "that at her fancy ball occurred the romantic incident of Miss Percy and Mr. St. Clair's first meeting on his return from Europe, where he had been dreadfully in love with her, and after he had been to Washington on purpose to see her. That he had had a large fortune left him, and was now able to marry, as before he was too poor and too proud to offer himself to such an heiress. And a handsome couple they would be. And at her ball, too, pretty little Ellen Arlington had completed her conquest of the rich Southerner. Mrs. Gray, she looked so lovely in her fancy dress as Queen of Night; and that this ball having gone off with such éclat, she had determined to have another one next winter." She never mentioned the "toast" she overheard, but digested that morsel in private like a wise woman; and when she found that Miss Percy had been to see her niece, not only once, but two or three times, and had taken Mr. St. Clair there too, she determined she would never again be guilty of slighting any of her relations—that were young and pretty, and that might chance from their own merits to have made friends among the "upper ten thousand." These two matches and the romantic incidents appertaining thereto, have of course greatly raised fancy balls in the estimation of all deep thinking young ladies—for who knows what may happen in the way of sudden likings, when Ellen Arlington's fancy dress brought the fastidious Mr. Gray to his acknowledgments; and Miss Percy's conjured up her lover from Europe. At Mrs. Doddington's next ball of the kind ten Queens of Night are expected to sparkle at once; and a whole convent of Novices to be let loose. I, therefore, warn all young bachelors to beware how they tempt their fate at fancy balls.

THE BROKEN HEARTED DEAD.

BY MRS. M. C. WHYTE.

Lift up the pall—the sable pall,
And gaze upon her marble brow!
Fear not! the heart can feel no more;
The eye cannot upbraid thee now.
See, we have placed a pale white rose
Within the hand—the damp, cold hand,
Pure as the spirit that now tunes
The golden harp in the sapphire land.

What! do you tremble as you gaze?
And are these tears upon her brow?
Weep on! although the tenement is here,
The spirit hovers near thee now.
Ah, yes! she loved thee to the last,
Although thou broke her gentle heart;
For thee the pale lips moved in prayer,
E'en when Death's hand was on her heart.

'Tis vain! you cannot wake the dead!
The soft blue eye will not unclose;
The broken-heart is powerless now,
Its rosy channels death hath froze.
Hark! hear you not angelic strains?
It is the voice of thy sainted wife!
She tells thee she has long forgiven,
And bids thee seek eternal life.

The punishment is far too great
For thy poor, bleeding heart to bear,
Well do the tears—the bitter tears
Tell of the pangs that rankle there.
Go from the presence of thy dead,
And kneel before the great "I Am,"
To Him, to Him pour out your prayer,
And He will send a healing balm.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I've put up with this order of things long enough," said Mrs. Perkins, her voice pitched higher than usual, and her face in a glow. "There is a point where patience ceases to be a virtue; and to that point I have arrived. I will turn over a new leaf."

"Take care," remarked Mr. Perkins, who was buttoning his coat close up to his chin, "that, in turning this new leaf, you do not come to a page harder to read than the one that now lies open."

"I will risk all that," said the wife. "Things can't be worse than they now are."

Mr. Perkins went off to his store. Holding her baby in her arms, swinging her body with a short, quick motion, Mrs. Perkins sat meditating certain domestic reforms, for at least a quarter of an hour before she was prepared for action.

The aspect of affairs we will briefly state. Mrs. Perkins had a cook, named Mary, who, six months before, had been installed in the family as "culinary artiste." She was from the green Island, and professed to know how to do everything, and a little more besides. On entering the house of Mrs. Perkins, she waited upon the mistress in her nursery, and there underwent the usual catechetical ordeal through which raw domestics are sometimes required to pass.

"Very well, Mary," closed this scene. "You can go into the kitchen. You will find everything there. After awhile, I will come down and give you any instruction you may require."

But Mrs. Perkins did not find leisure to do as she said. Her husband sent home provisions from the market, and Mary assumed the task of cooking them. When dinner came upon the table, it was "done," certainly. Mr. Perkins grumbled, and Mrs. Perkins was worried.

"Cooked to death!" said the former.

"I am in despair of ever having anything done right," sighed the latter.

At supper time, the tea had a strange taste to it; and at breakfast time on the next morning, the coffee was lukewarm, and as pale as dishwater. It was clear now, that Mrs. Perkins must see after her new cook, who could "do everything." A little sharp talking made some salutary changes, though it caused a slight exhibition of temper on the part of Mary, and left her in a sulky mood for several days.

By watching and scolding for a month or two, Mrs. Perkins got Mary so that she could do pretty well. But, on ceasing these amiable demonstrations, matters receded, and things went back to sixes and sevens again, and there remained until, roused into a sudden energy, Mrs. Perkins determined to turn over a new leaf in her family. Mary was not alone in her short

comings. Nancy, the chambermaid, and James, the waiter, were likewise sinners against the comfort of the household; and, in turning over the proposed new leaf, accounts were to be settled with them also.

The special cause of this demonstration against the lower powers in the house was the fact that, from being permitted to do pretty much as they pleased, cook, waiter and chambermaid had found it convenient to take as little trouble to themselves as possible. In consequence, their encroachments upon the comfort of the family, and their various short comings in regard to plain matters of duty, had become, to use Mrs. Perkins' own words, "absolutely unbearable." It is possible that such a state of affairs would never have come into existence, if Mrs. Perkins had "seen after things" a little more than she was in the habit of doing, and exercised a mild, but firm control over her domestics. Experience has demonstrated the fact—a hard one for some people to believe—that cooks and waiters, if left to themselves, are not generally apt to discharge their several duties with exemplary faithfulness. Mrs. Perkins had discovered this, but it puzzled her to understand how there could be so little want of principle; in fact, of common integrity, among servants as a class. Although the thing was plain before her eyes, she could not believe it practically, and, therefore, as a general habit, trusted in the ability and willingness of her domestics to do every thing right. Most sadly was she at times disappointed, yet experience did not seem to make her any wiser. Occasionally, it is true, when matters got desperate, she would "turn over a new leaf." But, after having done so, it was a serious question in the lady's mind whether the consequences of the remedy were not worse than the original disease itself had been.

But to go on with our story. After Mr. Perkins had been gone about half an hour, Mrs. Perkins gave the chamber bell a vigorous jerk. She waited for one minute—it seemed to her five—and then she grasped the bell-rope again. Nancy was never very prompt in answering such calls, and, as general thing, rarely heard the first bell. There is no doubt of the fact that she heard the second one on this occasion. There was an angry emphasis in the way the little clapper rung against its reverberating sides, that startled Nancy for a moment. But, was she to be frightened? Oh, no! Leisurely she ascended from the dining-room, where she was gossiping with James and Mary, and opening the door of her mistress' room, just as she was about rising to make another tintinnabulary demonstration, said, with an air of perfect coolness—

"Did you ring, ma'am?"

"Did I ring?" exclaimed the excited Mrs. Perkins
"You know I did! Here! Take the baby!"

And she placed the child in Nancy's arms with the air of a woman whose mind was made up to act decisively in some matter of importance. Then sweeping from the room, she descended to the kitchen, and made a fierce attack upon Mary something after this fashion.

"See here, my lady! I've put up with your doings long enough. And now I'm going to have a change. There's to be a new leaf turned over in this house."

Mary, who was leisurely pursuing her morning's work, feeling in a very composed state of mind, started as if a torpedo had exploded at her feet, and turned, wonderingly, toward her mistress, who went on.

"There hasn't been a meal cooked in the house fit to eat for a month. Any one, professing to be a cook, to send up such a breakfast as you did this morning. Mr. Perkins hardly ate a thing, and, for my part, a mouthful of it would have choked me. It's outrageous! And just look what a state your kitchen is in. More like a pig-pen than anything else. I tell you what, my lady; this won't suit me. Just look at that barrel of flour! Where's the cover? Left standing open as a receptacle for all the dust and dirt of the kitchen! It is too bad!"

Mrs. Perkins was fairly up, and this was but a preamble, dimly shadowing forth the point, scope, and forcible tenor of the resolutions that followed. Having, as it appeared to her, given Mary some faint idea of the fact that she was in earnest, and that a new leaf was actually to be turned over in the house, Mrs. Perkins next attacked James, and holding up his short comings in bold relief, proceeded to give him *such a "settling down."* The man stared, wondered, became confused, and then got angry, and talked back. That wouldn't do. Mrs. Perkins was not a woman to take impudence from any one, especially a servant. So she ordered him to take himself off, bag and baggage. James did not wait for a second intimation, but retired while the leaf turning process was still in operation.

After rating James, Mrs. Perkins went back to the nursery. She was in a precious state of excitement. Upon the chambermaid were now opened the vials of her wrath. But Nancy, like James, faced the storm instead of bending under it, and gave her mistress "as good as she sent." In no mood to brook even a civil reply, Mrs. Perkins could not stand this, and ordered Nancy off of the premises as unceremoniously as she had done the waiter. Nancy retired from the room in the very midst of the storm, and left her mistress to cool off as best she could.

To every storm succeeds a calm. The calm that followed this outbreak, was, to Mrs. Perkins, like a calm at sea. The tempest roared no longer—externally all was calm—but there was deep, heavy rolling in the waters below. The ground swell was tremendous. While in this unhappy state, and while a consciousness of the folly she had committed, at first dimly perceived, was now beginning to grow clearer and clearer to her mind, the door of her room opened, and Nancy appeared, dressed to go out, and with her bundle in her hand.

"Will you pay me, ma'am?" said the chambermaid, looking daggers of indignation.

"Certainly," was Mrs. Perkins' frowning reply. "How much is it?"

"Five dollars, ma'am."

Mrs. Perkins thought for a few moments.

"Very well," said she, after satisfying herself that the amount was correct; and drawing forth her purse, took therefrom the sum of money required. Nancy received it with an offended air, and saying, half impudently, "good bye, ma'am," retired without even kissing the baby! That last omission was never forgotten nor forgiven.

Scarcely ten minutes elapsed, before Mary appeared and made a like demand. James had already taken his departure. Mrs. Perkins began to feel a little blank. But, she was a woman of spirit when her spirits were fairly up. It was not in her to bend an inch to one below her. So Mary was paid, and the lady was left alone.

The new leaf had been turned, but the page was blank!

Four long hours were passed from the time Mrs. Perkins and her offended domestics parted company, until her husband came home to dinner. Nearly the whole of that period had been spent by the lady in weeping. She felt mortified, helpless, and utterly discouraged. The baby was more fretful than usual, and little Aggy and Charley had beset her with their hundred wants, and almost driven her beside herself. There was no dinner cooked; she had not even attempted that achievement.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Perkins, when his ring was answered by his wife with the baby in her arms. "What's the matter! Where's Nancy?"

"Gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes. She went away directly after breakfast."

"How come that?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"She gave me some of her impudence, and I told her to go," replied the lady.

By this time they were in sight of the dining-room, which showed no indications of dinner.

"Where's James?" was now inquired.

"He's gone, also."

"James gone! How did that happen?"

"I sent him off for the same reason that I did Nancy."

"Was he insolent to you?" said Mr. Perkins, with a marked expression of indignation.

"If you had heard him, you would have thought so."

"The rascal! It wouldn't have been well for him if I had been at home. But where is Mary? I don't see any sign of dinner. Has she gone too?"

"Yes. They're all gone."

"Humph!" Mr. Perkins stood thoughtful for a few moments, unable to comprehend the meaning of so strange a state of affairs. Soon, however, a dim perception of the truth began to dawn upon his mind. The recollection of some events and expressions of the morning came back, and he evinced, at length, his clear convictions on the subject, by saying—

"So you have turned over a new leaf, and with a vengeance, I should say!"

Mr. Perkins spoke a little fretfully. He was annoyed, and he could not help showing it. How the trouble had originated and reached its present climax he understood as clearly as if he had seen everything with his own eyes, and heard everything with his own ears.

But the rebuke, coming as it did upon her own self reproaches, was too much for the unhappy wife, and her only answer was a gush of tears. To sooth and calm, in the best way he could, was the next effort of the hungry husband. When it is understood, that he had sent home from market on that very morning, a particularly fine piece of show beef, and had gone over his lunch hour in order to secure a good appetite, the merit of this effort will be duly appreciated.

Before night, Mr. Perkins obtained from an intelligence office a couple of raw Irish girls, neither of whom could cook a potato decently. With the aid

of these, his wife set her domestic machinery once more in motion, but it labored hard, and creaked and groaned for a long time, before it ran easily. She has changed half a dozen times since, and now has pretty fair "help." But cook, waiter, and chambermaid, all have many failings; and their sins of omission and commission are becoming so numerous, that Mrs. Perkins seriously contemplates turning over a new leaf. She intimated as much to her husband a few days ago. He replied—

"For Heaven's sake, Jane, don't turn any more leaves!"

This caused a temporary postponement. But, human nature cannot bear everything; and as sure as Mrs. Perkins is a woman of spirit, and not to be imposed upon by a set of idle, careless, neglectful domestics, the leaf will be turned.

LEAVE ME!

BY WALTER COMLY.

LEAVE me, oh! leave me—let me kneel alone,
With but my God to mark my throbbing breast,
I would not have ye hear the suppliant tone—
The prayer for mercy; truly it were best
That man should unrestrained pour out his soul
To Him whose mercies like a torrent roll
Over his sinful being—that no eye
Should view his anguish save th' Omniscent one;
No kinsman, comrade, and no friend be by,
Therefore, oh! leave me—I would be alone!
The door is bolted, and the curtain drawn,
Silence and gloom my des'lare chamber fill;
She who hath ever been my guide is gone,
But an Almighty Guide remaineth still.
To Thee, oh, Father! would I lift my voice;

To Thee, my God, protector, only choice,
Be with me, lead me through this vale of tears;
Watch o'er me when the hour of death is come;
Bid my tried spirit cast away its fears,
Then oh! receive me to thy Heavenly home!
Life's dream is swiftly drawing to a close;
Disease hath seized my vitals—health is fled;
The vigor giving blood more feebly flows,
And pale, gaunt Death stands watching by my bed;
My form is wasted, and my features wan—
All earthly hope, all earthly anguish gone:
I have been faltering in the day of life—
I may be weak in death—ah! who can tell?
I would not have ye mark the spirit's strife,
Nor view life's close, leave me, farewell! farewell!

NORTH AND SOUTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY W. F. THOMASON.

AROUND us glittered the turbulent ocean,
Like a golden mirror in the sunbeams bright;
While heaving with a restless motion
The foam-capp'd billows were breaking in light.
Our swelling sails were fill'd with fresh breezes,
That speedily wafted our bark o'er the sea—
Soon spread 'neath mine eyes were all that sense pleases,
Yet my spirit—oh, lov'd one—still turned unto thee!
Italy's bright shores lay smiling before me
With their orange groves, and their myrtle bowers—

Italy's blue sky was bending o'er me,
And the soft air was fill'd with the sweet breath of flowers!
Still for Beauty's land my heart felt no longing—
With no feeling of gladness my bosom did glow
For the land I had left my soul yearn'd in sadness,
Back my gaze was still turn'd toward the region of snow.
Southward how many a treasure invites me—
(More tempting than Fancy had e'er pictur'd forth!)
Yet, dearest, one stranger than all, like the magnet,
Draws me irresistibly back to the North!

FATE AND FANCY.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"Where is the maiden of mortal strain
That may match with the Baron of Triermain?"

"POSSIBLY you may be right, Helen—perhaps dear Frederick may be a little too fastidious," sighed Mrs. Huntingdon, who hated to admit imperfections in any one she loved, particularly in her favorite nephew.

Helen, a merry school girl of sixteen, laughed as she replied—"why, mamma, one would suppose I had suggested a new idea. I am sure you know as well as any of us that a more fastidious, fancy be-ridden creature than cousin Frederick is not to be found, on this side of the water at least. Heigh-ho, I am sure I am wearied to death with his ridiculous notions, and only wish he *would* make haste and get married, that he might have something better to amuse himself with than finding fault with me."

"I trust he will, my love, and from all I hear there is now every prospect of it. But you know very well, Helen, that his finding fault with you is all in kindness, because the rest of us spoil you too much."

"A strange sort of kindness!" replied Helen; "why, if I am to believe him, I have never looked, spoken, or behaved as I ought to do, from the day I was born until the present moment. One of the first things I can remember is his mourning over my red hair, as he called it," (Helen's hair was *now* auburn,) "and my large mouth; and I went away and cried because he said to Charlotte that I would never be good looking."

"Oh, my dear, you should not remember such things—he only said it to plague you."

"May be so, but I shall never forget it—and ever since it has been the same tune—Helen do hold up your head—Helen take care of your hands—Helen your back will be round as a tub—Helen nothing will ever transform you into a lady—Helen you will grow up a perfect ignoramus, and so on, forever without end. I only wonder I don't hate the sight of him."

"Nay, Helen, you must not speak so of your cousin. I love him as one of my own children, and I am sure he loves you all like a brother."

"Yes, just like a brother," retorted Helen, "a nice, old bachelor brother, who inflicts all his odd humors on his unfortunate sisters."

"Old bachelor, my love! What are you talking of?—Frederick is a young and handsome man."

"He is four and thirty if he is an hour," asserted Helen, with decision.

Mrs. Huntingdon was at first incredulous, but after a few moments spent in putting ages and dates together, she came to the conclusion that it must have been thirty years since the death of her only sister threw upon her father's guardianship the lovely boy of four, toward whom from that hour she felt almost a

mother's tenderness. Within a year Mrs. Huntingdon married, and on the death of her father, which occurred soon after, the wealthy young orphan was transferred to her care, and grew up among her children. He graduated with honor at Cambridge, and subsequently spent some years in Europe, whence he returned just as his two eldest cousins were bursting on the world of fashion as belles of the highest order; and his youngest, Helen, a spoilt, ugly and troublesome girl of eight, had established her character among her brothers and sisters as "the worst child in the world."

Of course the busy public at once assigned to him the fairest of his elder cousins as his future bride, but as is mostly the case they were wrong. Frederick loved them both, and dearly too, but never dreamed of playing the lover's part to either. On the contrary, he at once assumed the place of a grave and thoughtful elder brother, and did his best, with some success, to induce them to adopt the highly polished and dignified manner he thought became them most.

The circle at Mrs. Huntingdon's, in which, though he nominally lived elsewhere, our hero was once more completely domesticated, lost of course none of its attractions in the eyes of her daughters' young friends by the addition thus made to it, and great were at first that good lady's anxieties lest her nephew should become the prize of some forward, fortune hunting damsel unable to appreciate his more noble and more sterling qualities. To her surprise, however, she soon discovered that, young as he was, Frederick was proof against blandishments that might have unsettled many an older head, and subdued many a harder heart; and the observation and experience of a few more years gave an entirely opposite direction to her apprehensions, and she began to fear that what was so hard to win might not to be won at all, which was almost worse than being won unworthily—for like most mothers of families (particularly of daughters) she had a holy horror of old bachelors.

Thus time went on. Charlotte and Elizabeth married, and beauty after beauty, the blonde and the brunette, the stupid and the spirituelle, wise and witty, flirt and prude had for a short season, in most cases it was short indeed, monopolized their cousin's attentions—but there was always a something, an indefinable something wanting about each and all of them that crushed the flattering hopes they had in their turn cherished of achieving so desirable conquest. Still Frederick Wilmot continued single, though report at this time (for about the twentieth) had assigned him to be on the eve of addressing one who Mrs. Huntingdon

hoped with all her heart might soon become her niece, and the expression of her hopes on this subject to her daughter Helen, induced the conversation which this long introduction to our hero interrupted, just as he appeared in *propria persona* in his aunt's handsome drawing-room.

"Why, Frederick," exclaimed she—"you here? Charlotte told me you were to go with her to the opera this evening—you know Miss Arnold is to be with her."

"I know it," said Mr. Wilmot, disposing of his hat and stick, and settling himself (as gentlemen always do) in the most comfortable arm-chair—"but what of that?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Huntingdon, with a look however that interpreted it meant "a great deal," and a pause ensued, which was broken by Helen detailing to her mother some school girl prank, which made her fastidious cousin open his eyes at her and observe—

"Well, Helen, if these are the manners of the rising generation of women, may Heaven help us poor men! I had hoped you were improving, but I must give up now in despair."

"You gave me up seven years ago, cousin," replied Helen, laughing, "before you had been a month at home, and every month since into the bargain. The rising generation of women may thank Heaven all the men are not as particular as you are."

"My dear child," said Mr. Wilmot, "don't talk in that way. In the eyes of a man of sense a flippant manner will spoil the greatest beauty in the world."

"But as I am no beauty, it is no matter," said Helen.

"On the contrary, Helen, a plain woman has the greater need of every charm of mind, manner and accomplishment to render her agreeable."

"Indeed, cousin Fred. I know that well," said Helen, with a demure and furtive glance from the work over which she was bending, "for you have told me so at least three hundred and sixty-five times annually for the last seven years. I assure you I repeat it to myself every time I have a hard lesson to learn."

"One would scarcely suppose it. Have you learned the overture I brought you yet?"

"No! I hate it—I only wish mamma would let me give up music. I cannot bear it; strum, strum, strum forever is too tiresome for me."

"Helen you are incorrigible! a woman hate music! the most elevating, the most refining, the most spiritual of the fine arts—but it is all of a piece," he added, *sotto voce*—"all of a piece."

"Come, Frederick, you must not be too hard upon Helen—she is a wild girl, and we have all spoiled her but yourself—and perhaps," added his aunt, smiling, "you may have gone a *little* bit the other way—constant schooling is sometimes of as little use as no schooling at all."

"I beg your pardon, dearest aunt—but I cannot bear to see a girl of Helen's abilities wasting her time as she does—why in little more than a year she will be going into society, and how will she appear if she goes on as she does now?"

"Don't distress yourself about me, cousin—I shall

do very well without beauty or accomplishments either—see if I don't," said Ellen, laughing.

"You have one gift certainly," said Frederick, "and that is goodtemper; so go and practice Tancredi, Helen, and I will not scold you any more to-night."

The year passed quickly round, and Helen kept her word on her introduction into the society in which her sisters had produced so great a sensation. She knew she was not beautiful, she did not pretend to be accomplished, and she had none of the high polish of manner for which her sisters had been so celebrated. Night after night was Mr. Wilmot horrified by her brusquerie; day after day did he lecture, vainly as ever, upon the positive necessity of her being more guarded in her speech and manner; but Helen would in spite of all speak exactly as she thought, and think exactly as she pleased, and turn away from those she thought stupid, and laugh and jest with those she found amusing; and what her cousin thought worse, waltz with everybody that asked her, and flirt with them too, which was worst of all.

"I'll tell you what, cousin Fred," said Helen, in reply to one of his strictures on this subject, "you are a greater flirt than I, and a more dangerous one, for I don't flirt with any one that wants to marry me, and you do. Now I ask you seriously—do you ever mean to get married at all?"

"Certainly I do, whenever I meet with a person to suit me," replied Mr. Wilmot.

"Then I can tell you of half a dozen who would suit you admirably."

"Who are they?"

"Well—there is Miss Calicot," said Helen, who for her own reasons would not mention the first name that rose to her lips.

"Phoo! she is too old."

"Not more than thirty—you are thirty-five. Then there is Julia Garret."

"She is pretty, but wants mind."

"Sarah Staunton, then."

"She wants heart."

"Caroline Grant."

"Ill-tempered, ignorant and trifling."

"Then Miss Horton—you certainly can find nothing against her, beautiful and accomplished as she is."

"She is of a low, irreligious family, and at times is very awkward."

"You are too bad, cousin; but I have one more chance—Ellen Warren, I am sure you admire her, and if I am not mistaken she snubs that poor Mr. Neilson, who is so distractingly in love with her, for no other reason in the world than that she prefers you. I am sure you give her great cause to think you are in love with her, talking with her by the hour as you do, and listening so devotedly when she sings."

"Because she sings well, and talks well too. I do admire her very much, and always have done so, but as to being in love with her, or she with me, it is all nonsense. She is not the kind of woman that would suit me at all."

"But if you like and admire her so much, why will she not suit you?" persisted Helen.

"I cannot tell you why, but I can feel why, and that is enough."

"Tell me, I insist upon it," said Helen.

"Well then—I have a high sense of the beautiful, and Miss Warren though handsome, by no means reaches my ideal. I like warmth of character, and I suspect her to be cold. I like nature, and she is artificial—she has none of the enthusiasm, the deep appreciation of genius and beauty and truth that is necessary, absolutely necessary in a person I can entirely sympathize with—another thing too, I suspect she is worldly minded."

"Heaven bless you, cousin!—for you must wait until you get there to find a woman to your mind. Stay, let me see all your modesty requires. Extreme youth, perfect grace and beauty, great accomplishment, intellectuality, and all that—warm and enthusiastic, with not a particle of temper, religious, gentle, never daring to say her soul is her own—the highest breeding, yet perfectly natural in her manner—well born and rich of course. Now do you really expect to find such a woman?"

"Certainly I do. I could not dispense with one of the qualifications you have named, except the wealth, I have enough for both."

"And this Venus and Minerva and Grisekla, and three graces and nine muses all run into one, and female saint into the bargain, is to go down on her knees and thank you, a mortal man of thirty-five, for the honor of your hand, and promise faithfully to love, honor and obey you with all your fastidious notions for the rest of her life! Upon my word, cousin, you may as well give up at once. You are no longer on the list of marrying men. As you have told me a hundred times I give you up in despair, and shall give Ellen Warren a hint to do the same."

Mr. Wilmot laughed, little dreaming; Helen was in earnest, but she was so. She suspected there existed in the heart of her friend an attachment scarcely acknowledged to herself, but which might increase to the destruction of her happiness. Though some years her senior, Miss Warren had from the moment Helen appeared in society treated her with distinguished attention; and Helen, warm hearted and generous, soon repaid it with sincere regard. She saw that her friend was beloved by one every way worthy of her, but with her imagination pre-occupied by another she overlooked his merits; and Helen justly argued that if this obstruction were removed she might possibly see them more plainly. The result proved that she was right. Miss Warren, shrewd and worldly minded as she was, no sooner found her own previous misgivings as to Mr. Wilmot's intentions fully confirmed by Helen's playful assertions, but as she soon discovered positive convictions that her cousin was too ridiculously fastidious ever to be suited in a wife, than she wisely determined not to waste any more of her smiles upon him, and thus lose a good match in the vain hope of securing a better. So matters were soon arranged between her and her hitherto desponding lover.

"You must be my bridesmaid, love," she whispered to Helen, at the close of the season. "Mr. Nelson has promised you a charming groomsman, so, dear Helen, do your best to captivate him."

Whether Helen "did her best" or not nobody could

tell, but she did captivate her handsome groomsman, but to the surprise of all, decidedly repulsed his attentions when she found they were serious. What could she mean?—Helen Huntingdon, the witty, gay, flirting Helen Huntingdon, without either beauty, fortune, or accomplishments, reject a man worth hundreds of thousands, and handsome and agreeable into the bargain! It was unaccountable, and to none more so than to Helen herself. Her family were most urgent with her on the subject, but Helen was positive.

She could not find a single objection to Mr. Laneham; she owned she liked him exceedingly, but would not be persuaded to think of him as a lover or a husband. Cousin Frederick was asked to use his influence, but he shrugged his shoulders and said, "he had never been able to influence her in his life, and could hardly hope to do it now." But he did venture a few words on the subject, which Helen cut short so decisively that he told his aunt that "nothing could be done—she was always wild and wayward, and would always remain so;" so for the five hundredth time her cousin gave her up in despair. Mr. Laneham was refused, and the whole family were provoked with Helen, who, however, seemed if possible more gay and wild than before.

"Will anything ever subdue that girl's spirit," said Mr. Wilmot to his aunt, as he was seated beside her one evening at a party watching Helen, who, her cheeks glowing, and her eyes sparkling with excitement, was rushing round in a waltz.

"Yes, two things, love and grief—may Heaven long avert the last—it would come with crushing force upon her. But I know no one who would be more improved than Helen by a touch of the tender passion. It was a sad disappointment to me that Mr. Laneham did not suit her fancy; it was strange he did not, for to me he was very attractive."

"It was very strange," said her nephew, "but Helen always was a most self-willed, unaccountable girl."

"I do not think you have ever done Helen justice," said Mrs. Huntingdon; "she has plagued you sadly I know, and is wild and wayward, but under that careless exterior she hides a depth of feeling, a strength of character, and a warmth of enthusiasm that none of my other children possess."

"An enthusiast she is in waltzing, I grant you," said Mr. Wilmot, smiling as he rose from his seat. "Come, Helen," he added, as she stopped for a moment before him, while her partner wiped his face and drew a very long breath, "you have tired Mr. Seldon completely out. Though my dancing days are somewhat over, suppose you take a turn with me."

"With you cousin?—who would believe it? I am so delighted, for I know you are a first rate waltzer," and they were soon moving round in time to the music, her slight and graceful form contrasting well with his tall and handsome figure.

"How I wish you would always waltz," said Helen, when the music ceased, and putting her arm in his they walked into a conservatory that opened upon the ball room.

"Always, Helen!—would you turn me into a dancing dervise?"

"But I mean at every ball. I never had so good a partner."

"I will waltz with you, Helen, if you wish it at every ball—but it is upon one condition—that you do not waltz with any one else."

"Why not?"

"Because, as you know very well, I hate to see you whirling round with any man who may choose to ask you."

"Then why did *you* never ask me before?"

"Simply because I never thought of it."

"Complimentary," said Helen—"and are you serious now in your offer?"

"Perfectly so."

"Well, then I hold you to it, simply because I like you better than any partner I ever had." Her cousin looked pleased, and for a moment thought Helen *almost* handsome.

Some six weeks after Helen was alone one evening in the drawing-room when Mr. Wilmot entered. Her parents were at the house of one of her sisters; but Helen being anxious to finish some work in which she was deeply interested, had remained at home. Her cousin took his accustomed seat, and the usual inquiries were followed by a silence of some duration.

"You are very industrious, Helen," said Mr. Wilmot, at length.

"And you are very silent," said Helen, "as I am so busy you should tell me something amusing."

"I?—I tell you anything amusing?—heigh-ho!"—here ensued several sighs of a most enlivening nature.

"What is the matter, cousin?—you seem so low spirited."

"I am not very well, I have been out of spirits lately."

"Dyspepsia, probably—but no; now I think of it, it cannot be that, for dyspepsia makes people unamiable, and you have been quite the contrary lately. I don't think you have scolded me for a month past; suppose you begin now, it will raise your spirits."

Had Helen looked up from the work that absorbed her attention so closely, she would have seen that something really was the matter with her cousin. As it was, she sewed on as diligently as possible, while he rose from his chair, walked several times across the room, and at last said—

"What a miserable, cross, ill-grained old bachelor you must think me, Helen. When I look back upon all the scolding and schooling I have given you for the last ten years, I almost wonder you do not hate me. And yet you will not believe me, I know—how can you?—it was a long time before I could believe it myself—I have lately found out that I am desperately, despairingly in love with you! Yes, you may well look at me so incredulously," he added, as the work dropped from Helen's hand, and she stared at him as if in a dream. "I, who have always prided

myself on my understanding, have behaved like a blinded idiot—I have been seeking after a shadowy being, while the living reality was beside me—I have been vainly endeavoring to school you 'to resembling the creature my imagination had shaped out as necessary to complete my happiness, and I have awaked from my delusion just as I have succeeded in making myself perfectly hateful. You need not speak, Helen, I know it is so, I have known it for a month past, and it has made me miserable. But I cannot give you up without a struggle, and all I can ask you, Helen, is from this time try, if you can, to forget the past, and let me appear to you what I truly am—the being whose very life depends upon your favor."

Helen's face had sunk upon her hands, and she remained silent. She felt that the veil was now torn from her own heart—all her indifference to her former lover, her keen-sightedness into the feelings of her friend who had loved her cousin, was now explained. Still she could not speak, and while she was striving to master the feelings that overpowered her, he continued—

"When I think of all the folly I have uttered on the subject of my marriage, I feel almost mad. I now unsay every word of it, and whatever have been my silly fancies I now know that my fate is to love you, and you alone. I have loved you from your childhood, and shall always love you. And now answer, Helen, tell me truly, have I any hope?"

Her cousin had not ventured to approach her, but stood at a little distance awaiting her reply. Helen's nature was above disguise; words were denied her; but in a moment she was in his arms, weeping as though her heart would break; and afterward smiling through her tears at the transports of her cold and stately cousin.

"My own blessed, blessed Helen," he murmured, as he bent over her. "No, you shall not leave me," he added, as she struggled to disengage herself—"while you are here I know it is not a dream. Now could I have hoped for such happiness as this?"

"But you forget, cousin, the perfect beauty you were to marry," said Helen, when she had a little recovered from her agitation.

"It was you, Helen."

"And the wit, and the grace, and the savante, and the good, patient Griselda."

"It was all you—you—you."

"I have always heard," she replied, "that love works wonders, but I never believed it till now. I must try, however, to keep up the illusion."

And Helen has done so, for though she has now been many years a wife and mother, Mr. Wilmot still thinks her all that and more—proving, as Helen often says, that though he long since submitted to his fate he still indulges in flirtations with his fancy.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XI.

I have sought the reason oft
They paint love as a child, and still have thought
It was because their love, like infancy,
Frank, trusting, unobservant in its mood,
Doth show its wish at once, and means no more.

KNOWLES.

JUST at nightfall, one evening in the early spring, the household retainers of Bowdon Castle were assembled at their vespers meal in the great stone hall. Across the upper end of the noble room ran a massive oaken table laden with rounds of beef, platters of venison, and such heavy fare as composed the meal in those days. Each dish was flanked by a great silver flagon, foaming over with stout ale, and at the upper end of the board, near the housekeeper's chair, stood an imposing stoup of claret, which was intended to circulate most freely among the female members of the household. Some of the men servants, stimulated by the rich savor that rose in a cloud from the table, exhibited a disposition to commence on the tempting fare before the strict ideas of propriety always maintained by the old housekeeper, seemed to warrant them in doing so. But no one ventured to sit down while the good lady maintained her erect position by the great oaken chair, at the head of the board. It was fifteen minutes beyond the usual dinner hour, and the appetising fumes that arose from the table had well nigh tempted the majority from their allegiance to the stout old lady, who rustling in silk, and staunch in her pride of authority, only condescended to keep them in order by a gentle wave of her hand, which, though gentle, was imperative and effectual. The eager eyes and moist lips that surrounded her might have won a less rigid disciplinarian to compassion; but the old housekeeper stood firm till the appearance of the butler, bearing a pair of plump grouse on a silver dish, warranted her in assuming the oaken chair with a certainty that her young lord had arisen from his evening meal.

"As usual," observed the good lady, examining the birds with a sigh as the butler placed his burden before her. "Just a thin slice carved from the breast, and that is all; day by day he eats less and less. What will be the end of this?"

"He must leave the castle—he must go up to court and see the world," replied the butler, who bent his ear close to the old lady, and with difficulty gathered her words amid the clash of platters, and the eager sound of many a mouth. "He has never been himself since that awful night when the ship went down!"

"Rather since those poor children were lost!" replied the housekeeper, shaking her head; "I only wish we could get some tidings of the poor things."

"Tidings!" replied the butler, "when the sea gives up its dead we shall have tidings of them, but not till then; our master has worried his life out in travelling about the country hoping to find them, when I really think a fishing-net would have been the thing to search with."

"It may be so!" said the housekeeper, "but while my young lord has a doubt, he will never be at rest, never eat a hearty meal again," and casting a mournful look at the dish of grouse, the old lady shook her head and heaved another profound sigh.

"If some company would but come now!" suggested the butler, seating himself by the housekeeper, and dividing one of the birds with his knife. Transferring a portion to his own platter, while he moved the dish gently toward the old lady, he added—"but tell me, dear Mrs. Weld, if your pretty maiden is above ground, do you not think that some of the court gallants we had at Bowdon at that time, might tell where she is? That old lord with the star and riband—I saw him more than once talking with her in the grounds!"

"No, no—it is not that—the maiden was innocent and good," cried the old woman, animated with generous love of the young creature whom she had helped to save; "innocent as the angels, I tell you, else would not our master grieve over her loss as he does."

"Well, well, I only wish he may get over the moping spirit that has beset him!" said the butler, betaking himself to the game on his plate; "nothing troubles me like seeing a young man lose his appetite."

"It is a mournful thing to witness!" replied the housekeeper, appropriating a portion of the proffered dish, but partaking of it sparingly, for the subject upon which she was discoursing really distressed the good woman, and she added to herself in a thoughtful under tone, "but if I saw into those young hearts truly, there might have been deeper cause for sorrow; this is a strange world, and sometimes our best acts are those which bring great evil in the end."

By this time the butler was deeply absorbed in appeasing an appetite always vigorous, and he seemed to have forgotten everything but his delicious occupation. The other occupants of the table were far too busy for speech; and for half an hour nothing was heard but the clatter of knives and forks, the bubbling

of ale, and those abrupt fragments of speech that appertained directly to the occupation of the table.

All at once there arose a sound through the castle, so unusual that several at the table dropped their knives, and two or three tankards remained in the air, while the holders paused in astonishment to listen. It was the bell sounding loudly at the great entrance.

"Guests," exclaimed the housekeeper, with animation, glancing at the porter, who arose deliberately, brushed some bread crumbs from the folds of his voluminous dress, and moved away with a dissatisfied air. "It must be guests from London."

But the good woman's conjectures were cut short by another bell sounding from an entrance to the kitchen, which some of the servants went to answer. This unusual commotion soon cleared the table of those who surrounded it; and while the old lady was

giving some orders to the housemaid, there entered the room a young woman short, plump and rosy, with that sort of April countenance that ever brings cheerful thoughts with it. She had evidently come from a distance, for her pretty head was surmounted by a cloth hat, broad leaved, and not unlike those worn by our Quakers of the present day, except that the crown was surrounded by a twist of scarlet riband, that flowed down to the sloping shoulders of the fair owner, giving dash and spirit to an article of dress otherwise masculine and ungainly. That portion of the stranger's neck left uncovered by the broad, double ruff, was full and white as snow; over her dress of crimson worsted she wore a long and ample apron of snow white linen; and her plump little feet were encased in leatheren shoes, so neatly laced that with every step one might remark the tapering and spirited beauty of the ankle, which the thick blue hose, dashed with white by fitting very closely, rather increased than otherwise.

A bright smile of recognition spread over the housekeeper's face as the young woman entered, and crossing the hall, her silk dress rustling at every step, the good woman held out her hand with a hearty welcome, that brought tears into the eyes of her pretty visitor.

"You are right welcome to Bowdon, niece Eunice, the more welcome because we did not expect you."

The young visitor set down a wicker basket which she carried on one arm, and without heeding the hand which her aunt extended, flung herself upon the good woman's neck, and fell to kissing her with warm expressions of delight. This outbreak of affection brought dew into the old lady's eyes, which, with all her dignity at stake, she could not prevent forming into glad tears, though the servants were by to witness what she deemed a direction from proper decorum.

"There, there, Eunice, wait till we are alone!" said the good woman, strivings faintly to free herself from the arms that were flung around her, and ending the struggle by a hearty return of the embrace she could not find the heart to repulse. "How is your husband?—where is he?—how did you come?—not alone surely—oh, you are looking so well, Eunice, dear!"

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"And you, my good aunt, larger around the waist by two inches at least," cried Eunice, laughing, and flushed like a rose as she removed her arms and again flung them around the ample waist of her kinswoman, locking her fair fingers in a clasp behind.

"See, when I went away the tip of my longest fingers would just touch the wrist; now I can hardly clasp them. You talk of trouble, aunt!" and the joyous little woman held up her hand shaking it playfully, though you might have seen the fresh tears spring into her eyes all the time.

"Eunice, Eunice, I thought marriage would have tamed you," cried Mrs. Weld, performing her share of the scene awkwardly enough, for she felt in every nerve that her dignity was suffering before the household, many of whom were servants who had entered the domain with their young lord; she would not have cared for the old men, who, like herself, had petted Eunice from her cradle up.

"Oh, nothing of the sort, aunt; ask John Bruce if I have not grown wilder than ever since you let me marry him. He is always saying that he would give the world to know how you managed to keep me so demure and quiet. Do you know he really thought that I was a Puritan only cheating you?"

"Oh, John is greatly to be pitied, I fear," said the old butler, joining the scene, and exchanging smiles with the housekeeper, while he stole upon Eunice unawares, and slyly kissed her cheek, sending the rich bloom like a flash all over her face and neck.

"Just now I think he is!" cried the little woman, striving to laugh off her confusion, and shaking hands with the butler—then for the first time observing that many strange faces filled the hall, she drew close to her aunt in great trepidation. But her discomposure was brief; the next instant she was chatting merrily again with some of the old servants who came crowding round to claim a share of her gay notice. "Oh, here is John—here comes John Bruce to speak for himself," she cried out, with a laugh and a blush as a man perhaps five and thirty—he might be five years older—entered the room with that half shy, half sententious manner that had marked the Puritans of Cromwell's time, while his dress partook of the austere fashions that had prevailed in that sect some fifteen years before. "Come hither, John Bruce, and tell these good people if I, little Eunice, have not made the most perfect wife that ever proved traitor to her own king, by throwing herself away upon a round-head!"

"Throwing herself away!" said John Bruce, approaching the group with a coldness of manner that was in chilling contrast with the joyous *abandon* of his wife, and gravely shaking hands with such persons in the hall as were known to himself; "truly, Eunice, considering the circumstances under which we were joined together in holy matrimony, this term of speech beseemeth little the lips of my wife."

The cold reproof, and the still more icy manner which marked the entrance of John Bruce, cast a chill all around, even upon the buoyant spirit of his wife. It had even a deeper effect upon the housekeeper, who appeared greatly hurt by some meaning conveyed in his speech; she drew herself up more

erely and received the greeting of her guest with the most rigid civility. To her his coming to Bowdon was unexpected and ill-timed; she wondered at his audacity; she trembled with fear of the consequences.

But all thoughts of her new guests were soon swept from her mind by the appearance of Lord Bowdon's valet, with the information that the bell that had startled them so announced a guest from London, who would spend some days at the castle, and for whom supper must be prepared.

"Come, niece Eunice, come; I have given two of the housemaids a holiday. If you are not too weary try to fall into your old habits, and help to make the young lord's guest comfortable."

"What, is the young lord at home?" cried Eunice, with sparkling eyes, untying her hat, and revealing a mass of light brown ringlets that no effort of hers could coax entirely out of curl, though strenuous exertions had been made in good faith to meet the exactions of her husband regarding the ungodly ornament, as he sacrilegiously termed those bright and golden waves of hair. "Shall I see him, aunt, dear? Let me carry in the supper—I used to be his play-fellow—he will not have grown proud and forgotten that—I am very, very sure. Shall I go with you, Aunt?"

With her face all in a glow, and swinging her heavy hat in one hand by the riband, Eunice followed the housekeeper, without being in the least conscious of the dark frown that sat on the forehead of her liege lord, or the muttered words of dissatisfaction that followed her as she left the hall.

CHAPTER XII.

The young lord of Bowdon had been lingering full half an hour by his solitary supper-table, with a glass of untasted wine at his elbow, and his fine eyes bent to the floor in that deep abstraction which sometimes chains the mind to perfect thralldom, by casting sad memories of the past firmly around it. A great change had fallen upon him since we first saw him, in the full strength of moral and physical energy, breasting the storm with young Francesca in his arms. A look of settled depression—so painful to behold on the brow of a healthy man—lay upon every feature of his noble face; his eyes were heavy and sad; and his mouth, that had always seemed to have a smile near it, was more settled in its expression. If he did smile—and that was but seldom—there was blended with the transient sunshine that which chilled it into something mournful. But these were symptoms of internal sorrow that none but a close observer would have noticed. To all but the old servants who loved their lord so well that no shadow of change could fall upon him unnoticed, Lord Bowdon was still the most fortunate noble, and most enviable man in all Cornwall.

The young noble might have remained in the fit of abstraction that had fallen upon him till late in the evening, as he had done many a night before, but for the loud ringing of the bell which had caused so much commotion in the great hall. For months there had been no guests received at Bowdon, and this announcement of one surprised the young lord almost

as much as it had done the servants. He arose from the table, went to the same casement from which he had leaned on the night of the storm, and drawing aside the drapery, looked out. A cavalier, followed by what appeared to be a servant on horseback, was waiting at the entrance.

"It must be some one from the court," muttered the young lord, turning away, and pacing up and down the chamber, excited by that sort of nervous apprehension which constant anxiety and long seclusion was calculated to excite. "Well, well, I care not how soon it comes; I have no desire now but to drop down life with the current; I care not who guides my little bark, or in good sooth where or when it strikes. Had that poor young creature lived I might have struggled against fate, but now——"

Here Lord Bowdon fell into another musing fit, from which he was only aroused by the tread of approaching feet, and a voice which seemed familiar, asking some careless question of the attendant.

Lord Bowdon started, and a gleam of pleasure swept over his face as the door was flung open, and a young cavalier, fluttering with ribands, and with the white plume of his hat sweeping half way to his sword belt, came into the room.

"Sir John Payton!" said Bowdon, advancing to meet his guest, "you are right welcome to this gloomy castle of mine."

"And well I may be," cried the guest, casting his plumed hat upon a table with one hand, and warmly returning Bowdon's grasp with the other. "Why, oddsfish, man, as old Rowley would say, the old pile looks as gloomy as a family vault, and as dull. Yes, faith, it were no treason to say it, as dull as the queen's chamber, than which a more stupid place, they tell me, cannot be found in the three kingdoms."

"This," said Bowdon, with a faint smile, "tells me that you are fresh from the court."

"No, by my faith," replied the guest, casting a glance at the supper-table, where some fruit and wine were left; "I am fresh from nothing but a hard ride and a long feast. My good fellow," he added, turning to the valet, who stood by the door, "pray inform my inestimable friend, Dame Weld, that I, Sir John Payton, the most devoted admirer of her fair self, and especially of her household virtues, am standing here tired to death and half fainted; to say nothing of the groom without, who has not spoken a civil word during the last five hours."

"See that supper is prepared!" added Bowdon, smiling at the free and easy orders of his guest.

"And hark ye, my man," said Sir John, following the valet to the door, "let the wine be of the vintage we drank on your lord's birth-day; this chamber requires its mellow fragrance to liven up the atmosphere meantime."

Sir John interrupted himself to fill a glass from the wine upon the table, which he drained with an affected shudder.

"Claret," he exclaimed, setting down the glass, and drawing a white hand across his mouth, "no wonder you have grown so monkish; solitary meals and claret at the end, without even a rosy checked country maid to serve the fare. Bah, you are the only cavalier in

England who would submit to the thing, much less take it of his own free choice!"

"At least," said Lord Bowdon, laughing, "I will not force your submission. The wine shall be to your taste, never fear; and the viands too."

"Well, now that I am certain of not perishing with want in your dismal old walls," said Sir John, casting himself into a chair, "let us sit down and talk over the good old times when we came down from London on purpose to shake these old turrets with the roistering happiness they had not witnessed in many a year. Why, man, you should never have allowed the canting Puritan spirit to creep back again after that jolly carouse."

"The Puritan spirit is only in your fancy," said Lord Bowdon, quietly taking a seat near his guest.

"Fancy!" replied the other—"oddfish—that is the king's oath, and I always choose to measure my profanity by a crowned head, there is something regal in it. I should not be astonished some fine morning to see your love-locks cut short, and the head they adorn left round as a tennis ball."

"Well," said Lord Bowdon, whose spirits were too low toned for continued enjoyment of his friend's badinage. "You say nothing of yourself. What news bring you from the court?"

"From the court—nothing! I was in London a day or two; but the king is at Hampton, and I had no time to present myself before coming down hither."

"Then you are not a messenger?—you bring no summons for me to appear at court?"

"Summons—no, I have not seen old Rowley these four months!"

"But how have you, an inveterate courtier, managed to live so long away from his majesty."

"You might rather have asked," replied Sir John, with a laugh, "how I could manage to live away from his beautiful countess; by my faith, Bowdon, that is a superb woman!"

"Of her class, perhaps; but I am no judge!" was the somewhat grave reply. "Those who love the king best have reason to regret that her name has ever been heard at court, especially since the marriage."

"Yes, there I do think things have been done which Rowley himself would gladly have avoided," replied Sir John, seriously; "but then the woman is so magnificent in her beauty; and the little queen you know—"

"Is innocent, and if not beautiful, very lovely," interrupted Lord Bowdon; "I trust for his own sake, and for the honor of our English name, Charles will not forget the respect due to her virtues and her station."

Sir John Payton laughed, and in his careless way turned the subject; that moment supper came in, and he was really in want of refreshments. For half an hour he was too agreeably employed for any conversation that was not exceedingly fragmentary; but as the sharp edge of his appetite was taken off, he began to trifle with the rich viands, and gradually fell into connected discourse again.

"By the way, I saw Rochley in London, and we were talking over the storm you got up for us last autumn; he would have it that you were kept away from the civilized world by the beautiful little foreigner that you fished out of the waves."

"Lord Rochley knew better!" said Bowdon, turning pale, and with an intonation of the voice that made Sir John look up from his plate.

"Very likely—the old earl is a sly, shrewd fellow, but sometimes he hits wide of the mark, as well as the youngest of us. But he has a quick eye for beauty, and it is no bad compliment to your lordly protegee that he bore her perfections in mind so long; even the countess expresses herself delighted with Rochley's praise."

"The countess," exclaimed Bowdon, impatiently, "I beseech you, Payton, mention not that audacious woman in the same breath with my—with Francesca."

"I cry your pardon," exclaimed Sir John, casting down the napkin with which he had been chafing his hands. "There is no knowing what wild freak this solitude may not engender, but it is not possible that you are seriously attached to this pretty mermaid."

"You know too well that I cannot in honor become attached to any one!"

"In honor!" and Sir John laughed; there was no mirth in his laugh, however, and that, like all his conversation after Francesca was mentioned, had a shade of constraint in it. If he had rattled on carelessly before, there was evidently a purpose in his words now.

"Surely," said Lord Bowdon, with some sternness in his tone and manner: "surely, Sir John, you even in jest would not deem me capable of other motives toward an orphan child cast by God himself under the protection of my roof?"

"I do not know!" replied Sir John, gravely enough. "Judging from what I see of you it is impossible; but from what I know of others it seems natural enough: why the king himself would only laugh at it."

"Then the king is—" Lord Bowdon paused, and added in a calm tone—"my sovereign and I will not think thus ill of him!"

The conversation was checked here by the appearance of Eunice Bruce, who glided into the room, her pretty face all smiles, and bearing a salver of fruit in her hands. She had taken off her hat and the hugo double ruff, leaving her full white neck and the rich waves of her hair exposed in all their beauty. A ringlet or two had broken loose—perhaps pretty Eunice had some share in the matter—from the heavy knot in which the rest were confined, and streamed in tresses of dusky gold down over her crimson bodice below the full, but symmetrical waist.

As Eunice set the tray down, you might see by the tremor of her hands and smooth white arms that she was desperately frightened.

She turned her eyes timidly upon Lord Bowdon, and her lips parted as if she were about to speak; but Lord Bowdon was thoughtfully trifling with a wine glass, and did not even know that his fruit was brought in by any but the usual person. Sir John was quicker sighted—he gave a perceptible start as the young woman came in, and kept his eyes fixed upon her all the time that she was busy placing the fruit before him. As Eunice turned her eyes from the face of Lord Bowdon, they encountered the bold and admiring glance of Sir John. Her long lashes instantly fell, and a vivid blush spread over her face and neck.

"Give me a handful of filberts, and one of those golden apples, my pretty maiden," said Sir John, without turning his gaze from her blushing face.

There was something mellow and changed in the voice of his guest that made Lord Bowdon look up just as Eunice had taken an apple in a hand that shook like a leaf, and was warm with the rich crimson that seemed to flush her whole person. Looks of surprise, then of doubt, quickly followed by a glow of kindly recognition, chased each other over his face. Eunice was looking at him then, her eyes began to kindle; the blush upon her cheek ripened like a peach; and a smile—such a smile—it was like sunlight breaking up from the heart of a rose, parted her mouth.

"My lord," she said, in a voice that scarcely rose above her panting breath—"my lord you have forgotten little Eunice!"

"Not so; I only wondered to find my pretty playmate so womanly, and at her sudden appearance!" said Lord Bowdon, with a well pleased and gentle smile. He was about to add something more, but the expression of Sir John's face checked him, and he made haste to dismiss the young woman, but in a kindly manner that sent her off with tears in her eyes, grateful and pleasant tears.

"Upon my word," said Sir John, leaning back in his chair, and smoothing the ribands of his doublet. "This hermit life of yours has its bright side—this pretty maiden, for instance, who flashes in upon us and away like some wondering sunbeam."

"She is married, I am told, and has been for several years," replied Bowdon, calmly; "she has probably just arrived on a visit to her aunt. It is many years since I have seen her."

"Married, is she?" was the careless rejoinder—"well, her husband is a fortunate man." Sir John went on cracking his filberts; after a little he managed by a few adroit sentences to bring back the conversation to the point which they had left before Eunice came in.

"This young woman is beautiful—very, but how unlike the heavenly loveliness of the young creature you rescued from the waves," he said; "a sunbeam and the soft moonlight are not more dissimilar."

"Oh, yes," said Bowdon, with some animation, "Eunice was always pretty as a child; but in Francesca's beauty there was something holy!"

"There was!—why is she not the same yet?" said Sir John.

"I fear that she is dead!" was the brief reply, and Lord Bowdon arose that his guest might not see the anguish but too visible upon his face.

"Dead!" repeated Sir John; and, strange to say, his face was ashy pale also. "How did it happen?" he questioned, after a moment of painful silence.

"You remember," said Bowdon, making a strong effort to master the emotions that Francesca's name always aroused—"you remember that this young girl and her brother were absent from their apartments on the day you left Bowdon."

"Yes, but you thought it was but for a walk in the grounds, she was often in the shrubberies; I saw her once or twice with Rochley!"

"She never came back!" said Bowdon, in a hoarse voice.

"And did no one see her after that morning?"

"No one; the grass was trampled around her mother's grave, and that was all the trace we ever found of them."

"And did you search beyond the castle?"

Lord Bowdon smiled mournfully at the question.

"For three months," he said, "I and all my people scoured the country. They must have fallen from the rocks into the channel!"

Sir John still continued pale; and his face bore marks of keen disappointment: feelings deeper and more selfish than mere sympathy were evidently at work in his bosom. For some minutes he was lost in thought, then some new idea seemed to strike him; he spoke abruptly, and in a tone that aroused Lord Bowdon, who had likewise sunk into a train of mournful thought.

"This happened on the day we left Bowdon. Did Lord Rochley know of it?"

"Not then; but I informed him by letter some weeks after."

"And he never mentioned it to me, but spoke of the young girl as if she were still at Bowdon—as if her fascinations kept you here! My lord there is something wrong in this!"

"Wrong—how?"

"The young lady is not dead!"

"I wish you could convince me of it!" said Bowdon, with a sad smile.

Rochley has been at the bottom of her disappearance: he has persuaded her away. Several times I saw him in the grounds conversing with her—once she was crying—again I saw her hands clasped before him as if urging some petition—he is answerable for her disappearance!"

"You do not know Francesca: no angel is more pure than she is!" said Bowdon, with animation.

"This thing could not have been!—Heaven forbid!"

"Amen!" answered Sir John, thrusting aside his plate, and beginning to pace the room much agitated. "Amen, with all my heart! but I will see Rochley before the year is a week older. If harm has fallen upon the girl, and by his aid, the very fiends are more to be envied than he."

Bowdon was surprised by the young baronet's vehemence. Every moment he became more and more excited; his dark eyes glowed beneath their black lashes; a frown knitted the smooth breadth of his forehead; his step was planted firmly upon the carpet, and he fiercely plucked away the knots of riband on his doublet as he paced to and fro.

"Sir John this agitation seems strange!" said Bowdon, excited, by these exhibitions of deep feeling—"what interest can you take in the fate of this young girl that should move you thus?"

"Bowdon," said Sir John, stopping short, "tell me, did you ever think of making Francesca your wife?"

Bowdon shrank back as if with a sharp pang, and his face grew very pale.

"You know that my hand is pledged."

"To whom?—to whom? I would know to whom?" was the passionate rejoinder.

"I have never seen the lady, nor do I know her name; she is one selected by the king and my father. I am pledged only to marry when King Charles shall claim my hand for the person whom my father has chosen."

"Then you could not have married Francesca?"

"I could not!"

"And you did not love her!"

"Sir John—Sir John!" cried Bowdon, in a voice which bespoke all the surprise and pain he felt.

"I see you loved, but would not marry her; and I without love *will* marry her if she is upon the face of the earth."

"This is sacrilege—this is terrible—Francesca is dead," cried Lord Bowdon, arising.

"To-morrow we will talk of this further," said the baronet, checking the fierce excitement under which he had spoken; "now, I pray you, let some one show me a chamber. This news has shaken me sorely," and the young men parted. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FIRST THOUGHTS OF A YEAR.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

THE New Year's page is spotless yet,
Still waiting to be soiled
By thoughts of passion, early met
By passion's wayward child;
And I am laggard to begin
The records of a year
That must be so much grief and sin,
Not worth recording here.

And yet it must be—there are none
Of all the friends I claim
Who brighten at my noonday sun,
Oradden at my shame;
So truly as this lettered page,
None who will keep so well
The secrets that, at every age
Man must bend down to tell.

Oh, records of departing time,
Shadows of every hour
Flung out in wild and idle rhyme,
With heedless, careless power—
How may I look at you, when years
Have silvered o'er my hair,
And think how dim and dull appears
The light ye used to wear!

Oh, records of departing love
That lights a trackless way,
Bright yesterday with rays above,
And soiled and dark to-day;
How may I wonder, when my blood
Is chilled with age's frost
That through my veins, so like a flood,
E'er ran the tide I've lost.

It may not be so—how the eyes
Of those I love to day,
From these may bid my image rise
When I am far away,
Calling me upward from the shroud
Where they have laid my youth,
And hoping that a heart so proud
Had not outlived its truth.

And how, perchance, those very eyes
May bend them here to learn,
That stars grow dim in cloudless skies,
And suns to darkness turn,
That on an open brow may yet
Be graven death and sin,
And eyes with seeming tears be wet,
When all is dry within.

I know not how it may be—some
May read to scoff and jeer,
And some be gayer when they come,
And some grow pale with fear;
One dreaming that the seeker found,
One that he missed, the goal,
And one, perchance, in all the round,
Low breathing for his soul.

The page is stained already—up
Proud heart, the course is on,
For feast on high with Faith and Hope,
Or die and sleep alone;
No shrinking from the sacrifice
Because the hour is dark,
Virtue bends not to open Vice,
Nor Pride forgets his mark!

THE COTTAGE HOME.

BY G. E. SENSENEY.

Though Wintry winds may howl around
The cottage, loud and shrill,
And snows fall drifting to the ground,
It knows a pleasure still.

For, gathered by the cheerful hearth,
The ruddy light is thrown
On happy forms, that know of mirth
Its innocence alone.

C H I L D H O O D .

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Oh, ye golden days of childhood, oh, ye fair and lustrous
isles,
Set in life's tempestuous ocean, wreathed with memory's
seraph smiles;
Oft ye haunt my midnight slumbers, oft your dreaming
sounds I hear
On the calm and still air falling, low, and musical and
clear.

Oft I turn to gaze upon you through the mists of vanished
years,
Where your free streams gleam like crystal and your
tranquil sky appears—
With the soft blue Heaven above you, bright with fountain,
moss and vine,
O'er the grave of scenes departed, still your youthful
valleys shine.

Once again I hear the music that my young heart loved so
well,
Once again the dew wind flutters thro' my own dear leafy
dell,
And again I hear the waters and the mountain air inhale—
Once again I woo the quiet of my far, my native vale.

Dim thy shadows fall around me, proud thy towering
forests stand,
And thy meadows sleep before me locked in many a silver
band;
I behold thee in thy beauty, green and glorious vale of
mine,
Green as when along thy wildwoods, blossoms round my
brow to twine.

One that, now a saint in Heaven, sometimes whispers in
my dreams,
Led me through thy mossy windings, and beside thy gentle
streams,
I have wandered, I have wandered far, my shadowy home,
from thee,
Yet, of earth's most flowery places, thou its Eden art to
me.

Once again my vale, I see thee, through the mists of years
gone by,
With the light upon thy fountains, and thy blue, Arcadian
sky;
There the gentian-flower and lily still thy verdant bosom
pave,
Winds along thy meads as sweetly Susquehanna's limpid
wave.

There the violet blooms as early, and thy rills with
careless chime,
'Mid thy dells and hillocks dewy, mock the silent foot of
Time;
Just as sweet the woodland zephyrs whisper 'mid the
silken leaves,
And the oriole in the maple still its taper dwelling
weaves;

Once again the wood-dove hails me from the thicket and
the grove,
As thy dim and peaceful forests, and thy ferny hills I
rove,
And again the red-bird flashes from its budding, virgin
screen,
Where the silver birch and hemlock mix their branches
dark and green.

I behold the harvest nodding on the gold-enamelled plain,
And again the sickle glitters from amidst the yellow
grain;
I behold the fresh swaths winding far across the shining
leas,
And the creak of laden axles greets me on the quiet
breeze;

And again, the lash resounding thro' the distance quick
and clear,
And the heart's forgotten voices roll anew upon my ear;
O'er me bends thy azure Heaven, and thy balmy winds I
feel,
That with scent of roses laden, through the breathing
woodlands steal;

And the school-house, gray with mosses, looms at last
upon my view,
Where the happy weeks like moments, wreathed in golden
pleasures flew;
Where my free heart hung with rapture on the feats of
Robin Hood,
And I drop the tear of pity o'er the "Children of the
Wood;"

Bent o'er Webster's "mutes and vowels," over Murray's
musty tome,
Sick to hail the joyous sunshine, and the blue sky's breezy
dome.
Oh, ye smiles, ye silken ringlets! Oh, ye forms of stainless
brow!
And ye lips like opening lilies, ye are changed and sullied
now!

There were Roswell, Griggs and Lockwood, merry Fox
and smiling Drew,
Ellen, with the step like zephyr's, and the cheek like
morning's hue;
Roswell thrives in California, Lockwood by the Rio
Grande;
Drew, when Summer shed her roses, parted to the "better
land."

Fox, beneath the stormy tropics battled with the wind
and wave,
And the breezes of September chill the flowers on Ellen's
grave.
Youth and faith, and love may fail us, bloom and hope
forget to spring,
Yet like tones of the departed round our withered hearts
ye cling.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Military Heroes of the Revolution. With a narrative of the War of Independence. By Charles J. Peterson. 1 vol. Philada: W. A. Leary, 1848.—This work has been received with unusual favor by the press, and generally pronounced the best of its kind yet published. It would be deemed partial for us to speak of its literary merit in these pages. The same objection does not lie against what we may say of its typographical execution. The volume is a large octavo of five hundred pages, illustrated with sixteen steel engravings, and about two hundred wood cuts; and both printer and artist have united to produce, so far as they could, a very superior volume. A few of the illustrations might, perhaps, be improved; but, on the whole, they are unusually good. Most of them, moreover, are authentic pictures of places which played a prominent part in our revolutionary history, and, on this account, are of great interest.

The "American Model Courier," edited by A. McMakin, Esq., speaks thus of the literary execution of the volume.

"The pictorial character of the work, however, presents its feeblest claim to favorable consideration. The author has executed his task much better than the artist. The subject of our revolutionary story is in fact here exhibited with a high degree of skill, both as to the plan and the execution. We rise from the perusal with a feeling of something more than mere satisfaction. We feel grateful to the author. He has given a new charm to a memorable portion of his country's annals; and whoever does this, certainly deserves well of his countrymen."

"The plan of the work is this: There is first, a succinct and connected narration of the Revolutionary war, occupying about one-fourth of the volume. The rest of the book, in which its main peculiarities lie, consists of short biographies of the heroes of the Revolution. In giving the life and character of each hero, there is a minute and circumstantial account of some one battle. Thus, the military character of Washington receives its special illustration from the battle of Trenton, that of Mercer from the battle of Princeton, and so on the others. The plan is excellent. History after all interests us mainly in proportion as it is biographical and personal. The execution, too, is fully equal to the plan. The delineations of individual character show a careful and discriminating analysis of the facts of history, while the narrative, particularly in the battle scenes, evinces a rare degree of skill in grouping facts, and in presenting them vividly to the imagination.

A second volume, comprising the Heroes of the War of 1812, and the Heroes of the War with Mexico, is now passing through the press, and will be published early in the summer. The two volumes will form a complete gallery of the "Military Heroes of the United States."

Old Hick's, The Guide. By Charles W. Webber.—A wild story of a wild land and savage people is this "Old Hick's, the Guide." Probably it contains as much truth as any of our Western books of travel, but it has all the air and tone of a romance. So far as many of the characters are concerned, we have no doubt of the fiction. That French woman is rather too eccentric a person for reality even among the Cannanoe Indians; besides she has various little qualifications than can belong to nothing but the heroine of a romance; for instance, she rides, day after day, on the broad prairie in a hot sun, and without shelter of any kind, yet, if we may believe the author, her complexion is always snow white. She rides a wild horse, fights, shoots, &c., yet her hands are always delicate and soft. If this can be in real old fashioned life, we only wish the author would teach us the secret. Still the very wildness of the characters give interest to the descriptions, which are truthful and vivid.

Children of the New Forest. By Captain Maryatt. 1 vol., in cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Unlike everything that Captain Maryatt has written before, is this story of the New Forest. Had the events been suitable in one of our frontier settlements, the way of living pursued by this family of concealed royalists would have seemed perfectly natural and interesting. The whole interest of the story exists in the ways and means used by a family of young people to earn a subsistence on the crown lands. Hidden away in the king's forest, two young ladies of gentle birth become the prettiest housemaids imaginable; their brothers learn to lasso cattle, shoot deer, snare birds, and in fact do all those things which our Western pioneers could not exist without practising. There is something fresh and novel in thus connecting these household secrets with the great events of history, and though the book interests us very little where the king is concerned, it is a delightful household story, without possessing one objectionable feature.

Wuthering Heights. By the author of "Jane Eyre." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The novel reading world were taken by storm when Jane Eyre appeared. A fiction so fresh, so thrilling, so full of strong points was sure to take, and the inquiry instantly arose as to who the anonymous author could be. The general opinion finally decided that Harriet Martineau was the writer. But the appearance of "Wuthering Heights," about a month after the issue of "Jane Eyre," changed this belief; for Miss Martineau, it was confessed, could never have written anything so coarse as "Wuthering Heights." The hero is a villain, without one redeeming trait; and the best characters are as bad as the worst in other books. We rise from the perusal of "Wuthering Heights" as if we had come fresh from a pest-house. Read "Jane Eyre," is our advice, but burn "Wuthering Heights!" It is now said that the two novels are by brothers of the name of Bell; and, if so, this explains the difference between them.

A Treatise on the Structure of the English Language. By Samuel Greene, A. M. 1 vol. Philada: Thomas, Carpenter & Co.—This volume is principally devoted to analyzing and classifying sentences and their component parts; accompanied with illustrations and exercises adapted to the use of schools.

The Lover's Gift. New York: W. H. Graham.—Cupid himself must have been ransacking among the poets, and have stolen all the gems that he could lay his roguish hands upon, when the idea of this pretty book first presented itself. We hope Mr. Graham will make money by the boy's theft!

The Secrets of Mount Echo; or, Mother's Mysteries. By Jesse Conrad. 1 vol. Cincinnati: Robinson & Jones.—We have here an American romance, written with considerable power, and published in a cheap form by one of the most enterprising houses of the West.

Chambers' Miscellany. Nos. 16, 17, 18 and 19. Boston: Gould, Lincoln & Co.—This beautiful serial really grows better with each number. If its circulation is commensurate with its merits, at least one hundred thousand copies of each number are sold.

An Universal History of the World. Nos. 1 and 2. New York: W. H. Graham.—One of the most enterprising of our young publishers, has just commenced a series of universal history, which promises to become a popular and standard work; for it condenses the knowledge, which now can only be obtained by searching through whole libraries, into three or four convenient volumes. Mr. Graham has commenced his work in the right spirit. Excellent paper, large, clear print, and an emblematic cover, are proofs that nothing will be found wanting in his department to make this history perfect as it is universal. These two numbers, and two more which will speedily follow, at twenty-five cents each, are confined to ancient history. The style is clear and spirited; the events well arranged; and in no one thing do we see cause for anything but thorough commendation.

The Seven Capital Sins. By Eugene Sue. New York: Burgess & Stringer.—It is always a delicate attempt to notice the first number of a book without knowing what the rest may prove, peculiarly so in the works of an author like Sue, for whose morality no sensible person would vouch ten lines beyond he reads. But so far as part I., of "The Seven Capital Sins," we can safely assure our readers that there has not yet appeared a hundred more brilliant or irreproachable pages from the pen of Eugene Sue.

Chalmers Scriptural Readings. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The soul of a great and good man lives and breathes in these beautiful volumes. Before reading the Scriptures we take them up as one walks in a garden, arm in arm with a botanist, who has made every plant and blossom his study, prepared like a little child to listen and to learn. Chaste and beautiful as the contents is the style in which these volumes are sent forth from the publishing house.

Practical Physiology; for the Use of Schools and Families. By Edward Jarvis, M. D. 1 vol. Philada: Thomas, Carpenter & Co.—This is an excellent treatise, on a subject of vital importance. "Before any one can have any use for other knowledge," says the preface, "he must know how to live, &c., should, therefore, learn the nature and the wants of his frame, and of its various organs, even earlier than he studies the features of the earth, the science of numbers, or the structure of language; for, before he can put these to any practical use, he must eat, and breathe, and move, and think. Physiology should, then, be included among the subjects of all school education." When, after this, we say that Dr. Jarvis has admirably executed the task he has thus proposed to himself, we have given the highest possible praise to his volume.

Uncle Sam's Money Box. By Mrs. C. Hall. 1 vol. Jacobo and other tales. 1 vol. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.—These two beautiful little volumes belong to that interesting series, "Chambers' Library for Young People," which is published simultaneously in Scotland and this country. In literary merit these volumes are admirable; while their typographical appearance is much superior to that of American books generally.

The Minstrel Pilgrim. By T. W. Field. 1 vol. New York: Clark, Austin & Co.—An elegantly written poem, entitled "The Minstrel Pilgrim," with three or four fugitive pieces, composes the contents of this prettily printed volume.

Bryan O'Lyn. By the author of Wild Sports of the West. New York: Burgess & Stringer.—This is a dashing, spirited story, well worth reading. It describes one or two capital characters, and gives some vivid scenes of English country life.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

THE plate for June is as beautiful as it is seasonable. The costumes are in advance, and selected from a perfect wardrobe of new fashions.

FIG. I.—A MORNING DRESS of pink cambric, made with an infant body, confined at the waist with a pink sash. The sleeves are short, and trimmed with three scalloped ruffles. The skirt is exceedingly full, and has five scalloped flounces. The costume is completed by garters made of a light color; and by a lace cap, ornamented with flowers.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS of silver-colored silk, made with a tight body, which is very high in the neck, and is trimmed down the front with tigs. The sleeves are slightly loose, finished at the hand with a lace ruffle, the cape being ornamented with tags to match the corsage. The skirt is made full and plain, with tags down the front. The bonnet is a white drawn crepe, trimmed on the right side with a half wreath of green leaves. The hair is worn plain.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The prevailing fashion for bonnets in Philadelphia is the leghorn, with a round crown and large, flaring face, generally trimmed with either white, salmon-colored, or leghorn-colored ribbon, with the addition of flowers, or, if trimmed in white, with a tuft of small ostrich feathers. Scarfs are very much worn, particularly those made of black figured lace, and these are

generally lined with thin silks of violet, pink, or blue color. We are glad to see this exceedingly graceful article of dress coming into vogue again. A sort of scarf, of black lace lined, has made its appearance, cut round and deep behind in the style of the late mantilla. Infant waists will be much worn, with belts of thick ribbon. For dresses high in the neck, the little straight collar called the *Jenny Lind*, made of edging and inserting, or narrow ruffling, is very fashionable. Capes for walking dresses are now universally cut in the pelerine style, with long tabs in front. Cuffs are very much worn over a tight sleeve; and a fall of lace over the hand with a loose one. Gympe for trimming is no longer used, but has been supplanted by black lace or fringe. The thin, white lace cape, worn for evening dress, is made with the ends sufficiently long to cross in front and tie behind. The hair is now dressed in *bandeaux* in front, and in French twist behind. The principal material for mid-summer dresses are summer silks, granadines, silk tissues, and boreges. The styles are generally plain, with small figures. Flounces, and a *ruche* of ribbon down the front will be the principal trimmings for the skirt. Travelling dresses are to be made of Normandy cloth, or linen lustres, either plain or embroidered. In jewellery the prevailing style is coral, tourquoise, or garnets or stone cameos set with pearls.

THE LADIES'
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

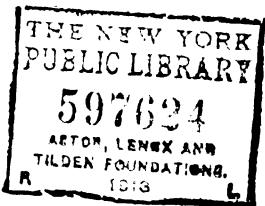
EDITED BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

VOLUME XIV.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, INCLUSIVE.

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FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

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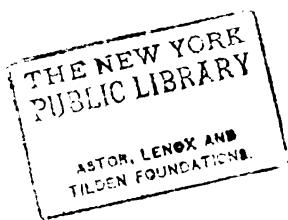
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Judith and Holofernes.	
Fashions for July, colored.	
Alice Linly.	
Fashions for August.	
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THE DUCHESS OF ANGLO-INDIA OR ROME.

Illustrations selected and arranged by John Macmillan May.

Album des Modes et Costumes Parisiens

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

J. M. L. C. H. A. B. R. H. D. U. O. F. E. R. E. S.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

BREAD UPON THE WATER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A LAD was toiling up a hill, near the city, under the weight of a heavy basket, on the afternoon of a sultry day in August. He had been sent home with some goods to a customer who lived a short distance in the country. The boy was lightly built, and his burden almost beyond his strength. Many times he sat down to rest himself on his way up the hill. But it seemed as if he would *never* reach the summit. Each time he lifted the basket, it felt heavier than before.

The boy was about half way up the hill with his basket, when a gentleman overtook and passed him. He had not gone on many paces, when he stopped, and turning round to the lad, looked at him for a moment or two, and then said, kindly—

"That's a heavy load you have, my boy. Come! Let me help you."

And the gentleman took the basket, and carried it to the top of the hill.

"There. Do you think you can get along now?" said he, with a smile, as he set the basket down. "Or shall I carry it a little further?"

"Oh, no, thank you, sir," returned the boy, with a glow of gratitude on his fine young face. "I can carry it now, very well; and I am very much obliged to you."

"You are right welcome, my little man," said the gentleman, and passed on.

Twenty years from that time, a care-worn man, well advanced in life, sat motionless in an old arm chair, with his eyes fixed intently upon the glowing grate. He was alone, and appeared to be in a state of deep abstraction. In a little while, however, the door of the room opened, and the light form of a young and lovely girl glided in.

"Papa," said a low, sweet voice, and a hand was laid gently on the old man's arm.

"Is it you, dear?" he returned, with a low sigh.

"Yes, papa," and the young girl leaned against him, and parted with her delicate fingers the thin, gray locks that lay in disorder about his forehead.

"I would like to be alone for this evening, Florence," said the old man. "I have a good deal to think about, and expect a person on business."

And he kissed her tenderly; yet sighed as he pressed his lips to hers.

The girl passed from the room as noiselessly as she had entered. The old man had been calm before her coming in, but the moment she retired, he became agitated, and arose, and walked the floor uneasily. He continued to pace to and fro, for nearly half an hour, when he stopped, suddenly, and listened. The street door bell had rung. In a little while a man entered the room.

"Mr. Mason," he said, with slightly perceptible embarrassment.

"Mr. Page," returned the old man, with a feeble, quickly fading smile. "Good morning," and he offered his hand.

The visitor grasped the hand and shook it warmly. But their was no pressure in return.

"Sit down, Mr. Page."

The man took a chair, and Mr. Mason sat down near him.

"You promised an answer to my proposal to-night," said the former, after a pause.

"I did," returned the old man; "but am as little prepared to give it as I was yesterday. In fact, I have not found an opportunity to say anything to Florence on the subject."

The countenance of the visitor fell, and something like a frown darkened upon his brow.

There was an embarrassing silence of some minutes. After which the man called Page, said—

"Mr. Mason, I have made an honorable proposal for your daughter's hand. For weeks you have evaded, and do still evade an answer. This seems so much like trifling, that I begin to feel as if just cause for offence existed."

"None is intended, I do assure you," replied Mr. Mason, with something deprecating in his tone. "But, you must remember, Mr. Page, that you have never sought to win the young girl's affection, and that, as a consequence, the offer of marriage which you wish me to make to her, will be receivd with surprise, and, it may be, disapproval. I wish to approach her, on this subject, with proper discretion. To be too

precipitate, may startle her into instant repugnance to your wishes."

"She loves you, does she not?" inquired Page, with a marked significance of manner.

"A child never loved a parent more tenderly," replied Mr. Mason.

"Give her, then, an undisguised history of your embarrassment. Show her, how your fortunes are trembling on the brink of ruin; and that you have but one hope of relief and safety left. The day she becomes my wife, you are removed from all danger. Will you do this?"

The old man did not reply. He was lost in a deep reverie. It is doubtful whether he heard all that the man had said.

"Will you do this?" repeated Page, and with some impatience in his tone.

Mason aroused himself as from a dream, and answered, with great firmness and dignity.

"Mr. Page; the struggle in my mind is over. I am prepared for the worst. I have no idea that Florence will favor your suit, and I will not use a single argument to influence her. In that matter, she must remain perfectly free. Approach her as a man, and win her if you have the power to do so. It is your only hope."

As if stung by a serpent, Page started from his chair.

"You will repent this, sir," he angrily retorted—"and repent it bitterly. I came to you with honorable proposals for your daughter's hand; you listened to them; gave me encouragement, and promised me an answer to-night. Now you meet me with insult! Sir! You will repent this."

Mr. Mason ventured no reply, but merely bowed in token of his willingness to meet and bear all consequences that might come.

For a long time after his angry visitor had retired, did Mr. Mason cross and re-cross the floor with measured tread. At last he rung a bell, and directed the servant who came to say to Florence that he wished to see her.

When Florence came, she was surprised to see that her father was strongly agitated.

"Sit down, dear," he said, in a trembling voice, "I have something to say to you that must be no longer concealed."

Florence looked wonderingly into her father's face, while her heart began to sink.

Just then a servant opened the door and ushered in a stranger. He was a tall, fine looking man, just in the prime of life. Florence quickly retired, but not before the visitor had fixed his eyes upon her face, and marked its sweet expression.

"Pardon this intrusion, sir," he said, as soon as the young girl had left the room; "but facts that I have learned this evening have prompted me to call upon you without a moment's delay. My name is Greer, of the firm of Greer, Miller & Co."

Mr. Mason bowed, and said—

"I know your house very well; and now remember to have met you more than once in business transactions."

"Yes. You have bought one or two bills of goods

from us," replied the visitor. Then, after a moment's pause he said, in a changed voice—

"Mr. Mason, I learned to-night, from a source which leaves me no room to doubt the truth of the statement, that your affairs have become seriously embarrassed. That you are, in fact, on the very eve of bankruptcy. Tell me, frankly, whether this is indeed so. I ask from no idle curiosity, nor from a concealed and sinister motive, but to the end that I may prevent the threatened disaster, if it is in my power to do so."

Mr. Mason was dumb with surprise at so unexpected a declaration. He made two or three efforts to speak, but his lips uttered no sound.

"Confide in me, sir," urged the visitor. "Trust me as you would trust your own brother, and lean upon me, if your strength be indeed failing. Tell me, then; is it as I have said?"

"It is," was all the merchant could utter.

"How much will save you? Mention the sum, and if within the compass of my ability to raise, you shall have it in hand to-morrow. Will twenty thousand dollars relieve you from present embarrassment?"

"Fully."

"Then let your anxiety subside, Mr. Mason. That sum you shall have. To-morrow morning I will see you. Good evening." And the visitor arose and was gone before his bewildered auditor had sufficiently recovered his senses to know what to think or say.

In the morning, true to his promise, Mr. Greer called upon Mr. Mason, and tendered a check for ten thousand dollars, with his note of hand at thirty days for the ten thousand more, which was almost the same as the money.

While the check and note lay before him upon the desk, and ere he had offered to touch them, Mr. Mason looked earnestly at the man who had so suddenly taken the character of a disinterested, self-sacrificing friend, and said—

"My dear sir, I cannot understand this. Are you not laboring under some error?"

"Oh, no. You, once, did me a service, that I am now only seeking to repay. It is my first opportunity, and I embrace it eagerly."

"Did you a service. When?"

"Twenty years ago," replied the man, "I was a poor boy, and you were a man of wealth. One hot day, I was sent a long distance with a heavy basket. While toiling up a hill, with the hot sun upon me, and almost overcome with heat and fatigue, you came along, and not only spoke to me kindly, but took my basket and carried it to the top of the hill. Ah, sir, you did not know how deeply that act of kindness sunk into my heart, and I longed for the opportunity to show you by some act how grateful I felt. But none came. Often, afterward, did I meet you in the street, and look into your face with pleasure. But you did not remember me. Ever since, I have regarded you with different feelings from those I entertained for others; and there has been no time that I would not have put myself out to serve you. Last night I heard of your embarrassments, and immediately called upon you. The rest you know."

Mr. Mason was astonished at so strange a declaration.

"Do you remember the fact, to which I allude?" asked Mr. Greer.

"It had faded from my external memory entirely; but your words have brought back a dim recollection of the fact. But it was a little matter, sir, a very little matter, and not entitled to the importance that you have given it."

"To me it was not a little matter, sir," returned Mr. Greer. "I was a weak boy, just sinking under a burden that was too heavy, when you put forth your hand and carried it for me. I could not forget it. And now let me return the favor, at the first opportunity, by carrying your burden for you, which has become too heavy, until the hill is ascended, and

you are able to bear it onward again in your own strength."

Mr. Mason was deeply moved. Words failed him in his efforts to express his true feelings. The bread cast upon the water, had returned to him after many days, and he gathered it with wonder and thankfulness.

The merchant was saved from ruin. Nor was this all. The glimpse which Mr. Greer had received of the lovely daughter of Mr. Mason, revealed a character of beauty that impressed him deeply, and he embraced the first opportunity to make her acquaintance. A year afterward he led her to the altar.

A kind act is never lost, even though done to a child.

F A N C I E S .

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

WHERE wanders the sunbeam when darkness is here?
Does it shine in its splendor some far clime to cheer?
Where the wild birds are singing as gladly as ours,
And their plumage is bright as the tints of the bowers;
Where the streamlet is murmuring all the day long—
With cadence as sweet as the lull of a song,
And the bright eyes of maidens in ecstasy gleam—
And herald the advent of Love's morning dream.

And where is the moonlight when storm-clouds are nigh?
Does it brighten the glories of some distant sky?
Do the breathings of music and echoes of mirth
In some fairy clime find a moonlighted birth?
With them as with us, does each night hallow'd ray
Bring moments of Pleasure unknown to the day?
When the full heart is wordless, so happy and still,
Falls the silence upon us with magical thrill.

Oh, where are the stars with their mystical light
When the voice of the tempest is heard in the night?
Are they shining in beauty o'er some Summer lea
Where the perfumed winds sing with their wild melody?
Where the orange groves bloom on the coral deck'd strand,
And the gales from the mountains are gentle and bland
As the song of the mermaid that oft in the night
Is wafted far over that scene of delight.

And where does the kiss of the rosy breeze stray
As it flies the embrace of the Winter's rude day?
Does it linger around some Spring mantled isle
That forever is clad in its sunniest smile?
Or wanders it ever and ever along,
Now tasting the rose-bud, now lighting the throng
That gather with spirits so joyful and free,
To dance on the greensward, or sport 'neath the tree?

And who hears the rush of the Summer bird's wing
When through the bare forests the Winter winds sing?
Does it warble its glad notes from bower and lea,
Or mocks it the singing of sweet infancy?
Are there hearts that leap up when its music is heard,
As if some enchantment the spirit-harp stirred?
And eyes that will brighten to welcome once more
The thrill of thy tones to that Summery shore.

The flowers, are they wanderers?—do they but come
To give us a glimpse of their Eden-like home?
Are they doom'd to an exile from that sunny clime
Where their Beauty is flung round the footsteps of Time?
To bear for a season the grief and the tear
That falls from our cold skies on all that is dear,
Then leave us, but still in our heart's deepest cell,
Like an image of beauty their memorie shall dwell.

The buds and the blossoms when Summer is flown,
O'er what happy scene is their fragrant breath thrown?
What poet's soul drinks in the incense they fling
Till the world seems to him but a dream of the Spring?
Oh! tell us what lovely eyes look on your birth—
What voices unheard in our sin-stained earth
Are singing your welcome with breathing as sweet
As those that at evening the listening ear greet.

Star, sunbeam and moonlight, bird, blossom and flower,
What jewels ye are in the world's princely dower;
How throw ye forever o'er mountain and sea—
O'er the stately old hall and the cot on the lea—
A mantle of beauty that clings to each scene,
E'er which with its magic thy presence has been
To raise up a Mecca where pure hearts may come,
And pay their devotions like children at home.

J U D I T H A N D H O L O F E R N E S S .

SEE BOOK OF JUDITH, CHAPTER XIII.

ARMED for her country's wrongs, the Hebrew maid
Forgets her sex, and draws the avenging blade:
While still the sinful tyrant slumb'ring lies,
She strikes the blow, and lo! the victim dies.

Thus may the proud oppressor ever fall;
Thus patriots answer to their country's call.
And even woman be, like hero, bold,
As that fair Hebrew maid in days of old!

C O U S I N L I Z Z I E .

BY MRS. D. W. RHODES.

Cousin Lizzie had been with us from a child. She came from the city to our old country place in the spring, when the buttercups and spring beauties were hunted for in the meadows, and when, with our hearts tired of the long winter, and feeling as though released from a severe imprisonment, we sported in the sun the livelong day, keeping companionship with the birds and squirrels in the leafy woods. I can well remember her childish delight at all around her, so new and lovely; and I can also remember with what a warm welcome she was received in our group as a playmate.

Although she left an only sister in the city, cousin Lizzie soon seemed to forget all that could cause her to remember we were not her sisters also. Her desolate situation endeared her more to our parents. She well repaid our care and love; for like a gentle and pure spirit she moved among us, and in her kindness was irresistible. Thus she grew up in beauty and loveliness, until we were tall, young girls together.

I must acknowledge, in all candor, to the full awkwardness of girl at that age, but it was different with cousin Lizzie. Her timidity hung around her like a beautiful veil. You felt that you caught glimpses of what that young spirit would be in time to come. If the bud was so beautiful, how splendid must be the flower.

It was at this time that a pressing invitation came to Lizzie from her aunt in the city to visit her. Anxiously we awaited Lizzie's decision. Between a love for her sister that even time and neglect could not wholly subdue, and a desire for change natural to all young hearts, she decided to go. With feelings of almost reproach I assisted her to prepare for her departure. At first I felt that she did not love us, or she would not be so willing to leave her country home. But the tears on her cheeks, and her earnest words as we stood beneath the trees the night before she left, removed all such feelings. We wandered on to all the old remembered places, as though Lizzie was never to see them more. By the soft moonlight we went down to the spring-house, where the water came gushing from the earth, and rippled away in the grass, until it came to the little waterfall, whose murmur could be heard from the window of our chamber. At last we returned to the house, and fell asleep in each others arms, feeling that no earthly trial equalled the one we were to pass through on the morrow.

We all accompanied Lizzie to the Hudson; saw her placed on the steamboat that was passing down; caught a glimpse of her beautiful face, all smiles and tears, and of a waving of handkerchiefs; and then she disappeared around a bend of the river. How desolate everything looked on our return. Something at

every step reminded us of our loss. At evening prayers my father unconsciously turned around to ask Lizzie, as usual, to commence the hymn. My mother wiped away the tears she could not hide as the prayer went forth for the one that had gone from us. Month after month glided by, and we were awaiting Lizzie's return impatiently, when there came an invitation to myself from her aunt, saying Lizzie could not leave her until spring. I recognized Lizzie's kindness in it all, and awaited my mother's answer with a beating heart. Mother smiled, shook her head, consulted with my father, and at last consented.

What with the beautiful scenery, the excitement of travelling, and the visit to the city before me, I was almost wild with delight, in my passage down the Hudson. At last New York appeared in view, with its spires, its public buildings, and its shipping. We neared the wharf, entered the crowded dock, and in a few moments all was confusion. One after another passed to shore. Friends came after them all, but none for me, and desolate and solitary I crept into a corner of the cabin, and awaited with a feeling of loneliness never known before, for some one to come for me. At last a gentleman appeared inquiring for me. I sprang forward, ready to welcome any one. We hastened through the crowd, entered a carriage, and were soon passing down the street all of streets, Broadway. The ride seemed interminable. But at length the carriage stopped. I was almost carried out, and before I could enter the hall, there stood cousin Lizzie ready to welcome me! I knew she was not changed by that beautiful smile, by the kind and sisterly tone of her voice; and I wept happy tears on her breast before I could speak my joy. The parlors were one blaze of light, and filled with guests; but my journey was sufficient apology for us to steal away to our own room; and there we sat unmindful of everything around us hour after hour.

I found Lizzie the same gentle, loving creature, but oh, how much more beautiful and womanly! There was a dignity indescribable in every movement, in every tone, and something I could not define dwelling in those dark, lustrous eyes, and playing around her small, child-like mouth. I was not wise then, and knew not that changes in the heart effect magical changes in the countenance. We were still sitting by the fire busily talking of all that had passed, for we had so much to say, and so much to ask, that I had not even thrown off my shawl; and Lizzie, half leaning forward with her hand on my shoulder, tears in her eyes, and her voice tremulous with affection, was speaking of home and my parents, when the door was opened and a young girl entered. I knew she

was Lizzie's sister by a resemblance, which though difficult to define, for they were certainly very different, yet was visible at the first glance. Miss Leslie looked at us both with an inquisitive, searching glance, as though she could read our thoughts, and then sat down beside us. I had never seen so beautiful and queen-like a creature before. Her manners were at first lofty and rather dashed with haughtiness, but that wore off, and as she conversed with us I was fascinated in spite of myself. Yet, when she left us, we both felt relieved. I had no experience, no knowledge of the world, but I felt there was no sympathy between us. I knew intuitively that woman's character. Designing, dark and treacherous, as Lizzie was open, pure and trusting, how could two sisters be so unlike!

I was soon in the whirl of fashionable life. Days and weeks flew by. Lizzie's aunt was kind and indulgent, and appeared to love us both as her own children. Evening after evening we were carried from pleasure to pleasure; yet when the excitement of the day was over, in our own room Lizzie and I had our hours of quiet enjoyment; and in those times of sisterly confidence how beautiful appeared the heart of my cousin! She told me of her aunt and sister, whom she loved dearly, and then hesitatingly spoke of a nephew of her aunt, who was then absent. He had been brought up with her sister, and was as a son and brother in the family. Then, even as I suspected the truth, with a modest drooping of the eyes and a blush on the cheek, she told me of their love; yet when she spoke of him, those beautiful eyes were lifted so full of nobleness, confidence and affection, that I could almost have worshipped her in her love and purity.

That love, so well requited, so pure and holy, how beautiful it made her! Love had unsealed the inexhaustible fountains of her heart. It shone in her eyes, trembled on her lips, and rested on her brow with such a regal beauty, as at times entirely to change her appearance. I had yet to see the object of all this love. The parlors were crowded with company. Lizzie, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, was carrying all before her with her wit and vivacity, and I was noticing from a little corner the emotions that stole over her face like light and shadow. Suddenly a stranger drew near her, and I knew by the deathly paleness and then the sudden glow, by the silence and then the constrained attempt to renew her light-hearted conversation, that it was the one she loved. She scarcely noticed him as he entered, but as the company gradually withdrew they were left the last. I had been in my room sometime, and was dreaming of home and happy faces, when a light footstep awoke me. Lizzie was on her knees beside my bed. Her arms were flung around my neck, and as I raised her head, the happy tears upon her cheeks told me of her complete happiness.

Lizzie's engagement with Mr. Eldron, the young and talented lawyer, the possessor of thousands, was soon known. All congratulated, all prophesied happiness—all but one, and that one her sister Isabel! I noticed her often as she sat watching those happy spirits. There was none of that holy love felt for a younger sister, none of that perfect peace that steals

over our hearts in seeing those we love made happy, depicted in her countenance. All was storm and passion in that wayward heart, and I felt that Isabel had loved him first. But she was not one to give up lightly. *She* was the gayest of them all. Lizzie's happiness was quiet and subdued, she was content to sit in a corner uncared for and unnoticed, with her heart brim full of happiness and love, that gushed forth to every one near her. But Isabel was queening it over them all. I even saw her in her madness trying to throw her fascinations over her sister's lover. But Lizzie, pure, confiding Lizzie, saw nothing in it all but sisterly love, and said in her winning way, "she was so glad her choice had met with her sister's approval." Of that one so well beloved, I have said nothing. It is enough to say that he was worthy of it all, and that never had I seen another to whom I would have so willingly resigned my beloved cousin.

Isabel had no confidants. She treated me after months had passed under the same roof with the same reserve. She wished me to admire her, to be dazzled by her beauty, her accomplishments and intellect, but she asked not for love. I distrusted her more and more. I felt it a holy and sacred charge to watch over cousin Lizzie and her interests, but I could not breathe one word of my suspicions to her. How could I tell her that one so dearly loved repaid it all so ill? How could I show to her pure heart one of the blackest pages in the world's book! Thus I lulled my cares to rest.

It was a dismal, dull day. Lizzie was not well when Mr. Eldron called, and I went down to make her excuse. Hastily entering the room I saw Isabel standing before Mr. Eldron. Her hand was raised threateningly, and her face was so full of anguish that I almost uttered a cry. Isabel was too well skilled in dissimulation, however, not to overcome her emotions; but Mr. Eldron, little accustomed to deceit, started and blushed, and scarcely hearing my words, hastened from the house. There we stood face to face; and with newly awakened suspicions I looked into Isabel's eyes, with a gaze so indignant that it required all her courage to summon a look of defiance as she turned away. Isabel felt that my eye was upon her, and she was more prudent; but my suspicions were only strengthened. And yet suspicions of what? Henry Eldron's love was still the same. I could not doubt him when I saw the eagerness with which he awaited Lizzie's appearance. Still, at times he gazed into her eyes with a look so inquiring, so almost reproachful, as though he must tell her all that was in his heart. And yet I was silent! Strange infatuation—hateful prudence! The time was drawing near when the storm was to burst over our heads.

Spring was coming, beautiful, lovely spring. I was tired of the city, of its noise, confusion and mirth. My heart was at home with the early flowers, the bees and birds, and all the charms that spring throws around the country. But I had promised to bring Lizzie home with me, and I could not resist her pleadings to stay for a while longer. Several families were to remove to their residences on the Hudson, and we also were to accompany them. If we had enjoyed ourselves in the city, how much more

would we among the beauties of nature. It seemed like home to me. I welcomed the birds, the flowers, and the trees as old familiar friends, whom long absence had only made the more dear. Little assemblies met night after night at these country mansions. Friends came up from the city. There was nothing but enjoyment. I remember our last evening at a friend's, and remember it as though it was yesterday. Those beautiful sisters stood before me arrayed for the evening. Isabel was leaning against the window, with her dark eyes bent on us, as I was arranging a wreath among her sister's hair. The soft light of a lamp fell over her. There was a wild light in those dark eyes, a fever glow on each cheek contrasting with the marble brow, over which hung dark curls half concealing the exquisite profile, that was turned toward me. The lips were firmly compressed, as though to keep back the thoughts that must escape them, and even over all that beauty hung a shadow of unhappiness and evil. Her dress of rich satin, that caught the color of a blush rose, among the rich, heavy folds: the overdress of delicate lace, falling half over the dress and drooping over the arms, was looped up on the shoulders with diamond clasps. Brilliant were among her dark hair. Thus attired, in her stern, haughty attitude, she looked a perfect queen. The wreath was placed among cousin Lizzie's bright curls, and she bounded from her seat and stood before us on the low window seat that overlooked the gardens. Her dress of thin muslin floated in the night wind, as it lifted the curls from her neck. Here and there a white rosebud of the wreath peeped out like a beautiful pearl. Pearls lay on the neck and arms, not more pure than the wearer; and in her light, graceful attitude she seemed as a spirit ready to leave us. Her dark blue eyes had a half pensive, half joyous light, telling that the heart was brim full of happiness, yet that she would repress it. The purity, the goodness that dwelt in the heart of my cousin rested on her face as though angels had been communing with her. How lightly our hearts bounded as we kept time to the music with our feet. I could see Lizzie moving through the waltz like a spirit of light. I could see the happy face of her lover as he watched her at a little distance, and how could sad thoughts dwell in my heart! No—I cast them from me and entered with a joyous spirit among the dancers.

Isabel I had not seen for some time, and wearied of the exercise, noise and nonsense, I stole away, and almost in a dream, found myself in a room far from the gay throng. There was no light save the moon shining through the muslin curtains, and throwing shadows on the walls around me. The windows looked upon the gardens, and I could see among the trees white garments floating, and hear now and then a silvery laugh. I could hear also dancing feet that had moved to the merry music, and now could not refrain from tripping over the gravelled paths. The scene was enchanting. I leaned my burning brow on the stone before me, with my spirit wrapped in a sort of ecstasy. I was awakened from my reverie by steps beneath the window. Isabel's voice was heard, and ere I awakened to full consciousness I had listened to words that fastened me there like a spell.

"Cousin Harry," she was saying, "you do not know Lizzie. You do not know how I have mourned over this lightness of spirit—there is no depth of feeling in her heart—and educated among such good, plain persons, do you blame me that I was surprised and indignant to find such mercenary feelings were her motives?"

I had unconsciously thrown myself further forward. I could see Isabel, as she stood in the moonlight. I could see also, upturned to me, the agonized features of her sister's lover. They were deadly pale, and the agony pictured there would have moved a heart of stone. But again I heard Isabel's clear, measured tones; and I caught the flash of her dark eyes, as she pressed closer to his side.

"You ask me for proofs. Do you think I would have dared to destroy your happiness—that I would have torn away the veil from your idol on a slight suspicion? No—here is an unanswerable proof," and she placed a letter in his hand.

"It was written to a cousin, and I found it," continued Isabel, "on her desk. See how she dwells with rapture on the advantages of her situation as the wife of Henry Eldron—with what levity, what girlish frivolity she speaks of silks and laces, diamonds, and all the trappings that she seemingly despises. Is not this enough? Is this the kind, pure, trusting love that could meet with yours as a kindred spirit? Is this what your heart pines after?"

I heard a groan, almost a sob, and Eldron leaned against a tree for support. There was indignation and horror striving in his countenance—indignation that any one should dare to speak thus, and to him of one so dearly loved, one whose image he had jealously enshrined in his heart as all that was good and pure—horror as proof after proof came up before him. His voice was low, and so changed that I started.

"Why do you speak thus of your sister?" he said. "What am I to you, that you should sacrifice sisterly affection, and trample on every natural feeling for my sake? Why have you not told me of this before? Answer me," he added, sternly, as he gazed in her face, "and you will rue this if it is not true."

But Isabel's courage did not forsake her. Her look was at first indignant; then, as though moved by pity, it became more earnest; and her voice fell to a whisper.

"What is my sister to me?" she replied. "We knew nothing of each other until now. We cared nothing. We were separated, taught to think of each other as strangers. But you—I have spent my life with you. You have been more than brother. Years of kindness and attention have strengthened a friendship that far exceeds love for my sister. Say—is it not natural? Could I hesitate to sacrifice a sister that cares nothing for me, to a kind, generous brother, and that too when I had virtue and truth to uphold me?"

I could not bear to look upon his face. I heard the murmured words, "I will see her." There were hasty steps on the walk, and I heard Isabel's pleading voice. "Promise me not to reveal my part in this," and then as though to lull every suspicion she added,

"how could I bear her reproaches, her anger," and I heard him promise.

All was lost, and yet I could not move. I stood idly there. Oh, that paralyzed feeling of the soul, that inability to act when the heart is chilled and the brain on fire! I could not rouse myself. I heard steps in the room, the spell was broken. It was but the work of a moment to step on the balcony, to rush down the stairs, and to possess myself of the letter flung upon the dewy grass and forgotten. Then flashed upon me all the power, the subtlety of that woman. Had I not known Lizzie from childhood, had I not tested the principles and purity of her mind, even I should have been shaken at the proof of that letter. It was Lizzie's own writing apparently. I could detect no imitation, and with a scream that came unconsciously from my aching heart, I turned again to the crowd. Lizzie was gone, and I trembled and drew back at Isabel's voice and touch, as though she had been a serpent.

We hastened home. Lizzie was not there, and I could only sit down and wait with a beating heart. I had remained but a few moments when there were footsteps on the stairway, the door was opened, and there stood Lizzie. How changed! She leaned against the door for assistance. The color had left her cheeks, her eyes were dilated and wild with horror. In that countenance I read all. I sprang to her side, but she pushed me back, and putting her hand to her head fell helplessly forward with a scream I shall never forget. All was confusion. We placed her beside the open window, and in agony awaited her return to life. There we stood, and she, the destroyer, was among us! Her white lips were apart, and the breath came gaspingly as if there was a weight on her heart. Oh! the wild look of her eyes haunts me now.

The tempter was in my heart, and my first impulse was to accuse Isabel of her crime; but my eyes fell on the lifeless, sweet face of my cousin, and I felt this was no time for accusation. Hours passed on, and when daylight came dimly in through the half closed curtains, cousin Lizzie's eyes languidly opened, and there was a hope that she would yet live. I was at her side, and the sad sweetness of her smile nearly broke my heart, for I felt she would not be with us long. Isabel had stolen away from the window, and I could hear her sobs. She did not dare to approach her wronged sister, and when she raised her head, years seemed to have passed over it since the evening before. Retribution had commenced.

When we were alone, Lizzie's lips moved feebly, and she endeavored to tell me all; but I placed my finger on her lips, and to soothe her lay down beside her. But I could not control her, and she would speak. She told me of harsh words he had spoken, of his reproaches that she loved him only for his wealth, that he was to depart from her never to return.

"And oh! Ellen," she said, "he cursed me for my duplicity, said that I had embittered his life forever, and I—I stood like one in a dream—I could not comprehend that he was speaking thus to me. What, Ellen, have I done, except to love him too well? Tell me, Ellen, is it not a horrid dream, and will it

not pass away?" and she twined her fingers among my hair, and smiled so vacantly that I trembled.

What could I do but fold her to my heart, whisper words of comfort, and say "it would all be well," although my heart misgave me. The truth would have killed her, and I yet hoped the deceived lover would return. No one had thought of him through the long, dark night, but at early dawn I had sent for him to the city. I lulled her to rest, and she finally slept on my arm like a wearied, troubled child. Can you imagine my feelings at that hour? There lay the once gay, happy Lizzie, a broken and crushed spirit. She was still in her evening dress. Even the wreath had not been removed, and the buds lay drooping and faded in her hair, fit emblem of the wearer! The delicate dress was soiled and torn, and the pearls on her throat and arms lay scattered on the rich covering around her. All this served to render that sad beauty still more sad. Some one entered, I dared not look up, I heard the words, "Mr. Eldron had left for Europe." There was no scream, no word from the broken-hearted girl beside me; but by the sudden paleness of her face, by the trembling of her form from the agony within, I knew she had heard all. She knew that all was lost. I could only wait patiently and see the young flower fade before my eyes.

Her first words were feeble as a child's.

"Let us go home, Ellen," she said. And oh! how gladly I obeyed. Would that I had never left it.

We were at home. It was a beautiful summer day. The glad sunshine came in through the open window, and danced on the leaves of the white rose tree before the porch. We could hear the bees humming amid the flowers, and the singing of the birds, so still was that little group within! There was my mother with the Holy volume before her, and the blessed words stole forth to the young sufferer. Tears were falling on the Holy Book—yes, my mother's voice was firm, for her trust was in Heaven. Our father, sisters, and brothers were there, hushed and silent before the presence of death.

I could not even shed a tear as I gazed on that angelic face, pale in approaching dissolution. Calmly the air stole in, and so calmly rose her voice, one would have thought it the whispering of the breeze. I bent over to hear her last words.

"Tell Harry," she said, "that I died true to him, and that I knew all would be known in Heaven. I know he will come for me soon, and when his grief is hard to bear, cheer and support him. Tell him how I loved him, that there was not one reproach, or unkind thought in my heart."

There was a sound of carriage wheels on the road, a sudden shutting of the garden gate, hasty footsteps on the walk, and dusty and weary Isabel stood before us! Her step was eager, and she sprang into the room excited and trembling. But even she caught the spirit of the scene. No words of welcome were given to her, no smile of recognition, and the guilty girl stole away to the bed-side and knelt beside her sister.

Lizzie meantime had become unconscious of things around her. She had heard no steps, nor even the new comer. Her voice grew louder and more clear,

and as though she was communing with herself, she added—

"I know there has been some mistake, a veil has fallen over his eyes, but all will be made clear, and he will revere my memory if nothing more."

She spoke so beautifully of their brief, bright dream of happiness, and of the greater happiness when he should rejoin her, that we were all melted to tears. There was no doubt or mistrust in her heart. Peace rested on her face, and blessed her words.

Isabel's sobs had ceased. She had risen to her feet and stood before us. She looked at no one. That wild light was again in her eye, and her lips trembled. I knew the spirit could not rest.

"I did it all, Lizzie," she almost screamed. "It was I. I—I loved him more than life, I loved him

long before I saw you, and I had hoped he would yet be mine. I told him you loved but his wealth, I wrote false letters, I arrayed even his pride, his love against you. I had hoped to win him to myself, but—my God—I forgot there was no happiness for the wicked. Curse me not, my sister, curse me not, for I am already cursed. It would be happiness to die, but I must live with this weight upon my soul. Let me not go to my grave with your hatred!" and she fell helplessly forward beside her sister.

The peace of God had rested on the spirit of my cousin. Earth and earthly things could not call back the mind to their tumult and agony. She heard, but comprehended not, and with her hand lying tenderly on her sister's head, she went from us to her rest in Heaven.

TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

"Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "It is well."—2 Kings, IV., 26.

Why droops the mother's head,
And flows the tear?
Hear'st not the angel's tread
Around the bier?
Know God has from thy breast
Plucked thy sweet flower,
Henceforth 'twill ever rest
In his own bower!

What though the heart be riven,
All, all is well,
The child has gone to Heaven,
In bliss to dwell;
The sainted choir above
Asked it away,
And it has gone to love
And join their lay.

Ah! how did angels sing,
When for the skies
Thy cherub spread its wing,
With glad surprise,
And lend their pinion's power
To bear away
The early gathered flowers
To endless day!

One less the ties to sever
Which bind thee here,
One more is fixed forever
In your bright sphere!
Now while the storm is wild,
And dark the spell,
"Well is it with the child?"
"Ay, it is well!"

S A U L .

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

God-elected to thy station—
Chief of this his favored nation—
God-elect, yet God-deserted;
Vainly was thy strength asserted;
Vainly ranged thy serried ranks
Against Philistia's firm phalanx.
The morning saw the strength of Saul;
The eventide beheld his fall.

Much we mourn thy fearful falling—
Traitor to thy early calling;
For we never may forget thee,
Nor how God on high had set thee—

O'er his chosen people placed
A King who choice divine disgraced.
A king, whose sad dethronement hath
Made merriment for all in Gath.

Where thy body stiff and gory,
Tells the vaunting for its story,
Lie in bloody death around thee,
Those whose hands in triumph crowned thee—
Herds and hinds of mean degree,
But not more mortal could they be,
But less deserving of their fate
Than thou wert, royal God-ingrate.

THE GAMBLER.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

"Such was the cause that turned so many off
Rebelliously from God, and led them on
From vain to vainer still, in endless chase.
And such the cause that made so many cheeks
Pale, and so many knees to shake."—COURSE OF TIME.

ONE stormy evening, in the month of October, 1819, I was descending the little hill that wound its circuitous path into my native village. The drapery of the declining year was hung upon the woodlands, and the blast rustled among the poplars on either side of the way, with a boding and melancholy sound. The thoughts of my mind were colored by the aspect of the scene around me; and I grew pensive and abstracted.

Never does the thought of man's dissolution, and a foretaste of the world to come, press so intently upon the mind as in the autumn season. It is not, perhaps, difficult to account for the coming on of these reflections; in as much as the decay of nature speaks forcibly and audibly to the heart of man—reminding him of his own frail nature, and expressing in its mute eloquence what the Scripture has recorded for the eye and heart. "We do all fade as a leaf:—Man cometh forth like a flower and is cut down: he fleeth also as shadow and continueth not."

Like many villages in the country, my native town extended two or three miles; the houses were not joined together, but each domicil was surrounded with a capacious garden well stocked with fruit trees; so that the vale presented the aspect of a continuous row of farm-houses. The village green was held sacred; and the tall spire awoke a pleasant music on a Sabbath morn, as the well-dressed inhabitants hastened across the lawn to the house of prayer.

Among the young men who had been my companions in youth, and my fellow travellers in manhood, was Charles Everts. He was handsome and accomplished: had received a fine education; and on the death of his father, a wealthy merchant, succeeded to his estate, and began life at twenty-one, with all the prospects of success that could gather around the path of any pilgrim on earth. His affections were ardently devoted to Juliette Howard, the daughter of the village clergyman: a fair girl, who inherited a beauty from her mother, little short of angelic; and whose heart was the sanctuary of the purest principles, and the most ennobling virtue.

During the last year of his stay at college, where he only went to receive the benefits of education, without the design of applying it to a profession, Charles unfortunately contracted a habit of gaming. On his return he abandoned it for awhile, and then pursued it covertly, "just," as he said, "to kill the

time of an evening—make a little money, and feel a pleasant excitement." By degrees he became more involved; and determined on moving to another village on the sea-shore, a few miles distant, where trade was more brisk and profits more lucrative. He was still, notwithstanding his losses, in good business. He sold his house and store, both with the proviso that he was to occupy them until the ensuing spring. He then disposed of his goods by auction, and went to purchase a large stock in one of the great commercial cities. A part of this stock it was his design to dispose of during the winter; and in the beginning of the ensuing year, to open with a great display in his new residence.

On the evening mentioned in the beginning of this tale, I stopped to rest my jaded horse, for a few moments, at the village inn, as well as to get my newspaper from the city, for the village post-office was in the inn.

While I was seated by the stove, the stage from the East drove up to the door, and Charles Everts entered the bar-room. His looks were care-worn and haggard. He gazed at me for a moment without recognition: stalked up to the bar and demanded a glass of brandy. I accosted him, but he stared at me with a vacant look; and asked the bar-keeper for a private room.

He had scarcely closed the door before we heard the report of a pistol. We entered the room. He had committed suicide. The purple current of life was ebbing from his mouth, and the paleness of death was on his brow. In his hand was clasped a scrap of paper—it contained a statement of the loss of his whole property in money, at a gaming-table in New York. Not a penny was saved; and he was indebted to the kindness of the blacklegs who robbed him, for the money which brought him home to die by his own hand!

Who shall describe the terror, the agony of his kind, lovely wife, with her lovely boy? Why should it be described when they both are at rest in the grave? But shall not a voice as of a trumpet arise from the tombs of the victims of gaming, and say, "turn ye at my reproof? Awake from the spell of destruction before thy earthly hopes are blasted, thou gamester. Awake, before despair shall drive thee to that sleep, whose resurrection is uncheered by the sunbeams of hope!"

MY FIRST SCHOOL MISTRESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"He hung his head—each noble aim,
And hope and feeling which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!
Bleat tears of soul-felt penitence,
In whose benign, redeeming flow,
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know."

I COULD not have been more than six years of age when she died, and yet I remember my first school-mistress as distinctly as the faces that passed before me an hour since. She was a quiet, gentle creature, that won the love of every living thing that looked upon her. In repose, her face was sad, sweet, and full of thought, but not handsome; though, when lighted up by a smile, it seemed beautiful as an angel's. I was a mere child, but my heart yearned toward her with clinging tenderness whenever she bent those large, loving eyes on my face, as if she had been my own mother, or a dear, elder sister. When she laid her small hand on my hair, and praised my work, her low voice would send a thrill of strange pleasure through my veins, and I returned her care with a love that lingers round my heart even yet, though years have swept over her grave, and her name is almost forgotten.

Miss Bishop had not been among us a fortnight, before we knew that she was unhappy. The color on her delicate cheek was unsteady, and sometimes far, far too brilliant. There were times when she would sit and gaze through the window into the grave-yard, with her large, melancholy eyes surcharged with a strange light, as if she were pondering on the time when she, also, might lie down in the cold earth and be at rest. She was not gloomy—far from it; at times she was gay and child-like as ourselves. On a rainy day, when the grass was wet, and we were obliged to find amusement within doors, I have known her to join in our little games with a mirth as free as that which gushed up from the lightest heart among us. At such times, she would sing to us by the hour together, till the galleries of the old church seemed alive with bird music. But her cheerfulness was not constant; it seemed to arise more from principle and a strong resolution to overcome sorrow, than from a spontaneous impulse of the heart.

It is strange what fancies will sometimes enter the minds of children—how quick they are to perceive, and how just are the deductions they will often draw from slight premises. It was not long before the sorrow which evidently hung over our young mistress, became a subject of speculation and comment in our play-hours. One morning she came to the house rather later than usual. We were all gathered about the door to receive her; and when she waved her hand in token that we should take our places, there

was a cheerful strife which should obey the signal first. Never do I remember her so beautiful as on that morning. The clear snow of her forehead, and that portion of her slender neck, exposed by her high dress, mingled in delicate contrast with the damask brightness on her cheek and lips. An expression of contentment, subdued the sometimes painful brilliancy of her eyes, and with a beautiful smile, beaming over that face in thanks for the offering, she took a half-open white rose, with a faint blush slumbering in its core, from the hand of a little girl, and twined it among her hair, just over the left temple, before taking her seat. The morning was warm, and all the doors had been left open to admit a free circulation of air through the old building. My seat was near the pulpit, directly opposite the Northern door, which commanded a view of the highway. I was gazing idly at the sunshine which lighted up a portion of the lawn in beautiful contrast with the thick grass which still lay in the shade, glittering with rain-drops—for there had been a shower during the night—when a strange horseman appeared, galloping along the road. He checked his horse, and after surveying the old meeting-house a moment, turned into the footpath leading to the Southern door.

Seldom have I seen a more lofty carriage or imposing person, than that of the stranger as he rode slowly across the lawn. His face, at a first view, appeared eminently handsome; but on a second perusal, a close observer might have detected something daring and impetuous, which would have taught him to suspect impudence, if not want of principle in the possessor. He was mounted on a noble horse, and his dress, though carelessly worn, was both rich and elegant. He had ridden close to the door, and was dismounting, when Miss Bishop looked up. A slight cry burst from her lips, and starting from her seat, she turned wildly toward the side door as if meditating an escape; but the stranger had scarcely set his foot within the building, when she moved down the aisle, though her face was deadly pale, and there was a look of mingled terror and grief in her eyes. The stranger advanced to meet her with a quick, eager step, and put forth his hand. At first she seemed about to reject it, and when she did extend hers, it was tremblingly and with evident reluctance. He retained her hand in his, and bent forward, as if about to salute her. She shrank back, shuddering

beneath his gaze; and we could see that deep crimson flush dart over her cheek like the shadow of a bird, flitting across the sun's disc. The stranger dropped her hand, and set his lips hard together, while she wrung her hands and uttered some words, it seemed, of entreaty. He looked hard in her face as she spoke, but without appearing to heed her appeal, he walked a few paces up the aisle, and taking off his hat, leaned heavily against a pew door which chanced to be open. His was a bold countenance! I have seldom looked on a forehead so massive and full of intellect. Yet the dark kindling eye, the haughty lip, bespoke an untamed will, and passions yet to be conquered, or to be deeply repented of in remorse and in tears. As he stood before that timid girl, she shrank from, and yet seemed almost fascinated by the extraordinary power of expression that passed over his face. His dark eyes grew misty and melting with tenderness as he took her hand again, reverently between both his, and pleaded with her as one pleading for his last hope in life. We could not hear his words, but there was something in the deep tones of his voice, and in that air of mingled pride, energy and supplication, which few women could have resisted. But she did resist, though even a child might have seen that the effort was breaking her heart. Sadly, and in a voice full of suppressed agony and regret, she answered him, her small hands were clasped imploringly, and her sweet face was lifted to his with the expression of a tried spirit, beseeching the tempter to depart and leave her in peace.

Again he answered her, but now his voice trembled, and its deep tones were broken as they swelled through the hollow building. When he had done, she spoke again in the same tone as before, and with the expression of sad resolve unmoved from her face. He became angry at last; his eyes kindled, and his heavy forehead gathered in a frown. She had extended her hand, as if to take farewell; but he dashed it away, and, regardless of her timid voice, rushed toward the door.

Miss Bishop tottered up the aisle, and sunk to her chair, trembling all over, and drawing her breath in quick, painful gasps. We all started up, and were about to crowd around her with useless tears and lamentations, when the young man came up the aisle again. We shrank back around the pulpit stairs, and watched his motions, like a flock of frightened birds when the hawk is hovering in the air above them.

"Mary," he said, bending over her chair, and speaking in a low, suppressed voice—for all traces of passion had disappeared from his face. "Mary, once again, and for the last time, I entreat you take back the cruel words you have spoken. They will be the ruin of us both—for, conceal it as you will, you cannot have forgotten the past. There was a time—"

"Do not speak of it, George Mason, if you would not break my heart here, and at once—do not—in mercy, arouse memories that never will sleep again!" said the poor girl, rising slowly to her feet, and wringing her hands, over which tear-drops fell like rain.

"Be calm, Mary, I beseech you. I will say nothing that ought to pain or terrify you thus—consent to fulfil

the engagement so cruelly broken off, and here, in this sacred place, I promise never to stand beside a gambling-table, or touch another card in my life. I know that in other things I have sinned against you, almost beyond forgiveness, but I will do anything, everything that you can dictate to atone for the wrongs done that—that poor girl, and I will never, never see her again."

Miss Bishop looked up with a painful smile, and a faint color spread from her face, down over her neck and bosom.

"Can you take away the stain which has been selfishly flung on her pure spirit—can you gather up the affections of a young heart when once wickedly lavished, and teach them to bud and blossom in the bosom which sin has desolated? As well might you attempt to give its perfume back to the withered rose, or take away the stain from a bruised lily, when its urn has been broken and trampled in the dust. Vain man! Go and ask forgiveness of that God, whose most lovely work you have despoiled. With all your pride and wealth of intellect, you have no power to make atonement to that one human being, whom you have led into sin and sorrow."

She turned from him as the last words died on her lips, and covering her face, wept as one who had no comfort left. Tears stood in that proud man's eye, and his haughty lip trembled as he gazed upon her. He did not speak again, but lifted her hand reverently to his lips, and hastened away.

A week went by, and every day we could see that our "young mistress" walked more feebly up the lawn, and that the color in her cheek became painfully vivid. She had always been troubled with a slight cough, but now it often startled us with its frequency and hollowness. On Saturday, it had been her habit to give us some little proof of approbation—a certificate, sometimes neatly written, but more frequently ornamented by a tiny rose—a butterfly or grasshopper, from her own exquisite pencil. On the Saturday night in question, she had distributed her little gifts, and it chanced that a simple daisy, most beautifully colored, fell to me. I had long had a strange wish to possess a lock of her hair, and this night found courage to express it. As she extended the daisy for my acceptance, I drew close to her chair, and whispered, "if you please, Miss Bishop, I would much rather have some of your hair—that beautiful bright curl that always hangs back of your ear."

With a gentle smile, she took her scissors and cut off the curl which I had so long coveted. She seemed pleased with my eager expressions of delight, and holding up the ringlet allowed it to fall slowly down to my palm, in a succession of rich glossy rings. I had the daisy, too, and went home a proud and happy child.

The next Monday was a melancholy day to us all, for our mistress was ill—very ill. The doctor was afraid that she never would be well again. We sat down together as they told us this, and cried as if some great evil had fallen upon us. We saw her once again, but it was in the gloom of a death-chamber, and then she was in her old place again, there in

16 'TIS A LONELY PLACE, OUR HEARTH STONE.

the broad aisle of the meeting-house, but a coffin was her resting-place, and when we gathered about her, weeping and full of sorrow, she did not hear the voice of her little scholars.

Our mistress was buried back of the old meeting-house, and very often would the children she loved so fondly, linger about her grave. It was a strange fancy, but I seldom visited the shady spot without taking with me the little work-bag which contained her presents, and that one precious ringlet—her last gift. I was never afraid to linger about the resting-places of the dead, and one evening the twilight had settled over me while I still sat by that meekly-made grave. All at once the sound of a heavy footstep startled me, and the shadow of a man fell athwart the grass. I knew him at once, though he was much paler than formerly, and there was an expression of suffering on his face that awoke all my childish sympathy. It was the same man who had visited our mistress on the week before she left us. He seemed surprised at finding a child so near her grave; but when he saw that I recognized him, began to question me about the departed. I told him all, and he wept

like a child, for my presence was no restraint upon him. After a time he took me in his arms, and asked if the departed had never given me any present—a picture-book or certificate which I would part with—he would give me a beautiful piece of gold for it. I thought of my precious ringlet, and there was a struggle in my young heart.

"Did you love our mistress?" I inquired, for it seemed wrong to give up the beautiful curl to any one who had not loved her as well as I had done.

"Love her—oh, God, did I not!" he exclaimed, covering his face and bursting into tears—such tears as can only be wrung from a strong, proud man.

"Don't cry, don't cry! I will give you the hair, I will indeed," I exclaimed, eager to pacify him, for it seemed strange and unnatural to see a man weep. Taking the ringlet from my work-bag, I held it up in the moonlight. His tears were checked at the sight, and with a quick breath he took it from my hand. Another burst of grief swept over him, and then he became more calm. When he saw that I would not take the gold, he kissed my forehead, and led me forth from the grave of "my first school-mistress."

'TIS A LONELY PLACE, OUR HEARTH STONE.

BY MRS. M. C. WHYTE.

'Tis a lonely place, our hearth stone,
A lonely, lonely place,
For many a sunny brow we miss,
And many a form of grace;
By the dim light of our taper
We see each vacant chair,
And we almost fancy as we gaze
We see the lost ones there.
Our mother's form is stooped with grief,
And her dim eyes fills with tears
As one by one she names them o'er,
The loved of by-gone years.

'Tis a lonely place, our hearth stone,
No joyous voice is here—
For memory's glow still pictures
The sable pall—the bier—
Again we see the ashy lip—
Again the dim blue eye—

And we think we hear their low tones
In each breeze that passeth by;
In vain we try to dry our tears,
To still the rising sigh,
With the thought that they are happy
In their home—the azure sky.

'Tis a lonely place, our hearth stone,
Although long years have fled
Since first we heard the yew tree sigh
Above our much loved dead.
We see their blue stones lower sink,
And many a spot of moss
We mark beneath the ivy vines,
And yet we mourn our loss—
And thus 't will be until we too
Are placed beneath the sod,
Until with them we kneel and praise
Our Saviour and our God.

B E A U T Y .

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful, yes 'tis fair
Through all the earth and the upper air!
Beauty looks down from the shovery cloud,
Beauty springs up in the snake-leaf's shroud.
She riots, away in the prairie wild,
Where rose-leaves are shed on the romping child,

Ye may gaze o'er the desert of sin and care,
Her beautiful pinions are folded there.
For oh, she is bright in a human eye
When the soul is nerved for its purpose high,
And angels rejoice in her native Heaven
When she broods in the heart of the sin-forgiven.

HIDDEN CAUSES.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY HERMAN YENLAW, AUTHOR OF "WRITING FOR THE PRIZE."

"Two kinds of causes are to be distinguished in every event whereof history—whether natural or civil—taketh note. The one, apart and visible to all; the other, concealed deep in the heart of the matter, and hardly to be discerned by most painful inquisition."—BACON.

CHAPTER I.

Hug.—"A statesman say'st thou? Prithee canst tell me
What's a statesman?" *THE DOUBLE INTRIGUE.*

THAT much remains to be done in American Colonial and Revolutionary History is admitted on all sides; and the materials for this work are to be sought principally in European records. The archives of England in particular, which hitherto have been only measurably explored, because only measurably exposed to observation, could both throw light upon many points which are now obscurely visible, and reveal actors and motives of which we have not the slightest conception. When these researches shall be made and published, many things that would now pass for romantic imaginations, will be established as important realities. The train of curious events narrated below are of this description.

Henry Russell was the younger son of a noble, though untitled family of one of the middle counties of England. By the maternal side he was the nephew of a nobleman who held a cabinet office in the administration of Lord North; and he was also connected, though less nearly, with the prime minister himself. In 1777, he returned to England after residing in a diplomatic capacity about two years at one of the European courts. Although young, he had been able to distinguish himself in a transaction of note, and partly through his influential relatives, and partly through accident, had escaped the fate so common to the subordinate of having his merit attributed to others. The late negotiation was peculiarly acceptable to George III. in his character as a German prince, and, since that monarch's favor flowed no less surely than his dislike, from personal prejudice, he had expressed a desire that the zealous charge should early be presented to him. Lord —, Russell's uncle, had written that his fortune was made, and it was with no ordinary expectations that the young man, the morning after his arrival in London, drove to his kinsman's residence. But the king, as it happened, had just started for one of his country palaces, where it was his desire to be untroubled by visitors, so that Russell had nothing better to do than to remain a few weeks in the capital. During this period his uncle as well Lord North were able to obtain a better acquaintance with their protégé. They found him possessed of even more ability than they supposed. Polished and prepossessing manners

covered a keenness of vision and a resolute hardihood, which prepared him for great action. As may be believed, he fully returned their scrutiny, but his primary object was to gain a thorough insight into the character of the king. Young and dependent as he was, his ambition was boundless, and he very early determined to build his advancement—which he hoped to be sudden—rather on the capricious favor of the king, than on the measured and official support of the ministry.

The king returned. Russell was presented at court and graciously received. He was subsequently permitted to accompany Lord North into the monarch's private cabinet. His majesty there took occasion to thank him for the care and firmness he had manifested in supporting his personal rights.

"May it please your majesty," replied Russell, "that man is a disloyal subject who does not watch over his sovereign's honor as jealously as over his own—nor should any one aspire to his service who does not make his every opinion and sentiment a part of his own mind." He spoke this with an enthusiasm of tone that had its effect.

The king then desired him to name some one of the lucrative offices in the gift of the government which would be acceptable to him.

"I am deeply sensible," said Russell, "of the consideration your majesty is graciously pleased to bestow upon me, but pardon my presumption if I venture to declare my preference for some situation however humble or seemingly valueless, in which I can manifest my zeal in your majesty's service, to the largest advancement of my private estate."

"It must be our care then, sir," replied the king, "to reconcile the two objects which seem to you so incompatible."

Of course Russell had only to bow his gratitude.

By the king's suggestion the conversation was turned to American affairs. It was unreservedly stated that a defensive treaty was about to be entered into between France and the United States. Lord North without expressing his own opinion, alluded to a policy recommended by some distinguished friends of the administration—which was to offer an *acknowledgment of independence* on condition that the states should stand aloof from French alliances. The king, with strong marks of impatience, declared his "*unalterable determination*" never to submit to the dismemberment of his dominions.

"That man," he added, "who shall contribute to the reduction of these rebellious provinces will lay George III. under a lasting obligation, and royalty will he requite it—whether successful or not, he may be assured at least of his monarch's support, for never but with my breath will I resign my hereditary rights."

As he spoke, he cast a significant glance at Henry Russell; though but momentary, it did not escape the notice of the ambitious young statesman.

Lord North, without making any decided observations in reply, soon after withdrew, followed of course by Russell.

The unusual favor shown to so young a courtier, and the skill with which he had conducted himself, convinced the two ministers that they were bringing forward one who must either prove an important ally or a dangerous rival, and they determined before proceeding further to ascertain more distinctly his political sentiments and his temper. The task was undertaken by Lord —, who in an apparently casual conversation with his nephew, inquired whether he had formed any decided opinions as to the American war, and the termination that was to be looked for to it.

"It seems to me," answered Russell, "that an opinion is not at all difficult to be formed. It is certain that the colonies are in rebellion to British law, and I for one, in a case where the right is on our side, could by no means consent to the loss of a single province. In addition to the shame which must attend a submission to the audacious claims of insurgents, there is the certain injury to our trade from the establishment of an enterprising and commercial people in a part of the world where we now enjoy a monopoly. Have not independent colonies ever proved the ruin of the mother countries? Consider only Corinth and Corcyra. Besides, have we not a *king*, by no means remarkable for the facility with which he changes his purposes, vehemently bent upon reducing his rebellious subjects?"

"Ay," thought the secretary, "this is the gist of the matter—*sic vult noster rex*. Well, Henry," he said, "have you come to any conclusion as to your future movements? May I inquire your plans?"

"I should desire," Russell replied, "if agreeable to your lordship, to obtain a seat in the House of Commons as a supporter of the administration and the war. Your influence, I presume, could easily secure one to me."

"There are far greater difficulties in the way than you imagine," said Lord —.

It is now well known that about the time of which we are writing, Lord North and his confidential friends were secretly anxious to effect a peace by the acknowledgment of American Independence. They were well aware that loss of office would be the immediate consequence of an open issue with the king, and that in this case a treaty, if eventually accomplished, would be made under the auspices of a thoroughly whig administration. It was necessary either to carry the king with them, or to place him in such a situation as to be unable to select any cabinet more conformable to his views than they. Russell, entertaining the sentiments he did, and with the king prepossessed in his

favor, might obviously prove a great stumbling-block. Especially dangerous would he have been in parliament. His ardent enthusiasm and quickness of perception must have had great influence in so popular an assembly, whilst he possessed at the bottom a wariness which made the most of every advantage. He was in short one of the small number of self-controlled enthusiasts who are born for power.

After being kept in inactivity some weeks, Russell received from Lord — the offer of a place in India worth ten thousand pounds per annum; "or," said his relative, "if you should like to enter the church, I have his majesty's assurance of high and speedy preferment."

Neither alternative pleased our adventurer. In vain he urged his preference of political action. Lord — was inexorable, and at length manifested some displeasure at his obstinacy. In closing the conversation the noble statesman gave his nephew to understand that until he became more reasonable and tractable, it was needless to expect anything from him.

"I am consulting for your interest," continued Lord —, "as well as I could for those of a son. I have obtained for you a rich office, which in a year or two would lead to another still more lucrative. In a short time you can return from India with a large fortune, and able then to engage with credit and advantage in a parliamentary career. You may rely on it that no man can expect to take a lofty position in political life, without a private estate so ample as to prove his disinterestedness. I know you are fond of Thucydides—let me remind you of the sentiments he puts into the mouth of Pericles when that orator was so ably defending his administration—I would gladly see you, Henry, another Pericles, but however great your abilities, you must acquire the pecuniary resources which that profound politician deemed indispensable."

Russell remained in London discontented and undecided. He endeavored to obtain private audience of the king, but found that Lord North and his uncle kept the key of that avenue to favor of well as others. He was poor, and it was necessary to do something. Though he doubted the sincerity of Lord —'s advice, he had not sufficient vanity nor knowledge of the policy of the ministers to penetrate the real motive for keeping him in seclusion. Sometimes indeed he suspected it, but generally inclined the opposite way, and inferred that they doubted the adequacy of his powers to his aspirations. He resolved to perform some action which should convince both them and the king that he was worthy of consideration. What that action should be, he knew not. After lingering in London several weeks, he one day, under the impulse of the moment, took his baggage, and without communicating his intention to any one, crossed the channel, and embarked at Havre for New Orleans. He reached that town early in winter. Even then he had formed no distinct plan of action. Almost every one from his own experience can produce instances of conduct nearly as quixotic as this. We frequently see men rush blindfold into the midst of difficulties, who afterward manifest the utmost coolness and sagacity in coercing these adverse circumstances into their own service.

Henry Russell's *general* intention was to ascertain by personal investigation the real condition of the states, and especially the disposition of the people. With this view, assuming the name of Montauban, (his physiognomy and temperament favoring the supposition of French descent) he travelled leisurely Northward. Sedulous to avoid all communication with British posts, and finding Philadelphia occupied by Sir William Howe, he took a circuitous route, meaning to pass around the American army also. While accidentally delayed in a small town on the Southern border of Pennsylvania, he formed an acquaintance with an intelligent young native. This individual had a captain's commission in some levies which were raised for the reinforcement of General Washington. Meeting some difficulty in the organization of his company, he made the offer to his new friend Montauban of a lieutenancy. It was accepted without hesitation as affording a fine opportunity to view the very heart of America.

At Valley Forge he witnessed with amazement the incredible destitution and patience of the troops, and soon in spite of prejudice was compelled to conceive great admiration of their commander. It is not our purpose to detail every event that befell our adventurer—indeed materials would fail us, for impenetrable darkness covers many parts of the life of this remarkable man. All we know of the ensuing six months is that sometime during this period his captain died, and was succeeded by Russell himself.

CHAPTER II.

"And till they were stormed and beaten out
Ne'er left the fortif'd redoubt." *BUTLER.*

In June, 1778, the reader will recollect Sir Henry Clinton having entered his lines at New York, Washington marched to encamp at White Plains. While on his way thither, and soon after crossing the Hudson, he received information from his scouts which led him to suspect that Clinton had marched Northward in force, with a view to bring on a general engagement before advantage could be derived from the coming of the French succors. It was certain that a detachment at least of the British army occupied a position, whose great natural strength was increased by some old works remaining from the campaign of '76. Washington was convinced that if a battle should be the result, no ground could be more unfavorable for him than that he then occupied. Orders were consequently given to a general who commanded one division of the van, to secure an eminence in his front. This manœuvre could not be effected without the capture of a small redoubt, whose fire would enfilade an advancing column. It was in a commanding situation, and was accessible only to small storming parties. A company was sent to the attack, but returned almost instantly with the loss of half its men and several officers—the captain among them. An aid was despatched to Washington, who had observed the whole occurrence. The only answer brought back was, "the redoubt must be taken."

The general of division manifested by his countenance considerable concern; the men were evidently

dismayed by the murderous fire which had met the first party, and he felt assured that the fate of the second would be the same, whilst the urgency of time did not admit of the use of artillery. Russell who observed the hesitation, instantly volunteered to make the attack. The general assented, and our captain leading out his company, divided it into two sections, which were to advance separately—the rear one remaining under cover until the other had drawn the enemy's fire. The men of the foremost section looked blank enough at the prospect of almost certain destruction. But Russell with the power of an energetic mind had previously reduced them to admirable discipline, and now putting himself at their head, exclaimed in a decided tone, "boys, Washington declares that yonder battery must be taken! No more's to be said—forward!"

There was a terrific fire from the redoubt. Out of some thirty men, but seven remained standing. Of that small remnant, however, Russell was one, and bringing up the reserve with a wave of his hand, he succeeded after a severe struggle in capturing the redoubt.

Washington was mistaken, neither Cornwallis nor Clinton was there, and the foraging detachment which had ventured to check his march, retreated precipitately to New York, but this did not prevent his appreciation of steady valor, and Henry Russell was soon greeted as *Major Montauban*.

CHAPTER III.

"Now do I see he had some reason for it; for if a king bid a man
Blacken his face, he is bound by the indenture of his oath
to do so." *GOWKE.*

It is not to be supposed that Russell all the while that he so admirably performed his duties as a continental officer, had forgotten either the *fact* of his being an Englishman, or the *motive* which had led him to conceal it. He had launched his bark at random into an ocean, but it was only that he might observe the direction and power of the currents, and so be enabled by skilful calculation to attain a pre-determined port. The highest military rank would have been as much disdained as a majority or captaincy, unless it could have better furthered his far-reaching designs. The object of his hope was sometime to wield the utmost power that could be held by a premier of England. An essential step to this position seemed the favor of George III.; and this, again was to be acquired by powerfully contributing to the subjugation of America. Hence it was that without having otherwise any peculiar interest in the contest, he boldly entered into it as an independent party. Let us do him justice. He was a zealous subject indeed of ambition, but not an unprincipled cosmopolite to fail in the allegiance he owed to the constitutional throne under whose shadow he was born. A loyal Briton, and entertaining the opinion in common with most of his countrymen, that the Americans were struggling with government, under the impulse either of licentious insolence, or a narrow-minded, hair-splitting perverseness, he was conscious of no dereliction of duty in

endeavoring to replace the share of burden which they were rejecting.

After an inspection of the scene of action he had matured his plan. His final object required that the king should have knowledge of his efforts. Therefore without communicating with the ministry, he chose the bold measure of addressing a letter to George III. himself. That singular letter is extant. As it may afford the reader a better clue to the character of its author than any words of ours, we give as much of it as prudence and a regard to the perspicuity of our narrative permit.

May it please your majesty,

From earliest childhood it has been the ruling principle of my life to perform as much service as fortune will permit to the reigning house of England. To inform your majesty that I, an humble, unknown subject, feel a sense of duty which must be common to millions, would, in most cases, be but adding impertinence to presumption, yet in the present instance, circumstances may, perhaps, serve for justification. Others may possess the sentiment, me it has lead to a sacrifice, than which none can be greater to the high spirit of a Briton. I refer not to personal danger, for the blood which I inherit gives immunity from fear.

Your majesty, I am at this moment in the camp at White Plains—an officer in the rebel army. Further, I have received promotion at the hand of Washington for successes gained in arms against my countrymen. To this station so humiliating and painful I have been driven by a profound conviction that this war can never be terminated in the right, unless information, at once accurate, judicious and comprehensive can be communicated from inside the American lines. Such information, if it should please your majesty, I shall hope to give.

In case your majesty's royal confidence and approbation should be graciously bestowed, the following considerations would seem to require attention. * * * * * * * * For the first advice which I beg leave most earnestly to offer is, that the scene of principal operations be transferred to the Southern colonies. Many reasons for this change will suggest themselves. There is one, however, which may not readily occur to distant observers. George Washington stands at this day—though many even of his political associates know it not—the bulwark of the rebel cause. Another general, however, elated by the late successes against British arms which have thrown a brilliancy around his name, chafes at taking a subordinate part. His friends, who are both influential and numerous, will avail themselves of any opportunity to give him a separate command. If then your majesty's general-in-chief should remain in the North and make a show of operations here, so as to retain the vigilant, impregnable Washington, General Gates (who is not impregnable) will doubtless proceed to oppose my Lord Cornwallis, or whomsoever your majesty should think fit to send to Carolina or Virginia. With this disposition of things, I can venture under a due sense of responsibility to promise your majesty victory.

Your majesty will pardon me for not committing to the risk of a letter what could be of no utility—the name I am now bearing. The actions which I shall here be engaged in must be of such a nature that a regard both for your majesty's interests and my own will require that once successfully performed, oblivion must forever cover them. I can acquire no honor; the private approval of my sovereign as it will be my greatest, must also be my only recompense. Without presumption then I may beg that Henry Russell shall not be known as the informant, to any individual whatsoever out of your confidential cabinet—not even to the generals of your armies. As to the modes of communication * * * * * * for those

with whom I shall have immediate intercourse should know that if a Russell becomes a spy, he must be no ordinary one. In the surprisal of small bodies of men, the capture of this or that officer, and such inferior matters, they must seek other aid. Armies and high congresses are the counters with which I would play; the stake is the integrity of an empire. * * * *

The original letter (now it is said in the possession of a wealthy English commoner) of which the above is a pretty ample transcript, is written partly in a diplomatic cipher familiar to the king as well as to Russell, and partly in his own hand-writing, so as to afford on its face evidence of authenticity. It was conveyed through New York in such a way that it could in no case be traced to the writer. The particular channels of intercourse made use of on this occasion as well as subsequently, cannot now be known with certainty; and the conjectures which might be hazarded with probability, could only revive matters that on every account should rather sleep in the obscurity which has hitherto concealed them.

CHAPTER IV.

"Art she had none, but wanted more,
For Nature did that want supply." DRYDEN.

Not long after the arrival of the American forces at White Plains, Russell was present at a brilliant party given by Mrs. Van Lyke, a wealthy lady of the vicinity. The belle of the evening was a young Southerner, the niece of the hostess. Our adventurer had scanned with undazzled eye the blaze of half the beauty of Europe. Far from professing himself a stoic, he had been considered that much more impervious character, a wanton trifler with the affections of the fair. But there was a charm about Josephine Stuart, against which all the armory of the courtier could not defend him. Even his fastidious scrutiny could detect in her no departure from the nicest ideal of graceful and lady-like bearing, yet every movement was as free and inartificial as the forest streams of her native Virginia. If while she was in the repose of sleep the classic fable had been reversed, and every feature had hardened into Parian marble, all would have admired the faultless statue; but with the living form before him, no one thought of comparing throat and lip and brow. It was the soul pervading and animating the whole which engrossed all attention, the soul speaking in eye, whose glance struck a thrill of sympathy in every heart in which nature had incorporated an atom of nobleness.

"What think you, Miss Stuart," asked a Southern officer, "of this famous Northern scenery after leaving our own?"

"I must confess," she replied, "the home-partialities which lead me to prefer the gently swelling banks of my own James River, even to the precipitous grandeur of the Hudson; in the vegetable world I believe our towering forests and verdant savannahs are admitted to be unrivaled."

"Perhaps," said a gallant colonel of the New York line, "the din of arms and the horrid sights of war prevent your appreciating the beauties of nature which they deform?"

"I must not shelter myself," replied the fair girl, smiling, "with the charitable construction you put upon my opinion. No, no, it is my untutored taste that ranks the plains over which I have galloped in childhood, above romantic scenery that a disinterested traveller might admire without abatement. I cannot help trembling indeed at the thunder of your cannon, but I am a soldier's daughter, and to my mind nothing can add so much charm to any country as the presence of brave men in arms for a righteous cause."

Her countenance kindled with an animation above its wont, but lost none of its feminine softness.

"Why is it, Miss Stuart," inquired Russell, "that the tender sex, whose beautiful and self-denying devotion to the quiet duties of life would seem to prevent their duly valuing the rough pleasure of freedom, so far surpass us of sterner mould in patriotism and heroic constancy?"

"You do your own sex gross injustice, Major Montauban—or rather you are pleased to be ironical at the expense of ours. But I will take it as a compliment—the rather that I think I may say for the American woman, that she is ready in her humble sphere to give all the support she can—her sympathy to the soldier of liberty."

"But how sad a thing it is," replied Russell, "that in a civil strife like this, her affections and hopes should be compelled to vacillate from one side to the other."

"Civil war is indeed dreadful," said Josephine, "and there is no blessing of which we ought to be more sensible than that America is so nearly unanimous. Thank Heaven, my own mind at least has not its sympathies sundered. All of those to whom nature's ties have bound me, all who are dear to me, father, brother, kindred, have taken the part of their country and of the right."

The dance now commenced, and the high-spirited Virginian was Russell's first and only partner.

The morning after Mrs. Van Lyke's party, Russell received a summons from the commander-in-chief. Washington had several opportunities since the storm of the battery, of noticing his soldierly qualities and general intelligence, and once had engaged him temporarily about his person.

"Major Montauban," he said, on the present occasion, "you are aware that the attack of General Sullivan upon Newport has failed, and that he is now encamped in the Northern end of the island, and is himself threatened with assault by the body he was lately besieging. I have received private information that Sir Henry Clinton has embarked with a considerable force for Newport. As the British fleet commands the sound, General Sullivan's capture is inevitable unless he makes a timely retreat to the continent. Last evening I sent a letter containing the information of his danger, but have just received tidings that it was miscarried and is lost. All my ordinary aids happen to be on duty, and I commit the second letter of the same purport to your activity and discretion. You will remember, sir, how much depends upon its speedy delivery—nothing less than the safety of more than five thousand men. The

Northeaster now blowing gives a little respite; avail yourself of it. It is at your option either to deliver the letter yourself, or as will most probably be necessary, to send it through some other person. I am confident that you will conduct the matter prudently and successfully."

Russell took the letter and departed. Thus unexpectedly was it put in his power to perform a signally important service to the British cause. To one of his fertility of invention it could not be difficult to make the despatch fail in other hands, and without a shadow of suspicion or even of blame falling upon himself. But he acted otherwise. With what specious reasons he accounted to himself for his inconsistency, we know not. Possibly the noble and commanding bearing of Washington had something of the influence upon him which it had upon all others who were brought in contact with that "incomparable" man; but more probably his mind was full of the thought of Josephine Stuart. At any rate, the letter was safely delivered, when the delay of a very few hours would have proved more disastrous to America than any previous event of the war.

CHAPTER V.

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire.

SONG OF THE FAIRY.

We must pass over the events of about three years. In this period took place the expedition of Cornwallis to the Southern states, the march of General Gates to oppose him, and the decisive victory of the British at Camden. We can easily believe that he who predicted this result had a powerful agency in effecting it. Indeed so accurate had been Russell's information, and so judicious and fortunate his counsels, that totally unknown as he was to the British generals, his authority had become almost unbounded. All that had hitherto been done in the war he regarded as mere skirmishing, and in a letter to Lord North (for since his characteristic epistle to the king he had had several communications with the ministry) he promised that if his advice should be followed, the year 1781 should witness the reduction of America. He had formed in his mind a plan of operations for the campaign. Cornwallis (at that time in Virginia) and Clinton (in New York) were to unite by well concerted land marches, and boldly penetrating into the heart of the country out of reach of the French fleet, to decide the contest by the great battle which would in that case be inevitable.

The situation of affairs in Virginia was briefly this: Lord Cornwallis with about eight thousand men had fortified himself in the vicinity of Yorktown. At Williamsburg lay General Lafayette with an inferior force to keep him in check. On the twenty-eighth of August, the Count de Grasse, with an imposing fleet, entered Chesapeake Bay, and in a great measure intercepted naval communication between Cornwallis and Clinton.

Russell had just joined Lafayette with despatches from Washington. A few days after his arrival he took

occasion to revive his acquaintance with Josephine in her own home. At his first visit he received an invitation to join in a riding excursion the next morning, which was to extend a few miles up the James River. As no official duties interposed it was gladly accepted.

That night he wrote a letter in cipher—by eleven o'clock it was in the hands which were to convey it to *Cornwallis*. It briefly informed of the number with Lafayette, and the disposition of the various regiments, and urged an attack the evening after its receipt.

In the morning Russell rode to Colonel Stuart's. The party consisted of half a dozen ladies, escorted by twice as many gentlemen, officers of the American army. Russell was in high spirits, the gayest of the gay. They were all well mounted, and ditch and fence were leaped without hesitation, the ladies leading the way in everyfeat of danger. At length they started on their return.

"Shall we go home the road we came, or shall we follow the river bank?" asked Josephine Stuart.

"The way we came by all means," replied one of the other ladies.

"This road is rough enough!" exclaimed a second, "let us not take a worse."

"But there's not a finer prospect in lower Virginia than from the point," urged Josephine. "Don't you want to see it, Major Montauban?"

"Nothing could delight me more."

It was soon arranged that Josephine, attended by the major and three other gentlemen, should keep along the river, while the rest of the party should pursue the more beaten road.

"We'll be home before you!" said Josephine, as she put her horse into a gallop.

About half the homeward distance had been accomplished, and the boldly projecting bluff of which she had spoken nearly reached, when the surface over which they rode became very much broken by ravines. As she leaped over one of these at her usual wild speed, a large flock of turkey-buzzards suddenly arose at her side. Her horse, violently frightened, dashed forward, plunging incessantly. Matchless horsemanship as she was, she lost her balance, and would have fallen had not her riding skirt been entangled on the pommel. She grasped the mane, but could not recover her seat owing to the headlong speed with which the frenzied horse then set out. The four gentlemen, with a cry of alarm, hastened to her rescue, inclining considerably to the left in order to save an angle of the river. A formidable obstacle, however, soon opposed them—a deep, precipitous ravine, lined at intervals with thick brushwood. Russell and two of his companions dashed for the first opening, but reined up on the brink. It was in truth a leap at which the boldest hunter might hesitate. The fourth of the party, a Colonel Haywood, from one of the Western counties of Virginia, who had kept too far to the left, now swept down, and without hesitation spurred his powerful charger over the chasm. Russell, fired at the sight, wheeled around and attempted the same course; but his horse, less active, or without the momentum of the other, instead of landing clear on the opposite side, merely hung by his forefeet. The animal struggled desperately—three

times he had nearly gathered himself in safety; the fourth time Russell freed his feet from the stirrups and seized a projecting bush. At the instant that he stood upright on the turf, his noble steed fell mangled and crippled to the bottom of the ravine. Without pausing to observe the fate of the beast, he bounded forward on foot.

Meanwhile Haywood's fleet mare urged to her utmost, gained rapidly upon the fugitive. He was soon alongside, and snatched the bridle. Both horses then seemed to vie in the race, but the skilfully applied strength of the mountaineer soon brought them to a stand. Springing from his saddle, and putting one arm through both bridles, he soon extricated the beautiful equestrian from her perilous situation. Josephine was no fashionable Miss to swoon at every alarm, but the intensity of nervous effort required to maintain her grasp of the horse's neck at a time when she was conscious that its momentary abandonment must have been followed by a most fearful death, was naturally succeeded by an equal relaxation of the system. Haywood, after assisting her to the ground, turned to fasten the panting steeds to a small tree. This accomplished in a moment, on casting his eye around he was surprised to see Josephine tottering. Springing to her side, he threw his arm around her and prevented the fall. Then gently supporting her feeble steps to a neighboring ledge of slatey rock, he suffered her to sink down upon it.

In the few minutes which it took Russell to reach the spot she had rallied her strength, and, by a smile more than by words, was expressing to Haywood her thanks for his succor. Nothing could be more natural than that she should feel gratitude for the preservation of her life, but the sight struck a sharp pang through the breast of Russell.

"Thank Heaven, you are safe!" he exclaimed—"colonel, you will now have a recollection to be proud of, that might support you under a life-long misery."

"Yes, Major Montauban, I am safe, and," she continued, slightly blushing, for she observed the shade of bitterness in his salutation, "my gratitude is due to all who made the effort to preserve me. Shame indeed that a Virginian girl should ride so ill as to cause such trouble and alarm."

At this moment the two other officers, who had taken a considerable circuit, dashed up, covered with foam.

"Let us at any rate," said Josephine, "not lose our prospect—the point, I see, is just here at our right. But where is your horse, major?"

"Sleeping in yonder gully, I believe," said Russell, coolly.

"Why, what has happened? Have I been so unlucky a sprite as to bring danger upon those around, as well as myself?"

The incidents of the chase were briefly recounted, and Russell, after admiring the panoramic view from the promontory, left his companions to await him there, whilst he extended his walk a few hundred yards to a farm-house, where he procured another horse—a tolerable one enough, but only an indifferent substitute for that he had lost.

A couple of negro lads were sent for his bridle and

saddle. Russell after walking about in silence some time, turned to the farmer, and observing him loading up a six-horse wagon with a variety of provisions, opened a conversation.

"You are bound for Williamsburg, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"These camps make excellent times for the farmers, do they not?—a fine market for breadstuffs—eh?"

"Not so good as mought be, for all. You so-jers, sir—no offence, sir—eat up all we bring sure enough—nothing's ever to fetch back—but the bother is to get the silver. I am bound to make haste though now, for the French have plenty of the ready, they say."

"What French?"

"Arnt you heern, sir, that a whole parcel of French have come up our river in boats?—they must be in Williamsburg by this. They didn't make a wonderful sight of n'ise about it though, as they wanted of course to pass unbeknown of the Britishers over yonder at Yorktown. At any rate they are thar, and I must get to camp by day to-morrow."

All Russell's self-command could not prevent his muttering an execration. Observing the fellow look at him with some surprise, quietly asked—

"How many of these French are there?"

"Don't know exac'ly. Folks reckon about four thousand—may be five."

The negroes here arrived with the trappings. Hastily settling with the farmer, our bold plotter mounted his new purchase and started off as may be imagined in no easy state of mind. The coming of the French, it was evident, even if they were not quite as numerous as represented, must disconcert the whole plan of operations for the night. If Cornwallis should make the attack ignorant of the presence of these auxiliaries, it was hardly to be expected that he could escape a ruinous defeat. By hard riding it was barely possible that Russell could reach the camp at Williamsburg in time to send a messenger to anticipate the starting of the British. With the heavy beast he rode it was out of the question.

Distracted as he was by these reflections, and weighing every imaginable scheme to give Cornwallis intimation of the danger into which he was about to rush, he yet never manifested greater conversational powers than during the remainder of that ride. Brilliant wit, diversified anecdote, and delicate attention to his fair companion, seemed the spontaneous overflowings of a mind perfectly at ease.

The hospitable mansion was at length reached.

"Do come in, Major Montauban. I ought not to be surprised, however, if you should seize the earliest

opportunity to relieve yourself of 'damselle so troublesome.'"

"I must—though but for five minutes," thought Henry. After an hour he remounted, and looking at his watch, saw that it was an absolute impossibility to send information to Lord Cornwallis by the appointed channel of communication in time to prevent the catastrophe he dreaded. He saw but one way left; it was adopted instantly.

Instead of following the direct road to Williamsburg, he took one which might lead him thither, though circuitously. He had ridden some miles when he came to a "four corners," from which his proper course to camp bore off to the left. Russell, however, turned to the right. Two hours' brisk travelling brought him within three miles of Yorktown. He soon espied a party of red-coated dragoons, and as he took no pains to avoid them, was soon made prisoner. Acknowledging himself to be "Major Montauban," of the American army, he declined giving parole, but in the course of easy conversation with the officer, mentioned as if incidentally the arrival of the French succors. The information was evidently new, and the dragoons rode quickly into Yorktown. Shortly afterward Russell was ushered into the presence of an officer of high rank, who immediately alluded to the coming of the French.

Our continental major pretended ignorance.

"Sir," rejoined the officer, "it is needless to deny what you have just communicated to the captain of dragoons."

"It is indeed needless," answered Russell, in an indifferent tone, "especially as I can see no reason for withholding what must to-morrow be known to everybody. I am aware what questions you are about to propound, and will answer them frankly. Some French have arrived, how many I know not, for I have not seen them, but a sufficient number, I hope, to enable us in a few days to hoist the stars upon these fair defences of your's, sir."

The officer paid no attention to this concluding flourish, and soon dismissed him. Russell satisfied now that there would be no attack that night, resolved to attempt his escape. This was not very difficult, as from previous secret information he was acquainted with the countersign. It must be mentioned that such was the jealous skill with which all his measures were conducted, that not a single individual in America knew him in his double character. Hence the present was a real, bona fide escape, with all its consequent perils. But he accomplished it, and rode back into the American camp as well mounted as when he left it in the morning.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE COUNTRY CHILD.

Our in the sunshine, when fields are fair,
Down in the meadow you'll find her there,
Polling and crushing and twining flowers,
Wild with the glee of the warm bright hours.

Filling her apron of coarse spun tow,
Draggling her frock in the brook below,

Singing and screaming and shouting wild,
Far in the green is the country child.

In her young heart there are beautiful things
Shining like stars in the clear deep springs,
Linking her lot with the life on high,
Making it glad though she knows not why! ■ ■ ■

THE TWO ACTS;

OR, "THEY HAVE THEIR REWARD."

BY HENRY G. LEE.

"No, indeed! I shall do no such thing," said Mrs. Lionel to her husband, who had come home with the intelligence that a cousin of his, a widow, had died suddenly, and left a little girl three years old, whom he proposed that his wife should adopt and raise as her own—they having no children. But she gave a decided negative on the spot.

"She is a sweet, interesting child," urged Mr. Lionel. "You will soon get attached to her, and be more than repaid in the new affection awakened in your heart, for all the care and trouble she may occasion."

"It is no use to talk to me, Mr. Lionel," returned the lady, in a positive tone of voice. "I know about the care and trouble, and am not willing to take it upon myself. As I have no children of my own, I am not disposed to take the burden of other people's. So it is useless for you to press this subject; for I will never consent to what you propose."

"If you feel that way, I shall certainly not urge the matter," said her husband. "Though, as far as I am concerned, it would give me great pleasure to adopt Aggy, who is a charming little creature. I wish you could see her."

"I have no particular desire. All children are alike to me. As to the beauty, that is a poor compensation for the trouble. So I must beg to be excused."

Mr. Lionel said no more on the subject. He was exceedingly fond of children, and never ceased to regret that he had none of his own. In two or three instances before, he had endeavored to prevail upon his wife to adopt a child, but she had, each time, firmly declined. She had very little affection for children herself, and was not willing to take the care and trouble that she saw would necessarily be involved in the adoption of a child. The little girl who, by the death of his cousin, had been left homeless and apparently friendless, was a sweet young creature, whom, to look upon was to love. Mr. Lionel had never seen her without a warming of his heart toward her, and a secret wish that she were his own instead of another's. The moment he heard of his cousin's death, he determined to adopt Agnes, or Aggy, as she was called, provided his wife were willing. But Mrs. Lionel was not willing. She was too selfish to love anything out of herself. A thought of the child's good—of giving a home to the homeless—of being a mother to the motherless—never crossed her mind. She only thought of the trouble the little orphan would give.

The insuperable difficulty in the way of adopting Aggy as his own, did not destroy the interest which Mr. Lionel felt in her. He considered it his duty to see that she was provided with a good home, and was willing to be at the cost of her maintenance, if necessary. His first thought had been to adopt the child, and until that was understood to be out of the question, he had thought of nothing else in regard to her. How she was to be disposed of, now that his wife had definitely settled the matter against him, became a new subject of reflection. After due deliberation, he concluded to see distant relative on the subject, with whom, since his marriage, he had held but little familiar intercourse, although he had always entertained for her a high respect. The reason of this was, the cold, proud, unsocial temper of his wife, who rather looked down upon his relatives because their standing in society was not, as she considered it, quite as high as her's had been and still was. Necessarily, such a disposition in his wife, would prevent much social intercourse between Mr. Lionel and his relatives, notwithstanding his regard for them might continue as high as before his marriage.

The relative to whom reference has just been made, was a lady whose husband, a very estimable man, was in moderately good circumstances. They had three children of their own, the youngest of which was nearly ten years of age. From his high appreciation of Mrs. Wellford's character, Mr. Lionel, who, from thinking of Aggy as his adopted child, began to love her almost as much as if she were really his own, felt a strong desire that she should take the orphan. He had not seen her for a couple of years when he called upon her to talk about the orphan. A little to his surprise, Mrs. Wellford, when she met him in the parlor, entered, leading Aggy by the hand.

"Dear little creature!" he said, taking the child up in his arms, and kissing her as soon as he had shaken hands with Mrs. Wellford. "I am glad to see you in such good hands. It is about this very child, Mary," he added, "that I have come to talk with you. What is to be done with her?"

"I don't know," returned Mrs. Wellford. "She must have a home somewhere among us. The dear child! Anybody could love her. Have you thought of taking her?"

"If I were to consult my own feelings and wishes, I should adopt her as my own child immediately. But I am not at liberty to do this, and, therefore, must not think about it. I am willing, however, to be at

the entire cost of her maintenance and education, if you will undertake the care of her. What I can do, I will do with all my heart."

"We have already talked, seriously, about adding Aggy to our little household," replied Mrs. Wellford. "And if no one else offers to do so, we will keep her and do for her the same as if she were our own. It will bring more care and anxiety for me, which, as my health is not good, will be felt; but if not better provided for, it will be my duty to take the place of her mother, and I will assume the office cheerfully."

"But at my charge," said Mr. Lionel.

"No," replied Mrs. Wellford. "A mother accepts no pay for her duty. It is a labor of love and brings its own sweet reward. Though Providence has not given us wealth, yet we have enough, and, I think, as much to spare as this dear child will need. For your kind wishes and intentions for Aggy, I will thank you, in her stead. I thought, perhaps, as you had no children, that you might wish to adopt her; but, as this cannot be, it will doubtless fall to our lot."

Mr. Lionel went home, feeling less satisfied with his wife's spirit and temper, so strongly contrasted, as it was, with that of Mrs. Wellford, than he had felt for a long time.

"She will have her reward," he murmured to himself, "and, as she said, justly, it will be sweet." This was in allusion to Mrs. Wellford, who had called the mother's duty she was about assuming, a labor of love.

Little Aggy scarcely felt the loss of her parent. The love she had borne her mother, was transferred to her aunt, as Mrs. Wellford was called, so early that no void was left in her heart. It took but a little while, for each member of the family to feel that Aggy had a right to be among them, and for Mr. and Mrs. Wellford to love her as their own child.

Years rolled by, and brought them many unlooked for changes both to Mrs. Lionel and Mrs. Wellford. Both had been subjected to afflictions and reverses—the severest, perhaps, that ordinarily fall to the lot of any—for both were widows and both friendless and poor. As for Mrs. Wellford, she had not only lost her husband, but all her children were taken, and she was left alone in the world with the orphan Aggy. But she, grown into a lovely young woman, nestled closer to her side, and into her very bosom; though not with a helpless, but in a sustaining spirit. Death, though he had robbed her of much, had still left her much. Bereaved as she had been, she was neither lonely nor sad. How different was the case of Mrs. Lionel! After the death of her husband, and the total loss of her property, she fell back at once from her advanced position in the social rank, into neglect, obscurity and want. For the very means of subsistence, exertion became necessary. But what could she do for a living, who had, in her whole life, done scarcely a useful thing—who had been little better than a drone in the social hive? Nothing! Or, if there was small ability, there was pride enough remaining to prevent its exercise.

After her husband's death, which followed shortly after the reverses that stripped him of all worldly possessions, Mrs. Lionel retired into the family of a poor relative, who had been little thought of in brighter

days, and who, although she did not want to receive her, could not close her door in her face. A sad spectacle she was. Shut up in the little chamber that was assigned her, she never went out, and only met the family she was burdening with her presence, at the table, and then with an aspect so gloomy and reserved, as to throw a chill over the feelings of all.

For a short period, Mrs. Lionel paid a small sum for her boarding, but no very long time passed before all her money was exhausted, and she became absolutely dependent upon a poor woman, very distantly related to her, whose only means of support was her personal labor and that of her daughter.

After the death of her husband and children, Mrs. Wellford, who was left quite as poor as Mrs. Lionel, began to look around her for some means of securing an income for herself and Agnes, whom she loved, now that all the rest were gone, with a tenderness that equalled the sum of her love for all. But, what to do, was a difficult thing to determine. As a young girl her education had been very plain. She could not, therefore, resort to teaching in any branch, for she had not the requisite ability. Sewing always gave her a severe pain in the breast and side, so that, whatever might be her skill in needle work, she was precluded from resorting to it as a means of obtaining money.

"I think," she said to Agnes, after looking at the subject in every possible light, "that there is but one thing left for me to do."

"What is that, aunt?" inquired Agnes.

"Taking a few boarders. I could attend to them."

"It will be very hard work," suggested the niece, "too hard for you. No—no, aunt, that will not do. Look what a slave's life Mrs. Minturn has! Don't think of it."

"I must do something, you know, Aggy, dear. In a little while all our money will be gone. I have thought of everything, but my mind comes back to this at last. I don't like the thought of it, but it is right for me to exert myself, and I must do so without a murmur."

"Haven't you yet thought of anything that I can do?" asked Agnes, in a cheerful voice. "I am sure that I can do something," she added, confidently, "and I am younger, and have better health than you have."

"I cannot think, my dear child," Mrs. Wellford said, with much tenderness in her voice, "of your being exposed to the world's rough contact. You are too young."

"The contact you seem so to dread, cannot hurt me, aunt," returned Agnes. "To the pure all things are pure. If I have in me a right spirit, the world cannot hurt me."

"But I cannot bear the thought of seeing you, in the very spring time of life, when all along your path should grow up flowers to fill the air with perfume, chained like a slave to the car of labor. No, no, Aggy; it must not be! I can do all that is required. If I fail, then it will be time enough for me to call upon you for aid."

Pride as well as affection reigned in the breast of Mrs. Wellford. She could not bear the thought of

seeing Agnes engaged in any kind of labor for money. She was fully capable of giving instruction in many things, and of securing, thereby, a fair income; but her aunt would not hear to her seeking for employment.

"Aunt is wrong," Agnes said to herself, when alone, soon after the interview in which Mrs. Wellford declared it as her belief that the only thing left for her to do, was to take a few boarders. "I ought not to see her do this." She sat thoughtful for a few moments, and then added aloud—"and I will not see her do it. I have received everything from her, and now is the time for me to make some return. But what shall I do? Where shall I seek for employment?"

Half an hour after she had asked herself these questions so earnestly, Agnes picked up a newspaper, and the first thing that met her eyes was an advertisement for a person to give lessons in music, and one or two modern languages to three young ladies, for which a liberal compensation would be paid. Without saying a word to her aunt, Agnes put on her things and went to the place mentioned in the advertisement. The house before which she paused was a very large one, in a fashionable part of the city. Everything around it indicated a wealthy owner. For a few moments she felt timid, and hesitated about presenting herself; but she soon regained her self-possession, and made the application for which she had come.

A middle aged woman, of mild and lady-like deportment, met her on being shown into one of the apartments of the house.

"I believe you advertised for a teacher?" said Agnes, speaking in a low, trembling voice. She found herself more agitated than she had expected.

"We did," replied the lady, "and have already received several applications; though none of those who have answered the advertisement, suit us in all respects. And I am afraid that we shall hardly find all that we desire in you."

There was nothing in the way this was said to hurt the feelings of Agnes, but rather to make her feel more free to speak.

"Why do you think I will not suit?" she asked, looking earnestly into the lady's face.

"Because you are too young. You cannot be over seventeen years of age."

"I am nineteen," returned Agnes.

"But even that is young. We wish a person of some experience, and of the first ability. I will not question your ability, but you certainly cannot have much experience in teaching. Have you ever given lessons in music?"

"Not yet; but I wish to do so, and believe that I could give satisfaction."

"Then you have never been engaged in teaching at all?"

"No—never."

"I hardly think you would suit us."

The countenance of Agnes fell so suddenly that the lady's sympathies were awakened, and she said—

"Are you very desirous of securing a situation as teacher?"

"Desirous above all things," replied Agnes, with much earnestness.

The lady continued to ask question after question, until she understood fully what was in the young girl's mind. She then appreciated her more highly, although she did not believe her fully qualified to give the instruction that was desired. Agnes, who gained confidence the more she conversed with the lady, at length urged that she might have a trial.

"But suppose, after we give you a trial, that you do not suit us. We shall find it hard to send you away."

The force of this objection was fully appreciated by the lady when she uttered it, for already she felt so drawn toward the young girl with whom she was holding the interview, that her feelings were fast getting the control of her judgment.

"I am sure I will suit you," replied Agnes, "for I will give the most untiring attention to my duties."

The lady looked at her beautiful young face, lit up with the earnestness of a true purpose, and felt as she had never before felt for a stranger. She addressed her a few words in French, to which Agnes replied in the same language.

"Your accent is certainly very correct. Now let me hear you perform something on the piano," she said.

Agnes went to the instrument, and after selecting a piece of music, sat down and ran her fingers gracefully over the keys. The lady stood by to listen. Soon the young girl was in the midst of one of Hertz's most beautiful but familiar compositions, which she executed with unusual taste as well as brilliancy. Her touch was exquisite, and at the same time full, and, where required, bold and confident.

"Admirable!" she heard uttered in a low voice, just behind her, as she struck the last note in the piece. It was not the voice of a woman.

She started up and turned quickly. More auditors than she had supposed were present. A young man, and three beautiful young girls stood listening behind their mother. They had been attracted from an adjoining room by the music, so far superior to anything ordinarily heard. A deep crimson overspread the sweet young face of Agnes, heightening every native charm. The young man instantly retired, and the mother introduced her to her daughters, who were in love with so lovely an instructress, and threw their voices at once in her favor. These voices but seconded the mother's prepossessions.

"Nothing has yet been said about compensation," remarked the lady to Agnes, after she had requested the girls to leave them again alone. "We are willing to pay liberally if we can get the person we want. At present, I feel strongly in favor of giving you a trial. If after thinking over the subject, it is concluded to do so, your salary will be four hundred dollars. Do you think that will meet your wishes?"

"Fully," replied Agnes, with an emotion that she could scarcely conceal. The sum was larger than she had expected.

"Of course, I would like to be at home every night with my aunt," she said.

"To that we should make no objection. To-morrow morning I will be prepared to give you an answer."

Agnes retired with a heart full of hope, yet trembling lest something should prevent the engagement she was

so eager to make. She said nothing to her aunt, who, bent on taking boarders, started out on the ensuing morning to look for a house suited for that purpose. As soon as she was gone, Agnes went with a trembling heart to hear the decision that was to be made in favor or against her application. It was favorable!

On going home, she found that her aunt had not yet returned, nor did she come back for two hours. Then she was so worn down with fatigue that she had to go to bed. A cup of tea revived her; but her head ached so badly that she did not get up until late in the afternoon, when she was better.

"I have found a house, Aggy," she said, as soon as she felt like alluding to the subject, "that will just suit. The owner is to give me an answer about it to-morrow."

"If looking for a house has made you sick enough to go to bed, aunt," returned Agnes, "how can you expect to bear the fatigue of keeping boarders in the house after you have taken it? You must not think of it. In two good rooms, at a light rent, we can live very comfortably, and at an expense much lighter than we have at present to bear."

"Yes, Agnes, comfortably enough, if we had the ability to meet that expense. But we have not. You know that there is no income."

"There has been none—but—"

"But what, dear?" Mrs. Wellford saw that there was something more than usual in the mind of Agnes.

"Forgive me, dear aunt," said the affectionate girl, throwing her arms around the neck of her relative; "but I cannot see you, at your time of life and in ill health, compelled to toil as you propose. I have, therefore, applied for, and secured a situation in a private family as a teacher of music and languages to three young ladies, for which I am to receive a salary of four hundred dollars a year."

While Mrs. Wellford was looking for a house, and after she had found one, the fatigue and pain she suffered led her more fully to realize, than she had done before, the great labor with a doubtful result, that she was taking upon herself. She was, therefore, just in

the state of mind to receive the unexpected communication made by Agnes.

"You are a good girl," she merely replied, kissing her as she spoke.

"And you do not object?" eagerly asked the niece.

"How can I?" responded Mrs. Wellford, leaning her head down upon the shoulder of Agnes. In a few moments, she said, as she looked up, with tears glittering on her eyelashes—"may Heaven reward you!" And turning away, she left Agnes to her own happy thoughts.

Six months from this time, as Mrs. Lionel sat alone in her room, gloomy and sad, the woman with whom she was living, and upon whom she still laid herself, a heavy burden, came in where she was, and said—

"Did you know that your niece, Agnes Wellford, was married, yesterday, to the son of one of the richest men in town?"

"No! It can't be!" quickly replied Mrs. Lionel. "Mr. Wellford died not worth a dollar, and his widow has been as poor as poverty ever since."

"No, not quite that," said the woman. "Agnes has supported her comfortably by teaching music. I heard the whole story this morning. Mrs. Wellford wanted to keep boarders, but Agnes wouldn't hear to it, and, against her aunt's wishes, went out and applied for a place as teacher to three young ladies in a wealthy family, for which she received a salary of four hundred dollars a year. She had not taught long before the brother of the young ladies fell in love with her, to which no very strong objection was made by his friends. And now they are married."

"And what of Mrs. Wellford?" was eagerly inquired.

"They go to housekeeping forthwith, and Mrs. Wellford is to live with them."

Mrs. Lionel clasped her hands together, and sinking back in her chair, exclaimed—

"Oh! what an error I committed!"

"How?" inquired the woman.

But Mrs. Lionel did not answer the question.

She had *her* reward, and Mrs. Wellford had *hers*.

THE VANISHED SHADE.

BY GEORGE W. DEWEY.

COME, dearest, sing that song again,
That favorite song of mine,
"And lend the beauty of thy voice"
To words of "Auld Lang Syne;"
Thus, breathing through thy lips of love,
Each well remembered tone
Will find my heart responsive, yet,
To music of thine own.

It tells me of that Sumner eve,
When we, a loving twain,
Went, lighted only by the stars,
Adown the cedar lane:
'T was then, and there, you sung it, love—
The melody and rhyme
Still linger in my memory,
To stay the flight of Time.

It tells me of that sunlit porch,
With woodbines overhung,
Whereon our arm-linked shadows fell
Beside us, as we sung;
The shade, and vine, have vanished now,
Yet memory can bring
The vision, like those shadows, back,
To bless me while you sing.

It tells me of the Winter's eve,
When we, with hopes of earth,
Beheld a little "Fairy" play
Before us, on the hearth:—
The cheerful flames may still arise,
And shadows fall around,
But never will that angel's shade
Among the group be found.

THE FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

NO. I.—THE HARD LANDLORD.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

I HAVE seen hard service, and am, in consequence, much worn and faded. Were I to relate all I have witnessed in my passage through life, the story would fill volumes, and make one of the most interesting and instructive histories that ever was written; and this service I may one day render to mankind, unless unfitted for the task by the feebleness of old age that I perceive already beginning to steal upon me. At present I only intend jotting down, in a loose manner, the incidents of a single week; premising that I belong to a respectable family; am a lover of truth, and bear upon my face no promise that will not be fully paid on demand.

I had slept snugly in the pocket-book of a certain individual well known in the good city of Brotherly Love, for about a month, in company with a large number of my relatives, some near of kin, and others so remote that I had not before even heard of their existence. We had a pleasant time, and spent the greater portion of it in comparing notes.

One morning, an individual whose voice I had often heard during the month of repose, came into my owner's office and said, in a hesitating and humble way—

"I am sorry to trouble you so often; but necessity compels me to be urgent. If you will settle my bill to-day you will confer a great favor."

At least a dozen times had I heard the same request in the same voice, and the reply had been—

"I can't attend to you to-day," or

"I've no money to spare," or

"Call some other time," or

"Don't come here with your bill so often. I'll pay it before long."

On the present occasion, there was something in the face or tones of the applicant that my owner could not resist, for he put his hand reluctantly into his pocket, and drawing out his distended wallet, in which I lay, said, in a very unpleasant and insulting manner—

"You're the most troublesome person about your bills of any that I have dealings with. I'll take good care not to make any more with you. Here, write a receipt."

While saying this, he was turning over bill after bill. At last, selecting me, and looking at me for some moments, as if he hated to give me up, he threw me upon the table where the man sat writing.

"There!" he uttered petulently, and folding up his wallet, thrust it back into his pocket.

I must own that I was no little surprised at finding

myself adequate to the discharge of a bill for which the man had been asking at least a month, and the payment of which had frequently been denied on the ground of want of funds, while I lay snugly in the debtor's pocket in company with twenty or thirty relatives, some with a value four times that attached to me.

I looked with some interest at the man who had now became my possessor. A glance told me that he was in humble circumstances. His dress was mean, and his face had a care worn expression. I have been a great deal among the poor, and know a really poor man at the first glance. Not all are poor whose dress is common. Some who dress well know more of the real stings of poverty than some whose appearance display far less of taste and comfort. The countenance generally gives the true index.

The man took me up quickly, and after a hurried glance at my face, crushed me up in his hard, horny-like hand, and saying with a bow—

"Thank you, sir," which was merely answered by a grunt, turned away and departed. He did not linger by the way, nor release the vice-like grip with which he had clutched me. A walk of about ten minutes brought him to a small shop, which he entered. A pale-faced girl stood leaning upon the counter. She turned her eyes upon the man, as he came in. Hope and fear were blended in the expression of her countenance.

"There," said the man, "is your money." And he opened the door of the prison where I lay, unfolded me, and gave me to the girl. "I am sorry," he added, "that I could not give it to you before, for I know you need it. I wish all who owe me were as willing to pay as I am."

A smile lighted up the wan face of the girl, as she took the money, and said—

"I would not have asked you for it so often; but you know——"

"Oh, yes, I know as well as you do," replied the man, in a kind voice, "that every dollar you earn is needed before your work is done; and it has grieved me that I could not pay you sooner. But, when people who owe me, won't pay, how can I pay? Ah, me!" and he sighed—"ah, me! If those who have plenty would only consider those who have to depend for daily bread upon their daily labor, it would be better for the world, I'm thinking. The man who owes a dollar, and keeps a dollar lying idle in his pocket, I don't call an honest man at heart."

The girl took out a purse, and after carefully folding me up with her thin, delicate fingers, placed me therein. My companions I found were a small silver coin of the lowest denomination, and a penny. I felt a strong desire to know more of this young girl, in whose face there was an expression of suffering, blended with patience, though little of hope in this world; but I was disappointed. After leaving the shop of the man from whom she had received me, she walked for some distance; then entering a store, she purchased several articles of food, and handing me over the counter, desired that the two dollars her mother owed, and also the price of the things just bought, might be taken out. I was laid in the grocer's drawer, from which a dollar and a half were taken and given in change, and then the girl left. While I lay thinking about her, and pitying the condition of the poor and friendless, the till in which I had been deposited was opened and I was again passed to a new owner, who placed me in his pocket-book, after a glance at my face, which gave me an opportunity to look at him. There was nothing particularly remarkable in his countenance, nor in his appearance. I had seen many better looking men, but the outside is not always a true exponent of what is within.

All day I reposed in this man's pocket. Toward evening he went home to his family, which I found to consist of his wife and two daughters. The girls were just verging into woman's estate. After tea, they drew around a centre-table, and one of the girls read for an hour. Then they talked for awhile about the book, after which the conversation took a more varied turn.

"Didn't I see you passing along Pine street to-day?" asked the father, in a pause, speaking to one of his daughters.

"I don't know," was replied.

"Were you in Pine street?"

"Yes, sir; about three o'clock. But where were you, if you saw me?"

"On my way into Southwark on business. I saw you crossing Fifth street some distance ahead of me. Where were you going?"

"To see old Mrs. Glendy about some plain sewing for mother. Poor woman! She seems very unhappy."

"Ah! What's the matter?"

"She told me that they found it very hard to get along. That her daughter's health was so poor that she couldn't work much over half of her time, and then was not able to get her money punctually. She said that, light as their rent was, they always found it difficult to lay by enough to meet it, and that their landlord troubled them with threats that made them very unhappy."

"That's bad, indeed," said the father. "Did she say how much they owed their landlord?"

"Two months rent, only, and that can't be much. I don't believe they pay over two or three dollars for the room they occupy."

I felt the hand of the man in whose pocket I was lying, fingering the little repository in which I had been snugly stowed. The conversation went on, and presently the pocket-book was drawn forth, and opened.

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"I collected five dollars to-day from a man who didn't mean to pay me, I verily believe," said the father. "But, I happened to catch him with his till open, and a five dollar bill so plainly visible that there was no chance for him to make his usual statement of not having any money in the house. So he paid me with as good a grace as he could muster.

"Suppose we let this five dollar bill go into the old lady's hands. I reckon we can spare it. What do you all say? It's almost as good as picked up in the street, any how."

"Oh, let us do so by all means," said the wife.

And the daughters warmly seconded the proposal.

The pocket-book was opened, and I taken out and handed to one of the girls, who agreed to go on the next day and make glad the old lady's heart by transferring me into her keeping. In the meantime I was placed, quite tenderly, in the maiden's purse, where I lay snugly enough, all alone in my glory, until about ten o'clock on the next morning, when my fair possessor went forth on her errand of mercy.

An old woman, with many age-marks and care-lines upon her face, welcomed with a smile, meant to be cheerful, the angel of mercy who had come to visit her.

"Have you brought the work your ma was to cut out for me?" she asked, as she handed the young lady a chair.

"No," she replied, "mother will not have it ready before to-morrow. Then I will bring it, or else send it down by a servant."

"Very well," said the woman, a slight shade of disappointment in her voice. "I was in hopes you had brought it along, as I find myself idle to-day."

"Be thankful, then, for a day of rest, Mrs. Glendy," said the young lady. "You need it, I am sure."

"Rest, child!" replied the woman, with some bitterness. "That is what I can't afford to take, and it will do me little good to sit idle, and expect every instant our landlord's collector to come in for the rent."

"How much do you owe him?"

"Just five dollars. But Heaven only knows where it is to come from! We haven't over a dollar in the world. Ellen—poor child! she is more fit to be in bed than anywhere else—has gone out for work; but after she gets it and does it, there is no certainty when the money will come."

"Five dollars," remarked my fair possessor, and she put her hand upon her purse. I expected to be produced; but no; I was not disturbed in my quiet nook. "Who is your landlord?" she asked.

"Mr. ——. He lives in Arch street."

"Oh, yes! I know who he is very well. Is it possible that he troubles you for so small an amount?"

"He! Yes, indeed! He's the closest landlord I ever had."

Just then the door opened, and the daughter entered. I was not a little surprised to find in her the poor young girl who had owned me for so short a period on the day before; but pleasure at the thought of being about to render her an important service, mingled with my surprise. The work for which she had gone was not ready, and she could not conceal her disappointment.

"Never mind," said the young lady in whose pocket I lay, "I will go directly home, and get mother to prepare the work she wants you to do, and send some of it down in the course of an hour."

She arose and left them, bearing with her many thanks for their kindness. I must own that I felt disappointed at her not handing me over, and making the heart of these poor people glad. Why she had not done this, I was at a loss to conjecture. She had certainly left home for that very purpose. I was not long, however, in doubt, for her quick feet were bent toward that part of the town where their landlord resided, and in a short space of time after leaving their humble abode, she was at the elegant residence of the man, who owned the comfortless house where they lived.

When the poor woman mentioned her landlord's name, I knew into what capacious pocket-book I was destined to be transferred; it was the same in which I had idly reposed for the last month. And here I soon found myself. Not a single one of my old companions were gone; but I found many strange faces among them.

"He's no poorer, certainly, by that transaction," I said to myself, as the leather folds closed around me, "and other hearts are lighter, and yet to be made lighter."

The old fellow didn't remember my face—notwithstanding he regarded me with the kind expression of a friend—but I knew him very well.

"Now for another long resting spell," I said.

THE SAVIOUR'S LOOK.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

THE figs were budding on the bough,
The almond flowers were blown,
And all about on sunny slopes
The barley stalks were grown.

The vesper song of joyous birds
Trilled through the olive shade,
And underneath the evergreens
A kingly form was laid.

The gathering dark came o'er the earth,
The birds were hushed to rest,
Cold dews weighed down the tender leaves
Above that heaving breast.

And deeper, darker grew the night
About that whispering tree,
When clanging steel and martial tread
Rang through Gethsemane.

We follow in the soldiers' train,
With Peter far away,
And listen in the palace-court
To what the rulers say.

There sit they in the marble hall,
Beside the gleaming coals,
While o'er the crowd the deep-set eye
Of Caiphas madly rolls.

Before him, bound, the prisoner stands,
A man of God-like mien,
Whose glance, that reads each secret thought,
Rests calmly on the scene.

He hears the proud Judean scoff,
Nor shrinks from priestly sneer—
Oh, mortal man could never bear
Like him, the gibe and jeer!

And Peter saw the deep disgrace,
The burning, blighting shame,
Till the fisherman of Galilee
Disowned the Master's name.

Not once, or twice, but thrice, he cried—
"I do not know the man!"
And curses seared the shining page
Where angel's tear-drops ran.

With angry stride Bethsaida's son
Poured forth the fierce reply:—
Sudden and shrill a startled cock
Sent up his midnight cry.

Then the Lord turned. His clear, calm eye
Read Peter's darkling soul,
Oh, how that glance lit up the gloom,
And bared its blotted scroll!

The strong, stern man, like eagle pierced,
Fell from his eyrie pride;
Dimness and woe, and bitter grief
For him who Christ denied!

Wild waves of anguish rent their bounds,
And swelled the maddening thought,
How for his Saviour's pangs intense
A keener edge was wrought!

How well remembered then the words;
"Simon, for thee, I've prayed
That in the tempter's wrathful hour
Thy faith on Heaven be stayed."

He hears the warning in his ear;
"Before the cock crow twice
I tell thee, Peter, thou, this night,
Wilt have denied me thrice."

Stricken and bowed, the worldling's gaze
That hour he could not brook,
But, sorely grieved, he bore without
That Saviour's sorrowing look.

Bright stars shone in the Syrian sky,
The fragrant vines were bent,
And dews dropped down from myrtle boughs,
As, weeping, forth he went.

The leaves were crushed beside his path,
Clear brooks unheeded ran,
While angels leaned to note the tears
Of that repentant man;

Stricken and bowed, but not for aye
His wounded pinions fell,
Strengthened by Jesus' look he rose
Above the gates of Hell.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Continued from Page 227.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XIV.

She is not dead!—she is not dead!
Hope, like a little rosy child,
Came stealing softly to his bed.
And in his tranquil sleep he smiled.

LORD Bowdon did not sleep that night. The very doubt of Francesca's death, which Sir John Payton had so painfully aroused, was enough to keep him in a state of keen excitement. Sometimes he would cast himself on the great high-posted bed in his chamber, and strive to lull himself into slumber by watching the white plumes that crested each fluted post as they waved softly in the lamp-light. Then he would spring up and walk the spacious chamber, or seek for air on the balcony beneath his window—the very balcony from which he had seen Francesca on the last night of her stay at the castle. The slender sapling against which she had leaned, swayed with a soft and almost solemn motion in the night breeze. The scent of damp blossoms floated around him, and from the distance he saw, with a heavy heart, the window of Francesca's bower-room dark as his own hopes, save when a flash of moonlight now and then fell across them through the waving branches.

"Poor child; oh, my God, what can have happened to her. If it be true that she is not dead—where is she?—where is that sweet boy, with his eyes that spoke more living language than ever fell from an ordinary tongue? My poor little restless birds, to what hollow have they been chased?"

As these thoughts sprang to his mind, troubling the gloom that had become habitual to it, Lord Bowdon chanced to lift his eyes to the window of a chamber to which Sir John Payton had retired. He was surprised to see a light beaming through the casement, flooding the purple velvet curtains with broad waves of crimson, as if more than one taper blazed close behind the drapery. It was after three in the morning, and this glare of light struck Lord Bowdon as something rather singular, particularly as his guest had complained so bitterly of fatigue before retiring to his room. As his eyes were still lifted to the window, the whole mass of heavy drapery was flung aside, and the casement softly opened as if to admit air. Lord Bowdon started, for Sir John Payton, in full dress as he had left the supper-table, leaned from the casement as if to inhale a breath of the fresh morning. During perhaps five minutes he bent over the heavy stone window sill, leaning upon his folded

arms. Then he drew back, partially closed the casement, and seated himself by a table, which, with two wax lights half burned down in their tall, silver candlesticks, had been drawn into the window recess.

With a sort of vague curiosity, Lord Bowdon watched the singular movements of his guest—singular from the lateness of the hour, and the somewhat indolent habits usual to the young baronet. Papers were scattered about the table, some folded, others open, but falling together again like old letters that had been long pressed in some confined space. Beneath one of the tall candles Lord Bowdon could just detect the glitter of a casket, into which Sir John carefully placed the papers after they were read—folding them with great accuracy, and at times casting his eyes about the chamber as if fearful, even at that late hour, that some one might steal, unawares, upon him, and witness his occupation.

When the papers were all deposited in the casket, Sir John took from the table what appeared to be either a locket or a miniature, for it glittered in his hand, and a long chain, composed of many heavy links, each riveted, if he might judge by the flash, with some rare jewel, dragged half across the table, and, being gathered up in a handful, was pressed down upon the papers. After this, Sir John closed the casket, and sat with his hand upon the lid, evidently lost in thought. The light, as it shone upon his handsome features, revealed them divested of all their rich bloom, and with the unusual pallor was mingled a look of keen anxiety. Whatever that casket might contain, it certainly gave Sir John Payton subject for deep and harrowing thought. He slowly withdrew his hand from the casket, and seemed about to fasten the spring, when something on the table attracted his attention. It appeared to be a very small parcel done up in silver paper; he unfolded it, and slowly raised the contents between his thumb and finger. It was a long ringlet of chestnut brown hair that fell from his hand wave after wave, till several of the rich rings with their soft gold tinge lay upon the table. This tress of hair must have been a new discovery to Sir John, for he examined it with great eagerness, smoothed out the curl with his fingers, and drew the whole tress tightly across his hands, as if he were minutely examining the texture. After this he allowed the tress to drop upon the table, and took from the same paper something, that from the distance seemed a lock of short and coal black hair, for it glittered like jet in the candle-light; and this too Sir John examined

with keener attention than he had bestowed upon the warmer and more beautiful ringlet. His lips, before so fixed and anxious in their expression, broke into a triumphant smile; and he folded the hair softly between his two palms, and allowing his face to drop upon them, seemed to laugh inwardly. During ten minutes, perhaps, Sir John remained thus with his forehead bent, and his hands clasped; then he folded up the two tresses of hair, and locking the casket, left the window.

Lord Bowdon, without the slightest intention of acting as a spy upon his guest, had witnessed this scene at first with that sort of vague unconsciousness peculiar to the unhappy, and afterward aroused to more decided interest by connecting this dumb show with the conversation which he had held with Sir John that evening.

With all his faculties morbidly aroused, Lord Bowdon could not help connecting this sudden visit, and this night vigil with the strange interest for the lost orphans manifested in Payton's conversation. It opened a new chain of conjecture to him. It tortured his noble soul with doubt. He longed at once to enter his guest's chamber, and demand the reason of his sudden interest in the fate of Francesca.

All at once the words that Payton had uttered on retiring, fell upon Bowdon's memory like a flash of fire—"I, *without love*, will marry her if she is on the face of the earth."

At the time, this speech had merely shocked Lord Bowdon, believing Francesca no more—he felt it as an outrage to the dead—but now it broke upon him in another sense, he felt that there was some secret unknown to him connected with the children whom he had saved and lost. The belief began to dawn in his mind that they might be alive, and that his guest by some possibility had got a clue to their existence.

Filled with these conflicting doubts, it is not wonderful that the master of Bowdon sought his couch no more that night, the very faculty of rest seemed driven from him. Francesca alive—Francesca the bride of another—the bride of Sir John Payton, who *without love* would marry her—there was something keener and more powerful than mere anguish in the idea. To him it would have been much better that this young girl, with all her genius and her beauty, should have been buried in the waves than cast into the arms of a man who had thus deliberately proclaimed his indifference, and in the same breath his determination to make the young creature his wife. Francesca a being all impulse, all feeling, wedded, and yet unloved! The thought stung him like an adder. The night before he had fully believed Francesca dead; now he scarcely had a doubt that she was alive, and in some great peril. Lord Rochley, that shrewd old courtier, that case-hardened man of the world, *could* he have been instrumental in persuading the young girl away? Amid all these conflicting thoughts Bowdon had no doubt of Francesca, there was something so open, so pure in every thought and look of that young girl, that it would have been a sacrilege to suspect her face an instant of anything that was not upright. Beside the love of a man like Bowdon, is itself so noble that it sends greatness to everything it

shines upon. For the time he forgot everything connected with himself in the depth of thought which the events of that night had cost him. His great wish was to find those two orphan children, and protect them with his whole power; nay, his very life if that were needful. His step, hitherto so listless and sad, grew vigorous, as with folded arms and many a high thought passing over his features, he paced up and down the balcony.

The light in Sir John Payton's room blazed redly through the curtains a full hour after Lord Bowdon had ceased to regard it. Suddenly the crimson glow went out, and all around that portion of the castle was black as midnight.

Daylight found Lord Bowdon in the open air, stretched at length upon a stone bench beneath his chamber window; he lay with closed eyes, but still awake and thoughtful. Many a rare old vine was wreathed around the stone-work of the balcony, and a curtain of ivy fell downward almost to the ground, shielding the young lord from observation, and only allowing a stray beam of the rosy morning now and then to penetrate to his hard couch. After a night of the tumultuous agitation we have described, he might have been expected to look harassed and dejected, but it was not so. The very idea that Francesca lived, and might require his protection, had been enough to kindle all the generous strength of his nature. The look of mournful depression stamped on his pale face the day before, had entirely disappeared; and as he lay stretched upon that hard slab of rock, there was in his attitude and on his features the warrior stamp that lives rather in a strong spirit than in the strong hand. The sun was up, and a troupe of light-winged birds were darting in and out through the ivy, making the dark green leaves shiver beneath their fluttering wings, and the wild gush of their matin song. But Lord Bowdon lay perfectly quiet; his arm folded beneath his head, and a smile hovering around his mouth. He had fallen asleep with the first sweet sound of the birds, and was now dreaming of Francesca—dreaming that the music which made the fresh air tremble around him, was her voice, grown rich and strong with the tears she had shed since leaving Bowdon Castle. All at once there seemed to be a discord in the notes—something that broke up this flow of delicious music, and disturbed the sweet delirium of his dream.

Bowdon started up; a human voice arose from beneath the balcony on which he had been sleeping. It was this which had broken his dream. He arose and sat upright; his fine hair disheveled by the wind, and with a slight glow upon his cheek, such as had not visited it for many a long month. While turning to pass into his chamber he saw, through the intertices of the vines, the fair form of Eunice Bruce gathering flowers from the shrubbery near his window. She was singing merrily at her task, and seemed to find pleasure in frightening the birds away from the rose-bushes that she wished to plunder.

The cheerful little woman had already more than half filled her white apron with blossoms; she must have been sometime out of doors, for the edge of her crimson skirt were wetted deep by a passage through

the moist shrubs, and her dimpled arms down to the taper fingers were dripping with dew, which she shook gracefully off from time to time, after plunging them deep into the drop-laden bushes in her eagerness after some choice flower that was sure to bury itself far down in the leaves. She sang

I am roaming 'mid the roses;
I am singing to the flowers;
Where the honey bee reposes
Through the dark and dewy hours.
I am searching for the columbines
That sleep within the grass,
And shake the blushing eglantines
That tremble as I pass!
I am roaming—I am roaming!

Pretty Eunice broke off her song with a start and a faint scream. A branch of flowing eglantine which she had raised herself on tiptoe to reach, was grasped suddenly and dragged down with a violence that made the whole bush tremble.

"Oh, John Bruce—John Bruce—is that you coming through the bushes like my aunt's grey cat as she steals through the pantry?" cried the little woman, with a forced laugh, and crimsoning to her temples. "How could you frighten me so! See you have made me drop one corner of my apron, and here are all the flowers that I have plucked for our young lord's breakfast-table trembling about my feet."

"So much the better!" replied the cold, measured voice of the Puritan; and going up to his wife, John Bruce planted his heavy shoe directly upon a superb cluster of roses which Eunice was just stooping to replace in her apron: "so much the better," he repeated, with a grim smile. "What has Eunice, the wife of John Bruce, to do with vain and foolish things like these?"

"Vain and foolish! What! the beautiful flowers which God himself has planted in the earth. That he bathes with his own sunshine, and washes with sweet dew before he puts them to sleep at night! Just bend your head, John Bruce, draw in a deep breath, here over this corner of my apron where the honeysuckle and sweet-briar are thickest, then say if you can that things that God has made so beautiful are vain or foolish!"

Eunice lifted up one hand as she spoke, and burying it in the short, black hair which was cut trimly around the base of her husband's massive head, she put forth some gentle force in burying his face low enough to inhale the rich odor that arose from her apron.

"Now say aught against my flowers if you can!" she cried, as Bruce forced his head free from her damp hand, and shook off the drops it had left in his hair like a half angry mastiff.

"They are like everything else in this sinful place, pleasant enough to the eye, but dust and ashes in the mouth," he said, still grinding the bunch of roses into the earth with his foot. "What but these painted things could have put the light and carol words of a song into thy lips, Eunice Bruce?"

"Light and carol! Nay, nay, John, this is too harsh. It was no song, only the thoughts that came to me with the flowers; I never heard them before, and

could not remember them again if my life depended on it."

"Why could you not have lifted your voice in a psalm, such as the godly have tried in vain to teach those stubborn lips in the congregation?" cried Bruce, solemnly. "It is not substantial and wholesome gospel words which ever come first to thy lips, Eunice."

"I am sure," said Eunice, with a look of demure contrition, "I have tried my best to learn all the psalms, but I never could learn how to sing through my nose without laughing, and that you know, John, would have been a shame and a scandal!"

John Bruce groaned from the bottom of his ample chest.

"Oh, Eunice, Eunice, how long shall I toil in spirit and wrestle with Satan to snatch thee as a brand from the burning; for a season I did think that communion with the godly, and the wholesome admonitions which, as a faithful shepherd spared not to thee morning or night, was at last winning thee like a ewe lamb into the fold; but lo! the moment we enter thesee ungodly walls and the old levan breaks out. Thy face is covered with sinful smiles; light songs profane thy lips; even the hair of thy head has become rebellious. Behold!"

Eunice had left her ungainly hat in the house; a white kerchief knotted under her chin, but half concealed the rich luxuriance of her hair which, alas, had broken partially loose, and fell in two or three waving curls over her shoulders. As John Bruce closed his harangue, he took one of these unfortunate ringlets between his thumb and finger, and held it up till the morning sunshine flashed through and through the rich brown, weaving it with lustrous gold.

"I could not help it. Indeed I did not know that the knot was loose!" cried poor Eunice, hastily tucking the stray curls under her kerchief, and blushing with shame and vexation beneath the cold eyes of her husband.

"Eunice!" said John Bruce; "once, yea and again have I struggled to wrench the old serpent from thy bosom, and leave there only that which is sweet to the taste, as honey in the honey-comb. When shall my spirit cease to wrestle for thee?"

"What have I done? Why are you offended with me?" cried poor Eunice, harassed till the tears started to her eyes. "I am glad to see my aunt; I am happy to be let loose among these flowers again: it brings back the time when I was a child, and used to run out here with my young lord till we almost lived in the thickets, like the birds that you hear singing. Those were pleasant times, John, and I love to think of them. There is nothing wrong or wicked in it!"

John Bruce shook his head.

"Come, come!" cried Eunice, lifting up her hand with a playful caress, and folding his broad chin in the rosy palm, "give up this grave humor for one day, and let us be happy."

It was not in human nature to resist entirely the sweet and graceful feeling that lighted up that young face. John Bruce was a bigot, and though by no means deficient in intellect, his sense was of that hard, dry kind, which is only softened into an approach to tenderness by a world of patient affection such as his little wife really felt. Eunice saw by the

expression of his eyes that began to light up like those of a New Foundland dog when he is caressed, that his lecture of the morning was about to close, and gathering up her apron in one hand, she put the other coaxingly through her husband's arm, and taking two dainty little steps to each of his broad strides, threaded her way to the great hall.

Pretty Eunice Bruce quite innocently disturbed more inmates of the castle than she had imagined, while on her plundering excursion in the garden. Lord Bowdon, whom she had aroused from one of the sweetest dreams that ever visited a weary heart, had merely given a passing kindly thought to her cheerfulness and beauty as he passed into his own chamber. But scarcely had he disappeared, when the casement of Sir John Payton's room was softly opened, and the young baronet, wrapped in a rich brocade dressing-gown, and evidently just aroused from his first sleep, seated himself in the opening and listened, unseen, to the sweet melody of her little impromptu song as it arose, like the sudden trill of a nightingale, wild and sweet from the thickets. He could now and then catch a glimpse of her face as she moved lightly from bush to bush; and two or three times he saw one of those truant curls lifted from her shoulder by the breeze, and carried lightly out to the sunshine. In the voice and in the figure of this young woman there was something so fresh and piquant, that for his life Sir John could not forbear watching her movements. He even began to calculate the time necessary for making his toilet, half designing to go down to the garden and surprise her in the midst of her graceful work. But while rising to summon his man, Sir John saw Bruce moving deliberately through the thickets, as if he too had been wrought into unusual exertion by the voice that was still rising cheerily through the leaves. Then Sir John remembered what Bowdon had told him the evening before regarding this bright creature. He felt at once with a sensation of instinctive dislike that this man, with his heavy brow and slated look, was the husband of the songstress who had fascinated him alike by her beauty and her voice. He watched Bruce approach the young creature, and a thrill of hatred ran through his veins as he saw that heavy foot crushing down the flowers she had dropped. He longed to spring from the window and chastise the solemn rudeness of this act. Their voices, and occasionally a few words of the conversation between Bruce and his wife, reached Sir John. He saw the start with which Eunice greeted her husband; the pleading look; the crimson that rushed over her face; and at last he knew by her downcast attitude, and the desponding air with which her arms fell down, that the young woman was weeping or ready to weep.

It was strange, the keen interest with which Sir John regarded this scene: his vivid imagination was completely aroused by it. He began to fancy all sorts of vague and improbable things regarding this young woman, her history and her feelings. From the first moment his mind was positively made up on one point. A creature so fresh, so cheerful, so replete with gentle and natural grace, could not love the dull, prosing Roudhead by her side. Still this conviction

did not prevent his white teeth setting hard together, and something very like an imprecation hissing through as Eunice walked away, with her pretty hand resting so contentedly on the sad colored sleeve of her husband's doublet.

Sir John started up, and dashed the velvet curtain over the window with a feverish jerk. He spent more than usual time that morning at his toilet, wearying his man by constantly changing his fancy with regard to some article in dress, and in every way exhibiting a mind ill at ease.

When Payton descended to breakfast, he found Lord Bowdon in the saloon waiting for his guest. There was little in his appearance to indicate the night of disquietude which he had passed; the mournful solitude that had marked his countenance was quite grave. He was grave and firm, but met his guest courteously.

"I trust that you have rested well, Sir John," he said, quietly taking his seat at the table.

"Oh, yes, I slept like a dormouse, notwithstanding that little excitement about your ship-wrecked Syrian. Your wine is too old or too strong, Bowdon; it must have made me talk a great deal of nonsense," replied the young baronet, with an attempt at careless indifference that sat awkwardly enough upon him.

"It did not appear to me that you were affected by the wine last night," replied Bowdon, looking earnestly upon his guest.

"What else could have set me talking so like a fool about that poor little girl, who is this moment no doubt fathoms deep in yon treacherous channel; she was just the creature to fling herself from a precipice if anything chanced to go wrong with her. Rochley fancied that you were kept out of the world by her pretty wiles, and so I ran down to disenthral you and disenchant the old castle. I expected difficulty of course; but now that the charmer is dead, and you all alone and so dismal, I have but to settle myself for a day or two, and bear your sombre humor company."

"I had half made up mind to bear you company up to town," said Lord Bowdon.

"Oh, the town is dull as a conventile just now; and this place is really enchanting, we must not think of leaving it till your roses and honeysuckles are out of blossom. Upon my word, the sight of them this morning made me absolutely pastoral."

Lord Bowdon was surprised at the quiet way in which his friend arranged matters for himself; he was not prepared for the capricious change which seemed to have come upon him since the last night. The vague hopes occasioned by Payton's words and manner regarding Francesca died in his bosom. Probably Sir John was affected by the wine, and really knew nothing whatever about the fate of this singular girl; his conjectures that she was still alive had no foundation, save in an overheated brain. How heavy and sad grew Lord Bowdon's heart as this conviction fastened upon it. Once more he had nothing to hope for—nothing that could exact an effort from him; he arose from the table the same depressed, heart-stricken man that he had been for months.

Bowdon had scarcely tasted the breakfast, and had not observed anything on the table; neither did his

guest exhibit much appetite, but his powers of observation were keen, and from time to time his eyes roved toward a large crystal vase crowded with flowers that occupied the centre of the table. This vase might well have attracted the admiration of a mind free enough to be pleased with such trifles. The blossoms were yet twinkling with dew, and arranged even with artistic skill. Strong contrasts softening away into delicate harmony, bespoke a degree of taste which if unenriched, amounted to absolute genius; a painter could not have settled that mass of blossoms with more exquisite effect. The butler took up the vase, and was about to remove it with the plate and viands, but Payton touched his arm.

"My good fellow, take the flowers to my room; and—say to the person who arranged them that I should like to have a vase on my dressing-table every morning while I stay at the castle."

There was a glow upon Payton's face as he gave these directions, that might have attracted Lord Bowdon's notice, but he was looking from the window pre-occupied, and incapable of marking the trifles that passed around him.

The butler bowed and went away with the vase. Every morning during the next ten days Sir John Payton's dressing-room was fragrant with fresh flowers; but though Eunice Bruce gathered them in their dew, the light song that had sprung from her lips like the carol of a bird the first two mornings, was after that hushed forever. Was she afraid that it might arouse her husband, and thus bring a lecture longer than a sermon upon her? Or at the bottom of her innocent heart did there slumber a thought that Sir John Payton was listening for this sweet signal, that he might surprise her in the grounds? Poor little Eunice, she had nothing but a pure heart and honest motives to shield her from harm.

CHAPTER XIV.

It seemed as if Sir John Payton was determined to outrage all the previous indolent habits of his life by early rising while at Bowdon Castle. Every morning before the sun was up the young baronet, arrayed in some elegant morning costume, might have been detected hovering about the windows of his chamber. Constantly agitating the voluminous curtains, and sometimes even leaping forth with a sort of reckless daring of observation to reconnoitre the grounds.

One morning, after he had been nearly an hour upon watch, the sight of a crimson kirtle and a long blue scarf gleaming through the shrubbery at a distance, brought him into the open air. He was hurrying along one of the terraces, with the point lace and rose colored ribands attached to his dress fluttering to the breeze, which his long curls perfumed with every step, when he encountered John Bruce, evidently bent upon the same course with himself. The Puritan took off his high crowned hat, and stood still as the young baronet approached, regarding him with a calm, leaden expression of the eye, that to an excitable person like Sir John was peculiarly annoying. Two or three times had this man placed himself thus in the way of Lord Bowdon's guest, as if desirous of

speaking to him. But some inward consciousness had always caused the young baronet to pass abruptly by, avoiding if possible even the immovable glance with which he was regarded. This morning, however, the Puritan seemed resolved to claim attention, for as the baronet came up he advanced gravely to meet him.

"Well, my good friend, do you wish to speak with me?" said Sir John, with that gentlemanly ease peculiar to high birth and breeding, and which no degree of embarrassment could entirely obscure.

"Yes," replied John Bruce, measuring off his words with a solemn accent, and holding his steeple crowned hat upright between both hands, where it towered against his breast like a pyramid.

"I have tarried at the castle a week; yea, nearly two, in order to gain speech with my lord regarding Bethna, the place of my inheritance, which the ungodly man Charles Stuart threatens to wrest from me."

"Oh, is that it," said Sir John, drawing a deep breath; "well, my solemn friend, regarding this inheritance, this Bethna, how can I help you?"

"I am told by Dame Weld, a worldly wise, but sensible woman according to her light, that thou hast power and influence over this man Charles. A word fitly spoken may save to John Bruce his inheritance, per-adventure thou wilt speak that word."

Sir John bent his glance to the earth, and pressing his full lips together, indulged in a moment of deep thought. When he lifted his eyes again there was a faint sparkle in them; some pleasant idea had evidently crept into his mind. With that delicate craft only to be obtained by contact with the world, he began gently to coquet with the anxiety so visible in the solemn face of the Puritan.

"But Lord Bowdon, he has influence at court; why not ask his aid?"

"There hath that passed when I had charge of this castle and estate under the Lord Protector, which makes me loth to ask aid or counsel from the lord of Bowdon."

"And so old Noll left you in charge of this noble mill, ha; and I suppose half the grist went into your coffer."

"Nay, surely the servant is worthy of his hire!"

"Undoubtedly, Master Bruce; nothing can be more reasonable. So, with this just hire, you purchased Bethna; is it not so?"

"Nay, Bethna was the captive of my bow and spear, as well as my inheritance; he that once owned it was a rank royalist; a seditious and ungodly man."

"I understand; a unhappy royalist lived upon some small estate, which was coveted by Master Bruce, who informed against him."

"Nay, I did but point out his dwelling to the troopers when they come down to Cernwall in search of seditious persons!"

"Oh, that was all!" exclaimed Sir John, laughing. "Well, what happened to the owner at Bethna? Did old Noll give him a trial or a rough halter?"

"The man was old; and the trooper that had him strapped to his couper rode hard."

"Well!"

"Somehow when the company halted to refresh

themselves, the old man was hanging across the crouper; his head on one side of the horse; his feet on the other; he left no son, and I was his next heir!"

"So this poor old royalist was your kinsman?"

"According to the flesh he was the brother of my grandfather."

Sir John Payton turned from the Puritan with a feeling of disgust, which superceded for the moment all thoughts of his own selfish objects; but after a moment's reflection he—like too many in the world—began to look upon the treachery and hard-heartedness of this man as an excuse for the evil which his own heart was secretly meditating. It suited his purposes well to aid John Bruce in retaining his ill-gotten estate; but in order to further his own wishes, the first step to be taken was that of persuading the Puritan up to London with his wife. The subject required some reflection, and Sir John paced the terrace once or twice while revolving it in his mind. Bruce stood in his place, firmly holding on to his steeple-crowned hat, and following the young baronet with a cold and patient look.

"I have been thinking over this business," said the baronet, coming slowly up. "True, I have some influence with his majesty, which shall be yours; but your safest way will be through your wife!"

"What, Eunice; nay, what could she do?"

"She would win favor at court which the highest noble of the land might fail in obtaining."

"What, Eunice, whom I had hoped to make a

mother in Israel. Little Eunice go up to that place of sin to be gazed upon by the man Charles."

"Not so," said Sir John, startled by the solemn vehemence of the Roundhead; and judging correctly that all his plan was in peril! "It is to the queen, one of the sweetest and most virtuous ladies in England, to whom your wife should present herself."

"Truly there is reason in this," muttered John Bruce, after pondering over the idea heavily in his mind. "Eunice is comely and fair to look upon; per-adventure she may find grace in the eyes of this Catholic woman, and thus save my home, even Bethna from the hands of the spoiler."

"Nothing can be more certain," said Sir John, repressing a smile which the solemn language of this man was constantly provoking.

"Then will I turn my face homeward this day and prepare for the journey," said John Bruce, wheeling deliberately around and moving away.

"And I," said Sir John, with a low laugh, "will at the same time quit this stupid place; I can but marvel that even her rosy cheek could have kept me here so long. By my Lady Venus and all her train, this is un-hoped for good fortune. There goes the little charmer flitting through the rose-bushes like a butterfly, and here am I following with half a score of heart-breaking adiuses on my lip."

That night John Bruce had returned to Bethna with his wife; and Sir John Payton was several stages on his road to London.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CATHOLIC HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

SANTA MARIA! hear! oh! hear!
And turn to me thy gracious ear;
For thou art to the sorrowing near,
And, to the Catholic ever dear!

Like some clear fountain, deep as strong,
My soul doth pour out, all night long,
Deep gushes of ecstatic song,
Begging thee to forgive my wrong!

Thy Son, dear Mary! though on high,
Is to the needy ever nigh—
Ready to help them when they sigh—
He will not suffer me to die!

Speak not, dear Mary! for he hears
My bitter cries—beholds my tears!
Soon he will banish all my fears,
And give me strength for future years.

Reach down thy lily hand so white,
And lift me up from this dark night,
To where thy Son, in glory bright,
Sits now arrayed in robes of light.

For how my soul doth long to go
Out of this world of suffering so—
Suffering as he did here below—
Thy Son alone in Heaven doth know!

For those that were most dear to me
Are gone now to eternity—
Living in angel-purity,
Star-crowned, around God's throne with thee!

A respite from this trying pain
My soul now seeks her song again—
Wasting away my heart to gain
Thy blissful love—but not in vain.

I think I hear thy soft replies
Dawning upon me from the skies—
Wiping the heart-dew from mine eyes,
Till all my grief within me dies.

My soul, now purified by thought,
Into thy blissful arms is caught,
Whose presence, like thy Son's, when sought,
Comes when we most expect it not.

Such rapture now my heart doth swell
As nothing early can excell—
Lifting me up from this dark Hell
To Heaven above with thee to dwell.

The bloody sweat oozed from the brow
Of thy dear Son on earth below!
And how my soul doth love him now,
That Son alone in Heaven doth know.

THE NIGHT COMBAT.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"And now the storm blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong."—ANCIENT MARINER.

"SAIL ho!" shouted the man at the mast-head, one sultry afternoon.

"Whereaway?" sung out the officer of the watch.

"Broad on the lee-beam."

"Can you make her out?"

"Her topsails just begin to lift—a merchantman."

"Ah!—how does she bear?"

"East by East South East."

"Dead toward us—do you think she sees us yet?"

"No, sir—we've but bare poles, and so had she till this moment, or I should have seen her sooner."

"Mast-head!" thundered Captain Drew, coming upon deck at the hail, and receiving the officer's report.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Can you see her courses yet?"

"They just show, sir."

"Are you sure she's a merchantman, or a sloop of war?" said he, turning to me as I finished a long scrutiny at the stranger.

"A merchantman—and faith she's going off on the other tack. She sees us against this sunset sky."

"Ay—you're right—boatswain pipe all hands to make sail"—and in five minutes we were careering down upon the chase.

It was a wild looking evening, and though the sun set clear, there was a ragged appearance in the clouds piled to Eastward, which I confess I did not like. The wind was rising fast, and had that sharp, whistling sound, which almost makes one shiver. The sea tossed uneasily, like some sickly monster—and at every puff in the gale crowds of tiny ripples ruffled the billows.

We soon overhauled the stranger, and as we drew up across her quarter, discovered her to be a merchantman of the largest class, with a complement nearly equal to our own. As we set our ensign, and threw a shot across her forefoot, she ran up the British cross: at the same time, however, she kept crowding on all sail.

"Can you throw your iron into her yet?" said our superior to his gunner.

"We'll bark her at the word—shall I?"

"Ay—fire!"

The game was now fairly begun. The first ball from our piece brought down the foremast royals of the chase, and destroyed all hopes of escape. Instantly the merchantman luffed up into the wind, and running down toward us, with a boldness unusual in her craft, had no sooner come within range of her guns, than she manoeuvred for a position to rake us,

without firing a shot, with a coolness which proved that her commander had seen service before. The gallantry of the act brought a cheer from our men, and edging away as the stranger luffed, we soon ran close upon her quarter, poured in our broadside, and creeping along her side, kept up a fire as unremitting as I ever saw sustained. Nor did the stranger fail in return. Her crew worked with the fearlessness of brave men, jerking out their guns with the arms of giants, and exposing themselves with a recklessness that was astonishing out of the service. But our own men, like mettled hounds, only became the more eager in proportion as the defence increased, and proud to have found an equal, kept up a close, rolling, unremitting fire, cheering lustily as some shot better aimed than the rest, went crashing against the foe. As the fight deepened, the excitement became overpowering. The shouts of the men; the quick roar of the guns; the tearing and splitting of the timbers; and the dull splash of the waters as broken spar fell overboard, were all mingled in wild disorder. The night meanwhile settling down around, had buried us in a palpable darkness, only broken by the glare of the battle lanterns, and the blinding flash of the guns. The groans of the wounded, the rattle of musketry, and the occasioned growling of the sullen ocean added to the wild interest of the scene. Even amid the tumult of the conflict I noticed that the wind had ceased as if by magic, and that a sudden, boding calm had succeeded, while momentarily a low, groaning sound seemed to rise out of the bosom of the deep, and die away in the distance in wailing tones.

Gradually the fire of the merchantman slackened; but the shouts of her crew gave warning that they were mustering in the fore-chains to board us. The measures of Captain Drew were promptly taken.

"Ahoy! boarders ahoy!—muster on the forecastle all."

In another instant, with a loud cheer, we burst like a whirlwind upon the merchantman's deck. If the contest had before been terrific, it now defied description. Hand to hand and foot to foot the conflict was maintained; the steel cutlasses of the opponents flashed fire as they clashed; and though suddenly retiring before our impetuous charge, our foes yet struggled manfully, retreating shattered from the shock only to roll on again in more compact phalanx. It was no longer the conflict of opposing forces; it was the struggle of man with man.

Suddenly I heard the clear voice of our leader shouting from the quarter—

"The ship's our own."

The welcome shout was seconded by a huzza from our crew, which rose startlingly upon the night, ceased, rung out again, died away, and was prolonged the third time, until the welkin echoed and re-echoed the sound. Before a moment had elapsed the enemy were all driven below the hatches, and we remained undisturbed masters of the deck.

The events of the last few minutes, treading so rapidly upon each other, had withdrawn my attention from the horizon; but no sooner had the contest been decided, than I turned anxiously to the quarter whence the ominous sounds had proceeded. The sight that met my vision was one calculated to rouse every faculty. Not a breath of air was stirring. A stifled closeness pervaded the atmosphere. It seemed as if all nature had suddenly ceased to breathe. To the Eastward the sky was dark and gloomy as the gates of death; but away to the West, a long, lurid belt of light marked the outline of the horizon, as if the curtains of the night had been suddenly withdrawn, and a flood of sickly radiance let in upon the world. So well defined was this rapidly increasing streak of light, that we could almost see the feathery spray of the billows tossing against the sky. Suddenly a low growl, like stifled thunder, was heard far up to windward; then a hoarse, moaning sound rolled thrillingly down from the same quarter, dying away in prolonged notes; and after a boding silence of a minute, a low, rushing noise was heard, deepening as it approached—the sea to the West became suddenly as flat as a table—and anon! amid a roar as of a thousand tempests, and a sea of driving foam, the squall was seen careering down upon us. At such a crisis it was no time for hesitation. Springing into the main rigging, I thundered—

"A white squall—a white squall—away to your quarters, STORMS—let the lee-quarter boat's crew only remain—for your lives away."

So deeply had all been occupied with their conquest, and so short a period had elapsed since we had mastered the prize, that my startling annunciation was almost the first warning our brave fellows had of their danger. In an instant every voice was hushed, and all eyes turned instinctively toward the Western horizon. It was only for a moment. Captain Drew himself, though hitherto unapprized of the crisis, saw at a glance that my plan was the only chance of escape, and shouting to the crew, he sprang with the rapidity of thought from the quarter railings, making a fearful leap before he alighted in the main rigging of the Storm. After a momentary bewilderment the whole crew, with the exception of those I had named, followed his example. It was well they did. Already that hoarse, roaring sound was approaching nigher and nigher, and the surface of the ocean, as far as the eye could see, was a mist of driving spray. Not a second was to be lost. The squall was tearing down toward us, broad on the larboard beam, and the imminency of our situation called for the most gigantic efforts. The last man had scarcely sprung from the deck when I thundered again—

"Cast loose the grapnels."

"Ay, ay," was the answer, as we swerved gently

apart. But the dead calm that yet locked us in its arms, did not suffer us to separate more than a fathom or two. Our mutual positions threatened instant destruction should the squall strike us abreast.

"Furl everything—away all for your lives—in with every rag," roared the voice of my superior, above all the thunder of the tempest, as he stood in the lee shrouds of his vessel, his dark countenance glowing, and his form looming large and gigantic in the ghastly light.

The words had scarcely left his mouth before a score of seamen were seen mounting into the rigging of the schooner, and soon reduced her canvas until not a shred was seen against the lurid back-ground of the Western sky. My own crew had scarcely, however, reached the topmast cross-trees before, with a roar like that of an earthquake, the tempest was upon us.

"Look out—the squall is coming," I shouted, perceiving how hopeless it would be with my scanty complement to furl our sails, "loose and let run—cut with and cut all—down, down my men, in God's name down," and as they slid rapidly by the backstay to the deck, the fore-top-sail blew out of the bolt ropes with a report as of thunder, and streaming like a whiff of smoke ahead was seen the next moment flying far away to leeward amid clouds of mists; while instantaneously the tall spar cracked, snapped, went over the side, and the tempest striking us abreast the mainmast, heeled us over till our lee scuppers were buried a fathom in the surge, and the coppers of our weather side glanced brightly in the ghastly light. For an instant it seemed as if both conqueror and conquerors were fated to the same destruction. The ship lay dead, powerless, unmanageable, quivering at every surge that thumped against her; while the dark green waves, curling over the weather bulwarks, rolled in cataracts down the decks, gurgling, hissing, roaring, and tossing their white crests fiercely on high. Though the lighter, and more easily handled sails of the schooner had been got in, the first shock of the squall had laid her, like us, so much on her beam ends, that her tall masts overhung our decks, and threatened, if we recovered first, to be interlocked with our own. It was a terrible moment. The roaring of the elements among our rigging was deafening, and the spray, flying across our decks in showers, shut out everything from our sight. Suddenly I saw the topmost of the schooner rising gracefully from above us—our own followed as if linked to them by invisible cords; we righted, rolled to windward, staggered an instant like a drunken man, and then gathering headway, swept off like a thunderbolt before the squall. The schooner darted wildly in our wake, but we passed from her like a whirlwind. The last sight that met my eyes, amid the misty shroud of spray, was the form of my superior still standing on the ratlin, and waving his arm, as if seconding by a gesture his commands. But amid the roar of the hurricane, the words he spoke might as well have been uttered to the dead.

We did not see the STORM again, after that fearful night until we reached port. Happily both vessels had survived the tempest!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Endymion. A Tale of Greece. By Henry B. Hirst. 1 vol. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co., 1848.—A few months ago we announced this poem as in press, and, from a glimpse of the proof sheets, hazarded a warm eulogium. We now welcome its appearance in a neat duodecimo, bearing the imprint of the Longmans of America.

We have long held the poetical abilities of Mr. Hirst in high estimation, but never considered him equal to a poem as superior as this. We admired his artistic skill, his exquisite rhythm, and the sweetness of his fancy. We knew him to be profoundly versed, as a practical ornithologist and florist, in the imagery of nature, and, therefore, unusually fitted for the province of a poet. We had seen evidences in some prose sketches of a capacity for story-telling, which induced us to believe he would not fail, as so many do, in the plot. But we did not think he had the strength of mind or tenacity of purpose requisite for the production of a poem so extended, yet so generally well sustained, as "Endymion."

The poem, as its name imports, is founded on a familiar legend of the Greek mythology, and opens gracefully, with a description of the hero, as follows:—

"Through a deep dell with mossy hemlocks girded—
A dell by many a sylvan Dryad prest—
Which Latmos' lofty crest—
Flung half in shadow—where the red deer herded—
While mellow murmur shook the forests grey—
Endymion took his way.

Like clustering sun-light fell his yellow tresses,
With purple fillet, scarce confining, bound,
Winding their flow around
A snowy throat that thrilled to their caresses,
And trembling on a breast as lucid white
As sea-foam in the night.

His futed tunic swelling, yielding, floated,
Moulded to every motion of his form,
And with the contact warm,
Round charms on which the Satyrs might have gloated
Had he been buskinéd nymph; but, being man,
They loved him like to Fun.

His girdle held his pipes—those pipes that clearly
Through Carian meadows mocked the nightingale
When Hesper lit the vale:

And now the youth was faint, though stepping cheerly,
Supported by his shepherd's crook, he strode
Toward his remote abode.

Mount Latmos lay before him. Gently gleaming,
A roseate halo from the twilight dim
Hung round its crown. To him
The rough ascent was light; for, far off, beaming,
Orion rose,—and Sirius, like a shield,
Shone on the azure field.

Yet he was faint—faint with fatigue and drooping.
Through the long day unweared he kept
Watch, while his cattle slept;

And now the sun was like a falcon stooping
Down the red West, and Night from out her cave
Walked, Christ-like, o'er the wave.

And from the South—the yellow South, all glowing
With blandest beauty—came a gentle breeze,
Murmuring o'er sleeping seas;
Which, bearing dewy damps, and lightly flowing
Athwart his brow, cooled his hot brain, and stole
Like nectar to his soul."

Mr. Hirst has invented a story entirely new for Endymion; and one which displays equal art and interest. The poem, opening with the description of the hero which we have quoted, proceeds to tell how, bathing in the Latmian

sea, he was seen and loved by the goddess Diana. She caused him to fall into a "deep sleep," which she filled with dreams of herself. Endymion, awakening, and now as deeply enamored of the goddess as she of him, refuses to consort with his fellow shepherds, and turns with scorn from Chromia, a maiden whom he had formerly loved. He is even foolish enough to boast of the favors of the goddess. On this, Diana, justly incensed, appears to him, and pronounces their separation, at least while Endymion lives, but promises that, if he remains faithful to her, she may grant him her smiles again, after this life, in the habitations of the gods. Endymion on this wanders forth from Latmoe, leaving Chromia "mad like poor Ophelia," behind him. He visits all nations, and every country. At last he returns, but so altered that his old comrades do not recognize him. He returns, too, at a fortunate crisis, for an invader is about to destroy the Latmians. Endymion, placing himself at their head, expels the foe. In return for this he is chosen king. He now meets Chromia, who recognizes him. Endymion, repentant, renews his plighted troth, and the marriage day is already fixed, when Diana suddenly appears on the scene. And here the poet evinces the nicest discrimination. An ordinary writer would have made the goddess revenge her desertion by the death of Endymion, but Mr. Hirst does not forget that her nature is divine, not human, and accordingly, notwithstanding her sorrow, she forgives her apostate lover. This, we think, is one of the finest touches in the whole poem. Endymion is deeply affected by her conduct. We quote the concluding passage.

"Monarch," she said, "I stooped to love, and, loving,
Was woman—like my sex; but never more—
Endymion, never more.

Even in fancy may I watch thee, roving
Thy native vales: my heart is parched with heat:
Earth crumbles at my feet!"

"Go, and be happy: I, in my immortal,
Olympian home, will struggle to forget
That love, whose sun is set;
Go, should I meet thee at its golden portal
In later days, it shall not be with love,
But like a child of Jove!"

Endymion stood amazed—his pale face quivering
With wild emotion: "Life and Chromia mine!"
He murmured, "O! divine
Dian! great goddess!" but suddenly a shivering
Ran over his frame: joy, like a fierce disease,
Compelled him to his knees.

"Farewell, Endymion," said the goddess, stooping,
Pressing with pallid lips upon his brow
A kiss of frozen snow,
And, mournfully turning, passed, her fair head drooping
Upon her snowy breast: "Farewell for ever—
For ever and for ever!"

Endymion, stretching forth his arms, endeavored
To clasp her garment's hem, but slowly, slowly
She waned, and vanished wholly,
And like a dream: the sudden silence severed
His heart from him: "Farewell," it breathed, "for ever!
For ever and for ever!"

He tottered forth: the door was clad with shadow,
Clothed by the pines: he could not bear the gloom;
It seemed a yawning tomb!
And, rushing thence, he trod the moonlit meadow;
But still the silence sighed that sad "For ever—
For ever and for ever!"

Both hands upon his brow—terror, and sadness,
And horror in his eyes, with speechless face,

He pierced the depths of space,
Clowning, like one struck dumb with sudden madness,
While in the distance died that sad "For ever!
For ever and for ever!"

This is beautiful, very beautiful, and the more beautiful that it is sad. But the poem has frequent passages of equal power. As a whole, too, it possesses high merit. Even the most exquisite stanzas are subsidiary to the main design, and not merely staccato ornaments placed on the story for show, rather than use. Mr. Hirst stands among the foremost of our idealists. His poetry is frequently spirituality itself. Yet, in "Endymion" there is much that is merely sensuous, though we do not condemn, but praise this; for it is in keeping with the classic character of the theme, however objectionable in other respects it may be. We took up the poem, intending only to glance at it, but it compelled our attention, and we read it through at a sitting. Perhaps this is the best proof we can give of our approbation.

We do not wish to convey the impression that "Endymion" is faultless. On the contrary it has many weak lines, and occasionally a want of originality. It has more polish than strength, and more fancy than either. Take, for instance, these examples.

"with speechless face
He pierced the depths of space."

"While mellow murmurs shook the forests grey."

"He read the stars, and drank, as from a stream,
Great knowledge from their gleam."

"a lip the bee
Would swoon on"

We think it scarcely allowable to say that murmurs shake a forest, nor very elegant to speak of "drinking knowledge" from "the gleam" of stars as from "a stream." And what can be tamer than that "speechless face" piercing "the depths of space?" If we are not mistaken Hoffman, Suck-

ling, and Shakespeare have all employed the bee simile. We might instance many other lines of a similar character. But these are comparatively trivial faults.

The first and last cantos are the best. If we were asked to tell what gives "Endymion" its especial charm, we should unhesitatingly say the beauty of its rural descriptions. The author's pencil is touched with moonlight whenever he pictures woods, fields, or waters.

Alison's Life of the Duke of Marlborough. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the biography of one of the most extraordinary men connected with English history, written in the peculiarly pleasing and truthful style, which places Alison among the first historians known to our language. The biography of the Duchess of Marlborough is so completely interwoven with the personal and political history of her husband, that we have in this book a double subject of interest. Few women not of the blood royal perhaps ever lived who held more absolute sway over the fate of a nation than Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough; her life, like that of her husband, is full of intense interest. This volume is beautifully prepared for the bookshelf in like style with James' Henry IV., and other valuable books lately issued from the Harper's press.

Swiss Family Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers.—These are two delicious little volumes which should compose part of every juvenile library in the land. With all the exciting interest of Robinson Crusoe, they convey a broader and more general lesson of usefulness even than that inimitable book.

Sir Theodore Boughton or Laurel Water. By James. New York: Harper & Brothers.—James has written nothing better than this book, within the last three years.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

THE fashions for July do not vary materially from what they were in June: indeed, in general, what we said last month may apply to this! We, however, give descriptions of two elegant evening costumes, which we have also had engraved and colored. In addition we subjoin a description of a dinner and morning dress—all which we recommend particularly to such of our lady friends as are about to leave home.

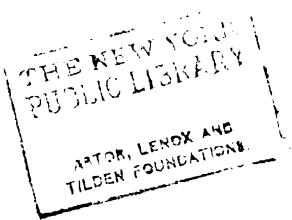
FIG. I.—A BALL DRESS of white tarlatane: the bodice pointed and low on the neck: short sleeves, of two puffs: the skirt trimmed with two rows of puffs, adorned with bows. The hair is dressed in horizontal curls, and ornamented with roses.

FIG. II.—A BALL DRESS of pink silk: the bodice pointed and low on the neck: sleeves short: the skirt trimmed with three rows of tulle, and, above these, with two flounces of lace. The hair is worn plain in front, and is ornamented with lace, and a coronal of leaves.

MORNING COSTUME.—Loose open robe of the poignoir form, composed of pale pink poplin. It is edged at the bottom and up the fronts with a broad trimming of passementerie in a rich arabesque design. The corsage is high and close, slightly pointed at the waist, and ornamented up the front with passementerie. Over the corsage is a cape, descending nearly to the waist behind, and falling deeply on the shoulders, but rounded off at each side in front. This cape has a bordering of passementerie, and is edged with fringe. The sleeves are demi-long, and

loose at the ends, and beneath them are worn full under-sleeves of jacconot muslin; the fullness confined in puffings, divided by rows of needle-work, and round the wrists a row of needle-work set on full. Under the open dress is worn a petticoat of white jacconot or cambric muslin, the front richly trimmed with needle-work, five or six rows of which are set on transversely and in slight fullness, like narrow flounces, each being headed by a row of insertion. Round the waist is a pink silk cord and tassels. A small frill, composed of three or four rows of narrow lace or needle-work, encircles the throat, and is fastened in front by a cameo brooch. A round cap of guipure lace, trimmed with coques of blue ribbon, completes this elegant costume.

DINNER DRESS.—Robe of lilac glace silk, trimmed up the front of the skirt and corsage with lilac satin, edged with passementerie. The trimming is disposed in horizontal rows up the front of the dress, en tablier. Demi-long sleeves, with under-sleeves of white muslin, divided into two puffings, and edged at the wrists by small frills of needle-work, which hang over the hand. The corsage is high; the trimming similar to that on the skirt of the dress, excepting that the tablier form is reversed—the broadest row being at the top near the throat, and each of the lower rows gradually narrowing toward the waist. Small collar of Honiton lace, and a round cap of the same, with a trimming of white and rose colored ribbon. Mantlelet of green velvet, trimmed with fringe. Boots of lilac silk.





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No. 2.

ALICE LINLY.

BY CATHARINE RAYMOND.

CHAPTER I.

"And so Alice is going to the city, Mrs. Linly," asked Susan Brown, the village seamstress, and a bit of a gossip too withhold.

"For this winter," was the quiet reply of her lady-like employer.

"Well I never!" pursued Susan, letting her work drop on her lap, and lifting her hands; "I did hear you was a-going to send the girl away—but I just said to myself, I wont believe any such nonsense till I hear it from herself!"

"And why nonsense, Susan?"

"Why to think of letting such a young, pretty, hair-brained thing, go among all kinds of wickedness, away from her mother and her comfortable home, to learn new manners, and so catch a husband who will never let her come back to her simple home! Why you might just as well bid good-bye to her at once!"

"Not so, Susan. Alice is simply going to her aunt, to stay six months in closer retirement than she lives even *here*; and to pursue her studies under more competent instructors than Brookfield affords. I hope to see my darling Alice return, if changed at all, for the better," and a tear glistened in the mother's eye.

The Linly's were a small and happy family; Dr. Linly was a physician—the only one the village boasted. They lived unostentatiously and quietly; but the gentle tastes of the mother and Alice threw around and over the house the sunshine of simple refinement.

At the time our story commences, Alice Linly was seventeen, radiant with health, beauty and happiness; drinking joy from every source; gathering honey from every flower. Her character was an uncommon one—combining many fine characteristics with others which made her parents, especially her mother, watch over her with deep solicitude. Sensitive, tender and true; generous, elevated and courageous in her actions; enthusiastic, visionary and excitable to the last degree—Mrs. Linly saw how hard the pathway of life would be unless Alice attained that self-control in which she was wanting, and which it had been the mother's aim from her infancy to instil in her breast. And Alice strove hardly for it. Hitherto she had experienced

none but childish troubles, and over them she had sometimes failed. Time alone would prove whether in *deeper* joy or sorrow the precepts of her childhood would govern her life.

After Alice came a sister; then a brother. There was another brother, some years older than our heroine, but he was in the city, engaged in business in a mercantile house of celebrity. How the girl had wept, when two years ago, Jack had gone away; but now her eyes danced joyously in anticipation of a meeting and she flung her arms in a transport of joy around little Willie's neck.

"Why I *guess* you thought I was Jack!" exclaimed the boy, so soon as he could extricate himself from her embrace—peering roguishly up into her large, brown eyes—shaded by lashes tipped with gold!—*maybe from the sunlight ever streaming from the orbs beneath*, as Jack had once said half playfully, half earnestly.

CHAPTER II.

AND Alice went away from her childhood's home to the great, bustling city! Sad were the tears she shed as she nestled in her parent's arms, and sad for a time her meditations after the parting. But the girl was as Fanny Forester beautifully says, a *genuine honey gatherer*, and so the light stole again beneath the bright curtains of her eyes, and the color trembled again within her oval cheek.

The fair girl wrote often, and spoke gratefully and affectionately of her aunt, and rapturously of her brother, who, she affirmed, was "just the same dear, merry fellow," and his bright, black curls the same as ever! It seemed so natural to run her fingers through the shining masses. "And dear mother," she wrote, "I could not help thinking what a splendid soldier Jack would make! It is such a pity he is not one!"

Then the girl went on to speak of her studies in the same glad strain; but every few moments reverted again to "dear, handsome Jack!"

Alice had been nearly six months in the city, and was about returning home, when she went, one evening, to the elegant mansion of Mrs. Horton, an intimate friend of her fashionable aunt, who had seen

the secluded beauty, and felt a romantic disposition to "patronize" her.

The guests, with the exception of some half dozen, were complete strangers to our heroine. Her hostess introduced and introduced, and doubtless intended to make her acquainted with all; but probably became weary, or forgot some in the endless throng; and so it was that the noblest star athwart the giddy circle remained *unintroduced* and unaware of her presence. For Alice shrank from observation, and remained in one of the vast parlors; and the complete realization of her "*ideal*!" scarce moved from the corner, in the other room, where were gathered round him an admiring crowd, listening to his strange eloquence.

"Jack do tell me who that gentleman by the piano is?"

"What the one with light hair?"

"Oh, no! The one with those splendid eyes! Can't you see how their light seems to fall on those around him? Now he is talking to Madame L——."

"I do not know him, sister mine, but as you seem 'clean daft' on the subject, I will make inquiries. Mrs. Horton," turning to that lady, and disregarding with a mischievous smile the effort Alice made to keep him back, "Mrs. Horton, Ally wants to know who that superb cavalier in black is? There, in the other room!"

"What! enchanted *ma beauté*?" playfully tapping her under the chin with her fan, "that is Mr. Conrad Etherington! Wait a moment! I will bring him and introduce him. It was a strange oversight in me not to make the 'lion' acquainted with the 'lioness!'" moving away as she spoke.

"Oh, pray don't!" cried the alarmed girl, springing after and detaining her.

"Why not? But I will!" laughing at the girl's consternation.

"Oh, do not, do not!" pleaded Alice. "You forget that I am but a simple child, unlearned in the ways of the city; indeed I would much rather not! The knowledge of its being a premeditated thing, would make me awkward and confused. Please do not; I am very happy as I am, and you would not destroy all my enjoyment," looking up with her coaxing eyes.

"You are a strange, silly girl; but if you would really not be introduced, I suppose I must indulge you, though it is such a sacrifice that I hardly know how to forgive you," looking admiringly down at the deep bloom on the agitated girl's face.

"Thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Alice, sinking back upon a couch with a look of relief.

Yet that evening, whenever Alice Linly was free for a moment from the admiring throng, did she follow with her *intense* and earnest gaze the noble form of Conrad Etherington, who with his quiet, *almost* holy brow, his deep, dark eyes, and firm, proud mouth, fixed himself, although unconscious, not the less securely, in the fond memory of the young and ardent girl. She saw him not again till the last evening of her stay. He was a superb musician, and seated at the piano when the girl entered the room. She had not expected to meet him, and silently retreating to a corner of the room, listened for a long time with clasped hands, and parted, breathless lips! and the

stream of melody which issued from the noble instrument bore away on its deep and Troubles waves the heart of Alice Linly!

"Gone, gone!" murmured the girl to herself, as she paced her apartment that night, and pressed her cold bosom which gave no throb back from its marble depths with her small, slender fingers. "Gone from me, and in a few short hours I shall be far way! My heart! Oh! why did I leave my happy home?"

CHAPTER III.

"ALICE! Alice!" shouted Willie Linly, as a carriage stopped at the door! "Alice!" flinging wide open the hall door, and receiving the first caress of the impatient girl as she sprang heedlessly from the steps. And then *mother* came and folded her as of old in a close embrace; gazing the while with tears upon the glowing face of her darling. And soon Alice was seated as of old, the centre of an admiring home circle, describing with all the force of her warm and vivid imagination, the life of the last six months.

"Ally," said her father, as she wound her arms around his neck that night before retiring, "thank the good God that thou hast come back unchanged! and pray that long mayest thou continue to be our love, and hope, and comfort—as thou now art."

"Not changed did he say? And I must pray to continue so!" murmured the girl to herself when alone. "Oh, but I am not the same! I will pray Heaven that I may go back to where I stood in thought and feeling, but a few short weeks ago."

Alice Linly *was* changed! Not outwardly as yet, but within the deep, well-springing waters of affection lay roused and troubled.

Mrs. Linly saw this quickly. Her temperament so resembled her daughter's that a breath could not ruffle the calm of her darling's life, and she not perceive it. If Alice was wakeful at night, though her apartment was far from her mother's, so surely would sleep fly the parent's eyes, and a few quick steps bring her to her daughter's pillow to calm her unquiet girl.

Alice Linly was young yet—but a child—scarce eighteen. We have said she was enthusiastic and visionary. She was so—and she deemed it in her ignorance a light thing to throw out the full tide of her affections on a romantic object. It accorded precisely with her unformed and unreal ideal. She knew not till the deed was done how hard it is to draw back the heart to a home it no longer values. Foolish girl! was it for an affection which received no nourishment she had cast away happiness? At first she vaguely dreamed her love might find return. What thought Conrad knew her not! She *hoped* he might. In all her favorite romances "things had turned out right" at last, and Alice firmly believed they were pictures of real life, (she *would* not think otherwise) and that she saw at last should win her guerdon; still months rolled away, and she found health and strength, and spirits failing before her spirit's struggles. Then despair suddenly seized on her. She ceased to hope, and pined swiftly and surely! a few months longer and Alice Linly had been at rest had not a sad event occurred which roused and bore away the girl from

self: called up the self-control so long forgotten, and changed her whole character for life. That event was the sudden decease of Dr. Linly by an apoplectic seizure.

Susan Brown had her usual complement of gossip on the subject; but now no one heeded her, for the "doctor" was universally loved and respected. He was borne away to his last earthly abode before Mrs. Linly recovered from the despairing stupor into which she had fallen on his death.

When at last she comprehended that he whom she loved she should *here* see no more, her grief was heart-rending! For a while she shed no tear. "Oh, if she could only weep!" exclaimed one of the sympathizing women, who had taken upon themselves the charge of affairs. At that moment Alice appeared.

"Don't let Alice go near her," whispered Susan Brown, to a kind-hearted creature, who with tears in her eyes beckoned her approach, "it will only make her feel worse to see that ghost of a daughter who will go next."

The mother heard the cruel words; she glanced up at the pale face of her child.

"Alice, Alice! you *must* not die!" and she stretched out her yearning arms.

"I shall not, mother! weep here on this bosom."

And like a child the enfeebled woman poured out her griefs upon the light form of her darling. "It did her good!" Another day and though still sorrowing deeply, she was calm and composed, and able to attend to all necessary arrangements for their removal to the city, whither, by the advice of her son and best friends, it was thought best to go. There was but little left for the family. But Jack had obtained a small share in the business with which he was concerned; and Alice had expressed her intention of turning her education to account as day governess—a situation offering most opportunely in the city, which could be procured—and then Dora and Willie would have the benefit of good schooling, and so be enabled, in *their* turn, to cast in their mites.

When once a change was determined upon, Mrs. Linly was not long in carrying it into operation; and in a short time the family was quietly settled in the city. Then came a time of bitter trial for Alice! How she struggled for mastery over self! Grief for her father's loss had at once incited her to action for others, and paralyzed her feelings—while amid the bustle of the funeral and the removal, leisure had not been afforded her to indulge them; but now the usual routine had resumed its sway in their orderly household; rendered more serious than ever of course by their late affliction. The weight of years sat on the mother's brow; and hushed were the merry voices of the children—at least in the family circle. And Alice, as every morning rose, and she returned to her arduous duties among a set of riotous, thoughtless children, felt her very soul sink in prospect of the long, long day, few minutes of which were hers, either bodily or mentally.

When her pupils gathered round her, then she must cast thought behind her, and attend to their studies; and when school labors were over there were others

at home, numerous and varied, which fully occupied hand and head, if not heart.

To soothe the aching brow of the drooping widow was hers; to force the tongue to speak which would fain have been silent, and strive by gentle, cheerful conversation and reading, to draw her mother's mind away from her loss; to answer the thousand questions of Willie, whose active mind was ever on the go; to attend to the studies of her sister Dora; to strive to make home the pleasantest place for her merry brother Jack; and to forget the worm at the root of her own happiness, were duties neither few nor light for Alice, and *brave* was the spirit required to perform them. Where gained she the *spirit* and the strength? Morning and evening beheld the sweet face of her so lately a happy, thoughtless child, bowed in prayer before her Maker, her small fair hands clasped upon that "best of books," which was her daily study. She had learned that

"If ever life shall seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If, like the wearied dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eye above—
There's rest for thee in Heaven!"

C H A P T E R IV.

"WHAT do you think, Ally?" exclaimed Willie, bounding into the parlor one evening, "Jack has got me a place in a lawyer's office! I'm going to be a lawyer myself, one of these days, and a famous one I'll make too," frisking about before her, and closing as he spoke two rows of shining ivory.

"Indeed! but what are you going to do about school?"

"Oh, I'm going to study at night! Jack's going to teach me, and you, *maybe*," peering roguishly up into her face.

It was an old trick of his, and Alice stooped down and kissed his rosy mouth with a fond smile.

"You are the *very best* sister," exclaimed the boy, "and when I grow up you shall have nothing to do—but sit all day and *every day*—or walk, or ride, and go to as many concerts as you please! Don't tell—but I saw Jack buying tickets at Osborn's as I came along, for the concert to-night—I wonder who he's going to take. I thought *you*, of course, or I would have pulled his nose!"

"Hush, hush, wild Willie!" exclaimed Alice, unable to help smiling at the purposed mode of revenge for neglect of her.

"Oh, yes!" replied the boy, "you never think Jack does wrong! But you don't ask me to whose office I'm going!"

"Well then—whose?"

"Mr. Conrad Etherington's! Jack says you've seen him before; but how you stare; how wild you look!"

"Only see how I have pricked my finger," she replied, assigning that as the cause of her agitation.

"Well, I declare! I never saw you make such a fuss before for a trifle!" said the boy. "Here let me kiss the place to make it well! Isn't Mr. Etherington

handsome?" he continued, still bending over the taper finger.

"I don't know, I forget!"

"Don't know, forget! I guess you never saw him then. Jack says there's not such another man in Philadelphia. By George! but he's *superb!* as you ladies say."

"Why, Willie, how your tongue does run," interrupted his mother, who was slowly recovering health and spirits.

"Oh, no—mother darling," was the coaxing reply, as he bent fondly over her, and kissed either pale cheek.

Jack's step was heard in the entry, and away bounded the lively boy to meet him.

"Why how soon you come; going to a concert though, eh! That accounts for it," with a knowing look. Jack laughed merrily.

"Thou art entirely too precocious for a brother of mine. I shall have to ship you off, youngster."

"Not till you tell me who you're going to take," responded the boy.

"My little meek faced Alice for one," he replied, placing his hands caressingly around her snowy neck.

"Dear Jack! how kind," murmured the girl, with a glad tear in her eye.

"And for whom is the other?"

"Miss Dora, if you please," drawing her up to him, and chucking her under the chin.

"Thank you, dear brother! Oh, I'm *so* glad," and the girl caroled after the fashion of a dancing master for pure joy. It was so seldom that she went out. She was formed for society—to adorn it—by her beauty, her wit, and her playfulness. She was very unlike Alice—unlike what Alice *had* been. A dainty spice of coquetry in her disposition; a thousand little ways and wiles to attract the admiration of which she was so fond.

"Must I get ready now, Jack?" she asked.

"Pretty soon, sis."

"What must I wear?"

"Oh, anything you please. I don't think you'll make your fortune to-night."

"You don't know that!" replied the girl, archly, bounding away to smooth the bright curls of golden hue, which lay carelessly upon her dimpled neck. An hour elapsed, and the two girls stood ready and waiting.

"To think of having to wait for a man!" chuckled Willie. "I have always heard that women made men wait."

"But now you find you are mistaken," laughed Dora, tying the strings of her hood.

"Will you be *very* lonely, mother?" whispered Alice, kneeling beside her parent. "If you think so I will stay."

"Oh, no, darling! bless you," tears starting to her eyes. "Go—maybe it will do you good. Willie is very pleasant company."

"Well then, sweet mother, good night; don't sit up for us if we are late," and she rose and passed her small hand through her brother's arm.

He smiled and said, "they say birds of a feather flock together; but I've got two of very different

species, I perceive. Dora, attired for conquest, and my little Ally, for what? I'm sure I cannot tell with that simple cottage bonnet. Why have you put back all these bright curls which used to gamble so indecorously around your rosy face? Cheer up, Ally darling, and get fat again, or I won't own you. No one would have dreamed, two years ago, that that frolicsome countenance would become so meek, so Madonna-like in expression. But here am I standing when we should be travelling, and at a pretty rapid rate too, I perceive," looking at his watch.

"Alice dear," exclaimed Jack, during the recess, "there is Mr. Etherington! Willie's 'boss,' that is to be."

"Where?" her pale lips pronounced, as she turned her head in the direction indicated.

It was indeed he—her lofty idol; that idol she had so long struggled to uproot from her fond, dreaming heart. His brilliant eye rested for a moment on Jack, then passed to Alice, whom he attentively regarded. The heart of Alice Linly ceased for the moment its pulsations—she felt the color come and go in her face—the bench seemed sinking beneath her. She knew, though her eyes were downcast, that he was winning his way to them.

"Do you know who that gentleman is who is coming this way?" asked Dora Linly, in an excited tone.

"Yes," replied Jack—"it is Mr. Etherington. Good evening, sir," he continued, as the young lawyer paused beside them, and held out his hand in friendly greeting. Again Alice heard that low, rich voice she had never hoped to hear—and it was speaking to her. Poor girl! The wild revulsion of feeling was too much for her self-possession. She strove to answer, but her voice died in her throat. She struggled, stammered, and was silent. The deepest bloom which had ever tinged her face settled there. She closed the long silken lashes to force back the coming tears, and for a moment felt as though she must give way to the wild emotions which agitated her; but with a brave effort she restrained herself, and confined to her tortured bosom all her distress.

Compassionating what he thought extreme timidity and bashfulness, Etherington turned to her sister, and it seemed with better success, for when Alice recovered herself sufficiently to meet the reproachful eye of her brother, she saw her idol completely engrossed by Dora, who with the most bewitching and native coquetry, retained him by her side through the remainder of the evening.

CHAPTER V.

"I AM going to bring Etherington here to-night," observed Jack to Dora, the next day after dinner.

"Are you?" exclaimed the girl, the warm blood mantling on her cheek. "How do you know—did he ask?"

"What?" replied her brother, laughing. "You must learn to put plain questions, child. Mr. Etherington did ask to come—and I am going to *indulge* him."

"You must set your cap for him, Dora," said Willie. "You can't guess what a grand house he lives in. I went there this morning; and such a

heap of fine furniture, and books, and pictures, and statuary; and such a lot of servants. But all these are not half so fine as the man himself; and he said something about—about—no I won't tell you. So you need not look so eager," taking up his cap, and bounding from the room.

Dora followed him into the entry.

"Come—what did he say, Willie? That's a good boy."

"Oh, yes! very good now," laughing archly. "He said—he said—good bye," he shouted, as he escaped with a mischievous flourish from the house, leaving Dora crimson to the temple with resentment and vexation.

She was roused by the appearance of her sister, who was about returning to her duties. How sadly that pale, quiet face contrasted with the blooming, Hebe one beside it.

"Good afternoon, Dora; be sure and look your loveliest," and with a light, bitter laugh she passed out, but not with the buoyant heart of her April brother.

"Poor Ally! how glad I am that I don't look like she does," was the thought of the girl, as she wended her way up the narrow staircase with the full intention of following the advice, which she perceived not, was given in bitterness of spirit; for Alice was but mortal, and the "unruly member" would sometimes rebel.

And Conrad came—and was introduced to Mrs. Linly, who smiled pleasantly; and again to Alice. She answered his low, earnest salutation with tolerable composure, for she had prepared herself for it; and then seated herself in a quiet corner, and bent low over the garment she was making.

"Why, Dora, how long it takes you to settle yourself," exclaimed Willie, rather peevishly, as though not pleased with the arrangements which placed his favorite sister so much in the shade, opening his book as he spoke, and nestling beside her.

The girl addressed flung back her golden curls with a careless, saucy laugh, and, seating herself, claimed and obtained from her visitor undivided attention, and tasked his wits with her lively sallies and eager inquiries.

"Well! I never thought you were so forward before," exclaimed Willie, after Etherington's departure: "why nobody had a chance to say a word."

"For shame! Willie," said Alice, in a low voice. "That is unlike you."

"Oh, well, I did not mean harm; but it is so strange—"

"What strange, Willie?"

"Oh, nothing!" answered the boy, picking up the book which he had thrown down on her pettish out-break.

Time passed on, and Etherington became a regular, almost a constant visitor. On two or three occasions he had attempted to pursue his acquaintance with Alice; but her wild and frightened manner, when he spoke to her, and the embarrassment which overwhelmed her, deterred him from further advances.

"I cannot conceive why you lose all self-possession when Etherington addresses you," Jack had once

remarked. "The man must have bewitched you. I remember you showed the same strange fear at Mrs. Horton's, a long time ago, and begged her not to introduce you."

"No one can conceive what I suffer," murmured Alice to herself that night, as she knelt in the accustomed place, and strove to calm her troubled heart with searching and self-communion. "To see him thus day by day, and hear that low voice so earnest—so calm—so deep. I wonder if he loves Dora? It must be so, for he comes so often; and she—oh, she cannot help loving him! no one to whom his heart was given could!"

CHAPTER VI.

"I AM going to the 'Philharmonic' to-night, sis," exclaimed Dora Linly, springing toward the door as Alice entered one cold, clear evening.

"Are you? Oh, that will be delightful; who is going to take you?"

"Mr. Etherington!" replied Dora, with a triumphant smile.

Alice sighed, laid by her bonnet and cloak, and seated herself in the dim twilight by her mother's knee.

"Will you plait my hair, Ally dear?" whispered her sister, caressingly—winding her arm round her waist.

"Plait your hair," exclaimed Alice—"what! all those pretty curls?"

"Yes, all! Mr. Etherington said last night that he should like to see the effect, and begged me to do it. I asked him how—and he said he was not particular, that *your's* might serve as a model."

How Alice's heart throbbed, and she murmured chidingly to herself, "how foolish, how silly."

"He has sent me some of the most beautiful crimson flowers you ever saw," continued Dora.

"They will look very well in your fair hair," replied Alice.

"So I think; and now will you come up stairs, sis, for it grows late?"

They went up together, and the small fingers of Alice parted the wilful curls, and wove the massive plait which was to adorn the head of her sister. And then she wound it round the little silver comb, and twined the dark crimson bell-like flowers therein; and lastly, imprinted a tender kiss upon the pure, unstained brow beneath.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Etherington, as Alice led Dora into the room, blushing and smiling like a June morning.

"So beautiful!" whispered Alice, with heart-felt joy and pride in the loneliness of her sister; speaking for the first time unspoken to.

His earnest eye fell suddenly upon her upraised face with thrilling expression. Alice started—crimsoned—and with a whirling heart and brain turned away. There was that in his glance which haunted her; it might mean nothing—and she sighed heavily as she took up her work, and seated herself by her mother.

Willie crept close to her, and slipped his hand in

hers, and looked up in her pale face. She whispered quietly—

"What now, darling?"

"Why I am angry!" exclaimed the boy, petulently. "I wish I was a man, I would take you to *every* concert. I do not like Mr. Etherington any more to think he should prefer Dora to you! Such a *great, wise* man should get a more sensible girl for a wife."

"Hush, hush, Willie," but the boy would speak. "I am mad at Dora, too!—I don't believe she cares a straw for Mr. Etherington!—only she is getting so vain."

"Willie," again said Alice; and this time with a graver face.

"Ally, let me say what I've got to say, and then I'll be good," pleaded the boy, "and not say anything more for an age. You are a great deal prettier than Dora, and I do wonder why you don't have any beaux. Such a lot of men as have got to coming here after *her*! If I was a man I'd never have any thing to do with girls who courted *me*, but seek out some quiet darling, sister Alice!"

"There—that will do, Willie," said his mother, smiling. "You'll have Ally as vain as a peacock presently."

"No fear of that," exclaimed the boy, confidently. While speaking he had gradually worked the sleeve of his sister's dress above the elbow, and now drew her arm forward in the light.

"What are you after *now*, Willie?"

The boy laughed.

"I wish Mr. Etherington was here now," he said, "to see how much prettier Ally's arm is than Dora's. But Ally you used to have a host of dimples *here*," pointing to her elbow.

"They are all *gone* now, Willie," smiling faintly.

"Too bad," replied her brother, "you must get fat again. I really think you are paler than ever."

"Very likely," thought the girl, but she said it not, but looked up with a *cheery* smile, for her mother was by—that mother whom she so fondly loved, and who so idolized her "*summer child*."

"Do you know," said Willie, later in the evening, as he sat alone with his sister, his thoughts reverting to the old subject—"do you know that I don't think Mr. Etherington cares a farthing for Dora?"

"Why, Willie, what are you dreaming about tonight? Why don't you think so?"

"Because I often notice that all the time he is listening and talking to Dora, he keeps looking at you; and when you speak so sweetly to mother and bathe her head—and when you keep telling me about my lessons—his great, big eyes follow you, and he looks so pleased and admiring. *I see!*" said the boy, with a knowing shake of the head.

"Why, Willie!" and Alice dropped her work, and fairly burst into tears.

"Oh, Ally! I did not mean to hurt you—forgive me—please do—I *could* not mean to offend you! Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, darling! only leave me."

A few moments and the penitent boy had kissed her and gone away; and Alice wiped her streaming eyes: but the glad showers still fell, and again did

she exclaim, "how silly! how foolish!" but not this time with such hearty emphasis. The "fairy alchymist" was creeping into her true heart once more.

The next evening brought a lady visitor with Mr. Etherington, whom he introduced as his sister, Mrs. St. Clair—a fine, fashionable looking woman of about thirty-five.

"You must excuse this intrusion," she said, speaking to Mrs. Linly, "but Conrad has given such glowing descriptions of your family circle, that I could not resist the pleasure of making your acquaintance," and the world wearied lady laid aside her shawl and bonnet, and spent, perhaps, the first calm, happy, rational evening in years in the humble family circle of the Linly's.

She was evidently a votary of society; and accustomed to command admiration and homage; but her mind had been well cultivated, and she charmed alternately by her fascination of face and manner, and the soft accents which fell from her lips. Dora especially listened with delight to the glowing pictures her fancy created; but the lady, it seemed, took an especial interest in the quiet Alice, whose large eyes were never raised save when addressed. How could she talk, for Conrad was by her side, and though he nothing spoke, her heart was singing for joy—and the long, golden-tipped lashes pressed the grave cheek lovingly, less some glad beams should escape and betray her secret.

"Oh, what a sigh, sis!" exclaimed Willie to Dora, as the door closed over their visitors. "Who is it for?"

"Dora sighs that the bright star has faded, and she cannot follow," said Jack, mischievously—and the tender mother sighed to see how the world, all deceitful as it is, was charming the girl, and arousing vain desire in her young breast.

A few more days passed, and then came cards for a party at Mrs. St. Clair's, followed in the course of the evening by a visit from that lady and her brother; "to obtain in person their answer," she said, "and overrule all objections."

Mrs. Linly said "nay" at first—"such gay society was not for them, whose every moment should be occupied in earning their bread."

"But this once!" asked the lady, who showed a warm disposition to patronize.

"One indulgence would but arouse wishes for more," was the reply.

But the lady pleaded so winningly, and smiled so sweetly on the mother's "*summer child*," and Dora's glad eyes sparkled so at the thought; and even Jack spoke a word in favor of it that her resolution gave way at last.

"Your mother's consent gained, of course you will come dears," said Mrs. St. Clair.

"Oh, yes!" said Dora; but Alice was silent.

"My dear Miss Linly, you will come?"

"I think not," she murmured, with hesitation.

"Oh, yes—you *must*! the brightest ornament of my rooms to disappoint me; that must not be."

Still the girl was silent. She stood rather apart, and Conrad came, and stooping over her, whispered in his thrilling tones—

"Will you not come?"

She raised her eyes a moment to those bent so earnestly upon her, but the veined lids drooped instantly, and the warm color stole up to her temples. It was his first request, and could she refuse it?

CHAPTER VII.

"Look at these beautiful flowers, girls," cried Willie Linly, bursting into their room as they sat there on the afternoon preceding the party, busy at their simple preparations.

"For me I know," exclaimed Dora, bounding from before the glass, and attempting to seize them.

"No you don't *this* time; just be quiet, Miss Dora; you'll have to *share* Mr. Etherington's favors to-night. 'Compliments to *Misses Linly*,'" he continued, snapping his fingers mischievously. "Here, Ally, you're the elder, take your choice. Jasmine or white rose-buds?"

The girl was so "full" that she could hardly speak, but she murmured—

"No—let Dora take *her* choice—it makes no difference to me."

"I don't believe that!" said Willie, stoutly. "Who used to think so much of her tea-roses at Brookfield? Choose—choose!"

"Well then, Dora, I believe I will take the buds; you are fond of the jasmine, I know."

"Yes—quite as much as of the others," replied the girl, rather sobered by her late mistake, "only you'll put them in for me, won't you?"

"Let me separate them," said Willie, searching for a pair of scissors.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Alice, springing forward, "let me," and she took the flowers from her brother's hands with trembling, *almost* with reverence.

How her taper fingers thrilled as they came in contact with the white blossoms. She would have given worlds to have kissed them, and laid them, if but for a moment, in her bosom, but Willie's sharp, all-seeing eyes were there, and she dared not.

When she stood before the glass that evening, she loosened the long bands of silken hair which she had worn quite plain since her father's death; and once more turned their glossy abundance over her slender fingers. How natural the action seemed; it brought back thoughts of other days, when she was gay and happy. How wretched she had been since—till now—and a happy tear gemmed her soft eye, and nestled in the petals of the pure bud in her hand. She shook the flower, but it still lingered; and she placed it among the mazy curls with a half sad, half saucy smile, which called up the long forgotten dimples from their hiding places. And then she donned the white muslin dress, which disclosed the soft, snowy neck and rounded arms, and stood before her brother to hear his "critique."

"My sweet sister!" and he drew her to him, and pressed his lips to hers with the lingering pressure a lover might use. "The 'light of other days' is brightening again," he whispered, playfully.

At the door of Mrs. St. Clair's drawing-room they encountered Etherington.

"May I not relieve you of a fair charge, Mr. Linly?" and he offered his arm to the happy Alice. She laid her small fingers lightly within it, but he drew them with a gentle pressure closer to him, and led her to his sister.

"Charmant! charmant!" exclaimed Mrs. St. Clair, with unbounded admiration; and Alice blushed more deeply than ever as she turned away, and heard on every side the same exclamations.

"You do not like this—you would prefer the library or conservatory," said the low voice of Etherington; and Alice forgot—*heard* not the noise around. The place seemed suddenly so quiet—only his words were audible.

"Shall we go?"

"Yes," she replied, in a tone the echo of his own. At the door of the conservatory they met Mrs. Horton.

"Do you know my aunt?" exclaimed Conrad, in some surprise; observing their mutual and friendly recognition.

"Your aunt?"

"Yes," replied that lady, taking upon herself to answer, "we became acquainted an age ago—when Miss Linly was here on a visit, and just before her departure. I gave you a party, I think, did I not? Oh, yes! I did—I recollect now, for I was going to introduce you to Conrad, and you would not let me."

He glanced at her inquisitively, and the girl's eyes fell beneath his gaze, but Mrs. Horton rattled on.

"So now you are in the city again. To live—Mrs. St. Clair tells me—the first word I heard of your *being* was to-night. Too bad! that you should have been here so long, and I not know it; how you must have missed your good aunt's society; it was rather unfortunate that just as you removed to the city she should go away."

Here the lady broke off abruptly, and turned to her nephew.

"Isn't she perfectly exquisite, Conrad?—be sure you fall in love with her."

"The deed is done," he whispered, bending his proud head so that none could hear save the one to whom he was speaking; and as Mrs. Horton passed on, he drew Alice within a recessed window in the conservatory, and questioned her as to the reason why she declined his acquaintance. The girl murmured a few words inaudibly, and became silent.

"Why, Alice?" he asked again.

"I—I cannot tell—do not ask," she replied.

"And why not, dearest?"

"I could not answer my own heart," she faltered, "for it asked the question long ago."

"Well then, sweet Alice, I *will* not, if," and his low voice thrilled with deeper meaning, "if you will answer another," and he bent down and whispered something in accents so low that the ear of the listener must have been attuned to *love* to hear them. Alice spoke not—she *could* not; but the "light of love" trembled in her eyes, and he drew her to his close embrace with deep and passionate fervor.

He stooped over the face which rested on his bosom, and imprinted a holy kiss upon the dreaming mouth.

"Alice, look up, love!"

"I thought that Dora was your choice," murmured Alice.

"I have never loved Dora, not from the first moment; and she has never loved me. She has not as yet found out that she possesses a heart. It has not found its echo; but I have found mine—and in you! Alice my star, my dream, loves me; be mine—my life."

And Alice, calmed by his words, elevated by his almost holy gaze, his earnest truth, murmured—

"I am yours!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"WELL, Ally, my bird, you have fine feathers now, if you never have them again," said Jack Linly, as he lounged away an idle hour in the boudoir of Mrs. Conrad Etherington. The girl was busy at an old employment—ruining her slender fingers through her brother's wavy curls—and she merely laughed; a sweet, happy laugh, which minded one of *old times* and her girlhood, and said with an arch glance—

"Just so, brother Jack."

"And a happy bird she is," chimed in Willie, appearing at the door, "are you not, Ally?"

"So happy!" murmured the girl, the bright tears gathering wilfully spite of her efforts.

"Who sent for you, youngster?" questioned Jack of the boy, "interrupting our tete-a-tete."

"Stand back," answered Willie, drawing up with an air of offended dignity, "you forget who I am! I count myself *somebody* since my relation to Mrs. Etherington."

"Madam," advancing and falling on one knee with a ludicrous assumption of respect, "I was commis-

sioned to deliver this parcel to you by your husband."

"What is it?" said the girl, reaching out her little hand eagerly for it.

"Doubtless some 'trifle rich and rare,'" interposed Jack. "I am astonished at your curiosity, Mrs. Etherington; such childishness ill besets your state and dignity; pray how often do you receive these nonsensical contraptions?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell," laughed the young wife, placing in her bosom the little note accompanying the gift.

"I dare say not; but it won't last long; wait till the honeymoon is over."

"Why how long a limit do you allow that happy period, Jack, since I have passed three months of wedded life already?"

"Ab! I grant you a longer time than common, ma belle, on account of your having so perfect a husband; to say nothing of your own self, sweet sister," his tone changing to one of deep feeling as he pronounced the last words and kissed her pure cheek, where the wild-rose bloom was deepening day by day with the intensity of her happiness.

"It shall be life-long, dear Jack, as *he* said not very long ago. Please Heaven," she added, reverently.

"Shall it not, dearest?" she asked an hour later, when she lay folded in her husband's arms, and he bent over her with deep devotion.

Of course, he said; "yes," no other answer could be made to those trusting eyes.

Sweet Alice! we cannot do better than leave her now—while the sun still streamed *brightly* on her path—while friends near and dear are around her, and she rejoices in the fulness of *changeless love*.

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

Off memory back is glancing
To days, alas! no more,
When all to me advancing
The garb of pleasure wore;
When life's young morn was beaming
All cloudless and serene,
And bright as infant's dreaming,
Lay on my heart the scene.

Methought an angel's whisper
Came floating on each breeze,
And breathed each leaf vesper
Which trembled on the trees;
And when the birds were singing
Their cheerful morning song,
My voice, its tribute bringing,
Would loud the notes prolong.

The star which nightly twinkles
In yonder azure sky,
And peeps from Ocean's wrinkles
With mildly beaming eye,

On me was softly bending
Its pure and Heavenly light,
And to my bosom sending
A flood of sweet delight.

The clouds o'er which was flowing
The evening's purple shade,
As on their pinions glowing,
The golden sunset laid,
Came to my eye no brighter
Than Hope's delusive rays,
Nor passed their shadows lighter
Than dreams of youthful days!

Ah! as the morning's gleaming,
The floweret's fading bloom,
Thus passed away my dreaming,
And naught remained but gloom.
But faith reveals a dawning
Beyond Time's lurid shore,
The twilight of a morning
Which ends in night no more!

THE FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

NO. II.—THE SUSPECTED SERVANT.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

I HAD expected, as I have said, to have remained a long while in the pocket of the hard landlord; but I was mistaken in this opinion; for an hour had scarcely passed after he received me, when his wife entered the room. She was equipped for a shopping excursion, and wanted money.

"How much?" he asked, in reluctant tones.

"Give me fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" replied the husband. "What do you want with so much?"

"I've got a great many things to get."

"I can't spare fifty dollars."

"Nor fifty cents neither, I suppose. But, I can't help that. You must give me what I want."

"Won't twenty-five do?"

"No. I must have have at least fifty."

The man really groaned in spirit.

"I think you are extravagant, my dear," he said.

"And I think you are miserly, my dear," she replied, half laughing, half serious. "But come, let me have the money; time is passing, and I have a good many places to go."

"I can spare you thirty-five," said the husband.

"But I want fifty. No, let me see—"

"Won't forty do?"

"No; I forgot a shawl that I must get for Aggy. Make it seventy."

"Seventy! No—no. It's no use to talk. I can't let you have that much to-day."

The pocket-book now saw the light, and, with nine others of a like denomination, were removed therefrom and handed to the lady, who took us, and said nothing of the extra twenty. That was only a *ruse* to enable her to get what she wanted.

In half an hour from this time, I was in the money drawer of a certain dry good's dealer in Chestnut street, and half an hour after that, in the purse of a lady to whom I was given in charge. She left me at a confectioner's, and the confectioner paid me, that night, to one of his workmen, who handed me over to his wife. On the next morning I was taken to market and paid to a butcher. But he didn't keep me long, for laying me carelessly in his pocket-book, with one of my edges sticking out, and thrusting his book into his pocket, with an end exposed, I presented too good an opportunity for a trial of skill by one of the light-fingered gentry, and left his possession without, I presume, his being the wiser of the transaction.

The person who thus, unlawfully, became my owner, was a gentleman so far as dress and appearance were concerned. He left the market-house without waiting to see if I would be missed, and took

his way toward Third street, where he exchanged me with a broker for a five dollar gold piece. The next man at the broker's counter was a poor fellow who had received his week's wages in uncurred small bills, upon which he was obliged to lose three per cent discount. The last comer into the broker's drawer, I was the first on top, and being handy was paid out to the journeyman mechanic, who took me home and gave me to his wife. She being in a worry about something at the moment, tucked me into her bosom, without thinking what she did.

This was on Saturday. After supper that night, the man who had received me from the broker, said to his wife.

"I think we'd better pay something on our bill at the store. Its been getting heavier and heavier every week instead of lighter. I suppose we might spare three dollars, and lessen it that much every week until it is paid. I'm really out of all heart with these bills running up. We must try and pay for every thing we get, and if we haven't the money for what we happen to want, try to do without it until we have. This being forever in debt, disheartens me."

"I'm sure," said the wife, "it troubles me as much as it does you. Yes; pay three dollars by all means; and I'll try and make what's left do us until Saturday."

"Give me the bill then, and I'll go and pay three dollars out of that. We'll want the other change to use."

"The bill! what bill?" asked the wife in surprise, and with a look of bewilderment.

"The five dollar bill I gave you when I came home at dinner time. What did you do with it?"

"Yes; now I remember that you did give me a bill," said the wife, thoughtfully. "I must have put it in my little box in the bureau drawer, where I keep my change."

And she went to her little box, her bosom panting with alarm. But she did not find me there.

"I'm sure I put it here," she said. "I think I remember it distinctly. Oh, I must have put it here. I always put my money in this box."

"But where is it?" asked the husband.

"Sure enough! Where is it? I put it here; and it couldn't have gone away without hands."

"Of course not."

Meantime, the wife, who could not have been very sure about the disposition she had made of me, was rummaging in her bosom, her fingers almost touching me time after time, yet not coming into apprehensible contact.

"Maybe you put it somewhere else?" suggested the husband. "Look in the drawer."

"No! I'm sure I put it in the box." Yet, while she said this, the wife turned the drawer, in which she kept her box, all topsy turvy. She did not find the object of her anxious search.

"Look in your pocket," said the husband, upon whose forehead the drops of sweat began to stand. He had worked hard for his wages, and to lose so large a sum as I represented was no light matter for him.

"I know it isn't there. I put it in the box," replied the wife, as she turned her pockets inside out. And in a moment asked the question—

"Are you sure you gave me the money?"

"You are sure you put it in the box. If I had not given it to you, how could you have made that disposition of it? Certainly I gave it to you. I remember it as well as if it had been done but a minute ago."

"Then somebody's got it," said the wife, in a low tone, half looking over her shoulder. "Of course, if you gave it to me, I put it in the box where I always keep my money."

"It's a serious matter to accuse any one of stealing," suggested the husband.

"I know it is; but the money couldn't have gone without hands." And again she looked over her shoulder, in the direction of a young girl who was at work in the kitchen.

The husband looked worried and perplexed.

"Suppose you ask Jane if she knows anything about it," he said.

The woman, acting upon this hint, called the girl.

"Jane," she said, looking accusation at the child, "I've lost a five dollar bill. Have you seen it?"

"No, ma'am," replied the child, thus suddenly addressed, who felt that suspicion was attached to her, and could not help coloring and looking frightened and confused.

"I put it in this box," said the woman, sternly, contracting her brow, and fixing her eyes upon the girl, "and now it's gone. It couldn't have walked away."

"Indeed, ma'am I haven't got it," protested Jane.

"Who said you had? You are very quick with your denial," retorted the woman. "I shall begin to think you have taken it."

"Oh, no, indeed, indeed, ma'am! I've not been near your drawer," said the girl, bursting into tears; another evidence in the eyes of her accuser that she had stolen the money.

"But didn't you find the bill on the floor?" was asked.

"Oh, no ma'am. I haven't got the bill. Indeed I haven't."

"Where is it then?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know," replied the girl, weeping and wringing her hands.

"Well, I don't believe you!" retorted the woman, passionately. "Your very face and manner betray you. I think we had better search her trunk," she added, turning to her husband.

"Do, do!" said the child. "It isn't there. You won't find it there?"

"Then where is it? you little thieving buzzzy!" exclaimed the woman, losing all command of herself.

"If you don't tell me this instant, I'll send for a police officer and have you taken before an alderman!"

The poor child fell upon her knees, and in an agony of tears vowed, before Heaven, that she was innocent, and implored her accuser to spare her. The man now interposed, and told the girl that he would be very sorry to think she was guilty of such a dreadful crime, and sincerely hoped that she was innocent. But that as a five dollar bill had been taken from his wife's drawer, and she was the only person in the house besides themselves, suspicion very naturally fell upon her.

"But she might have dropped it," said the girl, gaining some control over herself; "or put it in her bosom in a hurry. I remember, she thought she lost money once before, and—"

"Silence! this instant!" exclaimed the woman. "No! I put it in the box in my drawer, and somebody's taken it out. And you know who's got it too, well enough!"

It was all in vain that the poor child protested that she was innocent. Her trunk, her room, and her person were searched, and she made to bear from the excited woman all kinds of words of abuse. Of course the search was useless, for I still lay against the passion-heaving bosom of the wife. At last the husband interposed, and sent the girl to the kitchen. He was, by this time, pretty well satisfied that she hadn't the missing bill. And now commenced a search in every nook and corner of the rooms, drawers and closets up stairs and down, which was continued until bed-time, without avail. At a late hour they prepared to retire for the night.

"What's that?" said the husband, as I fell to the floor, on the woman's removing her dress, stooping and picking me up as he spoke. "The bill, as I live!"

The wife stood in utter amazement.

"And so it was in your bosom all the time!"

"Well, I declare! Now I recollect that when you gave it to me, I tucked it in my bosom. I was too busy at the time to put it away."

"I'm very sorry that you accused poor Jane," said the husband.

"So am I. But it can't be helped now."

"I really feel bad about it. Poor child! You ought to be more careful."

"I know I ought. But it's too late to mend it now. It'll be a lesson to me to take better care of money another time."

"I hope it will. Has Jane gone to bed?"

"Yes. Why?"

"If she's up, you ought to let her know at once that the money's found. It will relieve her mind."

"I don't know that anything need be said about it. She's conscious of innocence, and that's enough."

"I think you ought to tell her."

"It'll be time enough to-morrow," replied the wife.

To-morrow came, and the sad looking girl prepared the breakfast. But not a word was said to her about my having been found. The fact was, the woman who had accused her was ashamed to let the girl know the truth. After breakfast Jane put on her things and went out. She did not return that night,

nor was she back on the Monday morning when I was taken away and changed at the grocer's. What further passed on the subject, of course I know not. I was but little surprised at the occurrences of Saturday night, for I had seen such things before. I have been lost pretty much in the same way more than a dozen times in my life. Once, in this city, a poor colored girl was tortured most cruelly in order to

make her confess having stolen me, when I had been hurriedly laid in between two leaves of a large family Bible and forgotten. I believe I reposed there for three months before I was discovered by a young lady who was trying her lover with the Bible and a key. The person who placed me there, then recollected all about it.

TO A FOREST LAKE.

BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY.

PLACID lake, so calmly sleeping
In the forest's stilly nook,
Whilst adown the hill side leaping
Comes the murmur of the brook;
By thy margin I often linger,
When the sun at eve has set
In the West with rosy finger,
And I leave thee with regret.

Oft the swan, with stainless pinion,
Proudly floats upon thy breast,
As it were his just dominion,
Free from fowler's searching guest;
And the lily, gentle flower,
Sees its form reflected there,
When the noon is in its power,
And its silence fills the air.

All around thee lofty mountains
Point their towers to the sky,
And the sunbeams tinge their fountains
With a bright and crimson dye,

While the graceful mists up curling
Through the shadows of the trees,
Seem like trophied flags unfurling
To the wooing of the breeze.

And the gale that stirs the branches
Of the oaks above thy sheet,
On thy tranquil water launches
Forth a tiny mimic fleet;
Of the leaves so sadly falling
From their bowers overhead,
When the Autumn's voice is calling,
And the bloom of Summer dead.

Placid lake, so calmly sleeping,
Still in fancy by thy shore,
I can see the white wave leaping
To the dipping of the oar;
And the robin's lively measure
In my ear is ringing yet;
Fare thee well, thou forest treasure,
I have left thee with regret!

THE DYING GIRL'S REQUEST.

BY MRS. M. C. WHYTE.

Will you lay me, mother, in the quiet nook,
Where I was wont to muse in by-gone hours?
Where oft I listened to the babbling stream
Winding its way 'mid moss and fairy flowers.
I know its waves will laugh, and still leap up
To kiss the twinkling stars in the blue sky,
But, mother, it will not disturb my sleep,
E'en though beside its pebbly margin I lie.

Oft when a child, I used to steal away
To that lone spot, and on a mossy stone
Would sit, and gaze upon the pearly sky,
And listen to the pendant willow's moan;
Ah! 'twas a comfort to my sad young heart
To see the silver moon sail lonely by,
As if like me she hid a sad, sad heart,
Like me poured back the tear, the rising sigh.

The Spring is here, her faintly tinted flowers
Will miss the tears so often o'er them shed,
Methinks they too will droop, and fade, and die,
When planted, mother, on my lowly bed.

Sweet, gentle flowers! to me ye have been teachers,
Whispering to my lone heart of that pure land
Where God forever smiles upon his flock,
And calls them his redeemed, his chosen band!

Mother, I know thy heart will bleed afresh
When the green turf is placed above my bed,
Oft wilt thou tread the daisy bordered path
That leads where they will lay thy child—thy dead.
Mother, I would not have you weep above my tomb,
Ah, no! I would that you would smile and say,
My child was early called from this cold world
To bask beneath the Father's loving ray!

Now, mother, place my head upon thy breast,
I feel upon my brow the hand of death,
And there, where oft in infancy I lay,
I sain would breathe my breath—my latest breath.
Oh! do you hear them, mother? Angels call!
They call me to my home—my home on high,
Press, press me to thy heart! Farewell! farewell!
I wait thee, mother, in the Sapphire sky!

ID A N O R T O N .

BY MISS LOUISE OLIVIA HUNTER.

"Do it as you wish, Ida."

The words were uttered in a cold, calm tone, and the speaker, Arthur Norton, turned hastily away to conceal the emotion that rested upon his countenance.

His young and beautiful wife was seated upon a sofa at a short distance from him. Her cheek was very pale, while her dark eyes flashed angrily upon her companion, and their expression betrayed that all the warmth of her nature had been called forth by the conversation which had just passed between them. In the height of her anger she had demanded a separation, and he—had assented to it! And the causes were these.

The preceding night, Norton had accompanied his wife to a party given by a lady in the neighborhood. The rooms were both crowded and heated, and feeling oppressed with the warmth, he had left Ida talking to a lady friend, and retired for a few moments to an open window. While seated here, concealed from view by the folds of the curtain, a party of gentleman stationed themselves near and began to converse. The subject of their remarks was a young married lady, who was present that evening, but whom they did not name. They spoke of her extreme beauty, her wealth, and her accomplishments, and then followed certain observations concerning her husband's blindness to her intimacy with a man of known profligacy of character. And while they conversed, one of the party pointed out the lady to a companion, and described the precise place where she sat. Not caring to become a listener any longer, Norton was about to move away when the names of the persons referred to met his ear. They were Mrs. Norton—even his own wife and Charles Clifford.

A sickening sensation stole over Arthur Norton's heart as this fearful discovery came upon him—for he felt that though Ida was not guilty, she was thoughtlessly exposing herself to the sneers and insults of the world. Very often had he warned her against being upon intimate terms with Charles Clifford—but Ida had known Clifford from her childhood, and regarded him with a sister's partiality, while she despised the world's opinion too heartily, for its sake to treat with coldness one whom she had always looked upon as a brother.

Ida had thought her husband much changed of late. Though they had been wedded scarcely a year, he no longer greeted her with that impassioned ardor which he had manifested during the days of courtship. She was the only child of a parent who idolized her, and whose fond affection for her showed itself in an almost lover-like devotion to her every wish—and being thus accustomed in her own home to hearing continually

the language of adulation, her heart continually craved the same from him to whom she was united. And when by degrees it became less frequently accorded her, forgetting that Norton was no longer the lover but the husband, she began to imagine that he did not love her with that warmth for which she pined. Too proud to tell him her thoughts, she became cold and reserved toward him, and thus Norton was led to think from her chilling demeanor, that she had never truly cared for him, and now regretted her error in choosing the first one on whom her youthful fancy had alighted. Arthur Norton was passionately attached to his wife—but his feelings toward her did not often betray themselves in words—and it was these that Ida missed.

Charles Clifford, who has previously been alluded to, was the ward of Ida Norton's father. He had been associated with her constantly from childhood, and had regarded her with a deeper feeling than she was at all aware of. When Ida was in her sixteenth year, Clifford had just attained his majority, and then following the counsels of his guardian, he left his native land for a tour through Europe. The image of the lovely Ida was constantly in his thoughts during his sojourn abroad—and it became the hope of his heart that on his return she would become his wife. After a protracted absence of four years, Clifford once more found himself in the city of his birth—but alas! Ida was now the betrothed of another, and he arrived but in time to witness the celebration of the marriage ceremony. Concealing the disappointment that rankled in his bosom, Clifford mingled gaily among the guests, and received with a smiling lip the frank and affectionate welcome of the bride—but his heart throbbed with a thousand bitter emotions as he gazed upon the happy countenance of Arthur Norton, and a wild wish took possession of his soul for power to rob the bridegroom of the treasure that had just been committed to his keeping.

Regarding Clifford in the light she did, without thought of wrong Ida had often complained to him of her husband's change of manner, and with the eagerness of a selfish and revengeful nature, he gladly availed himself of this opportunity for sowing the seeds of discord between Norton and his wife, and while he artfully sympathized with her, managed to interweave insinuations concerning Arthur, in such a manner that the young and inexperienced Ida felt the sting, yet laid no blame on him who gave it. Charles Clifford was indeed a profligate. While he mixed with the society of Europe, he had beheld much to weaken his trust in woman—and when he daily listened to the repinings of Ida Norton he began

to imagine that she in reality loved him, and was but waiting for him to make advances that would induce her to leave her husband's roof forever.

There was also another cause that since her marriage had rendered Ida Norton's home uncomfortable. Her husband's mother had always been particularly averse to her daughter-in-law. The elder Mrs. Norton possessed a stern, haughty, exacting spirit. She was from the first prejudiced against Ida—for it was not her wish that Arthur should marry. She was devotedly attached to her son, and feared that when he brought his new idol to his home he would learn to look upon his parent with less love than formerly. And when the marriage took place, and her son's wife was constantly near her, the faults of that somewhat spoiled, but warm-hearted being, were continually frowned upon by the mother. To a gentle expostulation Ida would willingly have lent her attention and profited—but her proud spirit refused to bend where it met with nothing but cold looks and harsher manners. And so between the two there was ever a reserve, and though Ida would not acknowledge it even to herself, the dignified mien of her husband's mother not unfrequently sent a chill to her heart.

Let us return now to the spot where we left Norton. For a long time he remained in his hiding-place, not daring to stir lest he should be discovered—but at length the party moved away, and then very cautiously he came forward, and glanced in the direction where his wife had been described as sitting. She was still there, and Clifford too was beside her. He was conversing to her in a low tone—her delicate hand rested confidingly in his, and those speaking eyes gazed earnestly into his face.

Norton was too noble to wrong his wife by a thought of jealousy—he knew that she merely felt a sister's affection for Clifford—yet he could not help confessing to himself that her situation was such as to attract the suspicions of those who knew not as he did, the purity of her soul. The thought that one so dear to him was even now the object of censure, stung his sensitive heart deeply. His resolve was immediately taken. He would bear her away that very instant—she should remain there no longer to be exposed to the ill-natured remarks of the world. With a pale cheek he now approached to her side, and whispered a request that she should accompany him home. Ida raised her eyes wonderingly to his face for a moment—then hastily rising she bade Clifford good evening, and taking her husband's arm, they left the crowded assembly. During the ride homeward both were silent. Ida, with her usual pride, disdained asking the reason for their abrupt departure, though she was waiting with impatience for her husband to explain it—while Norton did not do so because he wished to delay an explanation till the morrow, for he feared that if he told Ida all then, her impulsive nature would lead her to wrong conclusions, and perhaps cause her to say that which could never be forgotten. Once or twice before the carriage stopped at their residence, Norton hazarded a remark upon other topics, but Ida deeming that he had acted strangely and capriciously, persisted in maintaining a sullen silence.

That night neither closed their eyes in slumber.

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Ida spent the hours in tears—Norton in meditation, and he determined that the next morning his wife should know the reason for his conduct the preceding night, and that he would then learn, if possible, the cause of her late coldness toward himself. Accordingly the next day, when the evening meal was over, and he found himself alone with Ida, he unfolded what had till then seemed so inexplicable to her. She heard him in silence, and when he had finished and once more besought her to avoid Charles Clifford for the future, a sudden suspicion flashed across her mind that Norton while giving her the world's opinion, was also shadowing forth his own. The very thought that her husband did not trust in her, was maddening to a spirit like Ida Norton's—and as Arthur ceased speaking, and looked eagerly into the face of his wife as if awaiting a reply, the blood came rushing in a crimson torrent to her brow, and in an excited tone she exclaimed, "I cannot, and will not endure this longer! I must leave this house—I will go again to my father's—to my own dear home where I was so happy till you, Arthur Norton, came there to destroy my peace forever. If you desire it I will never again countenance the one whom you have so basely calumniated—but I ask in return that you will consent to a separation between us."

Surprised, stunned and grief-struck, Norton had not at first power to answer her. But quickly recovering, and deeming her request merely a pretext to rid herself of the presence of a husband whom she did not love, he resolved to hide his emotion, and calmly and coldly his sanction was given to the arrangement, though all the while his heart was breaking.

That evening as Charles Clifford was preparing for a party, a note was handed him, which, on opening, he found to be from Ida Norton. Every circumstance of the affair above recorded, she now placed before him with her customary frankness, concluding by begging him in accordance with the promise given to her husband, never to come near her if he valued her future happiness. A triumphant smile appeared upon Clifford's countenance as he read—for he imagined that for him she had left Arthur Norton, and that the misunderstanding between the two was an artful invention on the part of Ida. So he very resolutely determined to abstain from visiting her for a short period, hoping that during his absence she would learn his value, and welcome him warmly, when, after a sufficient time had elapsed, they should again meet.

Just six weeks after the events last recorded, Ida Norton was seated in one of the apartments of her father's stately mansion, absorbed in a deep reverie. Her face wore an expression of settled melancholy—for not a single moment's happiness had been hers since her separation from her husband. Too late she learned how well she loved him—but the belief that he was indifferent to her affection wounded her to the soul. She felt that she had been in fault in not sooner relinquishing the society of Clifford as he desired it—yet still she was convinced that the latter had been condemned unjustly, and this conviction was strengthened by the obedience of Charles to her desire—for not since that day had he sought her presence.

She was at length aroused from her musings by a low knock at the door, and in another moment Clifford entered and sprang to her side, while he seized her hand and covered it with passionate kisses.

"Ida! my own, beautiful Ida!" he exclaimed, in a tone of impassioned tenderness, "I could be parted from you no longer. Oh, Ida, you little know the love that dwells within my heart if you deem that I could obey your wish. And it was *not* your wish, was it my Ida? Nay, your averted face tells me the sweet truth."

Her face was indeed averted, but it was only to hide the glow of shame that she felt—shame that she had ever thought of as a brother, one so utterly base and unworthy. But as his last words fell upon her ear, she again turned toward him—the bright flush had faded from her cheek, and Clifford started at the sight of that colorless face.

"Charles Clifford!" she said, and her sweet voice was strangely stern, "for your sake I have forsaken the noble husband whom I loved—forsaken him because he did but point out to his thoughtless wife the precipice on whose verge she was treading—forsaken him because he told me the truth, that *you* were what I could not believe, yet what you have now proved yourself to be—a sinful and unprincipled man. Go, Charles, leave me, and revel in the thought that you have forever destroyed the happiness of a sister." And as she ceased, overcome by her feelings, she wept.

Clifford had once really and truly loved the being who sat before him, her beautiful head bowed with despair, and her slight form drooping beneath that burden of hopeless misery. All his better feelings were not quite lost to the voice of conscience, and he was at once touched and awed by her grief. Again approaching he would have taken her hand, but she moved shrinkingly away, while a visible shudder crept over her.

"Ida," he said, "Ida, forgive and listen to me. I have indeed regarded you with unworthy thoughts—but I deemed that you loved me—that for my sake you left your husband's dwelling—"

"Seek not to palliate your fault, Charles Clifford," she interrupted—"I have never loved any but my husband. And even had I been the sinful being you thought me," she added, in a broken tone, "I had no mother to counsel and guide me, and it should have been *your* task to warn me of the gulf I was approaching. And now, leave me. Go—I would be alone."

Her command was obeyed—and when the form of her companion had disappeared, Ida again bowed her head upon her hands and resigned herself wholly to that overwhelming sense of misery. An hour passed, and still she remained thus—but suddenly a brighter expression irradiated her countenance, and hastily rising she equipped herself for a walk, and with a hurried step left the apartment.

A few minutes afterward she stood at the door of that mansion where the days of her wedded life had passed. It was opened by a strange servant, and without heeding the look of inquiry he cast upon her, Ida rushed quickly past him and bent her steps toward

the library, where at this hour she knew she was most likely to find her husband. The door of the apartment was partly open—and looking stealthily in Ida beheld—not Arthur Norton—but his stern, proud mother! Her face was buried in her hands, while her frame shook as if convulsed with some deep, heart-rending grief. Shocked and alarmed at the sight, Ida stole softly toward her, and forgetting for an instant her own peculiar situation, she threw her arms around the drooping form and muttered, "mother!"

Hastily that proud lady raised her head—coldly she unclasped the snowy arms that encircled her, and shrank shudderingly from that embrace as though a serpent had just enfolded her in its loathsome coils, while for an instant her lips moved and then closed tightly together, as though she had the will but not the power to speak.

"Mother—mother look not thus upon me," pleaded the low, sweet tones of Ida, "I know that I have erred—but I repent, oh! so bitterly—and I have come home again to bind up the hearts I have heedlessly wounded. Mother, say that you forgive me—and henceforth I will not swerve in the duty I owe to my husband."

"Your husband!" and there was bitter scorn in the mother's voice, "girl—I can neither pardon or forget—and to the words of forgiveness you would fain hear from *his* lips, you will never listen."

"Mother," she replied, in a tone of child-like confidence, "he must, he *will* forgive me. I will tell him all—how I once foolishly deemed him cold, though I am sure now he always loved me—and how very, very sorry I am that I have ever grieved him thus. And I will promise that if he will but forgive me this once I will never more wrong him—I will even be content to seclude myself from all the world, and live for him alone. And if that avails not—though I am certain it will," and a bright, sweet smile crossed her face, "I will kneel to him—I whom they call so proud—I who have never knelt to mortal being—I will kneel to *him*, and think you he will spurn me?"

"And yet, girl, believe me the word you desire will never pass his lips!" How strange and mocking were those tones—and yet they caused not a fear, nor raised a doubt of evil in Ida Norton's bosom.

"Where is he?—lead me to him," were the words that now fell from her lips—"you shall listen to my pleadings, mother, and if there be any love left in his heart he will not turn away from me. And if he does I can but die." Her voice faltered—but the heart of her companion was hardened against her, and she bade Ida follow her, while she felt no remorse for the cruel act she was about to commit, deeming it a meet punishment for the offences of her companion.

Silently they ascended the stairs, and suddenly Mrs. Norton paused at the door of what had once been Ida's sitting-room. And now how wildly throbbed the young wife's heart as she felt that she would soon gaze once more upon the face of her husband! Slowly the door was turned upon its hinges, and Ida entered the apartment that in other days had been her own.

In a darkened corner of the room upon a low couch reclined a well known form—but he did not raise his head nor move as she approached. Surely he slept! Nearer and nearer she drew toward him, till at last

she could look down upon that beloved and familiar countenance. *And still he stirred not!* Suddenly a fearful pain shot through Ida's heart—for as she gazed upon that ashy face, and marked those closed and sunken eyes, the truth dawned upon her spirit, and she felt that she was in the presence of the dead!

With a strange calmness that fair young creature stood there—her eyes riveted upon the corpse of her husband. Once she bent over and pressed her lips upon the pallid brow—and then turning to the stern woman who stood unpityingly beside her, she asked in a low, hollow tone—"how died he?"

"How died he?" repeated the mother, while the deep flush of excitement mantled her cheek, "how died he? His heart was broken. He cherished a serpent and it stung him. The trusting dove brought a mate to its dwelling, but it took to itself wings and

left him alone to pine and die. How died he? Girl, girl—behold *your work!*"

Wild, stinging, cruel as were her words, they were the outpourings of a mother's grief beside the death-couch of her only child, and to the one who in life had deserted him. Scarcely had her accents died away when a deeper pallor overspread the face of her young companion—step by step she sank to the floor, while a dark stream of life-blood oozed slowly from her mouth, crimsoning the snowy garments of the dead, and deluging the carpet beneath her. One thrilling cry—one half-smothered gasp—and all was over! The innocent yet erring wife lay motionless beside the noble and departed husband—and the meeting denied on earth was doubtless accorded them in Heaven.

SONNETS.

TO MARY.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

MARY, to thee amid the passing years
Has faithful memory ever wandered back,
And conjured up along life's weary track
Each thought of thee, as sunshine 'mid the tears,
And beautiful as Hope's o'erarching brow appears.
How has the verdure of our early dreams,
The moss-clad cot, the lily-margin'd streams,
And every scene thy memory endears
Flash'd ever on the darkness of my way,
And taught me with a purer faith to look
Into life's lessons as from tree and brook;
From songs of birds and blossoms of the May
We hear those teachings, which, if ponder'd right,
Makes all the world a Summer to our sight.

This is no lover's rhyme, but memory still
Is wandering backward long and long ago,
Listening to hear the streamlets merry flow,
And gathering wild flowers on the sunny hill,
Or drinking in with wild and trembling thrill
The thousand scenes of loveliness that rise
From rock and river, ocean and the skies;

But restless ever as the Dove until
It nestles in thy home, and hears again
Those household words of innocence and peace,
That bid my heart's tumultuous wanderings cease,
And falling gently as the Summer rain
Upon the hopes crushed in their blossoming,
Wake them to life as rose-buds in the Spring.

With me life's sun is verging to its noon—
And one by one the shadows round my heart
Will deepen as those morning rays depart;
The summit gained upon my pathway soon
As clouds that pass before the Summer moon,
Will come the shadow of Time's ceaseless wing,
And to the weary, home-sick heart will bring
Rest—tideless rest—the choicest, only boon
When hopes and dreams alike are growing old,
But still as one bright star o'er ocean's foam
Amid the darkness guides the exile home;
So 'mid the lapse of Time do I behold
One memory that from thee, through years afar,
Shines on my pathway like that guiding star.

ANACREON'S GRAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHERE the rose is sweetly blooming,
Where the vine and laurel spring,
Where the turtle-dove is calling,
Where the gay grasshoppers sing—
Tell me, whose the grave surrounded
With such beauty, life and bloom.

By the gods thus deck'd and circled?
Stranger, 'tis Anacreon's tomb!
Spring and Summer, and the Autumn,
Had the joyous spirit seen—
And from stern and chilly Winter
Hides he 'neath this hillock green! W. F. E.

HIDDEN CAUSES.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WRITING FOR THE PRIZE."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 23.

CHAPTER VI.

"But natholes, while I have time and space,
Or that I farther in this tale pace
Methinketh it accordant to reson
To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of them so as it seemed me,
And which they weren; and of what degree."

— PROLOGUE CANT TALES.

DURING the pause which now took place in military operations, Russell was a frequent visitor at Colonel Stuart's, but he discovered that there was another suitor no less assiduous. Robert Haywood was a self-made man. Of very humble parentage, he wanted the refinement and polish which gave such effect to the accomplishments of his rival. His temperament was cold, and his manner unprepossessing, yet underneath were both energy of passion and intellectual power. Russell was at first disposed to regard him with disdain; he could not suppose that one of mind so cultivated, and taste so exquisite as Josephine, could ever reciprocate the awkward affection of the backwoodsman. But he perceived with jealousy that sometimes when all his own wit could excite no more than polite attention from his mistress, a terse, deep-toned expression of Haywood's would awaken every feature into animation.

In the ornamental grounds which surrounded Col. Stuart's mansion, was a remarkable spring that gushed forth in a copious current from a mossy bank. Josephine while holding a levee around it one day, started a discussion as to the best mode of adding to its beauty.

"It seems to me," said Haywood, "that art could but injure, and I remember the complaint of an ancient poet when he saw the fount of the *first* Egeria (this was with a bow to the lady) lined with marble instead of its native sward."

"We have indeed the Egeria," observed Russell, "but where, colonel, shall we find the Numa?"

"Methinks the dullest," answered Haywood, "might become a sage under the influences of such scenery, and such a tutoress."

"Ahem," thought Russell, "the rustic has read Juvenal and Livy;" and from that moment he conceived a higher respect for the man. He then scanned him more impartially, and could not but perceive that he possessed handsome features and a noble form, whilst he himself, he was conscious, was at once moderate in stature, and homely in countenance.

Some weeks subsequent, Russell on calling found Josephine alone. She walked out to show him some blossoms which had just bloomed on a rare exotic. As they passed down the shady walk which led to her

flower bed, observing his face clouded by an unusual melancholy, she inquired the cause.

"I cannot help thinking," said he, "as I see every thing around me so expressive of peace and quiet happiness, of the proximity of that dread destroyer war. I was reflecting that in a few days these very grounds, perhaps—now the abode of innocence, might become a scene of carnage and desolation. Is it not mournful that human beings created to administer to each other's welfare, should use all their high energies for mutual destruction? And is it not still more sad when the contest is between men speaking the same language, sprung from the same fathers, and worshipping at the same altar?"

Josephine shuddered at the pictures he presented, but replied—"indeed it is not right, Major Montauban, that a soldier of his country should alarm the sensibilities of timid women. We cannot like you, shake off our despondency by rushing into the bustle of the camp, why then take from us the calmness which is given by a confidence in the shelter of our defenders, and a belief that Heaven must bless resistance to tyranny? Pardon me, sir, if I add that it sometimes seems to me that you do not always manifest that high, unhesitating *faith*, in the results of this glorious struggle that others expect to behold in the confidential friend of Washington. For if—"

"But have I ever blanched on the *battle-field*? Believe me, Miss Stuart, there are holyday patriots—and most noisy ones too—whose ardor evaporates when put to the test. Deeply does it grieve me that because I have an eye to see and a heart to feel the evils attending a side which I am resolute to defend, I should pass for a recreant in the sight of one upon whose opinion of all in the world I place the highest estimate."

"Forgive me, Major Montauban—forgive me, sir, I meant not a tittle of what you infer from my inconsiderate words—and even what I meant was unjust."

"I have engaged in enterprises," continued the soldier, "in which I have to stand unsupported by advice or even sympathy—if I have lost your good opinion I am indeed wretched."

"That good opinion, sir, even if I had the disposition, I could not withhold from one distinguished by the esteem of Washington, and acknowledged by his gallant comrades to stand foremost in every soldierly virtue."

"But, Josephine," replied Russell, with ardor, "the confidence of Washington and the regard of my brethren in arms, are totally valueless compared with one

word from your lips. Can I—dare I expect to hear that word?"

"Major Montauban," said Josephine, with embarrassment, "I had hoped both for your sake and my own, that this explanation would never be necessary. My unqualified esteem you possess—and of this I trust you will take my previous frankness as an earnest—more it is out of my power to give."

"Decide not so hastily," said Russell, gently taking her hand, "you have known me, seen me little—let me hope from delay. I can but offer now to share a soldier's fortune, but I have taken a part in other scenes—I confess that as to what the world looks to, I have nothing; but you, Josephine, should not despise a heart that can love like mine. For you—for you; for you, Miss Stuart, I could abandon cherished hopes; I could make a sacrifice—"

"It would be needless, sir," interrupted Josephine, kindly but firmly, "some things there are which time cannot alter. My friendship, my sincere and cordial friendship, is offered to your acceptance—do you consent to it?"

"Your friendship," repeated Russell, sadly, but added after a pause, "yet it is worse than childish to reject one valuable jewel because I am debarred from another. I have this reflection at least to console me—if indeed it does not add bitterness to sorrow—that no other's love can be half so precious as the friendship of Josephine Stuart. But my heart is desolate; I never loved before—I shall never love hereafter."

CHAPTER VII.

"Dark thoughts crowd on my soul;
Like hosts that tumultuous storm a beleaguer'd castle wall,
Or mad wild beasts that met o'er carcase of stricken deer,
Rend each other limb from limb, in contest sharp,
For mast'ry of the gasping prey." ACHMED'S SOLILOQUY.

MEANWHILE the coil was gathering around Cornwallis; Washington and Rochambeau and De Grasse rendered the blockade complete. Russell was tortured by anxiety. This vigorous siege was expected, and every measure leading to it came under his cognizance sooner than that of most in the American army: his plans were adjusted accordingly, but their success depended upon the co-operation of Sir Henry Clinton. That officer—whether from not having the same opportunity as Cornwallis for testing the importance of Russell's advice, whether from obstinacy, or whether from imbecility—delayed to make the requisite concert by land, though holding forth the promise to the commandant of York that speedy succors should be sent by sea. Russell reiterated his counsel to march upon Philadelphia and Baltimore. Whilst the answer was expected from New York, Lord Cornwallis remained under cover of his lines, careful not to expose his soldiers when he foresaw that he should soon need the service of every man in his army.

Russell still visited Col. Stuart's—though of course at longer intervals. Hope had revived in his breast. It had indeed ceased to be a matter of doubt that Robert Haywood had gained the place in Josephine's affections which he had hoped to occupy; but his own manly and courteous bearing in circumstances in

which it was so easy to be tempted into petulance, seemed to have produced a favorable effect. If his successful rival should happen to be removed from the scene, (and where, whilst active hostilities lasted, was the impossibility of such an event) he doubted not that his claim would be preferred to every other's. But things were tending to an issue, for it had become a matter of notoriety that the close of the campaign was to witness the marriage of Col. Haywood and Miss Stuart. Russell's hours of solitude made amends in their turbulence for the calm which he forced upon his features in society.

No news from Clinton! Cornwallis must escape as he may. An opportunity was offered to Russell when least expected. Such an arrangement took place among the American and French forces that upon a certain night if the army in Yorktown should cross the river to Gloucester, it would be able not only to force its way with trifling loss, but to out-march pursuit. He understood that Haywood was to command a portion of the small body at Gloucester. Unconsciously Russell's eye kindled at the thought. The struggle on that shore would be a hopeless one for the American detachment, but his rival was not the man to quail on that account, and his fall seemed inevitable. Josephine would be his own.

Before sending advices to Cornwallis, however, it was necessary to confirm his information. He proceeded, therefore, to those sources which could leave no doubt. All was as he supposed; the number over the river, the arrangement in front of Yorktown, the state of the bridges, all was right—except in one particular. Haywood was not to be sent to Gloucester. For hours Russell paced his tent. He had to write but one page to insure the safety of Cornwallis. The campaign indeed he had designed should close with something more signal than the escape of the forces engaged in it; but on the other hand it was to be reflected that the capture of Cornwallis would in all probability confirm the Independence of America. Vain then would be all that he had undergone, vain that for four years he had braved a felon's death, vain all his lofty and fondly cherished hopes. But suppose the British to escape, what did he see?—the marriage of Josephine and Haywood. The thought gave him agony.

The intelligent reader has seen in Russell a man proud of his loyalty and honor; he had declared even to the king his disdain of all the ordinary and paltry services of a spy. Whilst looking to the great end of his efforts and in order to its attainment, he had indeed been little scrupulous in sacrificing the lives, whether of Americans or British, but he did not peril his own as frequently and deliberately. During the long period of his service in the Continental Army, it is by no means to be supposed that he had not occasionally conceived dislike of particular individuals, but though their fate must have been in his hand, he had never so far lowered himself as to strike an enemy in the dark, or to permit the gratification of personal feelings to interfere with the performance of what he deemed a public duty. The struggle was terrible before he could now persuade himself to swerve from the maxims which had hitherto governed

him. But to see Josephine the bride of another he could not endure. The only alternative at first looming up dimly in the distance, then beheld with averted eyes and influencing his conduct unconsciously, by degrees grew into fearful distinctness. Finally when the mental war was over and the decision made, (this man's *decisions* never changed) he felt a pleasure—gloomy assuredly—but yet a pleasure, analogous to that of the mathematician when he has clearly marked out in his mind the solution of some problem that has long stretched his faculties to their utmost tension. Russell saw the solution of *his* problem; *Robert Haywood must die.*

CHAPTER VIII.

"I'll read yon matter deep and dangerous."

SHAKESPEARE.

It was late in the afternoon of the sixteenth of October. Russell was seated in his tent, before a small table, upon which lay a few papers. A very serious communication had been received from Cornwallis; in it was stated that final and conclusive despatches from New York had arrived. Clinton's naval armament (the plan of land demonstrations being definitely abandoned) was to have sailed the twelfth of October. Russell intimately acquainted with the condition of both the defensive and attacking forces, was satisfied that the succor, even if strong enough to be effective, could not arrive in season. The time had come when he felt that he must dare a greater hazard than he had ever done before. The fate of the royal cause rested upon him. Two noble fleets, two gallant armies, and all the apparatus of war supplied at so great an expenditure, could now be of no avail. The termination of a five years' contest, and all the vast interests at stake, hung on the skill of a single man, a comparative youth, whose sixth lustrum was not yet complete; an obscure continental major, unsustained by rank, wealth, or friends. But his spirit rose with the crisis. Never a soldier in all the exhilarating circumstances of a charge rushed upon a battery or broke a serried ranks of bayonets, possessed by a more enthusiastic courage than that which buoyed up Henry Russell in his solitary labor. Never a chess-player by a winter's fireside weighed his moves with more acuteness and deliberation than this man displayed in adjusting measures by which his life was the lightest thing put in peril. Never an artisan practised in the most delicate works, guided his hand with more steadiness of nerve than did he in tracing the lines so regularly and neatly on that fair page. Not an erasure or interlineation was there in the whole. The note was finished and the signature attached. It was for Miss Stuart, and ostensibly respected a slight commission which he had undertaken to perform for her, but he made it a vehicle for some tender, but nicely guarded expressions, which he thought she would know how to interpret and to value. But before folding or directing this paper he turned himself to his more momentous task.

He had devised a plan for the escape of the British army that night. Its main features were two; first, that the body of the forces should be quietly transported

to Gloucester; second, that in order to prevent the Americans from suspecting what was taking place, a vigorous effort should meanwhile be made to intercept and destroy a detachment of Virginian troops, commanded by *Col. Haywood*. He commenced to draw up a letter for Cornwallis, and had given a detail of the movements necessary to effect the latter object, but before adding anything in regard to crossing the river, he paused to reflect. "No," he thought, "too much depends upon exact and skilful execution—Cornwallis may object—time is precious, I must see him myself. I must cast everything upon the venture now, and I will go to Yorktown."

In this case as ever with him, action followed close upon resolve, and hastily burning one of the two sheets lying before him, he sealed up the other and directed it to Miss Stuart.

Somewhat after twilight that evening, Josephine received a letter from the hands of her old servant. Her first emotion on reading it was unmixed surprise, her next something like indignation. An impudent and unseasonable hoax, she thought, had been attempted by some one. But as her eye glanced a little further down the page, she observed the name of Haywood. Instantly her attention was fixed. She then read the whole over a second time, and a glimmering sense of its meaning struck her. Her lover, it seemed, was to be betrayed. Surely some mistake had been committed, for the paper contained no address upon the inside, and no signature. She called her servant.

"Who gave you this letter, Milo?"

"Major Montauban's man, Miss Josephine."

Russell had indeed sent to her the letter he had commenced to write to Cornwallis. Her mind wavered from one suspicion to another. Was it possible that Montauban was a traitor?—but at any rate unless that paper was sent with the design to deceive her, Haywood was incurring an imminent peril. How could she save him? There was no male white person in the house; her brother being with Gen. Greene in the South; and her father commanding a post in New York. She had no mother to turn to for advice; all her reliance must be on her own quick wit and fortitude. Should she send the letter to Gen. Washington?—before anything could be done from head-quarters Haywood's fate would be decided. But a strong-spirited woman is not easily daunted when her affections are so deeply engaged. The paper in her hand informed her minutely what was to be Haywood's march that night to the place of ambuscade. She considered the route well; he must pass through Dymond's old field, where two naked chimneys were standing, the relics of a former habitation. She knew the spot, and was aware also of a bridle path which led to it without passing through any of the appointed stations of the American regiments. It was now half past eight, and as the sky was overcast the night was very dark, but an hour would take her there, and what was an hour's ride?

She called Milo, and ordered him instantly to saddle two horses, one for himself and one for her.

The scarcely perceptible road passed for the whole distance either through woods or pines, and as she galloped fearlessly along it her riding-hat received

many a rude brush from the overhanging branches. Far off to the left she heard signal guns in the French encampment, but suddenly there was a startling crash on her right. Her horse shied, and she somewhat partook of his apprehension. It was nothing, however, but a rising wind rattling the tree-tops. At length there was an opening in the palpable darkness before her. Yes, there was Dymond's common. As she reined up her pony on its edges, the last file of a considerable party were just leaving it. Milo by her direction addressed the outside man. There was a hasty challenge, and an inquiry made as to his business.

"Want to see Col. Haywood, sir, werry bad."

"The colonel's with a small party about a hundred yards in the rear. But who do you belong to, old boy?"

"Marser Jack Stuart, sar."

"Oh, Col. John Stuart, all's right; pass on and you'll meet Col. Haywood."

Milo now rejoined his adventurous mistress, and in company with her followed the soldier's direction.

"Why, Josephine! what in the world——"

There was a hut close at hand occupied by an old black couple. "Come in here," said she, "to the light, I have something to show you. This letter came to me this evening; it is from Major Montauban, but he has evidently made a mistake in the direction, for this must have been designed for British reading."

As he perused the paper, the soldier's brow contracted with thought.

"This is indeed perplexing," said he, after finishing it, "I have received orders from the highest quarters for the movements I am making, though I cannot conceive their object. But there is certainly treachery somewhere. I cannot now withdraw, but I am forewarned. Your courage and devotion, dearest Josephine, have saved five hundred men. But I must see you in security."

"No, no, Robert, I have Milo with me here, and can get home again without the slightest difficulty or danger. You must attend to your duties—and oh, be careful of yourself—for my sake."

In an instant she was gone.

Haywood galloped forward, and overtaking the head of his column commanded a halt. He called one of his men aside—

"Brooks, I know you to be a skilful partisan—creep over to yonder bushy knoll; return and tell me what you see. Look out, there's a wolf lurking somewhere."

After twenty minutes the man reported that there was a large party concealed there—"I counted the muzzles of three cannon too, sir."

"You may go to the ranks now—mind! be silent."

The scout touched his cap and withdrew.

"It tallies exactly," thought Haywood, "and the other points are doubtless occupied. I am indeed entrapped. If we retreat we must be cut to pieces in that defile. I see but one way of escape—it shall be tried."

There was a very strong redoubt occupied by the British, which had proved a troublesome obstacle to

the completion of the American lines of circumvallation. Haywood, beset on all sides by an enemy overwhelming both from numbers and position, whilst a gathering storm rendered the darkness impenetrable to the keenest eye, promptly resolved to push forward, and if possible to get in the rear of the fortification without giving alarm. If in the surprise which would naturally seize the enemy he could storm the works and turn his cannon upon himself, he doubted not to be able to hold the position till morning. We leave him for the present engaged in this masterly, though extremely hazardous manœuvre.

CHAPTER IX.

"A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves run high."
DRYDEN.

ABOUT sunset the same memorable sixteenth of October, Russell, plainly clad in citizen's clothes, rode into the town of York, and declared himself the bearer of private communications for the general. Cornwallis received him alone in his chamber. Russell briefly proved his identity by several incontestible tokens. Cornwallis surprised, eyed him keenly a while, as he said—

"You are then in reality the unknown agent with whom I have had so much intercourse throughout the war by *letter*."

"I am."

"You must think affairs desperate indeed, when you at last submit to make your communications in person."

"I leave your lordship to judge whether there is need of ample and explicit advices."

"Well, then," said Cornwallis, with some acerbity of tone, "you come, I presume, to unfold a scheme by which that *glorious victory* may be effected."

"Your lordship, I think," replied Russell, unmoved, "can bear testimony that it is not from any failure on my part that the campaign has taken such an unfavorable course. As I forbear to criminate your lordship, I surely may expect equal justice in return."

"I will frankly admit," answered the general, "that blame does not attach to *you*. I will say further that all that has occurred between us impresses me with full confidence in your fidelity and skill; but I take for granted that you do not come to mingle condolences. What have you to propose?"

"In truth, sir," said Russell, "I do *not* come to condole. The twelfth of this month was the day appointed for the sailing of the fleet from New York, was it not?"

"It was."

"If the time of departure should have been postponed, would it be the first instance of Sir Henry Clinton's promises failing in regard to this expedition?"

"The delays have been almost as numerous as aggravating."

"If it did sail that day, have you any assurance that its strength will be sufficient for its proposed work?"

"I have no more certainty on this score than on the other."

"When the batteries of the enemy are opened in full fire, how long will your fortifications be able to hold out?"

"Not many days."

"I can supply your lordship with a better answer—not many hours."

"Well!" said Cornwallis, drawing a long breath, "admit the case desperate, what have you to propose?"

"The transportation of the troops across the river by night; in the morning a Northward march."

"It is impossible."

"But boats are in readiness to my knowledge," said Russell.

"I know that, sir! I am not so ignorant of my duty as to omit providing means to meet every contingency. But upon this point my mind is determined. I cannot go."

"May I inquire your lordship's reason?"

"More than one influence me. In the first place, I can see no possibility of successful flight, even if the incipient steps should be fortunate. Secondly, I must inform you that I am tired of taking responsibilities when no power is afforded me to bring them to a prosperous issue. I am under the orders of Sir Henry Clinton, the commander-in-chief. He has promised succor, and ordered me to await them. As a subordinate who knows his place, I obey."

"But your lordship will not surely permit his majesty's interests to suffer, because Sir Henry fails in his duty?"

"Mr. Incognito," answered Cornwallis, with considerable vehemence, "you must be aware, sir, that during the course of this campaign, I have been hampered as never general was before. On the one hand, lest too much liberty should overmaster my discretion, I have had the particular instructions of Sir Henry to restrain me within bounds; on the other, I have been blessed with an agent who not only communicates intelligence, but saves me the trouble of directing my military operations. Sir, for once, I shall leave the agent and the commander to arrange the matter together. I have made known to you the orders of Sir Henry, if you have any expostulations to return, I promise myself the honor and the pleasure of transmitting your despatches by the earliest opportunity."

"My lord," replied Russell, with the self-possession that never deserted him throughout this eventful interview, "no one is better acquainted with the difficulties under which your lordship has labored than I. Allow me to add that no one does more entire justice to your lordship's ability. If any man has a right to complain of the commander at New York, have not I? In one campaign I see the wreck of years of toil and self-sacrifice. We both, if I may presume to couple my name with your lordship's, have our wrongs, but I entreat your lordship seriously to consider whether you can, from personal considerations, permit the destruction of a gallant army, and the irretrievable ruin of his majesty's affairs?"

"But, sir, you do not put the question fairly—the option is not mine. I have orders. You advise, but the responsibility must fall upon me."

"Pardon me, Gen. Cornwallis, I have responsibili-

ties—further, I am willing to assume that of this expedition. I confess that it gives me surprise to see one who has on every other occasion shown himself at once ambitious and worthy of distinction, should now consent so readily to surrender his sword to a rebel general. I pray your lordship—finally—to imagine his majesty conscious of these deliberations."

Cornwallis made a very long pause. Russell had artfully touched two chords which affected him sensibly.

"Sir," replied the general, at length, "I know not who you are, but I do know that you enjoy the confidence of the king. If I err from yielding on the present occasion, it is an error which I am led into by my superiors. I consent to allow you to direct the movements of the night."

"Firstly, then," said Russell, "I would advise some small operations on the Southwest to cut off a detachment of Virginian troops, who by my instrumentality have already received orders which must lead them into the snare."

"Give the detail of your wishes and they shall be executed: you shall be authorized to direct in person the more important business of the transportation."

Russell stood upon the gravelly shore. Before him rolled the broad and deep river; behind where the troops barely perceptible in the darkness, but issuing forth with silence and precision; at his side was an old boatman engaged in scanning the Heavens.

"What think you of the evening, my good fellow?"

"Truly, sir," replied the boatman, "I think there'll be rough times on the river before morning."

"Not enough so to be dangerous, I suppose."

"I must say, sir, that I can't but think there will be danger."

"Pshaw! old man, you should see the ocean in a rage, and you would learn to despise the petty ruffling of these inland waters."

"Twelve times, sir," answered the sailor, "have I crossed the Atlantic, and four times I've doubled the Cape of Good Hope—I have seen many a storm, but none, considerin' the difference of craft, so fearsome as once in a while on these rivers. Its to be a squally night, sir."

Russell looked up at the sky, listened to the sighing of the wind over the watery expanse at his feet, and for a moment abandoned himself to thought. But we doubt not that he was far happier in that hour of literal gloom than when, a ministerial favorite, he dallied at ease about the court. So much pleasure can the consciousness of power confer. Just then the boomerang of artillery was heard from the South. Each report as it reverberated in his ear seemed a messenger to announce the fall of his rival. And it was with a stern, proud smile that he stepped toward the boat muttering, "*Cesar* trusted to fortune, so shall I."

"Sir?" said the boatman.

"Push out!"

One trip was safely made, and the flotilla had started back for another living freight, when a furious gale sprung up. The boats were driven a mile down the river, and one never came to land.

A boatman drenched from head to foot, presented himself at the head-quarters of Cornwallis—

“Where is the engineer to whom I committed the charge of the transportation?” asked the general.

“As we were driven down the current, my boat was knocked to pieces against the Grey Sister. The strange engineer was standing when she struck. I saw him pitch headforemost against the rock and then sink—he never rose, sir.”

CHAPTER X.

“Now our sands are almost run,
Move a little and then, done.” GOWER.

ANOTHER daybreak on the morning of the seventeenth, Col. Haywood appeared before Washington.

After succinctly recounting such of the events of the evening in which he had a share, as the reader is already acquainted with, he continued—“in this situation the unusual darkness serving for my temporary concealment as well as the enemy’s, with retreat almost impossible, and threatened with an attack against which resistance must be hopeless, I struck for the South West British redoubt. Without great loss I succeeded in my effort; and that work is now held by the regiment under my command. I trust the circumstance may serve to excuse my assumption of responsibility. Here is the adjutant general’s order under which I made my movements in the early part of the evening.”

Washington examined the paper, and said gravely, “it is not his writing, sir. It is a forgery, though a clever one.”

“And this, your excellency, is the document which reached me so opportunely.”

Washington read it—“and you think this the writing of Major Montauban?”

“Would I could doubt it, sir.”

“These are truly singular circumstances,” answered the general, “just before you arrived I received intelligence that the British army attempted last night to cross the river. It was all doubtless one concerted plan. I need scarcely inform you that for the present at least a strict silence must be observed both as to the forged order and to this treasonable letter—*Major Montauban left the camp yesterday on leave of absence for a week*. You have extricated yourself, Col. Haywood, from the artful snare into which you were thrown, with all the intrepidity and skill which I would have expected you to display. Had you sunk in so difficult an emergency, my confidence would have been no less that you had done all that man could do. I am rejoiced, however, at your brilliant exploit—if on no other account—because it will secure that promotion which your talents deserve.”

Haywood bowed deeply, and well he might, for the praise of Washington—and such praise—was a thing to be proud of.

The close of the campaign had hardly taken place, when upon the arrival home of Col. Stuart, the marriage of Josephine and Haywood was celebrated with even more gayety and festive hospitality than usually characterized the good old Virginian custom.

The capture of Cornwallis is to this day spoken of as causing the speedy termination of the War of Independence, and few are aware of an event which at least equally contributed to this happy result—the extinction in the waters of the York of the fiery and indomitable spirit that had till then been the source of life and vigor to the royal arms.

“THOSE WORDS.”

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

The blue skies of Missouri
Were bending o’er the wood
That flung its shadowed tracerу down
On the snowy solitude.

The snow-wreath of December
Crept o’er the cabin sill,
And the watch-dog and the hunter
Were silent on the hill;
Earth seemed dressed up for holiday,
It was so white and still.

The frosty rime was glittering,
And diamonds on each bough
Shone in the wan, young Winter sun
Like gems on a human brow.

They sparkled along the wavy line
Where little feet must pass—
Those little brown feet in moccasins
That tracked the crinkling moss.

They quietly passed the hunter’s lodge,
And down by the sheltered cot,
And on through the fields, where the teacher lived
To lighten their heathen lot.

Their church was rude in its barky walls,
And low in its rough-hewn eaves,
But the floor was wide for the multitude
All brown like the Autumn leaves.

Like an Autumn leaf, with no resting-place,
Careering about the wild,
Was many a one of that tawny race
The forest’s sorrowing child.

The teacher rose, with burning heart,
To point the way to Heaven,
And told how ‘twas in love to them
That God His Son had given.

Then rose a chief, whose hoary hair
His dark fur robes shone o’er,
And cried, in strong and startling tones,
“Repeat those words once more!”

The teacher told the words again
That did that Indian move,
Who, weeping wild, like a little child,
Said, “your dear Lord I love!!”
And the stern old chief from that Christmas day
Was mild as the turtle dove.



THE MAN OF PROSE AND MAN OF VERSE; OR, THE MISFORTUNES OF BENJAMIN BANGS.

BY JACOB JONES.

If there is great difficulty in this world to raise money, there is none in procuring advice. It is not only bestowed in liberal quantities, at all times, and under all circumstances, but it is frequently forced upon you, notwithstanding any diffidence you may evince in receiving it. When I was a mere child—scarce emancipated from bibs and buckles—I remember hearing “a friend of the family” ask my father what he intended doing with “*that boy*”—at the same time pointing his long, bony fingers to me. Firmly believing that I had committed some forgotten sin, and was about to reap its fruits at the hands of my affectionate parent, I could do no less than put my finger in my mouth, and, in order to anticipate coming events, indulge in a loud, long, spasmodic bawl. But I was mistaken; and before I was led out of the room I heard the “friend” say, in answer to an objection from my mother—“don’t think of it for a moment, sir. Setting young men up in business is just like setting up ten pins—they are sure to be knocked down, sir. Take *my* advice, sir. Give him a first rate education, and then let him shift for himself. Stuff him with Greek—soak him with Latin—edge in philosophy, chemistry, mathematics, the use of the globes, and all these sort of things, wherever you can find or make room. That’s all Benjamin wants to get along with in this world. For you know, Mr. Bangs, that a good education is a fortune in itself.”

Our destiny is often shaped by the merest trifles. This little conversation settled my fate. I received the best education that the best schools and the best teachers could give. But what does it all amount to? I can think Greek—speak Latin—talk French—walk Spanish—and gesticulate in German. I can write an

epic poem, a five act tragedy, or a course of scientific lectures, in a single evening; and can furnish a leading article for the newspapers, on any imaginable or unimaginable subject, at a long notice, short notice, or no notice at all. But, as I said before, what does it all amount to? Here am I, Benjamin Bangs, after twenty years’ buffettings with this heartless world, out at elbows and out of doors—a seedy, shrunken, ball-headed, long legged, spectacled specimen of genius in rage—a walking lexicton encased in a coat that once, alas! was black. The only thing I ever succeeded in was in contracting debts. A fact—“pon my credit!” It is true that I have embarked in speculations that promised great personal advantage—have published my own effusions on my own account—have become the inmate of divers boarding houses—and have *figured* on the books of tailors and hatters, reckless of the consequences of pay day. These speculations, however, were not always unfortunate—for I sometimes *cleared myself!*

Folks talk of learning being better than riches. This may be so. But give me a modern built, modern furnished house—choice food in the larder, the best of servants in the garret, and blooded horses in the stable. Give me, while in the giving mood, a respectable amount of dividend paying stocks—a fair share of bonds and mortgages—a reasonable allowance of ground rents—and a comfortable credit at some specie liquidating bank—and I would willingly be as ignorant as a Hottentot—half man, half animal, and wholly vegetable. Eating, drinking, sleeping—growing to aldermanic rotundity—and with aspirations bounded by soups, salads, and suppers.

If my father had endeavored to make an impres-

sion, either on my mind or body, every time he caught me with book or paper in hand; if, instead of sending me to college, he had mounted me on a high stool in some counting-house, or had apprenticed me to a tailor, tinker or trader, I might now have been a loving husband, a doating father, and—and—(dream often indulged in)—a *tax payer!* Instead of no means and extensive prospects, consuming the midnight oil (when I can get it!) with a full head and empty stomach, I might have had a house and a home; a rosy, comely wife, and at least six blooming sons and daughters!

There's Higgins, of the firm of Higgins, Hoopes & Co., the wealthiest dry goods merchants in the city. Tom and I were schoolmates together—sat on the same bench—ate off the same apple—and received our daily flaggellations from the same birch. He was the biggest booby in the whole school, and believes to this day that the President of the United States is elected by the councils of Philadelphia. Just see how he has got along. Whilst I have been making verses, he has been making money; whilst I have been cudgeling my brain for ideas he has been adding house to house, and lot to lot, and bank stock to bank stock. He is now a President of an Insurance Company—a Director in a Bank—and his word is said to be as good as his bond, and his bond will always command a premium even when the money market is quoted as "tight" and "tottering." And yet he is the same Tom Higgins that I wrote school compositions for thirty years ago; the same Tom Higgins who persisted in spelling bread without the *a*; the same Tom Higgins that was "kept in" day after day to sniffle over lessons that he would not for he could not learn.

In our younger days, before I had run to seed, and Tom had sprouted into a capitalist, we frequently met in society. Papas and mammas seem to know intuitively what sort of stuff it requires for a successful man of business; but as my leaven was not of a *rising* kind, I never received much encouragement. Tom, on the other hand, was a vast favorite with them, although no apparent proprietary efforts were taken on his part. His steady, plodding looks and ways, and cold, business twinkle of his eyes, spoke volumes—of bank notes—in his favor, which enabled him not only to knock at the doors of their hearts, but to walk in and hang up his hat there.

Ah! why do I talk of my younger days? It was then I knew Laura Wyndham. Knew her? Tame word! Doated upon her—loved her—the one all engrossing object of my idolatrous devotion! We are all lunatics, and therefore all blind, when we think, let alone speak, of our "first love," with all its soul-moving, heart-melting reminiscences. But Laura was the incarnation—the very embodiment—of all that was lovely and loveable. Tall—yet not too tall—hair, black as the raven's wing—eyes, large, dark, lustrous ones, darting lightning or love—form, that looked as if it had leaped from the mould of the brightest goddess that ever set Greeks and Trojans at loggerheads.

How often have I stood by the pump, in front of her father's house, the dreariest winter evenings,

gazing at the room she occupied, covered with the falling flakes of snow, and unconscious of the cold and cutting wind that howled and swept through the streets. I knew her room; and I would gaze and gaze until my eyes fairly started from their sockets to accomplish what no one has yet succeeded in—that of seeing through wooden shutters. Romeo desired to be transformed into a glove. Although it may be there is "nothing like leather," I would have gladly compromised for a window shutter.

I loved, and thought I was beloved. It is true she had never made a confession; but there are, at a moderate calculation, a thousand different ways of ascertaining the temperature of a woman's heart without falling on your knees and popping the question plainly, plumply and unmistakeably. My esteem she sought to win; my society afforded her a pleasure she could not conceal; and my opinions moulded her tastes and often influenced her pursuits.

Things remained thus for a twelvemonth. I lived only in her presence. Fool that I was! Instead of worshipping at the shrine, and a welcome worshipper at that, I must go and consult the charming divinity—make a tender of my heart and hand!

The avowal was heard unmoved. She trembled a little at first; but it was not the tremble of anger surprise, or love. She held her head down for a moment, and the darkest and glossiest of curls—(she always wore front curls)—shaded her lovely countenance. Looking up again, with a cold, calm smile, she observed—

"To say, Mr. Bangs, that I am insensible to your merits, would be to practice a deception that I believe myself superior to. But have you thought well of this matter?"

"I have thought of nothing else, Laura."

"I will be frank with you, Mr. Bangs. I have been accustomed to what is termed the luxuries of refined life, and am, therefore, not insensible of the merits of well furnished apartments—a good table—an easy carriage—to say nothing of a *carte blanche* upon such trades people as fancy or caprice may direct me to. What some call luxuries, have now become to me the necessities of life."

"Well, Laura."

"Well, Mr. Bangs, if I should marry any one, I would make a sufficient sacrifice in leaving such a home as I have, without being compelled to feel the loss of what would affect my personal happiness and social position. Don't think me impertinent, Mr. Bangs, but if I should consent to become your wife, what means have you to support me in the same style in which you now find me living?—for I know you have too much spirit to think of living upon the begrimed charity of a father-in-law."

Here was a perfect extinguisher of all my dearly cherished hopes. If Laura had consented to become mine on the condition that I would loan her twenty dollars, she would have still been beyond my reach.

I stammered forth something about congenial souls—gold—dross—and a cottage. Laura shook her head.

"I thought over all this before I saw you this evening, Mr. Bangs; and am glad that your explanations

have left no room for regret. The fruits of poverty and poetry are certainly none of the sweetest."

"But hear me, Laura, before you decide. It is true that I am poor now; but who knows what is in store for me? I am now writing for a political newspaper. My articles are read—my services prized—and as soon as the election is over, I am certain of getting an office."

"A printing office, probably, Mr. Bangs. No, no. My mind is made up. Mr. Higgins called this morning—"

"And he proposed to you?"

"He did."

"You accepted him?"

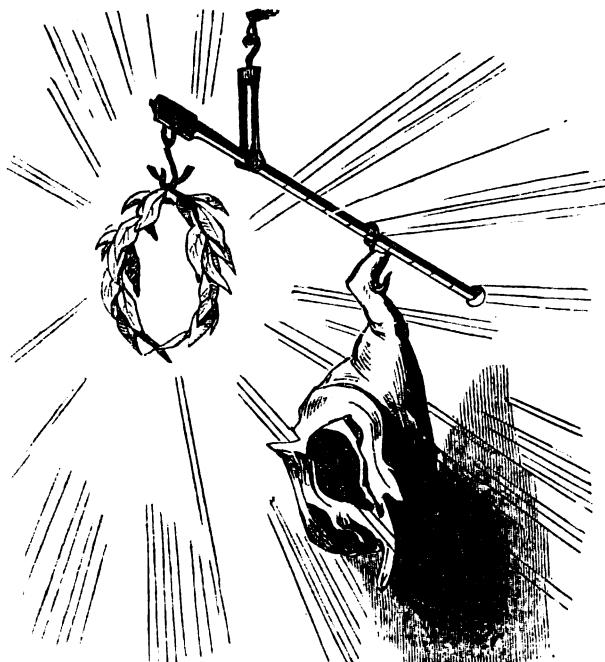
"I did."

"*Tom Higgins!* To be cut out by the greatest boob—oh! ah! Well, I never—"

"Can be my husband, you mean to say. That's very true, Mr. Bangs; but I hope that will not prevent you from being one of Mr. and Mrs. Higgins' most welcome guests."

They were married the following week; but as Tom never joined in the invitation, extended to me by his wife, I have yet to make the first call.

The last time I saw Laura, she was sitting in a stall of some fancy fair. Her avoirdupois could not have been less than one hundred and eighty—but this only filled my heart the more with unavailing regrets; the more painful because unavailing.



STANZAS.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

In a sad hour we parted—
And Time has had no art
To bury yet the deep regret
Then left upon my heart;
A twin seemed then my spirit
By this sad bereavement crossed,
And now it wanders seeking far
The better part it lost.

Tho' sunk day's orb of splendor
Beneath the Western hill,
We know, in all its majesty,
That it is shining still;

Tho' set the star of evening—
Tho' the moon's pale orb decline—
Tho' the comet rush beyond our ken,
We know that still they shine.

And thou—tho' we are parted,
And may be parted long—
Thy form is ever in my sight—
Thy name upon my tongue.
Tho' set the sun I worship—
Tho' fade my spirit's star,
I know that they are shining still,
Tho' viewless and afar.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Continued from Page 36.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XV.

There was revel in the palace;
There was music in the hall;
And many a noble cavalier
Shone at the kingly ball.
And high born ladies gather'd where
The merry monarch stood,
Each viewing, in her loveliness,
To charm his idle mood.
But many hearts grew lone and sad,
Amid this regal mirth,
As night shade finds a darksome life
Where brightest flowers have birth.

SUMMER had enriched herself, and grown ruddy with the spoils of spring, and yet our merry monarch lingered at Hampton Court. With all his follies there was a good deal of shrewd calculation about the character of Charles, and perhaps he felt that the scenes of strife that were already every day occurrences in the royal household, had better take place away from the quiet city. The common people were disposed to look upon the evident unhappiness of their queen with more of sympathy than she received from the careless nobles that could afford to live about the court, where the monarch chose to seek the partial retirement of his favorite palace. Charles was perfectly aware of this, and so delayed from week to week his expected return to White Hall; and the month of roses found him still surrounded by the green leaves and pleasant shades of the country.

As if to blind perverted humanity with the most beautiful things in nature, the Countess of Castlemain and the blossoms of June knew birth together, and when that lovely month was steeped in fragrant bloom she insisted that—like the Queen of England—her birth-day should be celebrated with regal splendor, and in the very palace of the king which her presence had so long desecrated.

This audacious request her monarch slave had no resolution to deny, he only ventured to require that the fete should not openly be given in her name, urging as a reason that the queen could not be persuaded to preside, and without her countenance few ladies of the court would lend their presence at the festival. With this compromise the haughty woman was for her own sake obliged to be content, so the preparations for a fete of more than regal splendor were commenced at Hampton Court.

During several weeks Charles had been absent with some of his favorite nobles, on an excursion to the

inland districts of his kingdom; while the queen held her court at Hampton. Thus it chanced that Fran-
ceeca, who seldom went beyond the chamber of her royal mistress, had never encountered the monarch. It had happened thus with Guilo likewise, for with a sort of quiet obstinacy the lad could seldom be persuaded to undertake any of the frivolous duties hitherto imposed on the Countess of Castlemain's pages. With that intuitive appreciation of the true and good which was so lovely a trait in his character, Guilo shrunk from the bold caresses and careless benevolence of his mistress. Never did her white hand pass over his curls—never did she stoop to kiss his brow with her warm, red lips, for such caresses she was in the habit of bestowing alike upon her pages and her pet dogs—but a shadow not of disgust —Guilo was at once too good and too child-like for a feeling that presupposes some knowledge of wrong—but of some subtle intuition more spirited and repelling than disgust, would pass over his beautiful features. He shrunk from that capricious fondness that she lavished even more profusely upon her spaniels, with a faint shudder such as may be supposed to thrill a child's bosom when the serpent glides by.

Perhaps it was this very intractability that enchanted the pampered countess. The novelty of opposition to a woman always approached with bent knee and cringing spirits, was in itself delightfully exciting. Like most tyrants, she was ready to become the slave of anything feeble enough to excite interest without arousing the pride which was her familiar demon: strange as it may seem, the very coldness with which Guilo received her attempts to load him with kindness, made him more and more a favorite. This was the little pleasant drop of acid that gave pungency to a cup whose very sweetness had something bitter in it. The countess took a lively and not altogether ungenerous interest in this child, so cold, so unimpassable where she was concerned—so full of wild and impassioned feeling, did he catch but a glimpse of his sister through the palace windows along the vista of those regal apartments. In vain this woman usually so regardless of others, strove to win the child's affection. She permitted him to retain his pretty Italian garments, but would have loaded them with gold and jewels, all of which he rejected with a sweet and calm smile. She would have tempted his appetite with dainties from far off climes, such as monarchs only could command; but bread, a little fruit, and a cup of milk was enough for Guilo. Grapes that

reminded him of the Italian vines that he had played under with Francesca; olives such as they had plucked from the trees back of his mother's dwelling. The child craved the fruit of no other clime; his appetites were pure and simple as his heart. Not even the pampered and false taste of that powerful woman could pervert either.

And Francesca, how solitary she would have been amid all that regal splendor but for the love of her mistress—love which she returned with energy and warmth that was the one ray of sunshine which never faded from the clouded path of that sweet and neglected woman! Francesca sought no companionship. Sad and mournful like her royal lady, she loved the solitude of those apartments in which Catharine spent most of her time. She loved to sit at the queen's feet, and with her lute and her matchless voice, charm away the gloom to which that young wife was fast yielding herself. At night, when all her ladies in waiting had retired, those in the ante-room might have heard the sweet voice of this young girl reading some of her own Italian poets, or breaking into the low cadences of a song that often brought soothing and slumber to eyes that without her would have been open and wet with tears.

Thus these two orphan children had lived since they first entered the palace of King Charles. Now the time of this festival had arrived—a birth-day festival in everything but the name, and far more brilliant than any of the bridal rejoicings that had welcomed Catharine of Braganza to the shores of old England.

To all but the unhappy young queen the object of this festival was well understood, but, in the midst of her court, Catharine lived much alone. Some were careless, others averse to the trouble of informing her, and so it happened that alone of the whole court Catharine never suspected that she, the Queen of England, was called upon to preside at a fete given in honor of a woman whose birth had been the greatest and most bitter sorrow of her life.

Catharine was in her dressing-room, surrounded by half a dozen ladies in waiting, all of whom were attending her with a sort of negligent impatience of the duty, upon the somewhat tedious progress of a regal toilet. Charles had just returned to his court, and the joy of seeing him, the renewed hope that even yet she might win back his love, gave brilliancy and life to her countenance. This alone was wanting to render her most attractive to a man like Charles, who was never known to admire the soft and pensive shade which grief was rendering habitual to her countenance. That evening the ladies around her were in high spirits, with anticipation of the night's amusement; Catharine caught something of their brilliant glee, and many a smile brightened her mouth, while, with witty jests and gay repartee, the high born tiring women wreathed her hair with jewels, and smoothed the folds of lustrous silk around her person. She did not observe that there was occasionally a tinge of mischief in what they said, and that a witty gibe was sometimes followed by significant looks that pointed too broadly to her own august person, or to some portion of her array. But Francesca, who sat on a

low stool at her feet—for the young creature had, by the indulgence of her mistress, never been taught the tiresome etiquette which the high born ladies of honor were obliged to maintain—Francesca, keen-eyed by affection, saw it all. She could not understand why those ladies should studiously render their royal mistress unbecoming in her array, but she felt that such was the fact—that they were overloading her dark hair with ornaments, and that the color of her garments was sure to render her olive complexion still more swarthy than her native sun had left it. She saw too that these high born ladies scarcely sought to conceal the mischief they were doing, but with pointed words and merry glances were slyly enjoying their small treachery.

Francesca's heart swelled with indignation. She felt that some slight, of which her mistress was quite unconscious, had been perpetrated upon her—but her emotion was overlooked by the bevy of lovely traitors. They thought of her no more than of the silken-eared spaniel who shared her cushion at the queen's feet. So they smiled and jested on, while she with her quick intellect was regarding them.

Catharine, who, since she had been persuaded to abandon her native costume, had depended solely upon the taste of her ladies, took no heed of the progress of her toilet; and she understood English so imperfectly that half the conversation was lost upon her. She only knew that the beautiful women grouped around her chair appeared more animated and surly than usual, and her own spirits rose in sympathy with theirs. But her sunny state of mind was of brief duration, for as the last string of gems was twined in the raven braid that fell across her forehead, thus breaking up the calm beauty of that most noble portion, the dressing-room door opened, and Lady Castlemain swept into the room.

Catharine gave a start, and the blood rushed warmly into her cheek. As lady of the bed-chamber the countess had a right to enter the queen's dressing-room, but it was a privilege she never deigned to exercise unless it was to offer some covert insult, or to parade her own majestic beauty before the unhappy wife. Indeed she could hardly offer a greater insult than the presence of that audacious beauty, lighted up as it was before the queen's face by the prodigal munificence of a faithless husband.

Castlemain swept into the room full of insolence, but superb in her masculine beauty. The dark hair was drawn back from her snow white forehead, and was gathered behind like a helmet with its plumes broken and flowing. Downward, in a wavy mass of coal black ringlets—threaded here and there with a string of small diamonds that shone up like flashes of starlight from the black depths—flowed her raven hair. Her brow was surmounted by a broad circle of gems, that by her orders had been so fashioned by the jeweler that it partook more of a regal crown than of a countess' coronet, which alone she had the right to wear. Adown her superb person flowed her robe of amber satin gold, tinted where the light fell on the folds, and almost brown in the shadows. Away from the sloping polish of her snowy shoulders fell this robe, exposing the proud neck, and drawn half

down from the bosom by a rope of great diamonds that passed over her right shoulder and under her left arm, confining by their weight the silken folds to her waist. Free, ample, and with the flow of a Roman garment fell this lustrous robe down to her richly clad feet till it swept the floor, and thus with a low, mocking reverence the Countess of Castlemain presented her shame before the Queen of England.

The indignant blush left Catharine's cheek, a calm and conscious sense of superiority came to her aid: she bent her head gravely, and turning to one of her ladies with quiet dignity, asked if her toilet was not nearly completed. The lady thus addressed cast a triumphant glance first at the head-gear of her royal mistress, and then at the countess, answering with a suppressed smile—

"Oh! yes, your highness, it is perfect!"

"I wonder," said the countess, glancing around the group of ladies—her large, black eyes glowing with malicious merriment: "I wonder your majesty can have patience to remain so long at the toilet!"

A faint crimson came to Catharine's cheek, and lifting her mild, dark eyes to the countess with a look of undisturbed dignity, she answered—

"I have so much need of patience, madam, that this fatigue seems but a trifle."

Lady Castlemain met this gentle reproof with an eye of fire. The cheek that had long since forgotten to crimson at her own shame now flashed red with anger: a taunt trembled on her haughty lip, but she had the grace to subdue it down to a sneering laugh.

"Bring me yon stool, little one," she said, addressing Francesca, and pointing to an embroidered seat that stood a few paces off. "With her majesty's leave I will rest awhile, not possessing her royal strength to endure the fatigues of a state toilet without fatigue."

Francesca did not move. All innocent and unused as she was to the false court that surrounded her, she could not but perceive that something very wrong was transpiring. With the quick eye of love she detected what was passing in the queen's heart, and her brave spirit rose against this strange woman who was so cruelly outraging her gentle benefactress. She did not arise at the haughty behest of the countess, but lifted her soft eyes to the queen with a face that said more plainly than words, "It is here that I obey." Catharine's eye was troubled; and her lips began to tremble; with all her quick and sensitive feelings she was no match for the proud, bad woman, whose very presence overpowered her like the breath of a serpent.

"Child, do you hear: bring me yon seat!" cried the countess, crimsoning with rage.

Francesca met her angry glance, and more angry voice with eyes that sparkled brightly as her own, but from far different feelings.

"None sit in her majesty's presence save those whom she invites to the honor," answered the brave young creature in her sweet broken English. "When the queen desires me, lady, I will bring the seat to you."

The countess turned white with rage and advanced a pace, clenching her white hand, as if she would have struck the orphan. But Catharine laid her hand

on Francesca's head with a motion that was almost a caress, for her heart warmed to the brave girl.

"Nay, Lady Castlemain, you have forgotten the respect due our presence: will it please you to retire?" she said, with gentle dignity.

"I should answer no! but that every moment I remain keeps his majesty waiting in my own poor apartments," replied the insolent woman: "as it is, I humbly take leave!" and with a deep reverence, which had more of irony than respect in it, the countess retired, studiously throwing into her backward steps an air of mock humility that was more insulting than her words.

Wounded and indignant beyond all self-control, Catharine could scarcely suppress her tears as the audacious woman disappeared. She started up—sobs swelling her bosom, and the veins upon her forehead rising to the surface with the great effort that she made to suppress her outraged feelings.

"Come with me," she said, pressing her hand upon Francesca's shoulder—"come with me!"

Francesca arose. The little spaniel left the cushion and stood ready to follow his mistress. The ladies in waiting drew back in a group, and gazed upon each other and upon the queen as she moved toward her closet, leaning upon Francesca.

"This is an outrage! The countess has gone too far," said one of the ladies, as the queen disappeared. "I have been her friend, and will remain so while she contents herself with the droll joke of dressing her majesty like an Eastern idol. But when she breaks in among us, thus defying the poor lady to her face, the thing becomes serious; depend upon it Charles will not sanction all this much longer. Did you see how near she was striking that little Italian singer?"

"Yes, we saw it," answered two of the other ladies at once; "but they say she serves Rowley after a like fashion, so that is nothing."

"She will be in disgrace soon," rejoined a third; "and who knows but the Portuguese lady yonder will be really and truly our mistress after all? I for one begin to think we have been acting against our own interests in rendering the queen the freight we have made her, just to oblige this proud woman, who after all cares for no one but herself."

"This violent temper will be her ruin," rejoined the first speaker; "I was really afraid she would strike the queen."

While this conversation was proceeding in the dressing-room, Catharine entered her closet with Francesca, and, giving way to a burst of indignant grief, paced the room to and fro, wringing her hands and uttering words of passion and reproach against her husband—against the country where insult and wrong had met her at every step, and—more bitterly still—against the vile woman whose rudeness she had just encountered.

From this wild outbreak of feeling Francesca learned how truly her royal mistress was an object of compassion. Her gentle heart burned with indignation that one so generous and so helpless should be so cruelly wronged. These feelings kindled her eyes and parted her sweet lips as she stood by a window gazing upon

the queen, who moved rapidly to and fro—her broad eyelids red with the tears that swelled under them; her dusky cheek stained with passion; and her lips trembling with the bitter anguish that broke through them. The loveliness of the queen—and she was indeed a lovely woman—lay, to a great extent, in the quiet languor and gentle tranquillity of her look and manner. With her features thus stained and distorted, she lost half the attractions natural to her. Francesca felt this—she saw with the keen eye of genius how studiously unbecoming was her dress, and gathering courage from the thought that she alone was permitted to share the grief of her royal mistress, she ventured to approach her.

"My mistress—dear, noble lady," she said, kneeling at Catharine's feet, who paused and regarded her with heavy and tearful eyes, but extended her trembling hand, which the young girl pressed to her lips. "Yield not thus to grief—call forth the lofty patience which fills all who approach you with love and reverence. Forget this rude woman—bring back the bloom and the light to your face—be beautiful as you are good."

"Beautiful! oh, my poor maiden, what in this wide world would I not give for the power of beauty—that—that might win back his love."

"It will—it must!" said Francesca, starting up all in a glow of affectionate hope; "sweet lady, you *are* beautiful!—only cast aside this passion—smile as you did an hour since. Let me, your little hand maiden, for once strip those tresses of the heavy gems that do but hide the native gloss. Ah, this one night, dear lady, let me be your tire woman; I have seen pictures in my own land that men came from afar to worship almost upon their knees: these pictures had the same raven hair—the same deep, dark eyes, where the soul light seems to tremble up through a well of tears. Lady, dear lady, let me make you like one of these pictures: then go forth to meet the king, your husband, he cannot choose but love you!"

How beautiful was that young face in its loving enthusiasm—how full of genius was the light that sprung into her eyes, rendering them luminous as the sun-kindled amethyst!

Catharine smiled: she drew her hand across her eyes and swept the tears from their inky lashes.

"Be it so, maiden: make me like one of the pictures that men bend the knee to in bright Italy. In my own land, I remember, Catharine was not deemed ungainly or ill-looking; and he—when I was first a bride—" she paused—a bright blush spread over her face, leaving a tremulous smile there when it died away, "he thought none fairer than Catharine then!" she added, and a tear unlike any that had dimmed her eyes that day, gave softness to the light that was just beginning to kindle up their black depths.

"Then I may for this once array the queen after my own fancy!" said Francesca, eagerly throwing open the dressing-room door with that sort of spiritual enthusiasm in her face with which a true artist enters upon the composition of a master-piece. The room was empty; Catharine placed herself in the chair which she had so lately abandoned, and submitted herself to the eager hands of her friend, for notwithstanding the

immense difference between them, the orphan Francesca was in everything a true friend to the Queen of England, and Catharine felt this with all the grateful trust with which the unhappy lean upon the earnest and true. With careless haste, like a child casting aside the wild blossoms of which it has tired, Francesca unwreathed the heavy jewels from the tresses of her mistress, and flung them into the open caskets that stood with their purple cushions exposed upon the toilet. Emeralds, rubies and diamonds dropped from her fingers, and with each cluster fell a long, raven curl adown the shoulders of the queen, till the whole wealth of her hair lay free and wooing about her person in rich and glossy masses.

One string of pearls did that young girl select from the glittering heap which she had cast upon the table; a single string, but pure and white as if they had been frozen in the coldest breath of winter. In and out through the midnight blackness of Catharine's hair she wove this gleaming thread, looping up tress after tress till upon the left temple her thread of gems was exhausted. Then she took from a cup of veined agate that stood upon the table, one of those rare flowers which the English gardeners were just learning to tint with the secrets of agricultural art. The centre was of a deep blood color, shading out to a pale rose till the leaves were edged with silvery white. With this singular blossom she fastened the pearls and lifted up the hair in a backward wave from the temple, leaving the high forehead exposed, but with the shadow of tress and flower stealing softly over it.

Then Francesca took off the blue robe, and in its place she folded a garment of rose tinted satin, and over that an outer dress of the most transparent lace, that floated softly above the glowing folds like mist in the summer mornings. Two or three large brilliants trembled like dew-drops upon the lace wreathed up from her elbows, and a chain of very small diamonds, each kindling in the light like a spark of fire, fell down from her neck and was lost amid the flashing mist of her overdress. According to the fashion of the reign the robe was folded low upon the bosom, but Francesca allowed a wave of the lace to roll softly above the silken outline, thus leaving entirely exposed only the rich swell and slope of a fine neck and shoulders, whose creamy smoothness was shaded by a few stray curls that had been purposely allowed to float away at freedom.

Francesca took a step back and gazed upon her mistress. Her dexterous hands and loving spirit had performed almost fairy work for the young queen. How her eyes sparkled—how her heart beat as she gazed upon this lovely young woman, whose beauty had been so awkwardly clouded half an hour before.

"Look!" she said, turning the toilet mirror upon its silver pedestal, so that Catharine could see her whole person. "See, noble lady, did I not say that you were beautiful? Is she—that cruel woman half so lovely, or so likely to awake love?"

Catharine glanced timidly in the mirror: her eyes lighted up: her cheeks grew damask with pleasant surprise: her lips parted in a smile, and through their dewy crimson shone the edges of her white and even teeth.

Just then when taste, and nature, and warm feeling combined to render the young queen more than beautiful, she heard the footsteps of her husband in the ante-chamber.

"It is he—it is Charles—it is my husband," she said, turning her sparkling eyes upon Francesca, and her whole frame trembled with that sort of joyous terror with which women receive those whose love is the very pulse of their lives, yet of whom they have doubt.

Why was it that Francesca trembled also? Why was it that her face—but a moment before so radiant—turned white as snow? Whence came the strange dread that fell upon her, making the very heart in her bosom thrill as if some one whom she had known long ago and with pain, were approaching? Why, as she heard the king's footstep pause by the door, did she obey an irresistible impulse and glide from the room in silence, torn by contending desires to see and to avoid the monarch? We cannot answer these questions, but such were the singular emotions of Francesca as Charles Stewart drew toward the chamber of his wife.

Catharine stood up leaning one hand upon the toilet table, and unconsciously falling into an attitude peculiarly easy and graceful: her eyes were fixed upon the door: you could see her bosom heave tumultuously beneath its misty lace folds. Love, warm, timid love breathed from every eloquent feature.

Charles entered the room with his usual indolent manner, and looking somewhat weary if not anxious. He had not seen his wife in more than a week, and seemed to have prepared himself to meet her tears and reproaches with becoming philosophy. He did not look toward her as he entered the room, but moved toward an easy chair and sat down, evidently expecting his wife to address him first, and with no very pleasant anticipations of what her address might be. How was he astonished then to find her at his feet: to feel her small hands trembling upon his as she covered it with kisses, and shadowed it with the silken fall of her curls.

"Oh! my lord, you have returned at last!" she said, lifting her face to his. He saw the tremor of her lips, the doubt, the gladness that came and went in her eyes. He marked the heaving of her bosom: the grace of her look and attitude: the exquisite taste of her apparel. He had just left the Countess of Castlemain. The defiant air, her fierce taunts were still vivid upon his mind, for she had met him in all the storm of her passion, becoming more angry and insolent because he would not heap some new contumely upon his innocent wife. The contrast between that mercenary woman and the loving young creature at his feet presented itself forcibly before the monarch, and, for the moment, he felt all the cruelty and injustice of his conduct. How much more beautiful Catharine seemed to him arrayed in her youth and modest affection, than the imperious woman whom he had lost. Softened by these thoughts, fascinated as it were by the novel loveliness of her look and attitude, Charles bent over his wife. His dark eye kindled: a smile swept over his swarthy features, and throwing his arms around Catharine's waist, he folded her tenderly to his bosom.

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"I am glad—I am rejoiced to meet you thus, my little queen," he said, pressing a kiss upon her glowing neck; "oddfish, girl, but I did not think you half so pretty before to-night."

Catharine blushed and turned away her head: she trembled to think that he might read all the joy that thrilled her heart while gazing in her eyes. Yet she could not conceal her happiness, she could choose but kiss his hand every other instant, and when he stood up she gazed at him from head to foot with fond admiration. In truth, notwithstanding his dark complexion and heavy features, Charles Stewart was a fine and noble looking man. Powerful in his intellect, and generous in feeling when left to his own nature, he possessed many noble traits of character that could not fail to impress themselves upon his person. But in intellect and in feeling he was indolent to a degree that approached selfishness, and this fault exhibited itself alike in his person and in his manners. Dignified by nature and education, he found the etiquette troublesome with which monarchs usually deem it necessary to hedge in their greatness. He loved gentlemanly freedom rather than kingly state, and depended upon his own quick wit and high bred reserve to secure that personal respect which the most favored of his courtiers never ventured to invade. Thus it was that Charles at a time when the fashion of dress was gay beyond parallel, always appeared the most plainly attired man about court; and on this night, when every room in the palace threatened to be one blaze of jewels, he appeared in a simple dress of black velvet, relieved only by the jeweled garter, and with the insignia of one or two noble orders glittering upon his bosom.

"Come," he said, taking Catharine's hand, and pressing it to his lips before he led her out to the ante-room, which was already crowded with guests. "Look but as lovely in the state drawing-room as you do now, Kate, and not a courtier among them all, from his Grace of Buckingham down, but shall envy his king to-night."

Oh! what subtle things words are, how they can make the heart thrill and the pulse beat, and yet how carelessly are they sometimes spoken.

Francesca was left alone. As if her mute brother knew this by intuition, he came from the loathed apartments of his mistress to spend the precious moments with her. Francesca could hear the sound of the revel, the hum of voices, and the loud burst of music that now and then swelled through the palace. But Guilo saw and heard only her. He sat at her feet with his head upon her lap, and holding her hand beneath his cheek so close that he could feel the pulse rise and fall to the touch of his slender fingers. It was a slow pulse and languid, for even Guilo's presence had failed to arouse her from the singular depression that had fallen upon her spirits when she left the queen's dressing-room. The boy saw that she was sad, and so contented himself with nestling close to her side, without attempting to disturb her thoughts.

They might have been an hour or more in this position, when one of the queen's ladies came into the room in full dress, and flushed with haste.

"Oh! my pretty lutist, here you are half asleep,

and with the candles burning down to nothing," she said, addressing Francesca. "Come—come, arouse yourself, the king has sent for you; her majesty has been talking of your skill on the lute, and he desires to put it to the test."

Francesca gently removed Guilo's head from her lap, and stood up.

"I am sad, I cannot sing to-night," she said, beginning to tremble.

"But the queen desires it."

"The queen? I thought you said the king."

"It was both their majesties; but the queen bade me stay to see that you were properly dressed to appear before so many noble lords and ladies."

"I will return at once," said Francesca, making a sign to Guilo, and she left the room.

She was absent but a few minutes, when she returned in a dress of black silk, with a fall of lace around the neck and arms, and relieved by no ornament save a coral bracelet marking the swell of her left arm, and a wreath of twisted coral that entwined her head, falling in blood red tassels down to one shoulder. Thus arrayed only in the strong contrast of black and red, stood the young girl, bearing in her right hand the lute—Lord Bowdon's gift to the orphan.

Francesca made a sign to Guilo, who sprang up and stationed himself by her side.

"I received no directions to bring any person but yourself," said the lady, judging by this movement that the singular page was intending to accompany them.

"He is my brother," said Francesca; "my better self: I can go nowhere without him!"

"Well—well, the queen seems to humor all these caprices for the sake of your music, and I suppose she will yield to this also; even do as you please, only delay me no longer," said the lady, impatiently.

"I am ready—we are both ready," replied Francesca, and hand in hand with her brother she went forth.

They were led through many an illuminated gallery and spacious room of bewildering magnificence, and Francesca began to marvel at the extent of the palace, when after making their way through several smaller rooms, where richly dressed men and women were busy at the card-tables, or divided into gay groups, they entered the state drawing-room by a side entrance, which brought them close to the dias where Catharine was seated, conversing with her royal husband, who stood leaning upon her chair, only turning away to receive with his usual careless grace some person brought up for presentation.

Below the dias, and conversing with two or three highly dressed lords of the court in a strain of gaiety that seemed forced and unnatural, stood the countess. But with all her efforts to carry off her discomposure with spirit, a frown now and then broke the snow of her forehead, and you might occasionally have detected her biting her nether lip till you could see the white teeth sink fiercely into the rich vermillion, and come out again with their edges stained crimson.

"Ah, here comes my pretty singing bird!" said the queen, addressing Charles in a low voice, and greeting Francesca with a smile as she came toward the

dias, still accompanied by Guilo. "Now let the king —acknowledged by all to be the best judge of beauty in his kingdom—say if he ever saw anything more lovely."

Charles lifted his eyes with his habitual indolence, which even the mention of beauty could not always conquer, and fixed them upon the two orphans. Guilo was leaning upon the lute gracefully, and as little embarrassed by the brilliant scene that surrounded him, as if he had been standing by a wayside hedge. Francesca stood by his side with downcast eyes and cheeks that grew pale and rosy with every heaving breath. Charles fixed his eyes upon them: he drew himself upright, and grasped the chair of state hard with his right hand; his gaze grew more intense: he seemed to hold his breath, then it came forth in one faint and broken gasp, while a look of anguish, keen but momentary, contracted his hard features.

"Nay, your highness, I must have an opinion. Is not my nightingale beautiful?" said the queen, touching the hand clenched upon her chair.

"Yes—yes, she is beautiful!" replied Charles, and lifting his eyes he encountered the gaze of Lady Castlemain: her forehead was dark with passion: her beautiful mouth curled with a sneering smile. Charles saw that she had been watching his emotion, the blood glowed through his dusky cheek, and crimsoned his forehead: he bent down as if occupied with what the queen was saying.

"Yes; let her sing!" he answered, and again his eyes dwelt as if fascinated by the sweet face of Francesca, who, dropping one knee to a step of the dias, touched the strings of her lute; a soft, wild prelude broke from the strings, louder and louder it rose like the carol of a lark when it first shakes the dew from its breast in the meadow grass; when the bird should have mounted and the gush of its song swell loudest upon the air, Francesca parted her lips, and with the lute strain arose a flow of melody that made the very air tremble around. There was a hush in the gay throng; the courtiers crowded up to the dias breathless and listening. Some were gazing upon the wonderful beauty of the songstress and her companion.

But the Countess of Castlemain turned not her eyes from King Charles. She saw when the blood swayed to his face, and when it was left sallow and paler than she had ever seen it before. She saw his firm hand tremble upon the chair when the first tones of Francesca's voice fell upon his ear. She lost no shadow of the deep emotion that Charles Stewart had no power to conceal, though he was well aware that her malicious eye was following him like a serpent.

Francesca's song was done. She arose from her knee, and giving the lute to Guilo, turned to leave the presence. Her eyes fell upon some object in the crowd—she uttered a faint cry, sprang forward, and fell fainting upon the palace floor.

Several persons came forward to raise the senseless girl; but among the first was the king. Pale and trembling with agitation, he came down the dias, and lifting the young girl in his arms gazed earnestly upon her face. His self-possession left him: he spoke to her: he called her by some name not her own. Then suddenly encountering the basilisk glance of Lady

Castlemain, he waved his hand with dignity, and bade the courtiers draw back that air might be admitted to the fainting girl.

There was that in the king's manner which even the countess dared not oppose, so she reluctantly retired with the rest.

"Leave the poor maiden with me," said Catharine, who had left her chair of state, and stood by the king anxious and pale, for at first she thought that Francesca was dead.

"I will," said the king, meeting her look with one of affectionate trust; "and Catharine be kind to her,

for she seems very young and helpless. To-morrow you shall tell me how she came here!"

"To-night, if it please your highness to retire a moment from the crowd," said Catharine; "surely we may give a moment to the restoration of a young creature so beautiful—so good. Oh! Charles, she has beguiled me of many a sad hour when you were away!"

"Let the revel go on as if her majesty were present!" said the king, in a loud voice, and he bore Francesca out in his arms, heedless of the gossip to which this unusual act of condescension might give rise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY TWENTIETH BIRTH DAY, 1843.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

I HAVE rounded my twenty years,
I stand on the second stage
Whence we gaze, through mists of tears,
Upon manhood and gray old age;
Beneath and around my feet
The hum of the world rolls by,
And the surges foam and beat
That shall shroud me when I die.

I have stood on a rising hill
And looked on the quiet glow
Of the city, that, calm and still,
Lay sleeping so far below,
And I knew that din and strife
Rang out in its sorrowing streets,
And thought of the city of life
That my young footstep awaits.

I have rounded my twenty years,
And twice has the decimal stroke
Rung out on my startled ears
Since my natal morning broke;

The first—and a thoughtless boy
I knew not the tale it told,
The second is here—and I
Grow moral, and gray, and old.

The third—shall I write again
At thirty the thoughts I bear?
Shall I tell of a twenty years' pain
Has thinned the dark locks of my hair?
Shall I smile at my early grief
A wiser yet merrier man?
Will time bring his old relief
As only the soother can?

The third—they may make my grave,
Oh, many a day ere then,
And the grass o'er my forehead wave,
And my world grow silent again.
Iadden at my own words,
And I cease that I may not weep,
For little this strain accords
With the bright birth-day I keep.

TRUTH.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

Thou standest, though the earth may shake,
Firm as a mighty rock,
Though mountains in their pride may fall,
And empires feel the shock.

From Him who holds Almighty power,
Who rules o'er all the earth,
Thou hast thy origin divine;
Being of Heavenly birth!

Thou givest to manhood a bright source,
From whence new life doth spring;
To thee may nations raise their eyes,
And of thy beauties sing.

To those who walk within thy laws,
And keep thy precepts pure,
Thou bringest everlasting peace;
Thy footsteps blest are sure.

And, when the earth shall pass away,
And Time no longer be,
Then shalt thou stand, celestial Truth!
In all thy purity.

For ever near the mighty throne,
Where angels blest adore,
Truth shall remain, with Love divine,
On Heaven's eternal shore.

D A R K J O H N B R O W N .

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

C H A P T E R I.

IT is quite as untrue as it is ungallant to charge that all the mischief in this world is done by the women. We dare say that to maintain the opposite of this false though common position, may set some crabbed and disappointed old bachelors to exclaiming pish! and pshaw! But pish! and pshaw! are not arguments.

There are male gossips, as well as female; and the former are more mischievous than the latter, in the proportion of a vulture to a crow. Your woman gossip is usually inclined to content herself with such small pickings up as a bonnet trimmed awry, a ribbon out of fashion, a few details of housekeeping neglected, or some such minor trifle. Once in a while, it is true, they do go to the length of mysteriously intimating that somebody is no better than she should be; but as nobody better than reasonably good has recently been discovered, it is difficult to decide how much below par one no better than she should be really stands.

But your male gossip flies at more important quarry. His scandal tells. His blows are levelled at more vital and important points; and as he usually talks, or seems to talk of things of more consequence than the other, he receives more attention, and does more injury. Careless curiosity, and senseless chat, offered as an equivalent for chat desired, make up the staple of the female—while your gentleman tale-bearer has more real malice in his heart, and more poison on his tongue. We mean of course those who talk for a purpose—who have a deliberate intention of malice and envy in their hearts, and who labor to accomplish it. Some men, there are, who talk to hear themselves, of the faults of others.

Perhaps a more nefarious character does not exist than one who deliberately injures the reputation of his neighbors to serve his selfish purposes; and who has no idea of building himself up, that is not coupled with the thought of pulling others down. Dark Brown was such an one. He flourished in a village where the men of his patronymic were so many in number that the expedient had been resorted to of giving them each a sobriquet by way of distinguishing them apart, when spoken of. There were Old Brown and Young Brown, Brown on the Hill, and Meadow Brown, Light Brown and Dark Brown—and the latter, not for any love, but for the purpose of illustration of a not-at-all loveable character we have chosen for our hero.

Dark Brown was married, when our sketch takes him up. To go back to his school days, when he managed to secure the hate of all his mates and companions, would occupy too much of our time, and exhaust the reader's patience. Suffice it to say that he managed effectually to implant the persuasion, in the minds of those who were afterward to be his mates

in manhood, that he was a very disagreeable, but a dangerous personage, whom it was necessary to propitiate by seeming friendship, or to avoid crossing at any rate. The latter was hard enough to do; for every other man's good fortune was a cross to him through life; and one needed only to be successful to secure his hatred. He married in such a mode as to ensure to himself a life of suspicion and cold distrust; for he supplanted a rival by artfully villifying him, and his bride took Dark Brown in a fit of resentment against another. She discovered how much she had been imposed upon soon enough to begin hating her husband in very good season; for there is nothing which man or woman cannot more readily forgive than the being made the dupe of a lie. Perhaps his wife was the only person alive who knew him so well as to hate without fearing him; for she felt that in his marriage he had inflicted upon her the worst injury within his power; and having met the worst, she feared nothing further.

Brown was bitterly punished. Sneak as he was, he was not proof against contempt; and the most awful retribution which can, in this world, follow sin, is the knowledge that those who best know the guilty most heartily despise him; and the sense that no course of conduct can remove the true estimate which is thus established. Where even a man's kindness is distrustfully received, as if poison lurked behind his every gift, and where his enmity is taken as a matter of course, and his abuse as something as good as, from its source, could be expected, it is of no use for him to kick against his humiliation, or to try to escape it. It sticks to him like the shirt of Nessus. He may hate all the world the more heartily, the more he is despised, but that does not mend the matter any, but aggravate his sufferings. Even hate loses its zest, when the hater has nobody who can share the sentiment with him; and Dark Brown had withdrawn himself from all companionship with his kind. We mean to say from all real companionship, for there were enough timid souls who had an apparently civil word for him; and he seldom desired to carry a point that it was not conceded, for people feared his enmity. Even this uniform success had at last become a sore, for when one procures civility at such a price it reflects no compliment upon his character, and is anything but balm to his selfishness.

It happened one morning that Brown being nearest the door, answered a knock, and opened it. A boy of some ten or a dozen years, who held a letter in his hand, was the applicant. He asked, "does Mr. Brown live here?" Now as our Brown saw the letter and did not wish to run the risk of getting another man's epistle —his name was John Brown, and their were six other Johns—he asked—

"What Brown?"

And the boy, without thought of harm, and intending to give the most direct and obvious answer, replied—"Dark Brown."

"No!" growled the other, and slammed the door in the lad's face. This was foolish—exceedingly foolish—but a man in an ill-humor cannot be expected to do wise things. To make the matter even more unpleasant, Brown heard a suppressed titter, even before he turned from the door; and when he looked round he found his whole family in a gale of suppressed merriment at his ill-nature. The children thought it an exceedingly good joke that their father should be angry at a name which even they had learned to consider almost as harmless as if it had been given by his sponsors in baptism, instead of that many headed sponsor, the public. Children as they were, they did not consider that, in the application of distinctive titles, the people, as a celebrated politician once said of their second thoughts, are "seldom wrong, and always efficient."

Brown was forced to grin horribly a ghastly smile in pretence of joining in their merriment. He knew too well how little any other course would avail him—for he had been chased too many times in some similar method. But he asked, "whose boy was that?"

And the answer did not mend the case at all. It proved to be the child of him who would have been Mrs. Brown's husband, but for the mode in which he was set aside as we have already related. And Mrs. Brown in a tone of insinuating softness, proceeded to pour oil into his wound with exquisite adroitness—but it was the oil of pepper, with a dash of cantharides. She remarked how beautiful and well clad a child it was—how well behaved and exemplary—enlarging particularly upon those traits in which he least resembled her own children, and contriving to make the father of her boys almost loathe his own offspring as she proceeded. And she wound up her eulogy with a most malicious climax, in which she made it appear that the father of the lad was the parent to whom he, and his brothers and sisters owed all their excellent qualities; praising him as a pattern father and husband, above all the men she ever knew—present company *not* excepted. In all this torment so artfully applied, she was careful so to conduct her speech that any exhibition of feeling on the part of her husband would have given an application to the censure by implication, which her praises of his opposite conveyed upon the unhappy Mr. Brown. But he could not wholly conceal his vexation—and she triumphed, and could not wholly conceal her triumph. A delightful domestic scene, was it not?

Life is made up of trifles. The little incident, so apparently unimportant as child's calling John Brown Dark John to his face, opened anew all the rankling hate of his evil heart, and centred it upon one object—the family of Smiths, whose unlucky junior had so unwittingly pulled the beard of Dark Brown at his own threshold. He worked himself into believing that Smith hated him as devoutly as he hated Smith, and that the accident which we have described was a preconcerted insult. Nothing could be further from

the truth; for Smith did not even think of Brown, much less with any enmity. He had long ago forgotten the "cross in love," for he very philosophically reasoned that a woman who could condemn a man capriciously and unheard, would not be likely to make a very affectionate and even tempered wife, let her have who she would to husband. Therefore, when his first vexation was over, he learned to congratulate himself upon his escape, and far from hating Dark John Brown, he pitied him. They had little or no intercourse for obvious reasons.

And now Brown set himself to work, with all his love and capacity for mischief, to discover some method in which he could injure Smith. He did not waste his anger in careless and unguarded speeches, or throw away the artillery of his malice in any way which would serve only to expose the fact of his own enmity, without affecting his victim. By careful and artfully timed inuendoes he injured the credit of the other, and by insidious aspersions, uttered with all the appearance of candor, and of deep regret that he should be obliged to say such things, he managed to throw doubts upon his integrity. Without being able to imagine the cause, Smith in the course of a few months found himself in exceedingly bad odor, and the utmost that he could ascertain of any person's agency in producing this state of the public mind, was that he had repeated what others had said. "They say," that foul ignis fatuus which dances over decaying reputations was never more intangible than in the present instance. Smith had friends—but as he had never been remarkable for good or for ill, he had no very ardent ones, out of his own household. Neither could it be said that (Dark Brown excepted, who kept in the dark) he had any very eager enemies. It was a dead level of indifference that seemed to meet him on every side—a coolness which he could not understand. All his actions seemed suspected, and all his motives misconstrued. A man had much better be stoned to death, than to fall under the ban of village public opinion. In martyrdom there is hope of posthumous justice—in a death of reputation by slander, uncorrected, the utmost victim can hope for is that, if he is not indeed speedily forgotten, the combatants upon the merits of his character will make cudgels of his bones to continue their fight withal.

If the reader thinks that we have drawn a picture too black of Brown's enmity, he must remember that Smith was, at the outset, the injured party; and that a bad man hates no person so intensely as the man whom he is conscious he has once abused. Indeed there is more truth than credit to human nature in the proverb, "he who has injured you never forgives you." Beside all this, Mrs. Brown, who, whether from her natural disposition, or from her unfortunate marriage, was no angel, constantly kept up the mode of irritating her husband, which accident had led her into. It was a glorious vengeance for her, and she was too unscrupulous to care, even if she knew, how much poor Smith suffered in consequence of her chafing her bear of a husband to continual enmity. And to understand why Brown was so successful in his machinations, it need only be explained that he was rich, while Smith was poor.

CHAPTER II.

"THE well laid schemes of mice and men," says the poet, "gang aft agley." John Brown fancied, in the pride of his heart—or rather we should say in the pride of his purse, (for the possessor of a heart in his case was not regarded, by those who knew him, as an established fact,) that he was above the danger of want. Pursuing his selfish schemes with a steadiness of covetous grasping which hesitated at no injury to another, spared no falsehood, spoken or acted, and respected nobody's rights when they stood in the way of his desires, he had become that terrible individual in the country, a rich and unscrupulous man. But there was an unsuspected under current of events at work which was to work his downfall.

Everybody remembers the disastrous financial convulsions, in which those who fancied themselves rich, found their coffers full of paper as valueless as the dead leaves into which the magician's money turned, in the Eastern tale. John Brown, not deficient in financial sagacity, and furthermore egged on to suspicion by his distrust of human nature, was nevertheless a sufferer. Men whose movements are complicated and various as an elaborate machine, may, like that machine, be thrown completely out of gear by the failure of a very small and apparently insignificant portion of their plans. "A screw loose" is death to a manoeuvring man, while a frank and straightforward one does not need to care for small accidents.

Brown was surprised to find his bank stock going down—down—down, with an alacrity in sinking which defied calculation. Yet he had a careful and unscrupulous adviser in the city—a partner to some extent, to whom he looked for advices, but none came. He thought that there was something under all this which his comrade knew, and that all must eventually come right and satisfactory. But when, despite his faith in his own sagacity, and that of his associate, he found himself, if the stock reports said true, an absolute beggar, he could live on hope no longer, and hastened to the city. There every face told the same gloomy tale, and before he had consulted, or even seen his agent, he was convinced of the disagreeable fact that he was ruined. He burst upon him in his counting-room with—

"A pretty business you have made of it. We are beggars!"

"We!" said the other, coolly, "what do you mean? You may confine your remarks of that sort to yourself, if you please."

"Why, are you not in the United States Bank stock as deep as I?"

"I haven't a dollar of it."

"What, did you sell out without telling me—you scoundrel—you—" and Brown was turned black with rage.

"Easy, my friend, easy, or I shall be obliged to knock you down. I am not in the habit of being talked to in precisely such language as you have used."

Brown sank into a seat unasked—the picture of despair. The other pitied him, and so administered consolation by saying—"I told you, according to agreement, what I was going to do, six months ago.

I wrote, and you never answered—and I knew you was alive, for you wrote me on another subject, carefully avoiding that. So I thought you had found an angle of your own, and meant to keep me out of it. I wrote by Smith, who was here, to be sure that you got the letter."

Brown groaned aloud. He understood all. "I'll kill Smith—I'll ruin him."

"That is done already; and I suspect you know more about it than I do."

"Thank Heaven for so much," said Brown, at length.

"You are in a humor to be devout to-day," said the other sarcastically. "Perhaps you rejoice that Dowlas, Dimity & Co. are gone. They stopped to-day."

"What! I've got—" but habitual caution stopped him. He did not think it safe to tell all his losses.

"I know it," said the other, with a malicious smile. "Will you take five per cent for what you have of their paper?"

Brown made no answer.

"What," said the other, pursuing his relentless questionings, "will you take for what you have on hand of Brown, Burlap & Co.?"

"Dollar for dollar. It is payable to-day."

"Payable, but not *receivable*, my dear sir. "Dowlas & Dimity carry them down too."

Brown could sit there no longer. He rushed out into the air. His investigations, pursued in no very enviable mood, but with forced composure, revealed the agreeable fact that Brown & Burlap *did* sail from the stoppage of Dowlas & Dimity. In the counting-house of the latter were assignees, sitting like a coroner's inquest. He arrived in season to hear Dimity, the younger partner, say—"if this had only come yesterday, instead of to-day, we need not have stopped."

"You need not have stopped to-day, perhaps," said one of the assignees, very calmly, "but you could not have run beyond next week. It is just as well so, my dear sir, depend upon it."

Poor Brown, who had eagerly listened to all this, groaned again. For once, he was really sorry for another's misfortune—because it involved his own. If Dowlas & Dimity had run a week longer, the notes in Brown's possession, which were within a day of maturity, would have been paid, and not only so, but those of Brown, Burlap & Co. would have been saved too. So to Dark Brown the thing was *not* "just as well as it was." One day more of grace would have secured him his venture—one week more the whole. "What is it," said he, "which came just a day too late?"

"Oh, some country merchants money," said the assignee, tossing him the letter. "He is an honorable fellow, if he was compelled to let his note lie over. I have a little of his paper, and intend to offer him an extension. But you seem to know him?"

Brown's under jaw had fallen, as he held the paper in his trembling hands. It was Smith's remittance—Smith's whom he had prevented from getting a discount at the village bank! He had rejoiced the night before in the belief that he had ruined him, and now Smith was safe, respected and solvent, and he, Brown, had fallen in the pit which he had digged for another,

Dark John Brown hurried back to his home in the country. His wife smiled, but not openly, as she saw the cloud on his face. He threw down his hat, and said to his son—

"Go tell Smith's boy to come over here."

"Ask him, with your father's compliments, if his parents are willing," insinuated Mrs. Brown, blandly. The son soon returned:

"Mr. Smith says if you wish to see any of his family they are all at home."

Brown looked at his riding whip—and then he thought better of it. He went over to his neighbor's house, and found the family just sitting down to tea. The formality of an invitation was passed, and, of course, declined. The family waited for the unusual visitor to open his business

"I suppose," said Brown, "that you are aware that your son is liable to be sent to the Penitentiary?"

Mrs. Smith uttered an involuntary scream, and the frightened boy retreated behind her.

"Indeed I am not," said Smith, astonished, but with calmness. "What is the matter, sir? You are very much discomposed."

"The young scoundrel has stolen a letter, that's what. And he shall go to Cherry Hill, if there's any justice in the land."

"Perhaps you allude to one which I brought from Philadelphia, and sent over to your house?"

"I don't know anything about *that*. I know and can prove that the letter was given to you, and I never received it. I shall hold you to answer."

"It was my son just now," said Smith, "that you intended to hold."

Brown had crossed his own path. "At any rate," he said, "it was stolen between you. It makes no difference to me whether father or son, or both are hanged."

"Mr. Brown," said Smith, "for some reason or other you have shown me, as I have just learned, the deepest malice. But I have no disposition to bandy words with you. I brought up a letter from town, and sent it to your house. You slammed the door in my boy's face, for a very childish blunder of his, which I regretted at the time, I confess, more than I do now, for you have shown yourself unworthy of any consideration. Thus treated, he pushed it under the door. There is the simple story, as far as we are concerned, and I dare say you had the letter long ago, if the truth could be ascertained."

"Yes," said the lad, plucking up courage, "and I pushed it clear under, with a stick."

"Stuff!" growled Brown.

"I can show you," said the boy, "just where I poked it."

"Oh, nonsense," said Brown, moodily. Nevertheless, as people in a quandary do what seem very senseless things, Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith, and the little Smiths all walked across the road to see where little Josey pushed the letter. And he, full of consequence, picked up another stick, and pushed it under the door to show just how he did it. And Brown would have kicked him as he stooped, only that his father stood by, and was the stronger man of the two. So he satisfied himself with pushing the lad aside, and opened the door, intending to walk in, and shut the others out.

But Smith's eye caught something, which induced him to put up his hand, and stop the door from closing. The stick had run under the edge of the oil-cloth upon the floor, and remained there. Smith jerked up the cloth, with a sudden thought—and there lay, grimed with dust, stained with floor washings, and flattened by the steps of out-goers and in-comers, but still entire enough to preserve its identity, the very letter, the non-receipt of which had ruined Dark John Brown.

It was wonderful, how the tide turned. Brown moved out of town—a wiser, and we hope a better man. The whole of his course toward poor Smith was discussed, and as the persecuted Smith had now a point to start from, he vindicated himself from all the "*they say*," and soon stood fairer than ever before. Indeed, he had little need to speak in his own defence, for the circumstances became so public, and the character of Brown was, now that he was reduced, so notorious, that Smith found people predisposed in his favor, on all hands. Everybody remembered that they had always known that Dark Brown was a bad fellow; and many were sure now, that they had always defended Mr. Smith, when he was evil spoken of. As to Mrs. Brown she had the sense to perceive that she had been a very foolish, as well as a wicked woman; and as Brown, despite his lamentations, is not *quite* a beggar, he fares a great deal better than he deserves, with a wife whose penitence for past folly leads her to kindness which affection never did.

Our little tale is told. We trust that we have shown how a man may do mischief with his tongue, as well as a woman. But there is a better moral. As we have quoted one proverb, let us take another—a lesson to all the ill-disposed, and all evil speakers of both sexes: "curses, like chickens, come home to roost." Such, certainly, was the experience of Dark John Brown.

THE TWO THOUGHTS.

I GAZED upon a sleeping babe,
And thought if I could lie
So sweet and calmly in the grave,
I would not fear to die:
But with a mild-contented breast
Could lay me gently down to rest!

I look'd upon a good, old man,
With feeble steps and slow—
And saw that he had wandered through
Full many years of wo:
Methought that righteous age might be
As truly blest as infancy! R. C., Jr.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

THERE are several new styles now before us, from which we select for the engraver two very elegant ones.

FIG. 1.—A MORNING DRESS of thin cross-barred muslin, made high in the neck, and with an infant waist. The skirt is open before, and frilled down the front, and around the bottom. The sleeves reach to the elbow, and terminate in two deep ruffles, extending half way to the wrist. A wide sash, with long ends, completes this very pretty morning costume.

FIG. 11.—A WALKING DRESS of thin silk, in a large plaid pattern. This costume is especially suitable for September, and is given in advance. The bodice is pointed, and high on the neck. The skirt is trimmed with three deep scalloped flounces. The sleeves of this elegant costume terminate half way between the elbow and wrist, and display macramé under sleeve. A lace mantle, coming down low in front, completes this rich dress. The bonnet is trimmed with grasses and flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The novelty of the month is the corsage *a la Raphael*, imitated from the pictures of that great painter. This corsage is full, and gathered at top on a neckpiece, which is cut square on the bosom. It is very slightly pointed at the waist, where it is finished by a ceinture of pink satin ribbon with long fringed ends, and fastened by a small gold buckle. Short sleeves, surmounted by epaulettes, edged with bias folds and braid. Over the sleeves and beneath the epaulettes are fastened loose white sleeves of thin muslin or Brussels net, drawn up in front of the arm, and edged with a full trimming of lace. On the neck a chemisette of lace, the front richly worked, and furnished at the throat by a narrow row of edging.

There is at present great diversity in the form of sleeves, and several different forms are all equally fashionable; whether full or tight, short or long. Sleeves quite tight to the arms are most generally adopted with silk, satin, and other massive materials. For barege and muslin the sleeves are made in fulness, gathered into a band at the wrist. Occasionally, for dresses of transparent materials intended to be worn within doors, the sleeves descend only half way down the lower arm, and the mitten of black filet completes the graceful costume. The end of this sleeve may be trimmed with lace, with a quilling or ribbon, or pinked silk, or with narrow fringe. The arms may be covered with muslin under-sleeves, or with mittens.

High dresses still continue in favor, though the heat of the weather causes the open fronts to be very generally adopted. The trimmings of quilled ribbon are exceedingly fashionable. A dress of silver-grey silk has just been made up, trimmed with quillings of very beautiful ribbon of the same color, striped with pink; presenting an effect at once strikingly novel and tasteful.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.—The costume of little girls is this season marked by great simplicity. Their dresses may be of Pekin poplin, barege, or silk of plain colors, and small, quiet patterns. They may be made quite high to the throat, or the corsage may be low, with berthes of the same material, which are carried down to the waist, and from thence down each side of the skirt. The favorite colors for little girl's dresses are the various shades of blue, lilac, or green. The bonnets are of straw or of drawn silk; the latter without any trimming, and the former having merely a ribbon simply crossed in front,

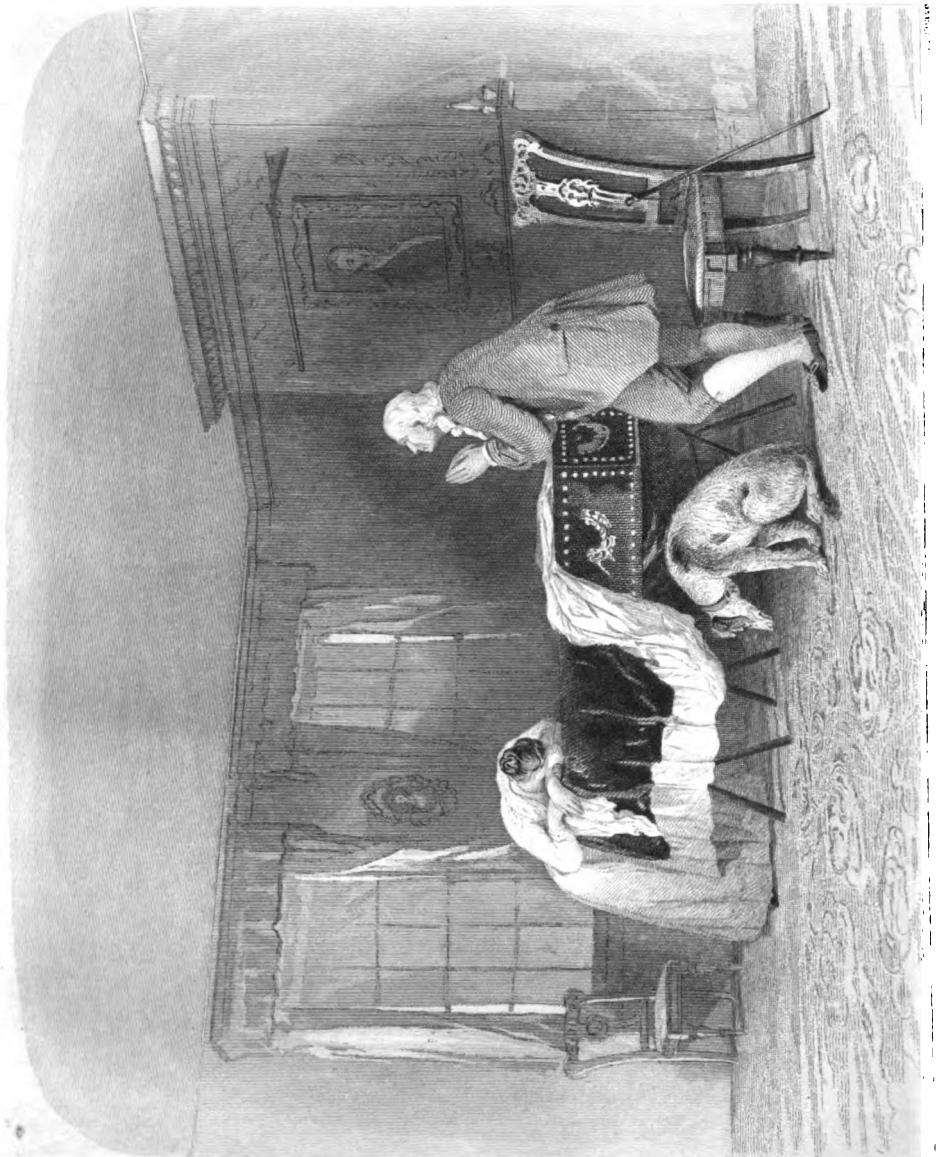
with a bow at the back, and the bavot of the same ribbon. In the country a broad-brimmed hat of straw or leghorn will be found at once becoming and useful. Pardessus of black silk or satin, fitting closely to the figure, or small mantelets of black or colored glace, the ends crossed in front and tied behind, are equally fashionable. A favorite style of dress for little boys of two or three years old consists of a pardessus of nankeen, the trimming being a bordering in white or colored braid or soutache, white not descending far below the knees. White stockings and black shoes. A round hat of straw or leghorn, with the brim slightly turned up, completes the costume. Boys from four to seven years of age wear jackets, with short basques or skirts, having pockets in front, like waist-coat pockets. These jackets are striped coutil, nankeen, or cashmere; and the trousers are of the same material. With this dress may be worn a helmet-shaped straw hat, or a round flat leghorn hat, having a ribbon band fastened on one side by a small buckle.

Young ladies' morning dresses for the country or the seaside are ginghams, usually of striped or checked patterns on white grounds. They are ornamented up the front with white braid. With a dress of this kind is worn a mantelet of the same material, trimmed with braid in a corresponding pattern. Dresses of a better kind may be made of striped silk in the same style, the trimming being passementerie and fringe.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. By Mlle M. A. Le Normand. *Philada: Carey & Hart.*—As books from this publishing house very seldom make their appearance in our sanctum, we feel disposed to treat these two volumes with the courtesy bestowed upon rare and pleasant visitors. Like a true woman, however, we must first remark that the binding is rich, appropriate, and in beautiful taste. The portraits are exquisite, and nothing is omitted by the publishers that can enhance the value of a work destined to be among the most popular of the day. We believe there has been doubt expressed of the authenticity of these volumes, and that the editor is supposed to have done more than her acknowledged share in writing them. But it seems to us that no person except the empress herself could have written them. There is something natural, a sort of domestic ease about the details not to be assumed by a third person without exaggeration. Besides, that portion acknowledged to be from the pen of Mademoiselle Le Normand, is so inferior to that which comes from Josephine's own pen, that it seems impossible to give her credit for so much good sense and natural grace as these volumes indicate. Mademoiselle sometimes approaches the bombastic; Josephine is simple, frank, unpretending. She gives a clear picture of her own life, a vivid and—with all her efforts to palliate, revolving insight into the character of Napoleon—how selfish, how full of arrogance do these volumes exhibit the great Napoleon—how base—how little were his motives compared to his mighty acts! “Would that all tyrants might, like him, be chained to a rock in the ocean,” said a great man, when speaking of Napoleon.







LES MODES PARISIENNES.





LES NOTES PARISIENNES.



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No. 3

THE RETURN FROM MEXICO

"They return—they return—
They return no more!"

WAR is always terrible! Its depopulated fields, its slaughtered thousands, and its demoralizing tendencies, render it, even in the justest cause, a thing for humanity to weep over.

This nation has just emerged from a contest in which victory has everywhere attended its arms. A part of those who were actively engaged in it, we have just seen returning to their homes, honorably discharged from service. Of these, some bring back the reputation of heroic deeds, such as would hot disgrace the brightest page of history. Others arrive, however, disfigured, or maimed for life. But how many have never returned at all!

What a contrast between the return of the living and dead! The one comes back, with brows wreathed with victory, and steps attended by military pomp; but the other is brought home in sadness, in silence, in tears. Each has fought with equal bravery, yet how dissimilar the result! We might record the names of a host who have returned with elevated rank and high military reputations; but what a crowd of the illustrious dead we should have to place in the balance against them. There was Vinton, the accomplished gentleman, the sincere Christian—there was Ringgold, the Bayard of the army—there was Garland, and Twiggs, and Graham, and Scott, and a hundred others. But, contenting ourselves with the simple tale of one of those who fell, we shall leave the imagination of our readers to supply the story of the rest.

C— was an only son, and the last male scion of his house. High-spirited, generous, and in all things noble, he was the stay and hope of his surviving parent. At the proper age he was placed in the Academy of West Point, for his ancestors had been soldiers in the Revolution, and his earliest dream of ambition been to make himself worthy of their name. He grew up, in this institution, the pride of his class. Athletic in frame, and vigorous in intellect, he excelled alike in manly exercises as in a scholar's acquirements. He graduated in 18—, and was brevetted a lieutenant.

His command was one that allowed him to be much

at home, and here he met his cousin, an orphan girl, to whom his father had given a home. Amiable, accomplished and beautiful, she unconsciously won his affections, as he did hers, and their mutual love was blessed by the aged parent. The young soldier's cup of happiness was already filled to the brim, when the war with Mexico began, and he was ordered, with his regiment, to the seat of hostilities. He was to have been married in a few months; but now all this was suspended. Still he was full of eager anticipations of the future. Oh! little did he know his fate.

Who shall describe the eagerness with which his betrothed bride, and his gray-haired sire now watched for intelligence from the seat of war? Who shall picture the agony of suspense with which they waited for the lists of killed and dangerously wounded after every general action, or the breathless terror with which they hurried from name to name, fearing every moment to find his. The rejoicing crowd, whose huzzas shook the streets outside, little dreamed of what was going on in that old mansion. Several battles had now occurred, and he was still unharmed, so that, at last, their fears grew less poignant. The war, too, was thought to be nearly over, and they began to speculate on his probable speedy return. Suddenly, with the news of a great victory, came intelligence of his death.

He had fallen, indeed, at the head of his column—but what solace was this to his broken-hearted family! He had died with heroic words upon his lips—but could this reanimate his lifeless clay now? One wild shriek burst from his affianced bride, as she read the awful intelligence, and then she fell fainting to the floor. The emotion of his parent, though less violently exhibited, was not less fearful. The hope of his declining years, the only child of his sainted wife, the last representative of his ancient line, was no more; and, as the thought came over his memory, he groaned in bitterness, and, with Job, wished he had never been born.

They had talked of the return of their young hero—well, he came—but in how different a guise from what they had expected! He came with no prancing

steed, amid the brilliant panoply of war; but borne in his coffin, he entered his father's house for the last time. The sound of the dead march attended him, and not the bold triumphal music they had looked for; and tears, instead of smiles, met him at the threshold.

They laid him in the old wainscotted chamber, the same room where his grandsire, with his sword across him, had lain in state: and crowds poured in from the broad street to gaze on the dead man's face, and see the honorable wound by which he had fallen. But oh! what solace was all this to the crushed hearts that sat desolate in the neighboring apartment.

As evening drew on the crowds departed, and the bereaved were left to weep alone. Then only did

they enter that old hall to indulge their grief. His affianced bride flung herself at the foot of the coffin, which shook under her convulsive sorrow. His sire buried his face, in like manner, at the head. And the soldier's favorite dog cowered by his side, expressing, by that attitude, his grief.

The hour of agony that ensued passes our power to tell. But the mourners had one comfort amid their sorrow—like the lamented Vinton, he, for whom they wept, had died a Christian. This thought, at last, brought consolation, and enabled his sire to say, as he clasped his aged hands, and looked up, with streaming eyes, to heaven,

"The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord!"

M A D E L I N E .

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Thy home was by the singing stream,
On which all golden shadows gleam,
Like sun and shade upon a dream,
When first I saw thee, Madeline;
No dove was purer, none so pure,
And life's rich font was deep and sure,
Within a faith that must endure,
'Till life shall leave thee, Madeline.

Thou art a child of nature's choice,
It speaks within thy winning voice,
In tones that make the heart rejoice,
When listening to thee, Madeline;
A simple, modest, guileless one,
Whose heart like flowers beneath the sun,
Breaths out its richest gifts upon
The world's rude pathway, Madeline.

There is no form of wretchedness,
No care for Love to watch and bless,
With its own rays of happiness,
So pure and peaceful, Madeline—
But finds thee near with word and deed,
A friend amid the bitterest need,
To pour upon the hearts that bleed,
A tide of comfort, Madeline.

A soul all quick to sympathize,
A nature truthful to those ties,
That raise our wishes to the skies,
Are thine to fulness, Madeline—
Too high for nothing that may bring,
Peace in the shadow of its wing;
Something to which the poor may cling—
And find a shelter, Madeline.

A creature reaching to the stars,
Yet stooping to remove the bars
Of iron want, against which jars
The world's high-souled Madeline,—
Those beacon lights that shine along,
Life's ocean-way with beams as strong,
As truth when armed 'gainst the wrong,
Sheds from her altars Madeline.

No duty but can bring to thee.
From thy full stores of purity,
A truthfulness and energy
As deep and lasting, Madeline—
As only those can feel and know,
Who like to thee live in the glow,
That Love and Charity bestow
On the true-hearted, Madeline.

Thou hast no taint of worldliness,
That downwards on high spirits press,
And crush the flowers of gentleness,
E'en in their budding, Madeline;
That shut the heart in chill and drear,
With clouds of bitterness and fear,
And turn to ice each gushing tear,
For erring nature, Madeline.

A host of gentle memories
Of deep forgivingness arise,
Within the beaming of thine eyes,
That swell with kindness, Madeline,
Outgiving all of love and truth,
Of modest prudence and Ruth,
That hope could fashion for a youth,
Sunful of promise, Madeline.

From out the fountain of thy heart,
With impulsive wild as archer's dart,
The streams of tenderness outstart,
So bright and star-like, Madeline;
Upbearing on their mountain tide,
Those whom the world has scourged and tried,
And deeply have their garments dyed,
In bitter waters, Madeline.

But still thou canst amid the wrong,
Hear murmurs of that spirit-song,
With which that earnest-hearted throng,
Claim kindred with thee, Madeline;
Can see their foot-prints on the shore,
Untouched amid the breaker's roar,
Firm as the souls that's gone before,
And pure as thine is, Madeline.

KATE LEE'S EXPERIENCE IN FLIRTING.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

It was a busy, bustling day at Glenwood, yet a very happy day withal, for the sky was cloudless, and though it was the beginning of September, it was as warm and sunny as in June. All over the village, from Pine Hill to Hazlewood brook, children were running to and fro, bearing bouquets of dahlias, many-colored zelias, and scarlet, white and crimson phlox. These treasures were all deposited in the town-hall, where the young ladies of the village were busily engaged in re-arranging them, and placing them in vases on the long tables that stretched the whole length of the room on either side, and which were already filled to profusion with frosted cakes, wreath-surrounded pyramids, and towers of luscious looking fruit.

Down the centre of the hall, another row of tables extended, and these were tastefully arranged with every imaginable article of needle-work, from the beautifully embroidered ottoman covers, to the plain gingham sun-bonnet of a child. Festoons of ground pine and wild flowers hung from the chandeliers above, and the upper part of the windows and the pillars were wreathed with similar decorations.

Between the two doors which gave ingress and egress to and from the saloon, stood another table, wider, but not more than one fourth as long as the others, and on this dolls of various shapes and sizes—rabbit pin-cushions—barking dogs—noisy cats—humming tops, and toys of all descriptions, lay in loving contiguity. Above, in large letters of ever-green, was traced on a white ground, “Fair of the Benevolent Association.” Opposite the Northern entrance door curtains of blue worsted damask, and white muslin, were looped up with tasseled cords on either side, revealing to the thirsty, the cool looking apparatus of a soda-fountain, and piles of plates and spoons awaiting their burdens of iced creams. Adjoining this was a raised platform, hung with wreaths of green, and festooned to the opposite walls on either side.

The snowy muslin of the curtains hung in graceful folds concealing the interior, but in gilt letters on a placard above, the post-office, and the office of the Glenwood Telegraph were designated. The remaining corner of the room was as wild looking a place as one might find in a days' ramble in the pine woods that skirt the Eastern part of the village. The girls could have no credit in planning and arranging that grotto-like place, for the mimic rocks half covered with green moss that formed the arching doorway, was all the work of one pair of hands; and that same pair cut from the forest two nearly half grown pine trees, and had them conveyed, with much difficulty, to be sure, but with final success, to the mimic grotto,

where their towering tops touched the ceiling, and enveloped in deep shade the nook beyond. The seats were moss-covered, with here and there a shell imbedded, and the walls were hung with forest drapery.

To complete the enchantment of the scene, a sound of dropping water was heard from the darkest corner, and when the pine boughs were parted, the gleaming light fell upon a moss-surrounded basin, where gold fish were sporting. Every one knew that the only gold fish in Glenwood belonged to Dr. Bertwood's son, but there were many who did not know that Harry Bertwood planned and made that gipsy's cave for the veriest little gipsy in all Glenwood. They thought it strange that such a book-worm as he should interest himself so much about the fair; and it certainly was a rather remarkable proceeding; for the year before Harry had called the association a nonsensical affair, and did not even honor the meetings with his presence. There were some among them who remembered that Kate Lee had not then returned from boarding-school, and putting that with the fact that Kate was to be the fortune-teller, and that Harry had shown an uncommon fondness for ladies' society ever since his return from Brooklyn, they ceased to marvel at the time spent upon the grotto, and only wondered if Kate would treat him as indifferently as she had all her other admirers.

The day was fast wearing away, when Miss Bellamy, the president of the association, announced that all arrangements for the evening were finished, and those present were requested to retire from the hall, and prepare themselves for their evening's duty. Miss Bellamy then crossed over to the fortune-teller's cave where Kate Lee was standing, half hidden by a large bunch of the pine tree, and arranging some of the smaller boughs.

“Well, Katrine,” said she, as she approached, “have you already commenced your divinings, or are you breathing some wierd spell to consecrate your grotto?”

“Neither one nor the other, Mag, but I am half regretting my acceptance of the part allotted to me; for I understand we are to have a fine band of music to promenade by, and here I shall be confined to my den, while you will be skipping from one part of the saloon to the other; but it is too late for regrets, so come along, Maggie, or we shall be locked in—Mr. Bertwood, my bonnet, if you please.”

Again the pine boughs parted, and a young man of noble bearing stood in their presence. His hair hung in masses of short, waving curls about a forehead white as the purest marble. The strong intellect that dwelt within gleamed from the dark grey eyes, while the large aquiline nose, and haughty curve of the

mouth, relieved the face from that effeminacy of expression which the masses of curls and delicacy of complexion might otherwise have given it. His hands and feet were small almost to a fault, but were perfect in their contour, and his whole bearing was that of a gentleman as he stepped from the shade, and with mock gravity bowed to the surprised Miss Bellamy.

"Why, Harry, is that you?" she said, "we have missed you for the last half hour—but see, they are threatening to lock us in."

"Yes, and it is quite time that the doors were closed, for it wants but an hour of our re-assembling," replied Harry; then turning to Kate, he said in a lower tone—

"Your leghorn, Miss Lee, I am sorry to say, has dropped into the water, and as it was owing to my carelessness, how shall I atone for it?"

"My poor, unfortunate bonnet! Oh, it is too provoking; but it must be dried immediately, for I must have it to wear to-night."

Harry bent his head, passed under the arch, and soon returned with a very rueful countenance, bearing in one hand the mutilated leghorn, which plainly showed that it had not only been dropped in, but had been taking a course of hydropathics.

"Oh, my bonnet is ruined—garland and all—and I should not care so much, but there is not another leghorn in the whole village large enough for me to wear—so you see, Margaret, I can't be gipsy to-night."

"You must, Kate, bonnet or no bonnet—there is no one to take your place; but I am sure it was very careless in you to hang it over the water."

"It was my carelessness, Miss Margaret," interrupted Bertwood.

"Well, if I was Kate, I would not speak to you once during the evening," replied Miss Bellamy.

"I am subject to her majesty's orders," said Harry, bending one knee, and proffering the dripping leghorn, "but I sincerely hope my punishment will not be so severe."

Catharine took her dripping leghorn, and holding it at arm's length, passed down the hall, followed by her companions. They parted at the entrance, and Kate hurried across the park through the shaded yard into the house, and then went directly up the staircase to her room. There, upon the bed, was laid out her dress for the evening, and as she cast her eyes upon the ruined bonnet, she exclaimed—"oh, had it not been for his provoking carelessness, my dress would have been complete;" then raising her voice as she stepped back to the stairs, she cried, "Julia, come here this moment." The sound of quick footsteps was heard on the stairs, and along the passage way, and a good looking mulatto girl entered the room.

"Why, Miss Catharine, when did you come in? Mr. Travers has come. He came in the afternoon stage—and oh, he is such a handsome man—your mother talked a long while with him—and he brought a letter from Miss Emma: and I found this box in the entry after he had gone—wont you open it?—it has some handsome present in it, I'll be bound."

"I wish Mr. Travers and his presents were both

where they came from," said Kate Lee, pettishly, pushing the band-box away from her with her slumped foot. Julia's lips moved, but there came no audible sound. She evidently thought that if her mistress could resist Mr. Travers' attractions, she never would love, and a look of mingled disappointment and reaction settled upon her face. She hastened to arrange Catharine's glossy curls, and turning around for the dress of velvet, which lay beside them on the bed, she espied the ruined leghorn.

"Oh! Miss Catharine, your bonnet—your beautiful bonnet!—how did you get it so wet?"

"Why, Jule, it was through the greatest piece of carelessness I ever heard of. Harry Bertwood hung it over the water, and it dropped in, and must have soaked half an hour or more; but never mind; it can't be helped now—you are lacing that garter rather too tight, Jule; there, that will do; now, bring me my bodice."

The last fastenings of the bodice and sleeves were arranged, and as Kate Lee stood before her mirror, and saw the reflection of her beautiful form and face, and noted how very becoming was the dress she wore, a smile lit up her fine features, and her large, dark eyes flashed with unwonted excitement.

"You look beautifully, Miss Catharine, and I wish Mr. Travers could see you now. I am sure he would teach that awkward Mr. Bertwood to know his place, yes, and to keep it too," and Jule smiled cunningly, as she marked the flush which spread over her young mistress' face.

Kate Lee made no reply, but a smile played around her rose-bud mouth, dimpling either cheek. Bounding down the staircase into the drawing-room, she stood before her mother.

"Come, mother, let me tell your fortune—give me your hand."

"No, Catharine, darling, save your eloquence for this evening! Did Julia tell you that Mr. Travers had been here?"

"Yes, and I wonder what should have possessed him to have come just at this time of all others. I'll run up and see what there is in the box, for Julia said he brought a box and letter from cousin Emma."

A few moments more, and Kate glided into the room again with a beautiful chip bonnet placed saucily upon her head, and knotted under her pretty chin with cherry ribbon. A delicate wreath of velvet ivy leaves, and small clusters of scarlet berries were wreathed around the crown; and Mrs. Lee, as she looked at her daughter, thought she had never seen her half so beautiful before.

"This is just the thing, mother, is it not?" she said. "It was just what I was wishing for the day we first spoke of having a grotto, and a fortune-teller, and oh! it was so kind of Emma to send it—I wonder how she ever thought of it. I declare, I shall be just as glad again to see Frank Travers, for this beautiful bonnet has quite put me in conceit of him and myself too."

Again Catharine's eyes wandered to the mirror, and the blush that mantled her face as her eyes met the fair reflection, was as purely beautiful as the rosy hue of a sunset cloud.

"I will run along now, mother," she continued,

"and if Mr. Travers should stop again, tell him he will be sure to find me at the gipsey's cave." Then kissing her mother affectionately, she passed out.

CHAPTER II.

THIS large town hall was brilliantly and beautifully illuminated. Never at any previous fair had one half the taste been displayed. Sounds of music from the concealed orchestra filled the rooms with gushing melody, and fair young creatures in dresses of snowy muslin, glided about, presiding sylphs of the fairy-like scene.

Group after group passed in, and Kate watched eagerly for Travers' coming. She remembered his fine stately figure; and a sensation of vanity stole through her heart, as she thought of his having left the fascinations of a city life to pay her a visit. The pleasure she should experience in having so faultless a figure for an escort during the evening, gratified her not a little. Impatiently she looked again toward the doorway, and saw Harry Bertwood making his way through the now crowded hall toward her.

"Now for my revenge," she thought.

"Why, Miss Catharine, you are most certainly a witch, as well as a gipsey—else how have you converted your ruined leghorn into a chip hat so very becoming?" he said, as he approached her.

"Well, Mr. Bertwood," said she, in tones of mock gravity, "if you are my father confessor, I must go back and give you its whole history, as far as I know it."

"By no means, Miss Lee," he replied, the blood mounting to his temples—"I did not intend to be too curious, but it was really such a very great change—you must excuse me."

"Certainly I will, but don't lose all your curiosity so soon, for a proper degree of it is always commendable. Now, I shall set you down for not having a very inquiring mind, if you become satisfied without hearing more."

"Well, then, I am all curiosity—pray tell me more," and Harry Bertwood became deeply interested in marking figures on the sanded floor with the toe of his small boot.

"You have heard me speak of Mr. Travers, a city friend of mine—have you not?"

"Yes," was his only reply, as he worked more diligently than ever at his mathematical problems.

"Well," she continued, "he came from New York quite unexpectedly to me this afternoon, and I have not seen him yet to thank him for so kindly bringing me such a perfect specimen of taste and beauty; but I am expecting him here every moment, and I am so impatient I can hardly await his coming."

Harry did not raise his head; and Kate, provoked that he showed no signs of jealousy, continued, "I believe that I once told you that he was self-conceited, but I begin to think that it was nothing but self-possession, for since I have returned from school I have seen so much awkwardness amongst country gentlemen that I am heartily sick of it."

Still Harry was silent, but as he raised his eyes there was a quiet smile in them which Kate did not

like. At this moment several persons gathered around to have their fortunes told, and though Kate Lee's heart was throbbing wildly beneath the velvet bodice, she rattled on as rapidly as though no storm cloud had overshadowed her spirit. Laughing and jesting the gay group passed on, and Catharine lifted the wreathing vines and went into her grotto.

"And this is the evening I have anticipated so long," she mentally said—"the evening which I have never dreamed could bring me other than happiness—and now that I have found that he loves me not, what is all this music—all these mirthful sounds but mockery? I, who was so sure of his love, and thought to try and trifle with it! I to have been thus cruelly mistaken! Well, I deserve it all. Was I not trying to deceive and mislead him about Travers? Ah! his past attentions have sprung from another source than love."

Kate's meditations were interrupted here, for a tall form darkened the entrance, and, rising to her feet, she met the extended hand of Travers. They passed out together, she leaning on his arm, and after chatting awhile with him, she resumed her place at her table, which Harry had made for her out of gnarled and knotted sticks from the forest.

"My fortune, now, if you please," said Travers, following her, "and to persuade you to give me a good one; let me first cross your hand with gold," so saying, he crossed a small gold piece twice over Katrine's tiny palm, and then dropped it into the richly embroidered wallet which hung at her side. Kate Lee took the proffered hand, gazing wistfully for a moment: then raising her eyes to his with a steady gaze, in a clear, unfaltering voice she repeated—

"Ambition is thy idol!" "Yet press on!
For it shall make you mighty among men;
And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,
Ye shall look down on monarchs. Oh, press on!
For the high ones and powerful shall come
To do your reverence: and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your brow,
And read it like a talisman of love!
Press on! for it is God-like to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetter of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of Heaven!"

As she finished, tears sprang to her eyes, for it was a piece she had committed to memory to repeat to Bertwood when he should come to her for his fortune; and as she looked into the unexpressive face before her, and saw how little the beautiful lines were appreciated, her heart yearned for one more smile from the intellectual countenance in whose light she had lived for the past few weeks. At that moment Harry Bertwood stepped forward.

"It is my turn, is it not?" he said, placing his coin upon the table.

Kate Lee raised her eyes—the same quiet smile met hers which had so annoyed her before. Like a flash of lightning through her heart passed the thought—"he has seen my weakness, and he glories in it."

All the pride of her nature arose at the thought, but with a strong effort she conquered her embarrassment, and gazing into his hand without taking it, she said slowly and impressively—

"I seal thee with a seal, I sign thee with a sign,
No woman's love shall rest on thee, no woman's heart be
thine."

A laugh arose from the merry idlers round about, as Harry Bertwood, with an impatient gesture, raised his hand quickly from the table, and went forth from their midst.

The evening hours wore away. Kate seemed merriest of the merry, and though at times a shadow flitted over her sunny face as her dark eyes wandered from one end of the hall to the other, without finding the object of her thoughts—still no one dreamed that the waters of her heart were more than usually troubled. At a late hour she again crossed the park, this time leaning on Travers' arm.

"It was very kind of you," she said, "to take the trouble of the package from Emma."

"Oh, no trouble at all; but a great pleasure, I can assure you," he replied.

"I hardly know what I should have done without it; but it took so large a box, I should never have thought of troubling a gentleman with it; for I believe you all have a horrible aversion to band-boxes. Why I once had a friend, quite a beau, and a perfect gentleman withal, who upon offering to wait upon a lady home from a tableaux party, she produced a huge band-box, and he stood as if he had just been taken with a cataleptic fit—rolling up his eyes first at her, and then at the box—after a while he suggested that a dray or a porter should be sent for, and she acquiescing, he gave a satisfactory 'umph,' and they trudged off together—he looking very much victimized, and we nearly killing ourselves with laughter. I have never seen a band-box from that day to this without feeling an almost irresistible desire to try the gallantry of some gentleman with it, though never yet having the courage; but jesting apart, you really deserve a great many thanks for your trouble."

"Surely there is some mistake, Miss Lee—I have had no band-box. I can assure you, under my charge. Your cousin Emma gave me a letter, but said nothing about the box—if she had, I am afraid I should have rolled up my eyes as far as your cataleptic friend's, for I have always thought baggage a bore—and a lady's band-box the most detestable thing in creation."

"Really, Mr. Travers, you are quite plain spoken; but very sensible withal, I think; although you cannot guess how much surprise I feel at finding that I am not indebted to you for bringing it. How could it have got here?"

"That is more than I can imagine, Miss Lee; but you made such an admirable little fortune-teller, you ought to be able to divine."

Kate made no reply; she was lost in thought; and when she reached the piazza she drew her arm impatiently, almost rudely out of Travers, and threw herself into a garden chair. Travers drew a seat near her, and looking earnestly in her face, said—

"I trust I have not offended you, Miss Lee—I sincerely hope I have not been so unfortunate."

"Oh! no, you have done nothing, Mr. Travers; but I am vexed with myself, and I have a foolish way of showing in my countenance when my heart is ill at rest."

"And may I not share your heart troubles, Catharine—I have flattered myself that you are not entirely indifferent to me; and it is for this reason that I have lingered by your side. Give me but one faint hope that you will love me, Catharine; and it shall be my life long study to make you happy."

Travers spoke earnestly, but respectfully; and there was a depth of tenderness in his voice which Kate Lee had never heard before. The flower-perfumed air; the moonbeams trembling through the vines, and falling fitfully upon their faces; the quiet beauty of the scene before them seemed to make it a fit time for the interchange of vows, and as Kate listened to the low pleading voice, and her eyes fell upon the really handsome face of her suitor, her heart throbbed with new emotions—emotions of gratified pride and vanity, which fell as balm upon her wounded and mortified spirit. But her reply was calm and effortless, and as the words fell upon Travers' practiced ears, he felt that as yet he had awakened no heart emotions in Catharine's bosom. Again he plead long and earnestly, and when they parted a diamond ring glistened in the moonbeams upon the betrothed finger of Kate's snowy hand

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Kate Lee went to her sleeping chamber, she found the lamp burning dimly upon the dressing-bureau; and Julia, wearied with watching, fast asleep upon the floor. For a moment she stood in front of the mirror, gazing intently at her own reflection. She had thought to have found her face crimsoned with excitement, but it was pallid as the petals of the pure jasmine flower, whose odorous breath filled her chamber with perfume. She cast her eyes downward, and they fell upon the diamond, shooting back with renewed brilliancy the feeble rays of the lamp. The events of the past evening seemed as a dream to her—Harry Bertwood's mocking smile—her foolish coquetry with Travers—his impassioned words of love—her reluctantly, half yielded promise, all pressed with a heavy weight upon her heart; and poor Kate sank upon the floor sobbing grievously, and deeply lamenting her own folly and weakness.

In the calm stillness of the night she looked back upon the scenes of the evening in surprise. How needlessly had she, in a few short hours, destroyed her own happiness forever. "No, I will be happy yet," she said, as these thoughts passed in review through her mind. "Betrothed to a man that I neither respect nor love!" she exclaimed, and drawing the ring which had pressed with such a hateful weight upon her tiny finger, she dashed it upon the floor. "What blind infatuation possessed me to listen to words of love from him?" she murmured, "when my whole heart—my whole being is another's, and that other so unlike! What matter if he does not love me? so long as I am my own I can dream of him, and pray for him in innocence, and—" she paused, the sound of a foot upon the gravel walk below fell upon her ear, and almost immediately a folded paper attached to a small bouquet fell through the open window at her feet.

"It is from Travers," she thought, and she made no movement to take it. Then again sounded the entreatting tones of his musical voice, pleading for one word of hope, one smile of encouragement, and the memory of her boarding-school days, which he had pictured to her as years of hope deferred to his worshipping heart—when he had gazed upon her as a pure, bright star at a distance—hoarding up all the wealth of his affections to pour them out unceasingly before her, and her heart reproached her with anticipations of the dreariness and disappointment he would feel when she should take back the promise which she had partly made. With a half resolve to sacrifice her own happiness for his sake, she stretched out her hand and raised the bouquet. The bay leaf breathing of "deathless change," was wreathed with the "despairing" cypress and the "faithful" cedar, and from their midst a bunch of scarlet geraniums whispered in voiceless words to Catharine's heart of "disappointed hopes." With a trembling hand she unsealed the note, for she well knew that this was not the language of Travers' hoping spirit.

She read aloud.

"Catharine, when you open this I shall be far from here, and shall not be pained with the sight of the uncaring smiles which a knowledge of my unhappiness will awaken upon your face. Yes, I firmly believe that you, in all your heartlessness, will jest at my love, even as you have already jested with my feelings; and though I bitterly lament the mistaken idea which I had formed of your character, I have no power to crush the buds of hope which for the past few weeks I have woven with my being. Time and absence alone can cause them to droop and wither, and till then I shall remain an alien to my home, a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

Farewell, HARRY.

Kate Lee set as one stupefied after reading the letter. Hours passed before she moved or stirred. With a knowledge of his love her throbbing heart became so calm and tranquil, that she pressed her little hand upon it to see if its pulsations were still continued. She kissed the note again and again, and looked earnestly amongst the leaves of the wreathed flowers, as if she waited for another message from their midst. The reaction from utter hopelessness and misery to boundless hope and happiness was so great, that it drove from her mind all memory of other causes of regret, and her partial engagement was as a thing which had never been. Even the announcement of Harry's absence made little or no impression upon her mind; but the one thought of his love filled it with dreamy forgetfulness; and clasping the letter close to her heart, she threw herself upon the bed, without even unloosening the fastening of her velvet bodice; and murmuring his name at intervals she slept.

Julia, the colored maid, rose carefully from the matted floor, and taking her slippers from her feet, stole noiselessly to the side of the couch.

"Ah, I will be happy yet," repeated Catharine in her sleep, as she turned restlessly. Julia nodded significantly, and her eyes gleamed as she saw the paper which had fallen from her young mistress' hands.

"I was crossed in my love for your whims, and you shall be as happy as I have been," she muttered,

as she crossed the room to the bureau where the lamp was still faintly burning. With a pin she raised the wick—scraped off the thick substance which had collected about it, and, shading it with one hand, proceeded to look for the ring.

The glittering stone soon revealed its hiding-place beside the richly carved post of the massive mahogany bedstead, and a smile shot across the countenance of the mulatto girl, as holding it close with one hand she sat down the lamp, and lifted the bouquet which had fallen from Kate's lap to the floor. Then dropping the window curtains and blowing out the lamp, she took her slippers and stealthily left the room. Down the staircase and through the wide hall she passed to the back door, and gently undoing the fastenings, stepped out into the fresh morning air. The moon had long since gone down, but day was just breaking in the Eastern Heavens, and the wily servant girl wrapped her woollen shawl more closely about her, and with a quick step threaded a little path through the green fields. She spoke but once in her hurried walk, and then with flashing eyes and upraised hand, she said—

"I have not waited my time in vain—I knew it would come at last."

She approached the river, and as she passed along through the shade of the willows that skirted the bank she paused for a moment, for streaming from the lattices of a large white dwelling that stood within a grove just beyond her path, the light fell upon a pile of baggage beside the open door.

"It is as I thought—he waits the early morning coach," she said, then turning her eyes to the ground, she stood for a few moments in the attitude of one in a deep study, occasionally biting her lips as if some of her thoughts thwarted her in her plans.

At length everything was evidently arranged to her satisfaction, for crushing the delicate geraniums between her fingers, she passed in and stood beside the open door. She had just raised her hand to the knocker when Harry Bertwood, equipped in traveling cap and cloak, came through the hall and stood beside her. A gleam of hope shot across his pale face as he recognized Julia, who spoke hurriedly.

"It is you, Master Harry, that I want—Miss Catharine sent me with a message, will you come with me to the gate 'till I give it you?"

"Did she send me no note, Julia?"

"No, sir; but she sent back yours, and the crushed flowers here which she stamped beneath her feet." There was not sufficient light to show the look of agony which settled on young Bertwood's noble features, but he reached out his hand and clasping the flowers close, pressed them nervously to his face.

"Oh, be a man, Master Harry," said the deceitful girl, as she saw his agony.

"And is this all?" said Bertwood, in a hollow tone.

"Yes, all; only she bade me tell you that she is engaged to Mr. Travers, and that you might believe me, she sent the diamond ring which he gave her last evening."

"Enough—enough," replied Harry Bertwood, as he pushed the hand holding the ring from him—"enough to drive me mad."

The horn of the approaching stage-coach sounded. Julia crept away to the shade of the willows, watching until she saw the baggage fastened on, and the affectionate adieu between Harry and his parents. As she heard the crack of the stage-driver's whip she turned and rapidly retraced her steps to Mr. Lee's dwelling. Noiselessly she entered the room she had left scarce an hour before, and replaced the ring by the side of the bed-post. The grey light of morning glimmered through the muslin folds of the embroidered curtains; and Julia, whose custom had been to draw the lattices together that the light might not disturb her young mistress, now parted the curtains on either side, and then took her place upon the floor again. She laid quietly a few moments, and then, finding that her mistress still slept soundly, she purposely pushed her foot against a chair and overturned it. Kato started at the noise, sat upright, pressed both hands across her eyes, as if striving to recall some half remembered dream, and then with a cry of joy bounded to her feet. But in vain she looked for the note—for the flowers—there was no trace, not even a crushed leaf to convince her that it had been reality. The open window, the withdrawn curtains, the lamp upon the bureau, and even the diamond ring upon the floor, everything was just as she had left it. Could it have been a dream? She looked toward Julia, who was apparently sleeping soundly, with one arm thrown over her head. Again she commenced her fruitless search, and finding no clue to unravel the mystery, she threw herself upon the couch, saying—"I know it was no dream."

"Did you speak to me, Miss Catharine," said Julia, rising to her feet, and then looking with apparent astonishment from her mistress' gipsy dress to her own wearing apparel, she continued, "oh, Miss Catharine, why didn't you wake me up to undress you—how could you let me sleep so soundly—what would your father say if he knew it? Oh, dear! it is too bad, and you look so pale and tired too, and your eyes are swollen as if you'd been a crying all night."

"I was up late, Julia, and when I lay down I fell asleep without intending to; but make haste, and take these foolish things off, and bring me a clean wrapper—and, Julia, don't say anything about my sleeping in these things all night, and with the window wide open, for I know it would worry father and mother, and that is unnecessary."

"Oh, certainly, Miss Catharine," and Julia hastened to remove the dress with a smile upon her lips which she could not disguise. She then brought out of a closet a white muslin wrapper, and laying it across the bed, proceeded to brush and re-curl the long, dark tresses which hung in dishevelled masses upon Catharine's snowy neck.

"No, Julia, braid them, and put them up plain," interrupted her mistress, "and take away that white wrapper, and bring me the pink lawn, for I am pale this morning."

Julia obeyed, and when the breakfast bell rang Kate Lee descended to the drawing-room, looking far more beautiful in her simple loveliness than in her brilliant dress of the evening before; for there was a serene, a subdued look resting upon her

features, which had never before found its home there.

When Mr. Travers called Kate received him alone.

"I regret, Mr. Travers," she said, "that the thoughtlessness of last evening requires the painful explanation which I feel obliged to give in justice to you as well as myself."

Kate paused for a moment, for the warm blood so mantled her face that she was painfully embarrassed. Travers waited patiently, but an expression of anger settled upon his face as Kate continued—

"I received your attentions last evening from motives unworthy a place in my heart, and which I feel ashamed to confess." Again her voice was tremulous with emotion, and her small lips quivered nervously. It was but for a moment. With a strong effort she subdued the pride which was almost choking her, and proceeded—"out of revenge from an imagined carelessness on the part of one—one to whom I have ever been partial, I devoted my conversation to you while my mind was entirely upon that one, and as his apparent indifference convinced me that he did not love me, I listened to you when I ought not to—but I thank God that I found out my feelings soon enough to prevent me from wrecking my own happiness forever, and I return the ring which I so unwillingly allowed you to place upon my finger last night, hoping that you will forgive me if I have seemed to trifle with your feelings, for believe me, I shall suffer enough with the memory of my weakness constantly before me."

As Kate ceased speaking, Travers arose and walked the room hastily.

Very different was the expression of his countenance from the look of agony which passed over Harry Bertwood's face, when Julia delivered her false message.

It was more a vexed look—a look of chagrin—a look wherein the heart had no part; but Kate saw it not, for the long lashes of her snowy lids were drooping low upon her pale face, and with her hands clasped nervously together she sat motionless, bearing the humiliation which her thoughtless conduct of the evening before had brought upon her. Those few hours of anxiety of mind had wrought a great change in Kate's countenance as well as in her heart; and when Travers turned toward her and noted the subdued loveliness of her expression, he stood for a moment as if spell bound. Then seating himself beside her, he again plead with all the eloquence of which he was master, but in vain—the words would have made as much impression upon a marble statue as upon her, but she listened patiently and replied calmly, and Travers left her after exhausting all his powers, fully convinced that there was one heart in the world proof against his many charms.

Then Kato hastened to her room, fastened the door, and upon her bended knees thanked God that the heavy burden which had so weighed her down the night before had been removed from her spirit. Her eyes were filled with tears when she arose—tears for the pain which she had been obliged to cause another, and her bosom heaved with the heart-swells she could not suppress. As she passed along to the window seat, her eyes fell upon the unopened letter which

Travers had brought her from her cousin Emma the day before, and wondering at her forgetfulness where one she loved so well was concerned, she hastily seized it and broke the seal. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR KATRINE—I have news for you. Grand-papa's will has been found, and you and myself are the sole heiresses, fifty thousand dollars a piece. Isn't that nice, dear coz—and wont we flirt to our hearts content, and bring ever so many falcons down? Oh, I have such a charming deal to tell you, but you will be with us soon, for papa is writing to-day to uncle Will, to tell him that he must come immediately and have the estate settled, and of course he will bring the heiress with him. Don't let Travers make too much love to the fifty thousand, but I need not tell you to beware, for you well know that with all his beauty he is the most selfish, self-conceited man in creation, and this I remember you know as well as myself. Adieu, dearest, and believe me ever

Your affectionate cousin,
EMMA LEE."

As Kate finished reading another weight was taken from her spirit, for here, clear as the noon-day light, she found the evidence of Travers' sudden and *disinterested* affection. She hastened to her father's library, and placed the letter before him. He drew his daughter affectionately toward him and kissed her tenderly, and then with a quick eye scanned the contents of the letter.

"Hum—hum—you had enough without it, Kate," he said, "and now this giddy cousin is giving you nice notions. Stand up a moment till I see how much higher you carry your head, for I thought it was high enough before."

"No higher, believe me, dear father, and I do not even wish to go to New York with you, and I hate flirtations, and I—"

"Well, well, my little prude, what now?—it will be necessary for you to go to New York, and I suppose you can do that without flirting—can't you?"

"Oh, yes, but must I indeed go, papa?"

"Why, yes, child, and haven't you been saying ever since you come from school that you wanted to pay your cousin Emma a visit, and coaxing me to let you go?"

"Oh, I forgot that," said Kate, blushing, as with a very embarrassed air she escaped from the room.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the evening before Kate's departure for New York. Struggling with a heart sickness which she had never before known, poor Kate Lee leaned listlessly beside her open casement, and the tears which fell from her fringed lids were welling from a fountain disturbed from its purity, and embittered by her own thoughtlessness. Deeply had she suffered for that one evening of levity, for days had flitted away and brought her no tidings of Harry.

A quick step upon the matted floor—the rustling of a dress, and Margaret Bellamy stood beside her.

"So you are going to New York to-morrow, I hear," said Miss Bellamy, "and this is why you look so sad—is it not?"

"Yes, I'm going to-morrow, and I do feel sad; but I can scarcely tell you why."

"Perhaps it is because you are going to meet Harry

Bertwood so soon," said Miss Bellamy, with a mischievous glance at Kate's flushing cheeks, and her large, dark eyes which were raised in astonishment.

"Meet him—how so?"

"Oh, you are very innocent, I see: as innocent as if there had been no engagement to meet at New York," replied Miss Bellamy, looking wondrous wise.

"You are talking enigmas to me, Margaret—but is Harry really there?"

"First reply to my question seriously and in good faith," answered Miss Bellamy, "and then I will tell you all about it. Now confess, was there not an understanding between yourselves to meet there?"

"No, indeed, Margaret—Harry did not even tell me he was going to New York."

"Well, then, he is there; his mother says he left home intending to travel, but they got a letter from him yesterday, saying that his uncle was so anxious to have him remain with him and study law, that he had finally concluded to do so. And his mother says he went off so suddenly—wasn't it queer, Kate?"

"Yes, very," she replied, with an absent air.

"And the day before," continued Miss Bellamy, "she received a band-box by the stage, his mother says, and she doesn't even know what was in it."

Kate started; a flood of crimson deluged her face; and her blue-veined temples throbbed painfully.

Merrily flew the talkative Miss Bellamy from one topic to another; but Kate's heart ached so desperately that she could not listen, and very much to her relief Miss Margaret at length took her departure.

Though the many incidents of the fair had crowded thick and fast upon Kate's mind, yet she had never ceased for a moment to wonder from what source had come her beautiful chip bonnet. Now the mystery was solved. It was a gift from Harry, who had heard her say how very much she wished she could procure one; and he had sent it anonymously that she might feel no delicacy in accepting it; and perhaps for the same reason he had purposely let her old leg-horn fall into the water, so that if she should have any suspicions from what source the bonnet had come, she would still be justified in wearing the new one. Then as all this flashed through her mind, with it came the memory of her reply to his query, and with cheeks burning with shame at the thought of her answer, she threw herself upon the bed and wept long and bitterly.

"He thinks me deceitful, coquettish and vain, and I am neither," she sobbed. Then as she reviewed her conduct that eventful evening, she acknowledged how much cause he had to think so, and with a sigh of regret that she had been so untrue to herself, she arose, and dashing the gleaming tears from her eyes, she continued the preparations for her departure with more energy than she had before shown.

There was a time, and that too in days not long past, when the villages of the dear old Bay State were not linked as now with the mighty commercial metropolis of America—when steam-cars and gunpowder were associated in the minds of many as equal causes of destruction. It was in those days that the lumbering stage-coaches wheeled along over the smooth turnpike road.

Kate Lee and her father were within a few miles

of New York, when the driver stopped for the last time to change horses.

"We have a new pair for you to-day, Dick," said the ostler, leading out two noble-looking bays with erect heads and prancing feet—"they ran away yesterday with Mr. Travers, and broke his light rock-away, but they'll have more weight to draw with your heavy team, and won't be in such a hurry to smash that, I guess."

"Ah, them's the kind for me," said the driver, and cracking his whip merrily, he proceeded to fasten them in as leaders.

"Coach ready," said the ostler, opening the bar-room door, and a gentleman, followed by two pointers and a greyhound, stepped out into the porch, ordered his guns and game-bag to be placed on top of the stage, and then sprang inside.

It was Travers. Mr. Lee met him cordially; but Kate's bow was chilling. A few moments afterward she drew her veil over her face, shrouding it from his earnest gaze, and enveloping herself in the warm folds of her thick shawl, she sank back against the cushions with the air of one who forbids any further intrusion. The bays dashed swiftly over the road, obedient to every motion of the rein, and at dusk drew up in front of a hotel, from which they were to take a carriage to Col. Lee's mansion.

Travers first stepped out, and gave his arm to Catharine to lean upon as she descended the steps. With a light pressure she placed one hand upon it, but turned to extricate her dress, which had caught in some portion of the seat.

At this instant a fire-cracker, thrown by some mischievous boy, exploded directly beneath the horses' feet, and with a furious plunge they darted madly forward. Travers caught Kate in his arms and placed her unhurt upon the pavement.

"My father! save my father!" she screamed, but the danger was already past, for the horses in their first plunge had overturned the coach and breaking the harness, dashed on by themselves regardless of the hooting of the boys and the screaming of the fruit venders. Mr. Lee was taken from the stage with one shoulder severely bruised, and his thigh fractured. He was immediately conveyed to his brother's house in Waverly Place, and Mr. Travers followed to ascertain the extent of his injuries.

The next morning the following paragraph appeared in the Herald.

"Last evening as the Glenwood stage was stopping in front of the Broadway House, some rascally boys threw fire-crackers under the horses' feet. They immediately plunged forward, and with difficulty a niece of Col. Lee, of this city, was rescued from the coach. Her father was not taken out until after it was overturned. He was seriously injured. Mr. Lee was formerly a resident of Alabama, and the well-known senator from that state. We hope his injuries will not prove fatal. Our reporter understood that the young lady (who is very beautiful) was rescued from a situation of much peril by a gentleman of this city, who had accompanied her from Glenwood, and to whom she is betrothed."

As poor Harry Bertwood's eyes glanced over the morning paper and rested upon this item, he felt a strange throbbing of the heart at the thought that one

he had loved so well had been in such imminent danger; but it was quickly followed by a thrill of agony that another beside himself should have saved her.

He laid down the paper with the determination of caring naught for one who had proved so unworthy, and with a forced smile upon his lips, and a worm gnawing at his heart, he drew up a chair beside the glowing grate in his uncle's library, and commenced his morning's studies. But the pages of Blackstone and Coke were conned in vain. Then came the memory of dimpled smiles, of blushes, of half averted glances which he had woven into the delicate tissue of hope—then the sudden and rude awaking of his cherished dream—the insulting message of the morning, all flitted before him, and with a brow crimsoned with the memory of his mortification, he dashed the volumes upon the floor, and passed through the hall into the open air.

Weeks passed. Mr. Lee convalesced rapidly, but Kate's close confinement faded the roses from her cheek; and her heart troubles overshadowed her face, for she had waited in vain for some message—some word from Harry. Not a breath—not even a glimpse of his form rewarded her.

One evening, about four weeks from the occurrence of the accident, Kate was sitting in their room with her parents, for Mrs. Lee had come to the city immediately after hearing of her husband's injury, when her cousin Emma danced into the room, saying—

"Come now, Miss Kate, there's no use hiding from me—the tickets are bought—everything is arranged—and Howard and myself are determined you shall go."

"What now, Emma?" interrupted her uncle.

"Why, it's the first night of the opera this season, and all my fashionable friends are going, and I want Kate to go with her pale face as a sort of foil beside my roses," replied the giddy Emma, leaning her face caressingly beside the transparent check of her lovely cousin. "And then beside," she rattled on, "I think her style will be particularly taking to *the few* who like sentimental-looking young ladies. Such magnificent black eyes! such a brow of purity! and then I can band that rich, dark hair so gloriously over the pearl round ear. Come, Kate, I've flattered you enough to get you in a coaxable humor—now, won't you go?—if you don't say yes, I'll begin again."

"Pray, don't, Emma, you've said enough to frighten mother already—see how she is looking at me now. Come, go and dress. I will be down as soon as you, although your hair is already so tastefully and skilfully arranged."

Kate Lee looped up her hair, simply fastening it with silver leaves, and wrapping a scarlet crape shawl over her muslin dress, she stood beside her haughty and beautiful cousin—the pure lily beside the queenly rose.

It was late when they entered the opera-house, and though near the conclusion of the first act, the piece was not of sufficient interest to keep the glasses in all parts of the house from the box where the two cousins were arranging their seats. Whispered exclamations of "superb!" "lovely!" "beautiful!" were heard on all sides, and Emma's eyes sparkled with mischief and fun, while Kate's exquisitely chiselled lips curved with a sorrowful smile.

The first act over—the curtain dropped, and amidst the busy hum of voices Kate's ear caught a familiar tone. She looked around. Close beside her, and in a box diagonal to the one she was in, and to which her back had been previously turned, she saw a group of strange faces, the loveliest of them all a fair young creature with rich golden curls, and large, blue eyes, which made her think of Heaven. Her delicately gloved hand rested upon the arm of one whose face was turned from Kate's, but well she knew every wave of the mass of brown hair which hung about the nobly shaped head! She saw the glorious blue eyes turned up with a pleading expression, and distinctly she heard Harry—her Harry answer—

"Well, Ida, to please you I will consent to wait till then; but the wedding must not be delayed longer; for you know—" here his voice became inaudible as he bent nearer, and the face of the beautiful being he had called Ida was covered with a soft, glowing blush, even to the very brow which the golden hair shaded so lovingly. Kate sighed. "Ah," she mentally ejaculated, "I do not wonder that he has forgotten me for her." The music—the piece—all was lost sight of, and Kate Lee sat motionless, pressing one hand beneath her shawl upon her heart, while again she felt that heavy, crushing weight which had so stupefied her the night of her short, but bitter experience in coquetry.

"See, brother Howard, how intently cousin Kate is entering into the plot of the play—I have not seen her with such a brilliant color for many a day," whispered Emma. And Kate did indeed seem entrapt with the scene before her. Her neck arched forward; her gleaming eyes; her parted lips, knotted with emotion; and the deep, intense glow upon either cheek, contrasting strongly with the purity of the marble brow and faultless chin. The play drew near a close. The color was fast dying away upon Catharine's cheeks: the lights and figures danced to and fro and whirled mazily together: she made one motion to her cousin, and fell back insensible in her arms. Howard lifted her up, and with the assistance of Travers, who immediately stepped out of a side box, they bore her through the lobby to the carriage waiting at the door. As they passed the box where Harry and his companions were seated, the one whom Harry had addressed as Ida caught his arm, saying—

"Look, Harry—look, there is a most beautiful creature pallid as death—she has fainted, Harry—run with my salts—quick—quick," and Ida put a richly cut and gilded vinaigrette into Harry's hands. He did not catch a glimpse of the face until he reached the carriage. Travers had stepped in first, and now held her in his arms. As Harry stood beside them, and saw whose was the beautiful face, he started back in surprise—then seeing the agitation of Emma, who had lost all presence of mind, he proffered the salts. It was eagerly taken, but Emma's hands trembled so violently she could not hold it, and Harry took it from her and knelt beside Kate himself.

Her eyes slowly opened and rested first upon Travers. With a quick shudder she attempted to spring from him, but she was too weak, and fell back with her eyes fixed upon the one kneeling beside her.

Stretching out her arms she murmured, "oh! take me from him, Harry—take me from him."

"I will, darling," he whispered, as he arose and bent over her, "I will, oh, how joyfully," he murmured in a lower tone, and he lifted her and pillow'd her head upon his shoulder, while with a quick gesture of impatience she motioned to Travers to leave. The carriage whirled onward, and Harry only yielded up his burden at the doors of Col. Lee's mansion. As he rapidly retraced his steps, he murmured, "can it be that she has discovered too late that Travers' love is not as deep as mine." He stifled the thoughts and hurried onward.

CHAPTER V.

KATE was very feverish upon her return home, and her parents immediately, in alarm, sent for a physician. "Her pulse was weak and irregular," he said, "but attributed that to the faint, and thought the faint probably caused by the heat and close air of the opera-house." The minds of her parents were greatly relieved when he left, but the month passed away, and she still continued in the same low nervous state, and the physician, not knowing that the disease was in the mind, found all his remedies fruitless.

It was the first week in January. Kate, pillow'd in an easy chair, was sitting beside her mother, who was looking over the morning's paper. Suddenly she exclaimed, "well, I never! I always thought it strange that young Bertwood left our village so suddenly, but here it's all explained."

"What now, mother?" said Kate, in a tremulous voice.

Mrs. Lee replaced her spectacles which in her astonishment had fallen from their place, and commenced reading, "married on the evening of the third instant, by the Right Rev. Bishop —, H. Bertwood, Esq., to Ida, youngest daughter of Horace Abbot."

Kate uttered a low cry, and clasping her arms about her mother's neck, sobbed like a child.

"What is the matter, darling?—what is the matter, child? I was afraid you had been sitting up too long," said Mrs. Lee, as she helped her daughter to the couch.

At this moment Emma came into the room. "Kate," she said, "there is a gentleman in the parlor—the same one who helped you the evening you fainted—perhaps he has come for the vinaigrette, shall I carry it down and tell him you are ill?"

Kate started—"yes—no—wait, I will go myself."

"Why, Kate, are you crazy?" interrupted her mother.

"No, mother, but there is one thing I must and will know—if it was a dream, well and good, if not, I will know what has changed him," and Kate stood up firmly and without trembling in front of the Psyche glass, and threaded her pale fingers through the long, dark tresses, winding them into curls, and looping them up with a gleaming arrow.

"Catharine Lee, you are beside yourself," said her mother, sternly; "have you really loved that Bertwood?—if so, have more respect than to let him know it, now he is married—don't disgrace yourself, my child, I beg of you."

"Never fear, mother," rejoined Kate, "never fear

for me—see, I am strong and well again," and she arranged the folds of her dress and swept out of the room with the same firm step which had characterized her before her illness. She entered the parlors coldly and haughtily. There was no lovelight in her eyes—no misty dew upon the lashes to whisper of the wealth of love which Kate had hoarded in her bosom for the manly form before her, and with an air as distant as her own he rose from his seat, saying—

"I had hardly expected to see you, Miss Lee, having heard you were indisposed. I have called to see if your parents had any message for me to take to Glenwood—I go there to-morrow."

"Ah," thought Kate, "he goes with his bride to show his parents how fair a being calls him husband," but though it passed through her mind like a lightning's flash, she could not keep her voice from trembling as she answered, "no, I know you did not call to see me, but I was determined to know whether I had deceived myself with regard to a note which I have supposed you had written to me—did you ever throw one into my window attached to a bouquet?"

"Did I?—why ask me such a cruel question, Catharine, when you returned the note to me with such an insulting message?"

"I returned the note, Harry!—never—never as I hope for the happiness hereafter which has been denied me here—day and night have I looked for it since—but I forget—it is too late now—oh, Harry, did you really love Ida?"

"Love Ida!—my cousin's wife—I have never loved any one but you, dearest; and is it possible that you did not send Julia to me with the note?"

Kate was too happy to reply, and when soon afterward Mrs. Lee came into the room and found her leaning on Harry's shoulder, his arm pressed round her waist, she stood a perfect tableau of indignation and astonishment.

Kate gave her mother no opportunity to speak, but immediately rising, said—

"Mother, Harry is not married—it was his cousin Hector, and at Ida's urgent solicitation he waited to be groomsman—oh! mother, I am so happy."

Mrs. Lee smiled at Kate's earnestness, and, turning to Harry, said—

"I find we have been employing the wrong physician; but I think even you will be obliged to prescribe rest and quiet, for Kate's cheeks have a very feverish glow."

"I never was better in my life," interrupted Kate, "but come and sit beside us, until I tell you what a deceitful part Julia has acted toward me." Kate then repeated the message which Julia had given Harry the morning of his departure, and added, "what do you suppose, mother, could have made Julia so ungrateful, for I have always treated her kindly, and you know it was at my urgent request that father brought her North with us?"

"Ah, Catharine," replied Mrs. Lee, "I remember it well; and it may be for that very reason that she has acted thus, for she did not want to come North, but preferred remaining in slavery because she wanted to be married to a slave on my brother's plantation; but I thought more of gratifying your wishes than hers."

"Oh, that must have been very hard for poor Jule," said Kate, "I did not dream that she was revenging herself for one of my childish whims—well, now that I find it was Julia instead of Harry that did not love me, I can better bear it; and poor Jule shall be sent back with money enough to buy her lover, and they shall be all the happier for their separation."

"Even as we are," whispered Harry.

I have not room to tell of Kate's rapid recovery—of Emma's delight at the prospective marriage—of the strong attachment formed between Kate and her supposed rival Ida—nor of the repooches of Julia's conscience when she received from Kate's hands a sufficient sum to purchase her lover from bondage—all these, and a thousand things beside I must skip over, and sketch a scene in Glenwood for you several years from the period of which I have been writing.

That beautiful and airy cottage with its gothic front and verandah sides, is the summer-house of Harry Bertwood and his devoted and loving Kate. The little path that winds through the shrubbery and clasping vines on the right, terminates at the door of a little dwelling far back by the orchard. In a neat front room—on the matted floor—sits a mulatto woman, holding a little girl two or three years old in her arms, while a little boy of five summers at least is by her side, begging earnestly for a story.

"Oh, nurse, tell me just one—or else I'll go and tease mother," said the little fellow. At this moment a shadow darkened the window, and the little one in the nurse's lap clapped her hands merrily, and sprang forward to meet her mother at the open door.

"Ah, Julia," said Mrs. Bertwood, "you keep these children here always, I believe—how can you have so much patience with their noise?"

Tears sprang to the eyes of the woman as she answered, "how much more patience did you have with me—forgiving me for nearly separating you forever from one you loved—giving me the means of taking my husband from slavery, and building this comfortable home for us—oh! my dear, young mistress, I can never repay you for one half the kindness which you have shown me, but God will reward you—I am sure he will," and she kissed the extended hand respectfully and fervently.

Kate's pleasant cottage is in sight of her father's more spacious dwelling, and only separated from it by a garden blooming with choice roses, and ornamented with vine-covered trellises and arbors, which it is the especial province of Julia's husband to keep in order.

The last visit which Emma Lee made her cousin, she entrusted her with a secret, which is now a secret no longer; for this week Emma Lee laid aside her visiting cards for a new pack engraved with the name of Mrs. Horace G. Fisher.

Mr. Frank Travers is the happy husband of a hundred thousand, with the miserable incumbrance of an invalid widow of a West India planter. He daily listens to her account of her failing strength with a commendable degree of fortitude; and is entirely unaware that she has executed a will in favor of her brother, who is waiting patiently for the hour when the establishment shall change owners.

THE FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

N.O. III.—THE GAMBLERS.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

AFTER various changes, I was paid into the hands of a magistrate, by a poor fellow, who was thrown into costs in a petty suit; the magistrate handed me over to a constable to whom fees were due, and he exchanged me in a coffee-house, from which I went into the hands of a merchant, who gave me to his wife, and she paid me out to her milliner; the milliner sent me to market, where I passed about for a while among butchers and hucksters. During the afternoon, I was in Moyamensing prison; but the individual who took me there, sent me by the hand of an officer to his wife. She would fain have kept me, but was not able. By nightfall, I was in the pocket of a gentleman living in Walnut street. He gave a large party that evening. If I could linger to do so, I would like to describe the brilliant spectacle I witnessed. There was a large assemblage of beauty and fashion. Everything was in the most costly and elegant style.

In the crowded rooms, I several times noticed a fair, intelligent-looking young man, whose restless eye, and frequent quick unconscious movements, too surely indicated a mind that was ill at ease. He danced, occasionally, but without taking much interest in what he was doing. I missed him at least two hours before the company dispersed.

On the next morning, I went again to the market-house. There I got into the pocket of the keeper of a large hotel, on Chestnut street, and, towards midday, he changed a twenty dollar bill for the restless young man I had noticed at the party, on the previous evening, and I passed into his hands. In his pocket-book, I met several old friends, with whom I spent the rest of the day, relating my own, or listening to their adventures.

About eight o'clock that evening, the young man in whose pocket I was at rest, arose from the bed upon which he had been lying in his room at the hotel, and for at least an hour paced, uneasily, the floor. From his manner it was evident that he was debating some question of interest, and that there was a severe struggle in his mind. Once during his uneasy perambulations, he sat down at a table, and taking out his pocket-book, carefully counted over its contents. The whole sum, my humble self included, was just four hundred and thirty dollars. The precise knowledge of what his pocket-book contained did not appear to afford him much pleasure.

"Four hundred and thirty dollars!" he muttered, as he crowded us back into our repository, and thrusting that, with an impatient gesture, into his pocket, arose and commenced walking the floor again. "Four hundred and thirty dollars!" he repeated, with much bitterness. "It was over four thousand last night.

But what was that? I had twenty thousand entrusted to me; and here is all that remains. Accursed infatuation! Knowing the danger, why was I mad enough to tempt my own ruin? But it is too late now. One more effort to recover myself—one more fierce struggle—and all will be over. Dare I hope for success? Oh, if fortune would smile upon me but this once, and restore me what I have lost, that I might step back, trembling, from this gulf that opens darkly at my feet!"

The unhappy young man was deeply moved. He sunk into a chair, and burying his face in his hands, gave way to the weakness of tears. A stern calmness succeeded to this.

"Now for the last throw," he said, rising up, with a countenance from which had fled all traces of emotion. Going to his trunk, he took therefrom a pistol, and, after carefully loading and capping it, replaced the weapon with the single remark.

"That will do its work well, if needed."

He then left the hotel and walked with a rapid step for a few squares, when he stopped at a large and handsome dwelling, the whole front of which was dark. He pulled the bell; paused a moment; pulled again, and again paused. At the third distinct ring, the door flew open, and he passed into the dark vestibule. When the inner door turned on its hinges—but not until the outer one had been carefully closed—a flood of light burst upon him. He moved through richly furnished and brilliantly lighted rooms, without so much as casting a glance at those within them, or noticing the elegance and taste with which they were fitted up. I had been there before, as well as he, and had witnessed scenes which, if related, would make the reader's heart grow cold. I knew whither his steps were tending, and the purpose in his mind, as he ascended to the third story; but felt how great and almost fatal was the error he committed, when he paused at a bar, liberally furnished with everything to eat and drink, and swallowed a large glass of brandy to steady his quivering nerves. I knew that the artificial composure to be derived from brandy would not be sufficient to sustain him to a safe issue in the struggle before him. He needed the coolness of a well balanced mind.

In the bar-room he took a few turns across the floor, until he began to feel the effects of the brandy, and then went deliberately to a large apartment in the front of the building, in which several persons were engaged at cards. He was not long in meeting with what he sought—a partner. The individual with whom he sat down to play was no stranger to me—he was one of the principals of the establishment

and a man who rarely trusted to either chance or skill in a game at cards, and who rarely lost when he played.

The unhappy young man saw not the odds that were against him. He played with unusual skill, showing himself to be a perfect master of the game—it was in this skill that he fondly trusted—but what is skill opposed to such an antagonist as he had, who knew the back of every card in his adversary's hand as well as he knew the faces of those in his own. Steadily the tide of fortune went against him, until he played with a recklessness and desperation that made his ruin only the more certain and easy of accomplishment. An hour from the time he entered that place, he rushed from it, without a dollar in his pocket. The consequences he had dreaded, too surely came. I know not whether he committed the still madder act he contemplated.

All human sympathies must have been dead in the heart of the wretch who so coldly and wickedly robbed that unhappy young man, or he could not have looked upon his pale despairing face, mild eyes, and bloodless lips, when the last card, upon which he had staked his last hope, turned up against him, without restoring what he had won. But he looked away from that face, and let his eyes rest upon his booty. The sight of that held down all weak emotions.

"Another fly has burnt his wings in your candle, I see," said a confederate, joining the gambler after the young man had fled from the house.

"Yes; but the poor devil was lower than I thought

for. I expected at least four or five thousand more."

"How much have you won to-night?"

"Only a little over four hundred."

"Hardly worth the trouble. I got nearly four thousand out of him last night."

"Every little helps. We must take care of the small gains, as well as the large ones. But, as I have pocketed ten thousand of the money entrusted to him—ha! ha! a safe man to entrust money with, wasn't he—I don't think I need complain."

"I suppose he will blow his brains out on the strength of his successes to-night?"

"I hope so—that is, if he have any left, poor devil! The best thing a fellow like him can do, is to shuffle off this mortal coil. His head will rest easier."

"Dead men tell no tales."

"Just what I mean. Sometimes a fellow like him, after losing everything, awakens into a virtuous indignation against gentlemen of our cloth, raises a hue and cry, and then there is the deuce to pay, and all that. I guess he'll tip the trigger, though. He looks to me like a game bird."

And thus these wretches, half in jest and half in earnest, talked of the miserable victim of their infernal arts, while I was transferred from the table, where the young man had placed me, to the pocket of the gambler, where I lay undisturbed until the next night, when I witnessed other scenes in that den of crime. But the history of my week is ended.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

SHALL we meet again together, love,
Our arms to fondly twine,
With lip to lip, and heart to heart,
As when I called thee mine.
Then hopes were clustering thick around,
Like gems upon the spray,
And life had cast no darkling shade
Across our flowery way.

Shall we meet again together, love,
As when thy love for me
Unclasped thee from a mother's neck,
A doating father's knee;
And won thy trembling heart from home,
Thy love and faith to twine
In closer folds around a heart,
Which ne'er was worthy thine.

Shall we meet again together, love,
As by the river's side,
We met to stray at twilight's hour,
And watch the silvery tide:

How soon it was forgotten, love,
And left to glide unseen,
That we might view love's stainless wave,
Which flowed our hearts between!

Shall we meet again together, love,
As when beneath the hill
We sat around our cottage hearth,
And drank of bliss our fill;
Ah! 'twas an hour too bright to last,
The glow soon passed away;
A gloomy cloud hath intervened
And overcast our way.

But we shall meet together, love,
And find affection's power
Can quick dispel each turbid cloud,
And glow as in youth's hour;
Ay, sweeter then shall be the voice
Of love's enchanting strain,
And all those fondly cherished scenes—
We'll live them o'er again!

HARRIETTE.

A SKETCH FROM OUR VILLAGE.

BY MRS. D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

GENTLE reader—wast ever in dear, delightful Flowervale! I will take it for granted you are a stranger to its beauties, and, if you please, will accompany you to the brow of that declivity where stands the ancient church, its tall spire pointing like a snowy figure up through the matted foliage to Heaven. It is a mossy, verdant little knoll, with rows of stately maples, one above the other, encircling and folding the holy edifice in kind embrace; while through the thick quivering leaves its white walls gleam out and glisten in the pure sunlight.

We will stand upon the stone steps of the old door, and gaze for a few moments abroad. It is a fine May day, and the soft breezes whisper among the interwoven boughs of the tall maples, and lift the tresses from our brows, bringing to the heated cheek a coolness, and breathing into the heart a calm and sacred feeling. It is beautiful—the landscape all around. See—yonder to the right is a smooth, placid river, winding gently along through meadows of rich green turf, from whose deep velvet bosom are springing sweet, wild violets, and delicate blue-bells, and pure spotless lilies, mingling their rich varied colors with the glossy green leaves, and blending their fragrance with the low ripple of the rills. Scattered over the variegated carpet are clumps of apple and cherry trees, whose knotty branches bend beneath their crown of clustering pink and white blossoms, whose balmy breath is borne up through the lovely vale to the old church door. Along the western side of the meadow, and a few rods from the river bank, the land gently rises, and stretches on to the edge of a dark, magnificent forest of old oaks, whose giant arms interlock and seem mingling with the snowy clouds which hang lazily down from their blue throne, as if to connect the laughing skies with the beautiful things of earth, over which they bend so lovingly. There is a narrow, well-trodden foot-path winding through the meadows, and across the murmuring stream is thrown a rustic bridge, with slender railings; then the path continues on and up the hill-side, terminating before the door of the old *White House*.

Venerable pile! It has stood for ages immovable, while beauty has faded, and youth passed to old age; and now it too shows strong signs of decay. The dark brown walls seem tottering on their foundation, and lean heavily over the green bank, while the soft spring winds lose their sweet melody as they creep coldly through the open door and broken window panes, whispering sadly and plaintively. But we will turn from the dilapidated mansion and look just forward here, through the thick foliage. A pretty view—is it not? The road stretches along, like a

thread of gold, as far as the eye can reach, terminating to the sight just where that tiny spire blends its whiteness with the dark azure of Heaven. And see the snowy cottages on either side of the way, with their neat white fences and green door yards, their bright flower gardens and refreshing shade trees. Now, to the left—a bold mountain, with its dizzy height, rises in awful majesty, and throws its deep shadow along the vale, while the old trees which crown its losty summit, bend gracefully beneath the spring zephyr that sweeps through their leafy robes, and descends soothingly to the valley below. It is a quiet, lovely scene on either hand, with the new, fresh leaves twittering in the breath of Heaven, and whispering to the buds and blossoms which nestle in the tall grass, and the golden sunlight struggling through the tangled foliage, throwing over the whole a soft and tremulous light. But come with me, dear reader, along the yielding sward, to the back of the old church. Tread lightly, for these modest, meek-eyed violets are all too beautiful to be crushed beneath a careless foot; and they grow spontaneously upon this hallowed spot, and look like gentle spirits dropped from the blue vault above to slumber in the shadows of this holy house.

Do you see that little red school-house, with its snowy enclosure, nestling down in the shade of that huge oak tree? It is but a few rods from the base of this hillock, and the turf about the door looks even greener and fresher than this beneath our feet in the short distance. Now cast your eye over the low roof, across that narrow portal of green, to the fairy lake that sparkles in this flooding light. Oh! is it not beautiful, the blue sky slumbering on its peaceful breast, and the mossy brink everywhere decked with flowery shrubs and drooping boughs? and then that grove of maples reaching down almost to the velvet edge, their tall dark shadows just blending with the deep azure which dyes its waters! I never saw a prettier grove. The trees are all large and perfectly straight; and about the smooth trunks, many a climbing vine has wound its tender fibres, while from many a shady recess the sweetest flowers are shining, and all through the fairy arbor bright birds are flitting with noiseless wing.

It was just such a day as that we have been dreaming of. Bright, fresh, glorious May was smiling her adieu to earth, and her joyous, lavish successor stood ready, with an armful of beautiful, tiny buds, which but one balmy breath of hers could fan into blossom; the merry birds gave out their parting song, and the fragrant atmosphere seemed condensed into a thin, haze-like vapor, which absorbed the bright, pure

light, as it came from its throne above, and held the golden rays as by a magic spell, until the land seemed slumbering beneath a shadowy mantle, and the tiny birds went floating by intoxicated with a wild, unearthly joy. Oh, how the warm, kindly feelings of the hidden heart gush forth at such a time; and how all evil thoughts flow back to their dark source, and the soul is susceptible of but one emotion—that of *love*—love for everything around—the lovely flower, the singing bird, and the little buzzing insect that hums forth its gladness.

Yes—it was on such a day that Minda and I passed through the little gate, and, arm in arm, slowly proceeded to the neat, red school-house, behind the church. We had promised the little girls, Anne and Lizzy, to go and view their May-day festivities, and we could not have a heart to disappoint the sweet creatures. As we approached the low door, which stood open, soft bird-like music came murmuring on the laden air; and it was such music as could only come from the full heart of a fairy—at least so we thought, as we stood listening, till its last note trembled on the ear and died away in the stillness of death. Then a light foot-fall sounded along the floor, and the fairy herself, clad in a flowing robe of white, stood before us. Both hands were extended, as she grasped one of ours, and bent her bright lips over for the kiss of welcome, while with a merry laugh she cried—

"Well, girls, give me credit for the patience of a Job—for I have been waiting full a half hour for your appearance, and in five minutes had left you to find unaided our sylvan retreat."

"But where, pray, have you hidden your flock, Harriette," I exclaimed, gazing in wonder over the deserted school-room and vacant seats.

"Oh, we will find them presently," was her reply, as she led the way through the green meadow and around the quiet lake toward the maple grove. As we drew near the shadow of the tall trees, and peered through them into the distance, a snowy robe now and then caught our eye, and the murmur of soft voices came gradually to the ear. All at once a ringing laugh, so full of melody that we started forward, was heard—then a white dress floated among the shrubbery, and a little face all radiant with smiles gleamed out from the thousand flaxen curls that streamed back on the breeze, and Lizzy—our dear little pet Lizzy—came all breathless and panting before us.

"Oh! Harriette—dear cousin Harriette," she cried, grasping both hands of her teacher, and pulling her eagerly forward, "do hurry, for they are crowning sister Anne Queen; and oh, that pretty garland is so sweet. Come, hurry!" she added, casting an imploring glance at Minda and myself, and the next moment her tiny feet were tripping back.

We passed rapidly on, and all at once came upon the little band of wood nymphs. There they were, scattered over the rich sward, their glad eyes dancing in joyousness, and their sweet, happy faces clothed in smiles, while now and then a golden ray came creeping through the canopy of leaves above, and trembled over the snowy forehead and lingered upon the rosy cheek. The youngest of the company were

sitting upon the moss-covered ground, breathing out their gladness in words of childish simplicity, and clapping their little hands, while their beaming eyes often turned toward a group of older girls at a little distance, who seemed very busy, speaking only in gentle murmurs, and their sylph-like figures moving noiselessly about the object of their attention, which was entirely hidden from our view. At last, their work completed, the little band separated to the right and left, and we had a full and enchanting view of the youthful Queen. Beautiful she looked, seated upon her grassy piazza, with the garland of rose-buds and lilies lightly pressing her brown ringlets, and a faint flush overspreading her cheeks. The smile that lighted up her large, hazel eye, and lay in the dimples about her sweet mouth, was indeed very beautiful. One moment she sat motionless, while a stillness like that of the grave hung about those old woods, and the eyes of all the gathered group dwelt admiringly upon her; then her glance fell upon the loving face of her dear teacher, and, with one bound, she was at her side.

"Come, dear Harriette," she said, leading the unresisting form up to the flower-sprinkled throne, and seating her astonished friend upon the queenly chair. "Come, you shall be our May Queen—your sweet face would look so pretty under this beautiful wreath!"

The next moment, the crown was lifted from her own soft curls, and laid lightly over the heavy braids of Harriette's jetty hair, while the face that blushed and glowed, and the eyes that beamed beneath it, were those of angel loveliness. She opened her laughing lips to remonstrate, but her low tones were lost amid the shout which rang out from that merry band, as they clapped their snowy hands, and their "Long live the Queen!" resounded over the calm bosom of the peaceful lake and up through the interwoven branches of the thick grove, till echo brought back from the arching skies and the mountain side the faint and silvery notes, and "Long live our Queen," seemed whispered by the rustling leaves and the murmur of the rill. Then the glad-hearted children surrounded their beloved teacher, some hanging about her neck, and some sitting at her feet, with their languishing eyes fixed upon her face, and words of affection flowing from their ruby lips. After a while, the fairy May Queen waved her flowery sceptre over the clustering, curly heads, and, hiding her sweet smiles under the snowy lids which drooped over her dark eyes, rose, with all the grace and dignity of royalty itself, and her gentle voice broke over the silence like the music of a harp touched by zephyr's breath. Her speech was brief, but full of love and gratitude and gentle teachings, and when she sat down, the deathly hush of all that childish train told its effect upon their young hearts. All at once, one soft, tremulous voice broke the spell, and immediately all joined in the song, and Minda and I held our breath to catch the thrilling melody.

We crown thee Queen—
Thou with the dark hair and gentle eye;
The ivy green
Is twined with the rose-bud of delicate dye;

The lily too
With its snowy bosom all wet with dew—
And violets
From their shady nook we've culled for you.
We've wandered o'er
The soft green meadows in quest of flowers,
And by the shore
Of lake and stream, for many long hours;
Then sat us down
In this cool, and sweet, and shadowy place,
To weave a crown—
A beautiful garland—for thy dear face.
The lily fair,
With its leaves all spotless, and pure and white,
In thy dark hair
Looks forth like a spirit of beauty and light;
The sweet blush rose
Has nestled beside thy soft bright cheek,
And violet
Looks forth from its curtain with glances meek.
Oh, touch her brow
With a light, soft pressure, sweet wreath of flowers!
And whisper low
Of hope and comfort in future hours;
From her fond heart,
Oh, banish each feeling of grief and care!
And never depart,
The deep, pure thoughts thou hast planted there!

The song ceased; but the fluttering birds, who with us had held their breath, soon caught the dying echo, and another chorus arose far up in the shady trees, not more sweet and thrilling than the bird-like music they tried to imitate. A few moments more, and the little hands of the busy throng had spread over the bright carpeted ground a snowy cloth, and brought forward from the shadows of the huge trunks their baskets filled with refreshments, and we seated ourselves upon the soft turf with hearts brimful of joy and gladness.

The sun had sunk behind the hills, and his bright rays ceased to flood the grove with golden light, when we passed from the deep shadow of the forest, and slowly took our way homeward. Every young heart was satisfied, for it had had its fulness of joy; and, though the wreathing smile had departed, and given place to a look of calm contented enjoyment, the fond and beaming eye was expressive of the peace and happiness within.

Days and weeks passed away, and the youthful school-mistress mingled with her childish train, ever joyous, ever smiling. They had learned to love her with an all-absorbing affection, and were always happy beneath her smile and approving glance. She was our favorite friend and companion—Minda's and mine; and in our morning rambles and evening walks, was ever by our side. Her foot was nimblest in climbing the steep mountain's side, and her laugh merriest on its top; and it was her hand which always culled the fairest blossoms, and her white brow that wore them. Sometimes, when the smile was brightest in her dark eye, and the laugh on her red lip clearest and merriest, we have whispered in her ear a name—one little name—which brought the blood from her leaping heart to neck, cheek and brow, and made the joyous laugh die away in a low, tremulous

murmur. Yes—there was a charm in that name more powerful than all surrounding influences, and after it fell upon her ear, her voice was always lower and sweeter, and the beautiful smile fainter—but oh, how expressive!

Dear Harriette! I remember well one evening—it was a calm moonlight night—we had wandered far over the mountain's summit, had plucked many flowers, the sweetest and rarest in all that region, and, with our arms full of the bright things, had descended to the clump of oaks just at the foot of the hill. Here we laid our burden on the green sward, streaked all over with silver threads, formed by the moon's pale rays penetrating the large, clustering leaves above, and, kneeling around the tempting pile, we framed a wreath of exquisite beauty, made up of opening buds and fully expanded blossoms of various colors, intermingled with ivy vines and spruce twigs. When the long, rich wreath was finished, we threw it over the white shoulders of Henriette, and our eyes sparkled as we watched its effect upon her graceful figure. A light, musical laugh had just burst from the open lips of our fairy, and its echo was flung back from the dark mountain, when a low footfall sounded along the ground, and the next moment a pair of large, eloquent eyes had brought a flush to the pure brow, and a tremor to the fingers, which clasped the garland, while the laughing orbs hid their intense light beneath their jetty curtains. A smile of exquisite pleasure lay on the lips of the youth, and as he passed to the side of the blushing girl and wound the long, dangling garland about her shoulders, till her slight form was literally buried in its beautiful mantle—all but the lovely face, which looked more lovely than ever—we read in his soul-lit countenance the deep love he bore the pure bright being whom he claimed as his betrothed bride.

We passed silently from the shade of the old oaks, for the heart of each was full—full of gentle, kindly emotions—of poetry and romance. There was a holy hush in the calm air—a soothing power in the soft, peerless face of the silver queen, which gazed upon us from her star-spangled pathway in the blue Heavens; and then the faint, tremulous murmur of the distant river came floating along over the green meadows with a sweet sadness in its tone that seemed to whisper of a purer—a brighter realm, where the beautiful of earth receive that crown of glory which is fadeless and imperishable. The low, trembling “Good night” of Harriette awoke Minda and myself from our pleasant dreams, as we approached the cottage door, and we watched her slight figure leaning upon the arm of her companion, till it was lost in the distance; then with subdued and tranquil feelings went our way.

The last day of summer had glided away; yet its mild breath still lay upon the green fields and hill-sides, and its flowers bloomed beside the path, though we fancied their sweet faces had grown a shade paler, and that their gentle heads drooped a little upon the slight stems. The air was still balmy and refreshing and had it not been for now and then a trembling leaf of red and yellow, which looked out from the deep green of the forest foliage, we could hardly have

believed that those "melancholy days, the saddest of the year," were close upon us.

It was a fresh, bright morning when Minda and I looked out from the half closed blinds of the cottage windows, and anxiously up the road to the school-house door. It was closed; but a troupe of fair-haired girls surrounded it, looking now wistfully up to the shaded windows, and then down the pathway toward the sweet home of their worshiped teacher, while their low murmuring voices came floating to our ears, and their sad young faces spoke volumes. At last a slender form came slowly across the green, and neared the little group; a tiny hand brushed the tear-drops from cheeks pale with fear and troubled thoughts, and Mary, the teacher's sweet, fair sister, stood among them. She told them something in husky tones, and then turned away, while every childish face was bathed in tears, as the sobbing little ones went silently to their homes. The warm drops streamed from the bright eyes of Anne and Lizzy, as they told in quivering voices of the illness of dear cousin Henriette; and Maria started to her feet, while a deathly paleness overspread her cheeks, and "Dear Henriette!" trembled on her white lips. The neat little cottage bonnet was soon drawn over her brown hair, and, grasping my hand with her trembling fingers, she drew me along the little foot-path which led across the quiet meadow, and in silence we entered the house of mourning. One moment we stood in the pretty parlor unwelcomed, unnoticed, while a fearful hush pervaded the whole house; then a low, mournful sobbing fell upon our ear, and a voice in broken murmurs came from the little bed-room at our left. We noiselessly opened the door, and stood by the sick girl's side.

There they were, the dear family circle, who but yesterday were happy, and blessed with health and peace;—the father, a man of noble mien and a proud, lofty soul, his ashy face half buried in the heavy folds of the curtains, and a suppressed moan heaving his agitated breast; the mother, with pallid lips and troubled eyes, bending above the couch, despair in every feature, and a voice tremulous but gentle as an infant's; Mary, the sweet young sister, kneeling by the bed-side, and weeping convulsively; and the brother, a manly youth, with the raven locks and full dark eyes of his idol sister, standing by his mother's side, his arms folded on his bosom, and a countenance of ghastly whiteness. And there too lay our own sweet, our precious Harriette, stricken and suffering. The snowy pillow which supported her head was not purer or whiter than her lips and cheek, and the long drooping lashes rested motionless, veiling the wild brightness of the orbs beneath; while the rich, heavy masses of her hair fell like a cloud about her ivory shoulders, and the pale right hand grasped the coverlid with an eager hold. Presently, the ashy lips opened, the quivering lids were slowly raised, and those deep brilliant eyes looked wonderingly round upon the agonized group—from her mother's bending form and tearful face, to the bowed head of her father, and then up into the calm, sad face of her brother, while almost insensibly a beautiful smile stole into her eyes and shed its sunshine over her

lovely face. Her lips moved long before any sound broke the spell that lay upon every heart, as we all watched breathlessly her speaking countenance: but at last the sweet melody broke forth, a low, mellow laugh sounded through the room, and words of mingled love and sadness came trembling from her heart.

"Oh! bind it gently on my brow, sweet Minda—that lovely wreath; and mingle with the pale, fair buds this cypress bough. Hush! I heard a step—it was *his*, dear cousin—*his* own! Hush!—it is gone—I thought him near—that he had come to say *adieu*, and clasp my hand once more, and breathe one word to my heart. There, dearest, that will do—the cypress bough shall rest untouched, but the roses will wither and die."

Poor, sweet Harriette! how we wept to hear her tender ravings, and how her mother's heart bled at every word. Through that long, weary day we watched her every motion—every look; and when the dim shades of evening crept over the little bedroom, and the moon's pale ray quivered upon the marble forehead of the invalid, and her breathing grew deeper and heavier, the old family physician wiped the tear-drops from his furrowed cheek, and turned sadly from the anxious faces bent upon him. There was no hope—the fair, frail flower had bent beneath the blast, and all effort to raise the drooping head was unavailing.

Silently did pain and disease do their cruel work; and, ere many days had passed, we stood around that humble bed, watching with chilled hearts and swollen eyes the death-struggle of the young, the beautiful. A soft, delicate rose-tint came through the muslin curtains, and lingered about each haggard face, while one ray—bright and golden—trembled upon the chill forehead of the dying girl. The dim eyes had been long closed, and the taper fingers folded gently upon the bosom from which the life was slowly gushing; but, all at once the drooping lids were raised, and a look of love—of recognition—beamed from the departing soul upon all around. A holy smile hovered upon the quivering, ashy lip, and a murmur, like the trembling notes of a harp touched by a summer breeze, broke the awful stillness.

"Mother—dear father—*adieu!* Brother—sweet Mary—farewell! Minda ——"

Another name faltered upon her tongue, and her last look lingered upon that agonized face which bent in its paleness above her head. The spirit had fled; but so quietly, that the sleep which had come over her seemed like a slumber full of beautiful dreams. That heavenly smile never left the cold lips, and the beauty of the marble features was more lovely than when health and gladness shed their lustre there.

Sweet Harriette—a bright, brief day was thine! But, though thy sun went down thus early, it departed without a cloud, and a light is shining round thy pathway now, more brilliant—more intensely beautiful—than in this changing world thy fond heart ever dreamed of. Pure, glorified spirits are thy companions—on thy shining brow is a golden crown, and thy fair fingers have swept the tremulous strings of

that lyre whose thrilling melody fills thy blest abode
in Heaven.

They laid the cold, lovely clay in its coffin-bed, put back the clustering black hair from the white brow, and folded the stiffened fingers over the throbless bosom; and, amid the convulsive sobs of old and young, the solemn hearse, with its covering of black velvet sweeping the fresh green grass, passed through the quiet street, and up by the side of that placid lake and deep grove, to the still grave-yard. "Earth to earth, and dust to dust," was said by the white-haired pastor, and then on the fearful silence broke that dreadful sound which struck to the heart's core

with such a withering weight—the cold earth and chill clods falling upon the coffin-lid. There was a burst of wild agony—a smothered cry—and we left her to her rest.

She lies there now—the velvet turf green and bright above her head, and many a modest flower and opening bud peeping from its rich luxuriance;—a snowy marble gleams out from among the waving boughs of a drooping willow, and a tall rose-bush mingles its blossoms and its leaves, twining along its smooth, pure surface, and almost concealing its simple inscription—"HARRIETTE."

ON TAKING LEAVE OF COLLEGE.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

RING funeral tones! let the old bell
Peal out its deepest, saddest strain,
Till rock and valley, hill and dell,
Roll back the solemn wail again.

Be still, my heart! it is the knell,
Though not unwished, of what hath been
Te thee a hope—a light—a spell—
Of power through many a varied scene.

For his the woe—the faded eye—
In world so cold, so dark as this,
The wasted cheek—the endless sigh—
Who toils in learning's mine for bliss.

Be still, my heart! and thou shalt know
How bright a wreath, how green a bay
Is his, who toils obscure and low—
Suffers and faints not by the way.

Perchance it is to suffer still—
Still charmed by the deceitful dream,
To struggle on, through pain and ill,
To never taste the blissful stream.

Whate'er thy doom, oh! heart of mine,
Life's Summer paths, want's drear abode,
The frown of scorn, alone to pine,
Still act, and trust thy framer, God.

Father of worlds! from thee I came,
Unto thy bosom turn I must,
When this frail, trembling, shrinking frame
Has mingled with its mother dust.

My thanks, oh! God, for all by thee
Of kindness, care, and love bestowed;
The few dear hearts that have to me
Been sunshine on my darkened road.

I bless thee for the Angel, Hope,
That ever through despair's dark hour,
Hath calmed my soul, and borne me up,
With voices from her hidden bower.

I bless thee for the purpose high—
The equal strength—the swerveless will—
Through smiling Heaven, or lowering sky,
Pursuing and achieving still.

But chiefly, as my eyes extend
Back o'er the long and clouded way,

That thou hast been my keeper—friend—
My shield by night—my strength by day.

That still through penury and cold,
The agony, oh! worse than death,
And through the clouds that o'er me rolled,
Thy goodness smiled around, beneath.

Ring funeral tones! Oh, God, how vain!
What mournful recollections rise—
What thoughts come thronging o'er my brain—
What tears o'erwhelm my weary eyes!

These eyes are often racked with pain,
The vigil and the fever's rage,
Whose flinty grasp and fiery chain
Have bowed me as with weight of age.

All that the Past to me hath been,
All that the Future yet may be—
All—all of praise, or blame, or sin,
Meet here as in Eternity.

'Tis done! let damp sods intervene,
And dumb Oblivion shroud the grave;
Here let the lethal yew be green,
Here bid the mournful cypress wave.

An exile from my native vale,
Dear mother, unto thee I come,
Once more to breathe the mountain gale—
Once more to hear the voice of home.

My mother, time hath made thee old,
Sorrow and toil have been thy lot,
Rude years their storms have o'er thee rolled,
But oh! thy love hath altered not.

Ring funeral tones! and o'er the scene
Bid cold Oblivion's shadows fall;
Here let the yew be ever green,
Here, the dark cypress wave o'er all.

I would not whisper in the ear
Of winds that stir the mountain pine,
How void of green, how cold, how drear,
How dark, hath been the path of mine.

Ancient of days! to thee alone,
The woe, the agony of soul,
The trembling, and the fear are known—
O'er all, Lethane billows roll!

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Continued from Page 71.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XVI.

Like a sudden storm upon the blast,
Came sweeping o'er his brain
Deep memories of the erring past,
And thought was bitter pain.

In the brilliant confusion that followed the disappearance of King Charles from the midst of his court, there stood three persons deeply interested in the wondering looks, the gay jibes, and the whispered comment that passed like magnetic lightning through the crowd. One of these was the old Earl of Berkley, who had been stationed near their majesties while Francesca was singing. As the royal pair left the room, this old noble turned, with a bland smile upon his lip, and drew close to the Countess of Castlemain. But he was received with a look of the most cutting scorn.

"This is your work, my lord—it is to you I am indebted!" she said, in a voice that shook with excess of passion, though she made an effort to subdue it. "In league with the queen against me, I doubt not in the least you introduced the creature into the royal apartments. It was well managed, my lord—very well managed!"

"Nay," replied the earl, courteously, bending to the wrathful storm, "I see nothing that should anger your ladyship. Surely the Countess of Castlemain cannot doubt the power of her own transcendent beauty."

"No!" replied the haughty woman, scarcely deigning to sink her voice, though, but for her passion, she might have seen that many of the courtiers were listening eagerly to her words. "The Countess of Castlemain doubts her power in nothing. This game is yet to be played out, my lord—I know that you possess consummate skill—I know that old and tried friends count for nothing, in your hands, but —"

"Hush, my lady—see you not that, like the rose, you are gathering court insects around you?"

"Such as I will brush off easily, as with one sweep of my hand might be scattered all your cobweb projects, my lord," replied the countess, and, with a haughty footstep, she passed down the room.

A young noble, sumptuously dressed, and but a few minutes before among the gayest of the throng, had stood near Lord Berkley and the countess, as this sharp dialogue passed between them. He caught

enough from their words to obtain a pretty correct idea of the whole scene, and now came up to the old earl, with considerable excitement in his look and manner.

"My lord!"

Lord Berkley started slightly, and looked around.

"Oh! Sir John Payton—I saw you a moment since in the crowd, and was about to make my way to you. In what part of his majesty's kingdom have you buried yourself of late?"

"I have been in Cornwall, spending some weeks with the Lord of Bowdon."

"Ah! and how is the young lord?—planted at the castle like one of his old oaks, I suppose?"

"He was *here*, not half an hour ago; but I see nothing of him just now," replied Sir John, carried from the subject nearest his heart in spite of himself, by the common-place manner in which the old earl received him.

"Here!" exclaimed the earl, with a degree of interest that amounted almost to excitement. "The Lord of Bowdon here!"

"He was here when that syren, who has caused so much commotion, began her song, my lord."

There was a moment's silence—the earl seemed cast into deep thought, and Sir John was embarrassed—he had evidently something on his mind which he did not well know how to express.

"That young musician, my lord—have not you and I met her in other scenes?"

"Perhaps—yes, doubtless; I scarcely heeded her: but is she not the little foreigner who was shipwrecked near Bowdon?"

"The same, my lord; but how came she here, domesticated at court? Excuse me, Lord Berkley—but those who stood around me when the girl fainted, asserted that you introduced this young creature here—that she was only known as a *protégé* of yours."

"Indeed!"

"They whispered also—but this, for your own sake, I trust is not so—that she was intended from the first for the destiny that, from what has just transpired, seems but too certain! In the name of Heaven, tell me, Earl of Berkley, is this so—is this young creature destined to supplant the haughty Castlemain, and that by your connivance?"

"Sir John, you must be jesting when you ask these questions seriously of me! What interest can I have in a pretty wandering singer like this?"

"What interest!" Sir John checked himself—his

manner was excited, his face grew pale and red with conflicting feelings, and at last he spoke with an impressive solemnity altogether at variance with his usual gay and careless manner.

"My lord, I know not your motives in bringing this child to Hampton;—I only do know that she disappeared from Cornwall on the same day with yourself—that she is now here, in the king's palace—nay, in the king's very arms;—I ask how these things came about, and you answer me evasively. But I say to you, in compassion—in friend-hip—from the bottom of my heart, I say to you, Earl of Berkley, protect this young girl, as if she were a daughter of your own house—protect her from dishonor!"

Lord Berkley fixed a keen and almost fierce look on the young baronet, and it was some moments before he answered; when he did speak, it was with one of his cool and ilky sneers.

"You do me undeserved honor, Sir John; I am not young enough to become the champion of every wandering demoiselle, who may happen to nest herself for a season beneath the royal roof."

Sir John crimsoned to the temples, and was about to return some hot reply, when there arose a sudden commotion in the room. Charles returned, leading his queen by the hand, and the calm and pleasant understanding that evidently existed between the royal pair effectually put a check to the scandalous whispers that had been so freely circulated during their absence. Charles looked unusually grave, but his manner to Catharine was marked by a degree of tenderness which none had witnessed in him since the first days of their marriage.

"You see, Sir John, this little maiden has better protection than you or I could render. I doubt much if the king ever saw her face before to-night. But her majesty is quite enchanted with the brilliant creature."

Sir John was thoughtfully gazing on the king, and he was struck by the grave, almost sad expression visible in his face. "Surely," he said to himself, "there is truth in what the old peer asserts—that is not the countenance of a man suddenly enamored with a new beauty." He turned to the earl with somewhat more of cordiality than had hitherto marked his demeanor.

"My lord, I may have spoken hastily, and at an ill-chosen place. But I was taken by surprise!"

"Tush, man, let the thing pass—see you not his majesty is coming this way?" was the good-humored reply.

Sir John drew back, for the king was evidently coming toward them, though he paused from time to time with his usual courteous attention, to address some lady who by chance or purpose stood in his way.

"My Lord of Berkley," said the monarch, pausing before the old earl, as if to make a passing inquiry, "Follow to my cabinet, when you see me retire—I would exchange a word with you!"

Berkley's heart bounded, but he bent his head with the most perfect self-possession, and sauntered gently down the room, always keeping the king in sight. With many a graceful jest, and quick repartee—for

in those things Charles was always brilliant—the monarch passed through the rooms, gliding nearer and nearer to his cabinet, with every step;—but close by the door stood the Countess of Castlemain, almost wholly deserted by the courtiers, who, repulsed by her insolent demeanor, had gradually dropped from her side, and left her to the company of her own angry thoughts.

The king hesitated an instant as his eyes fell on this imperious woman who, superb in her disdainful beauty, stood, like an enraged Juno, waiting his approach. But this hesitation lasted only a single moment. Charles met the glance of those fierce black eyes with a look of steady and stern displeasure, and he walked on, with a firm step, merely bending his head as he passed her.

The countess turned pale, and her proud lips began to tremble. She looked eagerly around to see if any one had remarked this evidence of her waning power. Her eyes fell upon Lord Berkley—a smile was upon the old nobleman's lip, and he looked at her with a glance of quiet triumph.

The Countess of Castlemain was haughty, insolent, fiery—but she had no real dignity of character—no absolute pride. Her passions were violent, their reaction abject—already she began to regret having made the old and subtle courtier her enemy; she would gladly have found some excuse to address him again, to soften down all that she had said in the first outbreak of her jealous rage. But the old earl passed her with more cutting negligence than had marked the demeanor of the king—he bowed low, gliding forward all the time, and smilingly entered the royal closet.

"When"—said a gentle voice at her elbow—"when, great countess, may the most devoted of your slaves claim a moment's audience? Let it not be after to-morrow, for each hour will be an eternity till the happy moment shall arrive!"

"Sir John, is it you?" said the countess, still trembling with suppressed emotion. "To-morrow—yes, to-morrow be it, my good friend; come directly after the breakfast hour—I shall be glad to see you."

"Do not promise that too readily," answered Sir John, "wait till your ladyship hears all that I may ask in that interview—perhaps I may wish to tax all your interest with the king!"

"My interest with the king!"—as the countess uttered these words, a smile of bitter mortification swept over her face, but it was succeeded by a glow of returning courage, and she answered readily.

"Come in the morning—for I too may have favors to ask, and information to obtain."

"I will not fail in anything that can serve your ladyship," was the prompt reply, and Sir John moved forward, making room for two or three courtiers who, seeing him with the almost deserted countess, grouped themselves around her.

Meantime, Charles had entered his cabinet, and stood by the window, where the shadow of its heavy draperies fell athwart his countenance; he evidently sought to throw his features into obscurity during the conversation that would ensue. Here he fell into a train of deep, and, it would seem, very painful thought,

for he sighed from time to time, and once lifted his hand to brush away a tear, that had fallen suddenly like a single heavy rain-drop on his swarthy cheek. So lost was the monarch in the profound melancholy of his thoughts, that the Earl of Berkley had entered the closet, and was close by the window before Charles perceived him. Even then, the king did not seem able or willing to speak; he drew back into deeper shadow, and stood while a man might have drawn his breath five or six times with his eyes bent upon the floor.

"My lord," he said, at length, but there was something constrained in his voice, "I desire—I wish—to ask a question or two. This young girl, who sings so divinely—you saw her to-night—the queen tells me that you alone know something of her history?"

"Her majesty rather over-rates the amount of my knowledge," answered Lord Berkley, exulting in his heart over the profound interest which his *protégé* had evidently excited in the breast of the king, "I really know only of this beautiful siren that she was wrecked on the coast of Cornwall last autumn, when Lord Bowdon went down to take possession of his estate, and that she, with a young lad, now page in the household of my Lady Castlemain, were the only persons saved. Lord Bowdon gave them shelter, and seemed greatly attached to the poor children; but, for some cause—I never knew what—they left the castle privately, and, notwithstanding thorough search was made, no traces of the wanderers could be obtained. But, one day some weeks since, one of them drops into her majesty's carriage, with a cup of water in his hand, thus occasioning a strife between our fair young queen and the lady countess, which I with difficulty pacified by rendering up the boy for a page to her ladyship, while the demoiselle became, as your majesty must know, a favorite with the gentle Catharine!"

"And this is all you know of her!" said the king, in a tone of profound disappointment.

"All, may it please your highness—save that the body of her mother was afterwards found floating in a little cove near Bowdon, and now sleeps under an old oak on the shore."

"And the mother—did you see the mother?"

"Oh! yes. Sir John Payton and myself found her floating in the cove."

"And you did not recognize the poor lady?"

"No, sire; how should we—she was from a stranger land."

The king drew a deep breath—still his face was anxious and thoughtful—he seemed reluctant to yield up the subject without further investigation.

"And had these poor children nothing about their persons by which somewhat of their history might be traced?"

"Nothing, sire. The very garments they had on were so torn and drenched that, but for their speech, we might never have guessed to what country they belonged."

"But can they give no account of themselves? The maiden seems intelligent enough."

"They only know that the mother was a widow—

the father dead or absent—neither of them remember anything of him."

"And what brought the family to England?"

"This, sire, seems a mystery, like the rest."

Charles leaned against the window frame, baffled, disappointed, and lost in gloomy thoughts—so gloomy, that the old courtier began to wonder at the singular form in which the monarch's interest in the beautiful girl manifested itself. At length Charles looked up, his dark features grew pale, and now his brow knitted.

"And did you, my lord, see nothing to interest you—nothing, I would say, peculiar in this young girl?"

"Nothing, sire—save her marvelous loveliness, and that quick genius which is so much more piquant than beauty."

"She is lovely!" murmured Charles, in an undertone; but not so subdued were the words but the old peer drank them greedily in.

"Lovely?—I have never in my whole life seen anything to be compared with the maiden. Scarcely could I draw her from my thoughts for days and days after we left Bowdon!"

"But this—this might not have arisen so much from her beauty"—said the king, eagerly. "Sometimes there exist feelings deeper and more powerful than mere loveliness inspires; I cannot explain this, my lord—but is it not possible that your interest in the maiden arose from a deeper cause than admiration of her person?"

"Sire, I know no deeper or sweeter cause for the interest we take in women, than beauty and wit—both these has the maiden."

"You cannot understand, my Lord Berkley; and this proves that I am mistaken while dreaming of the things that have haunted me for the last hour," said Charles, and he turned away, keenly disappointed.

"I scarcely know what your majesty's dreams can have been," said the old courtier, sulkily; "but methinks they could not have proved very sad ones, while that young creature lay in your highness' arms."

The king turned suddenly, and looked at the old earl.

"You are right, Berkley—you are right in this!" Never in his whole life had Charles experienced sensations so sweet, so full of exquisite joy, and yet of the keenest pain too, as those that swelled his heart when that beautiful child lay against it. For another minute like that, he could give half his kingdom, and yet there was a pang mingled with the joy.

"It is seldom that even a monarch's heart can beat to the influence of beauty like hers. She is, indeed, an exquisite creature!" said the earl.

But the king had turned away, and was moodily pacing the cabinet. Spite of himself, his thoughts were all abroad; he did not hear—or hearing, did not heed—what the old earl said.

Again Charles paused in his walk—his face was troubled, his manner irresolute.

"My lord," he said, "name the things in which Charles can serve you. It is time that he should atone for past wrong."

"Past wrong, sire?"

"Past neglect, then. Awhile since, if I remember aright, my Lady Castlemain spoke of some preference that you desired—think of it, and come to me again in a few days. Your wishes must be unreasonable indeed, if they meet refusal here."

"Sire, I am gratified!" and, with a profound reverence, the old noble went out.

Charles stood in the midst of his cabinet till the door closed; then he sat down shading his forehead with one hand. A thousand sweet and mournful memories crowded to his brain, and, as he sat musing, drop after drop rolled through his fingers, and fell upon the noble mosaic slab upon which his elbow rested.

While the monarch of England was thus lost in the vast solitude of the eternity that has left us, the cabinet door opened softly, and the stately figure of a woman glided through. Charles lifted his head, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling saw the Countess of Castlemain.

"Madam"—he said, rising with dignity—"madam I would be alone!"

"Not while I live, Charles—not while you are angry with me," cried the artful woman, falling upon her knees. "Oh, kill me—kill me—here at your feet, but do not look upon me with this cruel coldness!"

"Rise, Lady Castlemain—rise! this no place for you. I wish for solitude!"

"And yet it is here you receive my most bitter enemy, while I am spurned forth unforgiven!" said the countess, and her splendid eyes filled with tears—that woman was very beautiful in her grief—the king had seldom resisted her, when that proud form was bent humbly before him, and those beautiful eyes shone soft with moisture. But now his heart was full of a holier, sweeter beauty than hers. In the voluptuous softness that half-seigned grief flung over her, there was something repulsive to him at a moment when all his better feelings were awake. Even had it been otherwise, he was weary with her turbulent alternations of anger and repentance. His habits of refinement had been shocked by her rudeness to the queen, and her subsequent audacious justification of that rudeness to himself. He turned from her, therefore, with a cold and stern demeanor.

"Not to-night—not here—will I talk with you, madam!"

The countess rose to her feet. Angry defiance curled her lip, and sparkled in her eyes; but the king regarded her with a look so displeased and stern, that for almost the first time in her life, she conquered the fierce outbreak of her rage.

"I will go!"—she said, and her voice trembled—"I will go, but to-morrow—if to-morrow pass, and I see you not, then come on the next morning, for, so surely as the sun rises, I shall be a corpse!"

"Leave me now, and the morrow you shall see or hear from me!" said the king, startled in spite of himself by the tone of mournful resolution in which she had uttered her threat.

The countess bent her knee to the floor, and, taking the king's hand, pressed her lips upon it. The

next instant she was gone, leaving the faint echo of a sob behind her, as she closed the door. She entered the state chambers. Instantly her whole demeanor changed; never had she paced those rooms with a brow more haughty or a step more imperious—a smile curled her lip, as she passed Lord Berkley, and when Sir John Payton approached her, she said, with that easy confidence that was the result of ill-used power, "come to me in the morning, and your suit with the king shall prosper, let it be what it may."

Lord Berkley heard this, and he smiled covertly. "My suit, which your ladyship took in hand with greater warmth, has prospered, and that to your ruin, and without your help, proud woman!" he thought; "oh, if the girl do not stand in her own light, and if neither of these hot-headed young men interfere, another week shall see that haughty forehead in the dust!" With these thoughts he passed the countess with a bland smile and a courteous inclination.

Violent alike in all her passions, the Countess of Castlemain had spent a sleepless and miserable night, and the morning found her pallid and harassed. She sent away the superb breakfast service before the pages could place it on a table, and bestowed many a sharp taunt and bitter reprimand upon every one who ventured to approach her. Even Guilo, sealed as his ears were to her reprimands, did not that morning escape censure. In everything the haughty woman fancied that she saw proof of the slight which the monarch had cast upon her by his evident coldness the night before. The billets and perfumed sonnets, that usually flowed in upon her breakfast hour, were reduced to half a dozen tradesmen's bills, and a few uncouth petitions. The countess tossed the whole mass from her with passionate disdain.

"The spaniels!—do they scent my downfall so soon?" she exclaimed, trampling the unoffending papers beneath her feet. "It was but yesterday that I was obliged to have the casements flung open while I read their perfumed adulation!—the king has but to look black upon me, and smilingly upon another, for one evening, and lo! this is the result!"

"My lady, did you call?" inquired a page, drawn to the door by the loud tones in which the countess spoke.

"No—yes! who waits in the ante-room, this morning?"

"Save the man from the theatres, and a few tradespeople with their wares, no one, my lady."

"Let the room be cleared; I would rather have it empty, than filled only with mountebanks and clowns! Has any of my people seen his majesty this morning?"

"Your ladyship, I believe not. One of his gentlemen of the chambers told me that he breakfasts with her highness the queen, and has not yet come forth."

The countess turned crimson, and her eyes gleamed. The page saw this, and took a malicious pleasure in exciting her fierce spirit.

"The same gentleman told me that orders had been given for a riding party at noon. The queen and all her ladies are to breathe their horses in Richmond Park."

"A riding party, and not apprized of it!" cried the countess, in absolute dismay, and heedless of the page, who stood demurely enjoying her discomfiture. "Give orders, sirrah, that my palfry and grooms be in readiness. I too will ride in Greenwich Park to-day."

The page bowed, and went out.

"Come back, sirrah!" cried the countess, stamping her silken-clad foot on the floor.

The lad came back, but did not advance beyond the door. Once or twice in his life, had he felt the weight of her ladyship's white hand. Just at that moment, he would very much have preferred the ante-chamber to the sumptuous room in which she stood.

"Go summon my head tirewoman, and tell her to bring the most becoming riding-dress from my wardrobe—something unique, and such as never yet has been seen at court."

The boy obeyed with great alacrity.

"Now"—exclaimed the countess—"now for one effort to regain the ground I have lost. They shall not hurl me to the earth, without a struggle!" and clutching her right hand fiercely, as she went, the countess entered her dressing-room.

Toward noon, Sir John Payton entered the deserted ante-chamber of the countess, and threw himself upon the crimson cushions of a couch, and bade the attendant who ushered him in inform the countess that he was waiting. After nearly half an hour's delay, Lady Castlemain came into the room, paler than usual, and with a depressed countenance, but splendidly arrayed in a riding costume of rich purple velvet, embroidered over the breast with silk threaded with gold, and buttoned from the throat down to the waist, with large diamonds. From her broad-leaved hat, of a deeper purple than the dress, fell a large long feather, of a rich gold color that flowed to her shoulder, mingling with her raven curls that floated free of all restraint, now revealing, now exposing, the white curve of her throat. Gauntlet gloves, of delicate buff and embroidered leather, with riding boots of the same pliant material, encased her exquisitely shaped feet and hands; and her costume was completed by a slender riding whip, with a large amethyst blazing in the handle. This she held in the same hand which gathered up the skirt of her dress, which, being somewhat longer than the prevailing fashion, thus coquettishly revealed the spirited turn of her ankle, without the appearance of premeditated exposure.

No woman of her time understood these little coquettices of dress better than the Countess of Castlemain; and, when passion did not obscure her quick intellect, few could equal her in those shades of art which give peculiar expression to the features. That day, her cheeks were almost colorless; and the snow of her complexion was contrast by two or three black patches, so disposed that they added to the pensive cast which real anxiety and fear of losing her sinful power, had given to her beauty.

Thus contrasting her melancholy with the most superb attire, this woman presented herself before the young baronet.

Sir John arose, and led the countess to a seat,

pouring forth ardent expressions of the admiration that he really felt.

"I gave you a rash promise, last night," said her ladyship, opening the conversation. "Still, if fortune does not altogether desert me this day, I will not fail to keep my pledge. What is the suit you would urge with the king?"

"Lady, I heard somewhat of your conversation with Lord Berkley last night, and having a deep interest in the young person who so unfortunately aroused your displeasure, I saw at once that our interests went together. This maiden, from her beauty and the rich graces of her mind, is indeed a dangerous person to any one who loves the king. I wonder her majesty sees it not!"

"Oh, Catharine would risk anything—endure anything—torture itself, I do believe—could she be certain of inflicting any portion of the pain on me!"

"It must be your wish to remove this dangerous beauty from the royal household," answered Sir John.

"My wish, truly—it is the thought that has kept me in agony all night; but how is it to be done? I dare not even attempt to interfere with Catharine's household. This little singer only yesterday refused to bring a stool at my command—the queen promptly sustained her insolent favorite, and, when I complained to Charles, he told me bluntly that in her majesty's presence it was presumption for me to give an order, or even attempt to sit down unbidden. I tell you this, Sir John, though it would torture me were it known to the court."

"You can trust me—our interests in this must run together—I saw it from the first."

"You may be sure," resumed the countess, "that I did not receive this reproof with the meekness of a saint. Charles became angry, and left me in wrath. You saw the cruel coldness with which I was received, while he bore the little singing wretch out in his arms, before the whole court. Oh, I would give my life to send her hence!"

"And so you can, dear countess—so you shall, believe me; and that without incurring his majesty's displeasure. This maiden I have seen before; there are reasons—no matter what—that render me willing to make her Lady Payton."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the countess astonished; "why, she is utterly penniless—a sort of strolling singer."

"And yet I am ready to marry her, the king consenting, even to-morrow."

"This will do, Sir John! Sir John, hold me your debtor! If you will wed the maiden, and take her hence, we shall frustrate Berkley—we shall triumph in our turn."

"Then I have your pledge, dear lady—for once use all your matchless fascination in my behalf. Influence the king to sustain my suit in preference to those of all other persons—for others may yet put forth claims to her hand."

"All the influence that remains to me—all that I may hope for—shall be yours! Even the queen must be won to aid us."

"But speedily, fair princess, speedily set your

charms to work—I would not have the future Lady Payton a resident beneath the royal roof longer than is absolutely needful."

"And think you her presence is so welcome to me that I shall not act with all possible haste?" said the countess, with a bitter smile.

That moment there arose a confused sound from one of the palace courts—the tramp of horses, the voices of grooms, followed by the gay laughter of cavaliers and ladies, mounting for a ride. The countess started up, grasping her whip impatiently.

"Come, Sir John, lead me to my horse. The king is mounting now, and the queen—I hear her voice—and—and—"

She turned pale, for her window commanded the portal through which the gay cavalcade was sweeping into the open country, and riding among the ladies of honor she saw the slight form of the Italian singer, Francesca.

"We have no time to lose;—see, yonder goes your future wife—see, Sir John, side by side, with the noblest ladies of England! What does this portend?" cried the countess, pointing toward the graceful figure of Francesca with her whip.

"No good to our compact, surely," said Sir John, biting his lip; "but, fair lady, if you are for Greenwich, to horse, at once; we may yet overtake the royal cavalcade, and thus may I obtain a moment's conversation with this little will-o-the-wisp, that seems to evade me at every point!"

The countess gave her hand to Sir John Payton, and they descended into the court together. Here, a fine hunter, with grooms in rich livery, waited for Sir John; and four of Lady Castlemain's retainers, gorgeously arrayed in blue and gold, stood by their black horses, while a page held the snow white palfry of the countess by the golden bit, ready for her to mount.

A moment sufficed for mounting, and then with the retainers mingling together, the countess and her companions rode through the open portal at a hard gallop, following the glittering cavalcade that, half clouded with dust, was sweeping along the road to Greenwich. Scarcely had the royal party entered the shades of Greenwich, when the countess and her escort joined the gay group, near enough to be supposed of the same company, but still without absolutely obtruding themselves upon the notice of the king.

"See!" cried the countess, checking her horse sharply, while her lips grew livid with rage—"see!"

A break in the gay cavalcade that surrounded the king and queen here gave a full view of the royal pair. Charles was riding onward, with his usual graceful negligence, reining the high-blooded horse with his right hand, while in the ungloved clasp of the other, he held the hand of his wife. Thus cantering gracefully through the cool glades of the park, smiling upon each other, and conversing with cheerful cordiality, Sir John Payton and the Countess of Castlemain saw the royal, and, at that moment, happy pair. Catharine looked even more than beautiful in her bright happiness. Her plump, little figure, in its

close bodice of fine white cloth, and the crimson skirt, just short enough to reveal an exquisite little foot fitting neatly into the golden stirrup—a hat of crimson velvet, from which a snow-white feather streamed out with her raven curls. This dress, so piquant, and so novel, joined to the sweet vivacity of her face, made the Queen of England one of the most interesting little gipsies you could well imagine.

Charles gazed on her admiringly, his own heavy features lighted up, and in the vivacity of his spirits he seemed like a school-boy playing truant in the woods. He laughed at the sweet, broken mistakes that the queen was constantly perpetrating in her English. He loved to puzzle her with long words, and cheat her into saying the drollest things to him while innocent of their meaning, and quite perplexed to know why he laughed so gleefully at her sayings. That morning, at least, King Charles well deserved his appellation of the "merry monarch;" and she—the royal Catharine—her cup of bliss sparkled brightly, and overflowed beneath those thick oak boughs. She had almost forgotten that the Countess of Castlemain existed on the earth. As the cavalcade plunged deeper into the cool shades of the park, Catharine turned her head and nodded to Francesca, who rode quietly up, and received the little crimson hat, which Catharine took from her head, turning, with a mischievous smile, to the king, as the wind took her curls and bathed her young forehead with the breath of a thousand wild flowers. Charles was in a happy mood, and this little playful extravagance quite enchanted him. He took off his own hat, and holding it carelessly on the saddle-bow, spake a few kind words to Francesca, and bade her ride round on the other side his horse, that he might converse with her more at ease. The queen smiled gently, and bade her go. The young girl obeyed with a beating heart, almost terrified by the strange sensations that seemed to make every nerve in her body tremble whenever the king addressed her.

It was singular, but Charles, too, became a little sad, as he listened to the low voice of this young girl, broken, as it was, by her foreign accent, and the wild murmur of the leaves. He talked to her of Italy—of the skies so much bluer and brighter than those of his kingdom—of the lakes where he had sailed, when an exile and a royal beggar in that beautiful land. Gradually as the memory of the sweet South came over him, he spake in the language appropriate to the clime. He asked many things of Francesca, and she answered him gently in that sweet, foreign tongue. The queen did not understand them, but she listened smiling, pleased to see her husband interested in her pretty favorite. And others watched them—some, with pleasant curiosity—others, with burning envy; but, in all that gay and licentious court, there was not one who in his heart dared to cast an injurious suspicion on that pure girl. There was something in her manner so simple—so far removed from the least air of coquetry—that even the profligate could not choose but respect her.

But there rode those upon the outskirts of the cavalcade, who watched the scene with bitter and vindictive feelings. The haughty brow of Lady Castlemain

grew black as midnight, when her eyes fell upon the calm and gentle girl. A thousand wicked projects entered her mind, which were to drive this young creature from the court—nay, into the very grave. She urged her horse forward and held him in, till the chafed and enraged animal grew fierce under her cruelty. She goaded him with her whip, and chased his mouth with the golden bit, till specks of blood mingled with the foam that flew over his glossy chest. She took a ferocious pleasure in torturing the beautiful animal into a fit of rage, fierce as that which burned in her own bosom.

At length both horse and rider became excited beyond endurance. With all her audacity, the countess had not the courage to ride forward and upbraid Charles before his court, as her wicked heart prompted. She curbed the poor horse still more sharply—he reared, made a plunge, and, with her fierce spirit all on fire, she gave him head, and he plunged like an arrow into the thickest of the park.

The boughs grew low upon the trees, and there was great danger to the countess, as her enraged horse rushed under them. The king saw this—he

was naturally humane and brave. The face of Lady Castlemain gleamed pale as death, as she shot by him—he forgot her fault—forgot his wife—everything, save that the countess was in peril, and that her face, even in the agony of her flight, was turned imploringly toward him. The plumed hat dropped from his hand, he put spurs to his hunter, and the next instant had left queen and courtiers far behind, while his horse leaped through the trees almost as madly as the enraged animal which still bore the countess on and on, while she filled the solitude with her shrieks.

When in the very thickest of the park, the palfry wheeled with a sharp curve around an enormous tree that blocked his path; he lost his foothold, staggered, made a plunge, and rushed on, with the rich saddle dragging along the ground, and riderless.

When some of the courtiers came to this spot, they found Charles kneeling upon the turf, supporting the pale and insensible form of Lady Castlemain in his arms. His own face was pale almost as hers, and in his terror he uttered words that would have made the pure heart of his queen ache with pain had she found strength to reach the spot. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LORD UTHER'S LAMENT FOR ELLA.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

WHEN the milky moon hung crescent,
Like young Grief when Joy is present,
Joy, whose life is evanescent—
On the horizon rim low, low—
From the Vale of Cuscovilla,
Through the Bowers of Boscobella,
Came to meet me Angel-Ella
In the days of long ago.

By her side Cherubic Aster,
With white limbs like alabaster,
Circled through Heaven's azure pasture,
Half the fields of night to mow,
When her heart to mine was given—
Then she sang to me at even
Golden melodies of Heaven
In the days of long ago.

Pure as snow on Himylaya
Was this beautiful bright Baya—1
Bayadera of old Allaya 2
Whom the world could never know;
For within the Boscobella 3
Of the Vale of Cuscovilla, 4
Died the lyre of Angel-Ella
In the days of long ago.

In the mild month of October,
Through the fields of Cooly Rauber,
By the great Archangel Auber,
Such sweet songs of love did flow,
From her golden lips precluded,
That my soul with joy was flooded,
As by God the earth was wooded
In the days of long ago.

All her soul's divinest treasure
Poured she out then without measure,
Till an ocean of deep pleasure
Drowned my soul from all its wo;
Like Cecelia Intella,
In the Bowers of Boscobella
Sang the saintly Angel-Ella
In the days of long ago.

In the Violet Valley lying
Dwells the beautiful undying,
While my soul is left here sighing
That I, too, cannot be so;
For an angel's chariot driven
Through the parting clouds of Heaven,
Bore her soul to God forgiven
In the days of long ago.

Through the shades of Death low looming,
Where the pale night-flowers are blooming,
Goes the brass-winged beetle boomer,
Making silence doubly so;
While my soul is left in sorrow,
Waiting for the bright to-morrow—
Solace none from Hope to borrow—
For the days of long ago.

He who mourns the loved-departed,
Weeps for those who are deserted—
Who in Heaven live broken-hearted
For the lost left here below;
There, they live in joyful sadness,
Waiting, with exultant madness,
For the left behind lost gladness
Of the days of long ago.

In the Orient Isles of Morning,
Whence there is no more returning,
Thy pure spirit now is burning
With the stars' serenest glow;
While, as Abraham mourned for Sarah,
By the cypress wells of Marah 5
I now mourn in life's Saharah
For the days of long ago.

Where the moon hangs never crescent—
(Though she made our nights so pleasant)—
Where God's face is ever present,
But where tears can never flow;
In the golden Boscobella,
Of the Heavenly Cusc villa
Waits to meet me Angel-Ella,
As in days of long ago.

On the green grass, passemanted
With the Eden-flowers, sweet scented,
There she sits in Heaven, contented,
With the Cherubs on the snow

Of the flowers around them springing—
Angels nectar to them bringing—
Ever shining, ever singing
Of the days of long ago.
By her side Cherubic Aster,
With white limbs like alabaster,
Plays along Heaven's emerald pasture—
Ganymede of joy below—
While her saintly soul sings Paeans
In the Amaranthine Eons
Of high Heaven with her dear Fleance,
Of the days of long ago.

Soon my sighing soul shall follow
Her from this dark grave we hallow,
Up to God's Divine Valhalla,
There to sing forever mo
In the Bowers of Chaledony
Of the Heavenly Avalona, 6
With the plaintive voice of Cona, 7
Of the days of long ago.

1. The Baya is a beautiful bird of Hindostan, about the Sparrow's size, with yellow-brown, soft plumage, yellow head and feet, with breast light colored. In Malabar, it is called the Olmara; in Sincere, Barbere; and in Bengal, Babiu. It is a great favorite with the lovers of Hindostan, who send it forth to pick the jewels from their mistress' brows. It is here used as a name of endearment by Lord Uther.

2. Don Allaya was the anointed High Priest, or Mico, of the tribes of the Seminoles.

3. Boscobella, from two Italian words, signifies Beautiful Woods, or Woodlands. It was the Eden-wilderness of the Golden Villa of Don Allaya, whose orchards, which were diversified with all kinds of the most delicious fruits, were more beautiful than the delightful gardens of King Alcinous. His Villa was called Bella Vista, or Beautiful View. It was called Golken, because it contained the trophies brought by the Spanish buccaneers from the Southern seas to old St. Louis' Fort in Florida, which were recaptured from them when overrun by the savage myrmidons of the great chiefs from the North. These treasures, which consisted of the richest gold and silver plate, corals, pearls,

and ermine of the costliest kind, were bequeathed to Don Allaya by old Lamorah, the principal chief of the Northern tribes, on his death-bed. From the names engraven upon each plate, it was evident that they were the pride of Spanish Kings.

4. The Vale of Cuseovilla was to the Prince Mobile what Val-Ombroso is to the Arno in Italy. Cuscovalia was the Holy City of the Southern tribes. It was in this valley that Boscole!ln, the Beautiful Bower of the villa of Don Allaya, was situated.

5. Marah means bitterness. When the Israelites came to the Waters of Marah in the wilderness of Shur, they could not drink of them because they were bitter, whereupon Moses "cried unto the Lord, and he shewed him a tree, which, when he had cast it into the waters, the waters were made sweet."

6. The Vale of Avalon, where King Arthur, the son of Uther, was wounded. It was the Valley of the pausing of the Moon.

7. Cona—one of the most beautiful of the female characters of Ossian.

TO AN UNKNOWN.

BY P. W. KEYSER.

I HAVE seen thee, I have met thee—
Seen and met to love for aye;
Though 'twas when a throng beset thee
Passing through the crowded way—
Yet I never can forget thee,
Seen and met to love for aye!

Since that day the months have fleeted—
Fleeted like the breath of Spring:
To the past that hour's retreated—
But Time's waves glide murmuring
The music of thy name repeated,
Like bird-notes on the breath of Spring.

O'er thy footsteps I have wander'd,
Wander'd as a Summer bee
Lingers 'midst the perfumes squander'd
By the flow'rets on the lea:
There on new-born hopes I've ponder'd,
As o'er buds a Summer bee.

Reason tells me I should flee thee—
Flee the charms that in thee lie:
But 'tis vain; for oh! to see thee—
To catch a stray glance from thine eye,
Is a joy that shall not leave me
While those charms still in thee lie!

AUTUMN.

The Summer days have vanished,
Like a dream at break of day;
The sweet, fair flowers are banished
That used to deck our way.

But the grapes, in many a cluster,
Hang purple from the bough;
And the Heavens glow with lustre—
'Tis glorious Autumn now!

C. A.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BY A. C. ELLIOTT.

THAT was an anxious day for Mrs. Talbot, on which she was expecting her brother Reginald. Everything about the cottage was arranged as neatly as possible, and—a very unusual occurrence—all her eight little children were looking as nice and clean as if they were each the only object of her care. They seemed to be suffering rather than enjoying this unwonted tidiness; and there was great danger that, if their uncle did not soon make his appearance, all Mrs. Talbot's labor would be lost. But before she had quite put the finishing touch to her own toilet, the subdued murmur of childish voices informed her that the expected and almost dreaded personage had arrived; and hastening out, she was clasped to the breast of her only brother, for the first time for years.

Any one would have known at once that they were brother and sister, though the good-nature that beamed from his face had been exalted and purified to a much more spiritual expression in hers, and, though he was evidently some years older, there were no lines on his face like those that many cares and sorrows had traced on hers. He appeared to be one of those whose content sprang, not from rising above this lower world, but from finding abundant satisfaction in the good things of life. But, notwithstanding his want of elevation of character, he was a pleasant companion, overflowing as he was with kindness and good-nature. He did not tell his sister how changed and care-worn he thought her; neither did he ask for her husband, for he was the only one in the whole circle of his acquaintance, to whom he had a decided aversion; but he began immediately to play with the children, and to divert as much as possible all painful reminiscences by talking with the greatest rapidity.

Mrs. Talbot's story is one that has been so often told, and so much more often acted in real life, that it has become quite stale. A very pretty, gay girl, she married, against her family's consent, a man much beneath her in every respect. She was cast off by her father, and, for many years, dragged on a miserable life in poverty and distress. When her father died, Reginald, her only brother, settled upon her an annuity, just enough to keep her from want, for he did not wish that Mr. Talbot should derive any benefit from his connexion with him.

The gratitude Mrs. Talbot felt for Reginald's kindness was out of all proportion to the gift, for, little as it was for a man with his large income to bestow, it saved her from so much anxiety and distress, that she felt as though nothing could ever repay the debt. And when Mr. Churchill wrote to ask her permission to adopt one of her children, she felt that she could not refuse the request, much as it distressed her to grant

it. Her heart beat painfully as she dressed them herself, and wondered anxiously on which of her darlings his choice would fall. She hoped it would be one of the boys—Sam, the eldest, or Reginald, his namesake—or even little Charley or Mary—any one, but her wild, reckless Edith, or the baby. Every one knows how a mother's heart clings to her baby; but middle-aged gentlemen seldom have the same fondness for them, and so Mr. Churchill hardly gave the chubby staring little fellow a second look; but it was precisely the forward little Edith that won his whole heart in the first ten minutes, by her confidence, her playfulness, and her incessant chattering. She declared, as soon as she was asked, her readiness to go with him in his pretty carriage, to live with him, and to be his own little girl always. Mrs. Talbot hinted in vain that one of the boys or older children would suit him better probably; but he did not like little boys, he said, and Edith was just the right age; a child of four was no longer troublesome like an infant, but yet she was young enough to learn soon to look upon her uncle's house as her only home. Mr. Churchill was very positive in his choice, and as Mrs. Talbot had resolved to consent to his request, she had nothing to do but to get her little Edith ready to go as soon as possible, as Mr. Churchill was anxious to leave after dinner, to avoid meeting Mr. Talbot, who was away for the day under pretence of a business engagement.

Edith bore the parting with great composure, telling them not to cry, that she would soon be back. As long as she was riding she was very much amused; but when the carriage stopped at the inn, and she was put to bed in a strange room, her grief was uncontrollable. They tried in vain to quiet her. All night long her uncle sat by her, wondering to see such a young child display such strength of feeling. It was not till the dim light of morning was stealing through the closed blinds, that her sobs were hushed, and she was sleeping heavily, and, as it seemed to her tired uncle, refreshingly. The slumber came just in time to prevent his fulfilling the determination he had formed in the night—to take Edith back to her mother as soon as possible.

It was a long time before Edith could get used to her new home—a stately mansion, in an extensive park, at some little distance from New York. It seemed to her so lonely to have no one but her uncle to amuse her, after being accustomed to the companionship of so many children; but she did get used to it, and became exceedingly fond of Mr. Churchill, following him everywhere like his shadow. Mr. Churchill's wife was a selfish, disagreeable woman, who piqued herself not only on controlling her house, but her husband, too; and generally she succeeded

very well, but now and then she found Mr. Churchill quite unmanageable. One of these occasions was when he resolved to assist his sister, even though she persisted in living with Mr. Talbot; and another, when he informed her that he intended to adopt one of his nieces. This last step she resisted with all her might, and, when she found her efforts useless, she subsided into a state of sullen opposition, and resolved to have nothing to do with the child. It would have been well if she had been true to her determination; but she could not resist the temptation to reprove and check the little intruder on every possible occasion, till there sprang up a lasting feud between them—open and violent, on the part of Edith, and quiet and tormenting, on Mrs. Churchill's side.

As Edith grew up though, lovely, blooming and high-spirited, she saw that these quarrels seriously annoyed her uncle, who would sacrifice almost anything for peace, and so she tried to avoid her aunt as much as possible; and when she could not, to bear her rebukes without reply. This course served to render her still more disagreeable to Mrs. Churchill; but, as it pleased her uncle, Edith was contented.

Thus matters went on, till Edith had nearly reached her twenty-first year. She had been engaged since she was eighteen to Charles Devereux, a young man of good though reduced family, and of fine talents—a person who was every way agreeable to her uncle, and to whom she was very much attached. They would have been married before, but her uncle could not bear to part with her, and had exacted a promise from her not to leave him before she was twenty-one. This she had readily given; but Devereux himself complained bitterly of the delay. Time, however, effects marvellous changes, and one of the most wonderful that he produces is the disappearance of affection that we flatter ourselves is unchangeable.

Just three months before Edith's wedding day, Mr. Churchill died suddenly in a fit of apoplexy. Edith's grief was so violent and distressing that they feared for her reason; and her eldest brother was sent for by Mrs. Churchill, who informed him coldly that it was her desire that Edith should be taken home by him as soon after the funeral as possible, as her presence there had always been to her very undesirable. Samuel Talbot could not imagine why Mrs. Churchill should take such a tone, as he had always understood that his uncle intended to make Edith his heiress; but his astonishment was changed to indignation when he found that there was no will, but one made many years before, in which Mrs. Churchill was left all the property. He applied to Edith for an explanation, and, as soon as she comprehended him, she said that her uncle had told her but a short time before his death that he had left her all his fortune, excepting that during her life Mrs. Churchill was to have the house, with an income sufficient to support her in the style to which she had been accustomed. However, this will was nowhere to be found, and all but Edith and some who were very well acquainted with his feelings for her, thought that if he had ever made it he must have destroyed it himself; for Mrs. Churchill had always been known as a strictly upright, conscientious woman, and so she always had been,

except in some cases where her unamiable temper and strong prejudices had warped her from her naturally strong sense of right and wrong.

And so Edith returned to her old home after seventeen years of absence, sad and dejected, sorrowing so much for the death of her uncle that the loss of the inheritance was hardly considered as any grievance by her at first. Of course as months went by, and time, the grand consoler softened her distress, she felt, and felt at first acutely, the deprivation of many things which she had always considered as essential to her comfort. But her mother was as kind and devoted as ever; and her brothers and sisters, trained under so lovely and excellent an example, did all in their power to comfort her and make her losses seem light. Her father was the only one who complained, or aggravated in any way her distress, and this he did sterner by sneering allusions to her "fair-weather lover," as he called Devereux, than in any other way.

This annoyed her the more because, though she herself felt the utmost confidence in his affection, his silence and absence gave ample reason for comment and distrust. Edith had been at home for six weeks, and had not heard a word from him, or even seen him since her uncle's death, though always before when she had been making her yearly visit of four weeks at home, he had come up from New York once or twice to visit her. She could not help thinking it rather strange that he did not lay aside his business, however pressing it might be, and hasten to console her in her time of affliction. But he came at last; she caught a glimpse of him, as seated in a travelling carriage he drove quickly past her father's house to the inn. She wondered why he did not get out at the cottage as usual, and let the carriage go on; she wondered still more at his long delay in coming to her, and had begun to persuade herself that she must have been mistaken.

Restless and uneasy, she wandered from room to room, and at length took refuge in the little shrubbery in front of the cottage, where she spent the whole afternoon, either walking hastily through its winding pathway, or standing almost motionless with her eyes fixed on the gate. Her mother came out two or three times to call her in, but the last time she saw Edith hastening to meet Devereux, who had just entered, and so she drew back without speaking. It seemed to Mrs. Talbot a very little while, though, before the door of the little sitting-room opened quietly, and Edith entered with a face pale as marble, but as calm and unmoved, she seemed to be so determined to resist all expression of feeling that she had entirely overcome them.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked her mother; "where is Mr. Devereux? Didn't you ask him to stay to tea?"

"He has gone away, mother."

"Gone away!" exclaimed Mrs. Talbot; "not to New York?"

"Yes," said Edith, calmly, "he has returned to New York. He is not coming here again. Don't say anything about him to me just now, dear mother, and ask the others not to—I cannot bear it yet. I shall be better soon, I hope."

Edith's first struggle with her feelings when she found that it was her wealth and not herself that Devereux had sought, was more overpowering to her than all her previous sorrows. She felt so desolate and abandoned, and yet was so determined not to yield to her feelings, that though outwardly she appeared unusually composed, she felt herself to be in great danger of losing her reason. But the first bitterness of her grief over, she was astonished to find how easily she could uproot all those feelings of affection, which she had cherished so long that they had seemed once a part of her inmost being. To a high-spirited, lofty soul like Edith's, Devereux appeared so thoroughly contemptible and unworthy, that she at last began to regard her loss of fortune as a blessing rather than an affliction, in preventing her from becoming the wife and intimate companion of such a man.

Three years passed away, during which Edith felt that she had derived more real advantages from her sorrows, accompanied as they were by great blessings, than from all the worldly advantages she had previously enjoyed. She had changed from a spoiled and petted child, to a generous and self-denying woman, and had become a great favorite in her own family, where her energy and activity made her very useful. At the end of this time she married the clergyman of the parish, John Cavendish, a man every way worthy of her, and was not a little surprised to find that she was even happier in the little parsonage, with her limited income and manifold duties, than she had ever been as the rich Mr. Churchill's heiress. But it cannot be denied that she sometimes longed for a little of the wealth that she had formerly lavished so foolishly; especially after her little Reginald's birth, for whom she could not bear to anticipate the narrow sphere in which he would probably be condemned to move.

She was talking to her husband about it one evening when a letter came from Mrs. Churchill, requesting her to come to her as soon as possible. Edith suspected at once that the will so long desired in vain was found at last, and lost no time in obeying the summons. Mr. Cavendish could not accompany her, but was to follow her in a day or two; and she sent her child, now nearly two years old, to her mother, as she knew her aunt's temper too well to think that the presence of a noisy boy would be anything but a source of discomfort.

She was, therefore, alone when, after having saluted kindly the old domestic who came forward to welcome their former pet and little mistress, she entered the large, elegant drawing-room where her aunt generally sat. She met with a very different greeting from what she had expected; instead of the usual cold bow or stiff shake of the hand, Mrs. Churchill hastened toward her with a nervous, eager, impatient expression, kissed her hurriedly, complained of her delay, when in reality Edith had been half afraid that her aunt would think her very impatient, and telling her that her old room had been prepared for her, and that she must get herself ready for dinner as soon as possible, hurried her off without hardly allowing her to speak. Yet in this little time Edith had noticed a great change

in her aunt's once dignified and commanding appearance. She looked pale and harassed, and was restless and pre-occupied. She seemed to be alone too, and Edith had always heard that the house had been filled with her aunt's own relations ever since her departure.

Mrs. Churchill not only took no dinner herself, but was evidently so impatient to have the meal over, that Edith hardly allowed herself time to taste the dishes placed before her. When they were alone Mrs. Churchill began abruptly by asking Edith "what she thought her uncle had done with the will he told her he had made?"

"He told me," said Edith, "that he had put it in his secretary, and I always thought that it must have slipped into some crevice, or been carefully hid in some secret drawer that was known to no one but himself."

"Then you never suspected me, Edith?" asked her aunt.

"Oh, no! never for one moment! such a thought would never enter my head. I hope you have not supposed me guilty of such injustice?" said Edith.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Churchill, "it has seemed to me as though everybody must have suspected me, and I could bear it no longer. I did take it, Edith, here it is."

With these words, drawing the will from her pocket, she handed it to her astonished niece.

"I will tell you all about it, my child, and then I hope, though you must blame me, you will judge me more leniently than you do now. Your uncle gave it to me to read and I did not like it at all, and told him so, and we had quite a quarrel about it; however he consented to alter one clause in it which I objected to, and left it in my writing-desk till the lawyer who drew it up should come again, which he was expected to do in a few days. Your uncle knew I disliked you, or rather that I thought I did, yet my character for uprightness and truth was such that he never suspected me of being capable of committing so dishonorable an act as depriving you of your right.

"After his sudden death, when they were looking in vain for this very will, and applied at last to me, I yielded to a sudden and powerful impulse, and said that I knew nothing about it. I had no sooner spoken the words than I would have given all I gained by them and more too, to have recalled them—but I could not confess myself a thief, and neither could I bear the sight of you whom I had wronged. You know how harshly I sent you away, but you do not know how often I wished you to return. I found to my astonishment that I had really become attached to you, and that more than half my apparent dislike arose from my naturally perverse disposition and bad temper. My own relations, for whose sake I had committed so great a crime, disgusted me by their sycophancy and deceit, and I longed for you, frank and hasty as you were. Besides a sense of my guilt preyed upon me, and I do not think I have had a moment's peace since you left. I could not bear it any longer, and so I sent for you. You may do as you please with the will, dear Edith, only I entreat you, don't make my guilt public, at least while I live.

I will give up this residence to you now, and all but a bare support—I shall feel better if I do so, I think—I can bear poverty but not infamy."

But Edith would not hear of her aunt's doing that; she insisted on her retaining all the privileges given to her by the will, and always allowed it to be supposed, even by her husband, that her aunt had accidentally discovered the long-lost document, which her sense of justice would not permit her to suppress. Consequently Mrs. Churchill's character stood higher than ever, and she lived and died more than ever respected and esteemed.

Edith often met Charles Devereux, after she had removed to a place not far from her aunt's residence, and never did so without making a mental comparison between him and her husband, and thanking Providence for the troubles that had shown her the worthlessness of the one, and the value of the other. As for him he married an heiress, his grand object in life, but whether he was happy or not no one could tell.

THE BANKS OF BRANDYWINE!

BY MRS. S. J. HOWE.

I'm thinking of some happy hours
When I was but a little girl,
Ere I had learn'd that Hope could once
Her bright and sunny pinions furl;
When life seem'd but a fairy dream
O'er which no light but Love's could shine,
And time, uncounted, pass'd away
Upon the banks of Brandywine!
The crystal stream went murmuring by,
And stole among the verdant hills
As if it strove to rest awhile,
Unbroken by the noisy mills;
There Nature rear'd the lofty rock
On which was written many a name,
As if the writers strove to send
To future times their deeds of fame,
For some had climb'd a fearful height
To write their names above the rest—
Cheer'd on by those who stood below
With eager calls and boyish zest;
How I have laugh'd, and clapp'd my hands
To see some favorite of mine
Write my own name o'er all the rest,
On the tall rocks of Brandywine!
Oh! life was then a happy dream,
My heart was like an April flower
That turn'd its warm core to the sun,
And then was met by gentle shower!
And there upon that spot there stood
The home my fathers held of yore,
Where Love and Peace their home had made
For full two hundred years before,
There, little touched by time, it stood,
Where tower'd the oak, and crept the vine,
And there they lov'd, and lov'd, and died,
Upon the banks of Brandywine!
And one was left of that long line
Who bore him nobly in the wars,
And on his aged front he wore
The deep, and glorious battle-sears!
How often when soft twilight came
I laid my head upon his knee,
To hear how proud Columbia bled
That she might rank among the free!
He told me how his mother came
And girded on his own good sword,

And bade him be of courage good,
For by his country stood the Lord!
And how with high, yet trembling heart,
She watch'd the weary day decline,
While louder grew the battle's roar
Upon the banks of Brandywine!
How the hot battle's dingy smoke
Hung round her like a sable shroud,
And quicker, fiercer beat the drum,
And the wide common bellow'd loud;
He told how fought our patriot sires
Upon that dark, and weary night,
Firm in the belief that they would win,
For God is ever with the right!
How hand to hand, and foot to foot
They fought, their hands all wet with gore,
With mighty and determin'd hearts
To drive the invader from the shore!
And how the clear, and gentle stream
That had appeared 'mong flowers to shine,
Was thick with blood, till scarce they knew
Their own, their lovely Brandywine!
He told of many a gallant deed—
Of forts besieg'd and battles won,
And quicker beat each youthful pulse
Whene'er he spoke of Washington!
That soldier brave of seventy-six
Now sleeps within his narrow bed,
Beside the church where first his thoughts
By pious life to Heaven were led;
That grey old church, I see it now
O'er clad with many a hoary vine,
While like a stream of silver, flows
The calm and gentle Brandywine!
And I remember well, how oft
I kneel'd, a little wayward thing,
And watch'd, the while, the mournful yews
Their shadows thro' the windows fling—
The branches waving to and fro—
The joyous sunlight dancing thro'
And thro' the dim and time-stained glass,
I just could see the sky so blue!
Oh! those were happy times, when Hope
Show'd but the plumes that brightly shine,
And life flew joyously away
Upon the banks of Brandywine!

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

KATE DARLINGTON was a belle and a beauty; and had, as might be supposed, not a few admirers. Some were attracted by her person; some by her winning manners, and not a few by the wealth of her family. But though sweet Kate was both a belle and a beauty, she was a shrewd, clear seeing girl, and had far more penetration into character than belles and beauties are generally thought to possess. For the whole tribe of American dandies, with their disfiguring moustaches and imperials, she had a most hearty contempt. Hair never made up, with her, for the lack of brains.

But, as she was an heiress in expectancy, and moved in the most fashionable society, and was, with all, a gay and sprightly girl, Kate, as a natural consequence, drew around her the gilded moths of society, not a few of whom got their wings scorched, on approaching too near.

Many aspired to be lovers, and some, more ardent than the rest, boldly pressed forward and claimed her hand. But Kate did not believe in the doctrine that love begets love in all cases. Were this so, it was clear that she would have to love half a dozen, for at least that number came kneeling to her with their hearts in their hands.

Mr. Darlington was a merchant. Among his clerks was the son of an old friend, who, in dying some years before, had earnestly solicited him to have some care over the lad, who at his death, would become friendless. In accordance with this last request, Mr. Darlington took the boy into his counting-room; and, in order that he might, with more fidelity, redeem his promise to the dying father, also received him into his family.

Edwin Lee proved himself not ungrateful for the kindness. In a few years he became one of Mr. Darlington's most active, trustworthy and intelligent clerks; while his kind, modest, gentlemanly deportment at home, won the favor and confidence of all the family. With Edwin, Kate grew up as with a brother. Their intercourse was of the most frank and confiding character.

But there came, at last, a change. Kate, from a graceful, sweet-tempered, affectionate girl, stepped forth almost in a day, it seemed to Edwin, a full grown, lovely woman, into whose eyes he could not look as steadily as before, and on whose beautiful face he could no longer gaze with the calmness of feeling he had until now enjoyed.

For awhile, Edwin could not understand the reason of this change. Kate was the same to him; and yet not the same. There was no distance—no reserve on her part; and yet, when he came into her presence, he felt his heart beat more quickly; and when she looked him steadily in the face, his eyes would droop, involuntarily, beneath her gaze.

Suddenly, Edwin awoke to a full realization of the fact that Kate was to him more than a gentle friend or a sweet sister. From that moment, he became reserved in his intercourse with her; and, after a short time, firmly made up his mind that it was his duty to retire from the family of his benefactor. The thought of endeavoring to win the heart of the beautiful girl, whom he had always loved as a sister, and now almost worshipped, was not for a moment entertained. To him there would have been so much of ingratitude in this, and so much that involved a base violation of Mr. Darlington's confidence, that he would have suffered anything rather than be guilty of such an act.

But, he could not leave the home where he had been so kindly regarded for years, without offering some reason that would be satisfactory. The true reason, he could not, of course, give. After looking at the subject in various lights, and debating it for a long time, Edwin could see no way in which he could withdraw from the family of Mr. Darlington, without betraying his secret, unless he were to leave the city at the same time. He, therefore, sought and obtained the situation of supercargo in a vessel loading for Valparaiso.

When Edwin announced this fact to Mr. Darlington, the merchant was greatly surprised, and appeared hurt that the young man should take such a step without a word of consultation with him. Edwin tried to explain; but, as he had to conceal the real truth, his explanation rather tended to make things appear worse than better.

Kate heard the announcement with no less surprise than her father. The thing was so sudden, so unlooked for, and, moreover, so uncalled for, that she could not understand it. In order to take away any pecuniary reason for the step he was about to take, Mr. Darlington, after holding a long conversation with Edwin, made him offers far more advantageous than his proposed expedition could be to him, viewed in any light. But he made them in vain. Edwin acknowledged the kindness, in the warmest terms, but remained firm in his purpose to sail with the vessel.

"Why will you go away and leave us, Edwin?" said Kate, one evening when the happened to be alone, about two weeks before his expected departure. "I do think it very strange!"

Edwin had avoided, as much as possible, being alone with Kate, a fact which the observant maiden had not failed to notice. Their being alone now was from accident rather than design on his part.

"I think it right for me to go, Kate," the young man replied, as calmly as it was possible for him to speak under the circumstances. "And when I think it right to do a thing, I never hesitate or look back."

"You have a reason for going, of course. Why then not tell it frankly? Are we not all your friends?"

Edwin was silent, and his eyes rested upon the floor, while a deeper flush than usual was upon his face. Kate looked at him fixedly. Suddenly a new thought flashed through her mind, and the color on her own cheeks grew warmer. Her voice from that moment was lower and more tender; and her eyes, as she conversed with the young man, were never a moment from his face. As for him, his embarrassment in her presence was never more complete, and he betrayed the secret that was in his heart even while he felt the most earnest to conceal it. Conscious of this, he excused himself and retired as soon as it was possible to do so.

Kate sat thoughtful for some time after he had left. Then rising up, she went with a firm step to her father's room.

"I have found out," she said, speaking with great self composure, "the reason why Edwin persists in going away."

"Ah! What is the reason, Kate? I would give much to know."

"He is in love," replied Kate, promptly.

"In love! How do you know that?"

"I made the discovery to-night."

"Love should keep him at home, not drive him away," said Mr. Darlington.

"But he loves hopelessly," returned the maiden. "He is poor, and the object of his regard belongs to a wealthy family."

"And her friends will have nothing to do with him."

"I am not so sure of that. But he formed an acquaintance with the young lady under circumstances that would make it mean, in his eyes, to urge any claims upon her regard."

"Then honor as well as love takes him away."

"Honor in fact; not love. Love would make him stay," replied the maiden with a sparkling eye, and something of proud elevation in the tones of her voice.

A faint suspicion of the truth now came stealing on the mind of Mr. Darlington.

"Does the lady know of his preference for her?" he asked.

"Not through any word or act of his, designed to communicate a knowledge of the fact," replied Kate, her eyes falling under the earnest look bent upon her by Mr. Darlington.

"Has he made you his confidante?"

"No, sir. I doubt if the secret has ever passed his lips." Kate's face was beginning to crimson, but she drove back the tell-tale blood with a strong effort of the will.

"Then how came you possessed of it?" inquired the father.

The blood came back to her face with a rush, and she bent her head so that her dark glossy curls fell over and partly concealed it. In a moment or two she had regained her self-possession, and looking up, she answered.

"Secrets like this do not always need oral or written language to make them known. Enough, father, that

I have discovered the fact that his heart is deeply imbued with a passion for one who knows well his virtues—his pure, true heart—his manly sense of honor; with a passion for one who has looked upon him till now as a brother, but who henceforth must regard him with a different and higher feeling."

Kate's voice trembled. As she uttered the last few words, she lost control of herself, and bent forward and hid her face upon her father's arm.

Mr. Darlington, as might well be supposed, was taken altogether by surprise at so unexpected an announcement. The language used by his daughter needed no interpretation. She was the maiden beloved by his clerk.

"Kate," said he, after a moment or two of hurried reflection, "this is a very serious matter. Edwin is only a poor clerk, and you —"

"And I"—said Kate, rising up, and taking the words from her father—"and I am the daughter of a man who can appreciate what is excellent in even those who are humblest in the eyes of the world. Father, is not Edwin far superior to the artificial men who flutter around every young lady who now makes her appearance in the circle where we move? Knowing him as you do, I am sure you will say yes."

"But, Kate —"

"Father, don't let us argue this point. Do you want Edwin to go away?" And the young girl laid her hand upon her parent, and looked him in the face with unresisting affection.

"No, dear; I certainly don't wish him to go."

"Nor do I," returned the maiden, as she leaned forward again, and laid her face upon his arm. In a little while she arose, and, with her countenance turned partly away, said—

"Tell him not to go, father —"

And with these words she retired from the room.

On the next evening, as Edwin was sitting alone in one of the drawing-rooms, thinking on the long night of absence that awaited him, Mr. Darlington came in, accompanied by Kate. They seated themselves near the young man, who showed some sense of embarrassment. There was no suspense, however, for Mr. Darlington said—

"Edwin, we none of us wish you to go away. You know that I have urged every consideration in my power, and now I have consented to unite with Kate in renewing a request for you to remain. Up to this time, you have declined giving a satisfactory reason for your sudden resolution to leave; but a reason is due to us—to me in particular—and I now most earnestly conjure you to give it."

The young man at this became greatly agitated, but did not venture to make a reply.

"You are still silent on the subject," said Mr. Darlington.

"He will not go, father," said Kate, in a tender, appealing voice. "I know he will not go. We cannot let him go. Kinder friends he will not find anywhere than he has here. And we shall miss him from our home circle. There will be a vacant place at our board. Will you be happier away, Edwin?"

The last sentence was uttered in a tone of sisterly affection.

"Happier!" exclaimed the young man, thrown off his guard. "Happier! I shall be wretched while away."

"Then why go?" returned Kate, tenderly.

At this stage of affairs, Mr. Darlington got up, and retired; and we think we had as well retire with the reader.

The good ship "Leonora" sailed in about ten days.

She had a supercargo on board; but his name was not Edwin Lee.

Fashionable people were greatly surprised when the beautiful Kate Darlington married her father's clerk; and moustached dandies curled their lip, but it mattered not to Kate. She had married a man in whose worth, affection, and manliness of character, she could repose a rational confidence. If not a fashionable, she was a happy wife.

THE SKELETON KING.

BY JANE GRAY.

A RUSHING sound like the wings of the storm
Swept by in the gray of even,
And there stood a grim old skeleton form
Beside the gate of Heaven!

And loud he knocked with his bony hands,
—Till the porter, old and gray,
Came forth—inquiring what commands
He had brought for his Lord that day.

And he said, "It's a wearisome day I've had,
But rich are the gifts I bring;
For the youthful and aged—the grave and glad,
Have bowed to the skeleton King!

"I've garlands of beauty from earthly bowers,
And I hide them from mortal eyes,
That my Lord might adorn with these beauteous flowers
The garden of Paradise.

"I found them blooming everywhere,
Unmarked by disease or decay;
And I knew how soon if I left them there,
They would wither and fade away;

"So I touched them gently, and they fell
Away from the parent stem;
But these jewel-buds will flourish well
In our master's diadem!"

And the Lord of the city heard afar
The voice of the trusty old King;
And he knew full well 'twas his empty car
He had brought for an offering;

For long on his shadowy track he had driven
His pale steeds like the lightning's breath;
And nothing e'er passed from earth to Heaven,
Except in the car of Death.

And now as he stood unloading his spoil,
And looking his treasures o'er,
His Lord drew near: he recounted his toil
And held out the gifts he bore.

There was fruit in the cluster, rich and rare;
There was corn in the ripened sheaves;
And tender buds, and blossoms fair
As the dew-drops on their leaves!

Then he took the garland which Death had twined
And hid it in his breast,
And said, "Sweet flowers, no storm shall find
Your sheltered place of rest!"

Now Death stood lingering as loth to go;
But he spake at length, and said,

"There is weeping on earth to-night, I know,
And wailing for the dead!

"And I would not go back to a world again
So filled with woe and sorrow;
And for this I've lingered, in hope to gain
A respite for the morrow!

"For though I have lived six thousand years,
Yet all from my presence flee;
And wherever I go there are doubts and fears,
And often a mingling of groans and tears,
If forced to acquaintance with me!"

And the bones of the cold old King grew warm
As he told how ill he had fared;
Though he'd wrapped his mantle o'er many a form
That boiled the cold world's pitiless storm,
Yet none for his kindness cared!

Then his master smiled on the injured old man,
And in gentle words replied,
"Tis only the look of your skinny hands,
And the sickle by your side
That my children fear; and they know that a storm
Oft gathers o'er life's last wave,
And they shrink from the cold, pale uniform
Of the army of the grave!"

And these words fell sweet on the old King's ear;
And he said, "With a gentle hand
I would gather the loved ones, and bring them here
Through the dim and shadowy land:

"If thou'lt clothe me in beauty like the cloud
That hangs on the skirt of even,
And take awny the misty shroud

That darkens my way to Heaven,

"Or give me a form of human flesh

Instead of this skeleton frame,

Then I'll start on my earthly mission afresh,
And toil on still the same!"

Still Death was unheeded—it might not be!

For him, was no change or rest! •

But his master spake, "It is well for thee
If ye bow to my behest!

"Thou art not a messenger of wrath,

But my herald of mercy and love;

And when thou hast borne on thy shadowy path

The last of earth above,

"Then I'll change thy grim features, and give to thee

A new form with beauty rife,

And Death, the dread skeleton foe, shall be

An heir of Eternal Life!"

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Currer Bell, Acton Bell and Ellis Bell, author of "Jane Eyre," "Wuthering Heights," and "Wildfell Hall." 1 vol. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.—This volume removes much of the mystery which hung around the authorship of "Jane Eyre." It is now evident that the writer of that book is a woman—that she has one or more brothers or sisters, who are also authors—that they have seen much sorrow, both individually and collectively—and that they live, or have lived alone, in an old country house, somewhere in the North of England. It is also evident that the author of "Jane Eyre" writes the best poems as well as the best novels of the trio.

We shall not analyze these poems in detail. Those who have read the novels have but to imagine them changed into verse, and they will have a better idea of the poems than pages of criticism could give: there is the same bitter, reckless spirit in both; the same freshness; the same intense passion; the same absence of conventionalism. This volume reads throughout like a personal revelation, especially those portions of it written by the author of "Jane Eyre." The materials for the whole three of the remarkable novels emanating from this family, would appear to have been taken from the experience of near and dear relatives—and a bitter experience it seems to have been!

The poems by Currer Bell are written with great power, but show little artistic skill, and less command of rhythm. There is, however, a certain ballad-like air about them, which, in spite of their roughness, fascinates us. The poems of Currer are generally too long to quote; but here is a passionate one by Ellis.

A DEATH SCENE.

"O day! he cannot die
When thou so fair art shining!
O Sun, in such a glorious sky,
So tranquilly declining;

He cannot leave thee now,
While fresh West winds are blowing,
And all around his youthful brow
Thy cheerful light is glowing!"

Edward, awake, awake—
The golden evening gleams
Warm and bright on Arden's lake—
Arouse thee from thy dreams!

Beside thee, on my knee,
My dearest friend! I pray
That thou, to cross the eternal sea,
Would'st yet one hour delay:

I hear its billows roar—
I see them foaming high;
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blest my straining eye.

Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond;
Turn back, from that tempestuous surge,
To thy own native land.

It is not death, but pain
That struggles in thy breast—
Nay, rally, Edward, rouse again;
I cannot let thee rest!"

One long look, that sore reproved me
For the woe I could not bear—
One mute look of suffering moved me
To repeat my useless prayer:

And, with sudden check, the heaving
Of distraction passed away;
Not a sign of further grieving
Stirred my soul that awful day.

Paled, at length, the sweet sun setting;
Sink to peace the twilight breeze;
Summer dews fell softly, wetting
Glen, and glade, and silent trees.

Then his eyes began to weary,
Weighed beneath a mortal sleep;
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,
Clouded, even as they would weep.

But they wept not, but they changed not,
Never moved, and never closed;
Troubled still, and still they ranged not—
Wandered not, nor yet reposed?

So I knew that he was dying—
Stooped, and raised his languid head;
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing,
So I knew that he was dead.

Angela. A Novel. By Mrs. Marsh. Harper & Brothers.

—This is one of those remarkable books of which one may write and not fear to say too much. Its scenes are principally laid in the quiet of home, its tone, that of the highest morality. There are no petty tyrants, no characters drawn from the anomalies of nature, no pious libertines or beloved villains to punish or reform. The absence of these may disappoint the depraved desires of many readers. Instead, purity, moral heroism, and true female loveliness are all-sufficient materials from which is woven one of the most beautiful tales that has lately issued from the press. This is not all. We believe it impossible for one to carefully read it without being benefitted by the perusal.

The graphic style of the authoress may be especially noticed in an early chapter, where the young lover is preparing a basket of fruit, fish and flowers for his sick neighbor. Our friend Jared Bradley Flagg might there find an exquisite subject for a painting, capable of being rendered more interesting by substituting for the boy, the beautiful "Poet's Captive," which was so much admired at the last exhibition of the National Academy.

Loiterings in Europe; or, Sketches of Travel, with an appendix containing observations on European Charities and Medical Institutions. By John W. Corson, M. D. Harper & Brothers.—It would be a source of happiness to us, if we possessed the good nature of the writer of this work, that spirit which pre-disposed him to be pleased with everything. But we cannot praise this work in the whole. We were often at a loss while carefully reading it to understand the meaning of the author, not being able to tell whether it was candidly or ironically written. More than that, it embraces too much—rendering it a catalogue of places and things, with notes of some length. One who has read the thousand productions of our modern travellers will get no new facts, and probably would be ill-satisfied with their dress. It would be difficult to find a passage worthy of extraction.

The appendix must be freed from some of these strictures. It does contain some facts unknown to most Americans.

The Peasant and his Landlord. Translated by Mary Howitt. In two parts. Harper & Brothers.—Wild and thrilling is the plot of this story; some of the characters are terrible in their strong passions, others are sweet and gentle, and all the descriptions are vivid; but the termination is unsatisfactory, and the whole aim of the story seems to us imperfectly carried out.

The Dying Robin and other Tales. By Joseph Alden, D. D.—These pretty little stories are beautifully adopted to the young mind. In those pure, simple and lovely sentiments which are delightful alike to the aged and the young, Mr. Alden is always enriching his books; but he is of a cast and order of intellect that does not find its full development in juvenile works, beautiful as all those are that he has yet given to the public. We look to Mr. Alden for a work that shall strengthen the strong principles which sustain our matured natures. Mr. Alden has written many lovely books, but that which develops the whole strength of his genius is yet to be written.

Modern French Literature. By L. Raymond de Vericour. Revised, with notes. By W. S. Chase, A. M. 1 vol. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.—The design of the author of this book, according to his preface, is to give a clear idea of the intellectual progress of France during the nineteenth century; a task in which he has succeeded admirably. His volume comprises notices of all the eminent writers of that country in the departments of history, criticism, romance, the drama, intellectual philosophy, politics, &c. The work is one of great value. Messrs. Gould, Kendall and Lincoln has issued it in good style, with a portrait of Lamartine as a frontispiece.

The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. By the author of *Wuthering Heights.* Harper & Brothers.—Better in its words—better in its characters, and altogether fuller of thrilling interest is this book than *Wuthering Heights*, in itself certainly one of the most remarkable works of the day. There is a sort of rude nature in the style of this author peculiar and forcible. Some of the characters in "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" are very sweet, very good, and altogether life-like—though his men, some of them, we must say, are rather too much inclined to knock-down arguments.

Self-Control. By Miss Brunton. Harper & Brothers.—This is an excellent novel, pure in its character, and with a high-toned moral woven with the story.

This month the *Harpers* have published "Gowrie; or, The King's Plot," by James, and "Vanity Fair," by W. M. Tarkeray, author of the "Yellow Plush Papers," both highly spoken of. We will read them before our next number is issued, and give a more lengthy opinion then. We have received Headley's Life of Cromwell, but wish to give it a very careful perusal, and so delay what must be, if written this month, a very hasty notice.

Mrs. Gray's Novels.—T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut street, has published from time to time the works of this, perhaps, the most brilliant lady writer in England. One and all of her novels are full of the rarest genius, and it is doing our readers a favor to point out where they can be obtained in a complete form. "The Little Wife" is a perfect jewel.

Mary Grover. By Burdett. Harper & Brothers.—Like the stories of T. S. Arthur, these from the pen of Mr. Burdett are of a domestic cast, excellent in their moral tendency, and every way calculated to do good. This is a temperance tale, and full of touching domestic incident, prettily bound too, and every way worthy of favor.

Select Poems. By Mrs. Sigourney. 1 vol. Philada: Carey & Hart.—This is a very beautiful volume, containing the choicest of Mrs. Sigourney's poems; and is embellished with two beautiful illustrations on steel.

William, The Cottager. By Ellen Herbert. Harper & Brothers.—A delightful little story, told in a pleasant way, and containing a fine moral. Children are made better by reading such books.

Alfred in India. 1 vol. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.—This is another beautiful little volume, belonging to that admirable series, "Chambers' Library for Young People."

Chambers' Miscellany. Nos. 24 and 25. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.—Messrs. Zeiber & Co. have laid on our table the above numbers of this valuable serial.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

For our plate, this month, we have caused to be engraved two of the prettiest costumes we have ever had presented to our notice.

FIG. I.—AN EVENING DRESS of white mull, with two deep embroidered flounces, which are put on at the top in puffs: corsage high, gauged lengthwise, and with an infant waist: sleeves short, gauged to match the body, and trimmed with lace: a broad sash of pink ribbon: and two pink bows fastening up the flounces. A head-dress of lace and delicate pink flowers and ribbon, completes this elegant costume.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS of *glace silk*; the skirt full, and trimmed down the front with bows of ribbon: corsage high on the shoulders, and open in front, with an infant waist; sleeves half short, with bows to match the trimming of the front of the body and skirt; a worked chemise with Jenny Lind collar; white under sleeves finished with a ruffle round the hand. A bonnet of pink silk, trimmed with flowers, is worn with this charming and sensible dress.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As yet so few persons have returned from the country that ladies do not even begin to think of fall dresses. Several new patterns, however, are out, of which these engraved for us are the prettiest. In general few alterations will be made. Dresses will be worn low on the neck, and trimmed around the skirts. There are no changes in sleeves. Bodices most usually will be round, so as to form what is called an infant waist. Capes have a seam on the shoulder, and long ends in front, *a la Pelerine*.

We learn that visites will be something in the shawl-fashion, cut long in the back, and round. An effort will be made to introduce cashmere scarfs of rich colors. Bonnets will have deeper fronts than in the spring; and small feathers will very generally supersede flowers as trimmings. Gaiters, to match the dress, will be universally worn by all who pretend to fashion. Small lace caps, trimmed with fine flowers, will be much worn as head-dresses.

Materials will be principally rich silks and cashmeres.





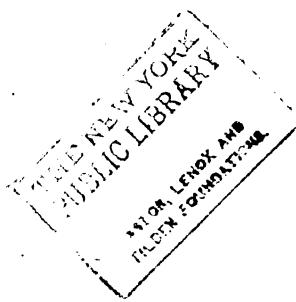


—LES MOUS PARISIENNES—





LES MODES PARISIENNES.



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THE CHILD OF VISIONS!

BY JANE GAY.

On its cradle-couch a beautiful child was reposing! Smiles and shadows were flitting over its infant features like bursts of sunshine through broken clouds. It was a young bud of earth encasing a Heavenly dew-drop!

There was a low murmur like a dream-voice, and slowly the blue-veined lids were half-unclosed; and a pair of soft grey eyes looked timidly round from object to object. The weight of slumber was still heavy upon them, and the long lashes were soon laid again on the rosy cheek of childhood: but another murmur, and the tiny hands were outstretched, and the glance of the sleeper was upward. Gaze softly—it is the child's first vision! Angels are now fulfilling their earthly mission, and unfolding to this young heir of Heaven their first lesson from the book of Life. No wonder then that shadows mingle with the smiles of infancy, as they whisper that her new and untrod-den pathway is onward from the happy Eden! No wonder she startles and murmurs as they reveal to her that the "Tree of knowledge of good and evil" has been plucked for her to eat—and that every taste will remove her further from the "Tree of Life," for whose blessed fruits she will ever be thirsting.

She awoke—but tears were in her eyes, and they called the child "Mary," though they wondered much why she should weep.

Years have passed. A group of fair young creatures are sporting amid the flowers and sunshine of June. The sky hangs over them its pure blue mantle, and the voices of myriad creatures are ringing with gladness; yet the band of young immortals are the happiest of all. But look! One has stolen away from the gay throng and pillow'd her young head upon the green grass, while her mild, grey eyes are cast upward to the bright blue sky with a fixed and earnest expression. The pastime is no longer heeded—the ringing shout is unheard; for the child of visions is beckoned upward to higher companionship.

"Mary, Mary, don't desert your place so soon," cry a number of voices at once; "you promised to play with us this bright holiday!"

But the child listens not to the voices of her com-

panions—her dreams are above! A noble boy bends over her, whispering, "sister, come back!" but her look is still upward, and she heeds him not. He stoops and kisses her cheek, then exclaims, "run back to the goal, sister; we cannot play without you!" Then she murmurs, "yes, I see the goal," but her gaze is still upon the sky above her, and the green earth is forgotten. Vainly does that loving boy strive to arouse his sister from the deep reverie into which she has fallen, for the angels are whispering mysteries which the gifted must learn.

That night the child pressed a feverish pillow, and many were gathered around her bedside. Until the grey of morning they watched and soothed her, but sleep came at length, and folded her in its quiet mantle, and they knew the danger was ended. When she awoke, the rose was paler on her cheek, but for the first time she comprehended that the seal of genius was stamped upon her; and she bowed her young head calmly and humbly to its inspiration—like a lily burdened with dew-drops.

Time has again sped on—and softly the twilight breezes are stealing through an open casement like angel-pinions, fanning the brow of a pale and dying maiden. It is the same fair brow of genius, but the shadows are all vanished now, and smiles like the setting sunbeams are gilding it with glory. The clear, grey eyes are lit up with Heavenly brightness, for the dimness has fled, and the last tear-drop has been wiped away forever. A home circle are gathered in that quiet chamber, and words of love are breathed forth from the heart's deep fulness. A manly youth sits by that lovely couch, and holds out the favorite offering of flowers. "They are beautiful," she murmurs: "cherish all things beautiful!" He spoke not, but pointed his finger to the last rays of the setting sun just fading in the deepening twilight, and again she whispers—

"Beautiful! My brother, may your last look on earth give promise of as bright a morrow."

"Mary is better to-night," said her mother, who watched the unwonted brightness of her countenance—"we will take her out to-morrow!"

Then long those loving ones held converse; and

the stars hung out their lamps in the arch of night. There was a sudden motion—and the eyes of the maiden were again lifted upward. They spoke to her, but she heeded them not. A low, child-like murmur broke on the still night-watchers, and again they heard the whispered "beautiful! 'T is the angel with the snowy mantle, that comes to me in dreams!" Then a breath of fragrance passed through that noiseless chamber like the odor of unseen flowers, and the

marble features of the maiden were clad in spirit beauty.

It was her last vision! Those guardian watchers had come on their final mission, bearing an unsullied robe of Paradise for a pure and enfranchised spirit.

At day-dawn a band of weepers surrounded that snowy couch, and the morning light revealed the beautiful but faded tenement that for seventeen years had shrouded the Child of 'Visions'!

THE OCEAN.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

BLACK restless waters!—livid skies!—
Before my wistful gaze they rise,
Like to a somber picture, seen
When dusky twilight stands between
The advancing night and flying day;—
The golden dreams have rolled away;—
Heavily the long waves flow
And whirl aloft their showers of snow,
That sink like glittering stars again,
Quench'd in the deep and dismal main.
'T is weird and dreary—darkly clear—
A ghostly murmur in mine ear—
Strange shadows in mine eyes—a thrill
Creeps thro' my flesh, my heart is still;
It comes in gloom and fear to me,—
This fitful vision of the sea.
A tall ship shoots athwart the moon
Red-rising o'er the sullen wave,
That seems her brazen disk to lave,
And starts like a spectre from the grave
To the ebon clouds aboon!
There is danger in that brooding air,
Storm in that red moon's angry glare,
High wind in those low clouds that sweep
Like mustering squadrons o'er the deep.
Speed on frail ship—speed on, for, hark!
Thy foes are thickening, fearful barque:
Spread fast thy fleet wings and away!
'T is vain, 't is vain—Heaven scowls on thee,
Where shalt thou be
At dawn of another day?
Thus do I love thee, Ocean!
Thus do I love in dreams to trace
The tempest mirrored in thy face,
As with a hasty motion
He strides exultingly along,
Dashing the rebel wave-tops down,
And laughing thro' a fearful frown,
As round his steps they throng.
Mighty and beautiful! with thee
My thoughts are fetterless and free!
Forth, on the hurricane's rushing wings,
To thee my eager spirit springs,
Impatient with rude winds to sweep
Thy trackless bosom, glorious deep!
With the lone sea-fowl on thy breast
Of rocking waves I take my rest,
And calmly hear,
With an untroubled ear,
The sounding voices of the night

Sweep o'er the yeasty foam that glimmers cold and white,
There is a wild, delirious joy
Where the billows revel and destroy,
But solemn it is and strange, I ween,
When my soul goes down
Thro' the dull deep no longer green,
Down to the drear mid-Ocean, where
The skeleton forms of vessels are,
Thro' the waters waxing dusky brown,
And may not rise nor sink nor more,
Nor feel the wind that sports above,
But drop by inches to decay,
And rot in silentness away.
Or far in the remotest deep,
Where on the earth's foundations sleep
The fragments of an earlier world,
Downward by fierce convulsion hurl'd,
Wide plains and rocks and mountains piled
In ruin and disorder wild,
Uncouth, eternal and sublime;
They still untouch'd, unscath'd by Time,
Gloss'd by the slime of ages o'er,
And swath'd in darkness evermore;
Empires were there,
But they were gone
Before the golden sun
Become the centre of a system fair,
As ever was before the Almighty's face,
Amid the waste of space!
Thus shall they stand
Seen only by the Eternal eye,
In drear confusion rudely grand
'Till Time shall die;
Unmoved save when the fiery surge breaks forth
From the hot centre of the earth,
And heaves to light
An island in a night!
From these my spirit springs again
Up to the surface of the main,
And skirts like light those radiant isles
Where regal Summer calmly smiles,
Careens with the carressing breeze
O'er the blue bosom of the seas,
And roves forgetful of control
From the green tropics to the pole,
Makes fleets of wandering mists, and fills
Their forms with beings as she wills,
Lives thro' extremes of pain and bliss,
And fancies many a scene like this!

THE FANCY STORE;

OR, MY FRIENDS OF THE COTTAGE.

BY JULIA A. PARKER.

CHAPTER I.

"The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance and taste." THOMSON.

STRANGE, is it not, that so large a share of the happiness or misery of a human being is dependent on the characters of those with whom he may come in contact in the ordinary concerns of life! The heart is a delicate instrument of many strings, which to the soft fingering of justice, kindness and sympathy, sends forth ever its sweet harmonies through the whole being—or utters the melancholy music of its breaking chords, when roughly swept by the thoughtless hand of selfishness! Until the day when the books shall be opened, wherein are recorded the secrets of our earthly existence, never shall we know how many budding hopes we have remorselessly trampled to the dust, that asked of us but a little fostering care—a single beam of kindness, to have made them like some sweet floweret of the vale that in the maturity of its loveliness opens its bosom to the sun, and in return for its cheering warmth yields up its very soul a fragrant holocaust to its benefactor! Never shall we know how many noble purposes we have unmeaningly frustrated, how many pure rills of human felicity we have unwittingly turned into waters of bitterness! Dost wonder, friend of mine, that my thoughts should have donned so sombre a drapery at the sight of that sweet country home, that nestles so peacefully amid the dark green foliage of its sylvan guardians, beneath whose drooping boughs sleep the sunshine and the shade, as if to remind of those mingled joys and sorrows, that, alas! are no stranger guests in the homes of earth? Thou shalt not wonder long. Seat thyself by me on this green knoll that commands a view of the charming portico, enwreathed with flowering vines that seem ambitious to reach the very summit of the cottage they adorn, bearing proudly aloft their precious burthens of beauty and perfume—or take my arm in the spirit of friendly converse, while we ramble among the woodlands that skirt the cultivated grounds around it, so tastefully arranged that poetry might wander enamored among their winding paths and sheltered arbors, exacting tribute from all bright things and fair with which to weave her web of golden fancies.

Rested thine eye ever upon a holier spot? I grant it not one of those sumptuous residences, where pride sits portress at the gate, and empty ceremony invites within a pageant throng to a participation of every joy, save those over which the heart presides. Ah, no! in many a more splendid residence have I been a guest, but this was a home of peace and love. At

richer banquets have I sat me down, but here was elegant and ample hospitality. In drawing-rooms more gorgeously furnished have I sought the happiness the world offers, but here was tasteful arrangement and that air of comfortable ease that stops short of magnificence. Elsewhere have I found louder pretension and warmer profession in friendship's cause, but here was a truthfulness and sincerity that stamp as genuine the currency of noble natures. And as I have gazed from yonder window, beneath which thou seest the clustering roses, on this river winding majestically through its rich strip of meadow land, ever and anon revealing itself to the eye like some mine of precious silver just escaped from its dark abode to meet the glorious sun and melt beneath his glance—or on the dim outline of the far-off mountains, which seem to invite upward the wings of thought, I have seemed to realize my beautiful *ideal* of an earthly Paradise! God be blessed for mountains! I would have my home in sight of the everlasting hills, whose "Heaven-built galleries," like the angel-ladder of patriarchal vision, link Heaven to earth in harmony, and make this little globe of ours a neighbor to the skies! But let me turn from nature, fascinating as she may be in all her varied loveliness, and full of that delicate sympathy with all our changeful moods, that the world does not always offer to talk of human hearts that have struggled nobly, albeit, to the superficial observer, as it were vainly—that have labored and waited—hoped and endured—yea, have been made perfect through sufferings.

Dr. Carver, the owner of this delightful retreat from the noise and bustle of our busy city of brotherly love, was the son of one of the most wealthy and respectable citizens of the town, and on the death of his father inherited with an elder brother an unincumbered and ample fortune. Having availed himself of the choice advantages for an acquaintance with medical science for which our good city is so renowned, he nobly resolved that, though independent, activity and usefulness should crown his future life. My first acquaintance with him commenced several years after his marriage with the lovely and accomplished Mary Layton, who, though an orphan and destitute of fortune, had been judiciously reared by a widowed aunt, under whose gentle guidance she had become every thing that is desirable in woman.

To yonder beautiful spot he brought his charming bride, and never did youthful lovers bind themselves by the irrevocable vow under happier auspices of the purest enjoyment that can gush forth from the sin-poisoned fountains of earth. With a perfect harmony of taste and feeling—worshipping alike the beautiful

and true in nature and art—living for and in each other, yet not unmindful of the claims of our common humanity and the higher ones of Heaven—surrounded by all those artificial elegancies that betoken refinement and cultivation, and which give such a charm to an existence otherwise blest; though often mistaken as themselves the sources of that felicity whose well-springs are the depths of our spiritual being. I say with such blessings in possession, and life's bright firmament so prophetic of unclouded days—so rich in the heart's inestimable wealth, that taketh to itself no wings, save those dove-like ones that waft it back from the world's turbulent waters to its sheltering ark of home, what golden dreams must have hovered like angels around the sanctuary of their hearts! What a roseate hue must have mantled upon the nectar of life's cup for them, and the great groan that Creation uttereth in her travail of woe all unheard, save a few faint echoes, like the distant murmuring of the sea that left no discord in the harmonies of their own being.

The summer of 18— found me an invalid in yonder pent-up and populous city, whose thousand roofs and glittering spires loom up proudly in the distance. Every one knows who has been shut up within his own walls, or threaded in the hot season the crowded streets of a town teeming with a busy population, when the eye looks up to avoid the glare of the burnished pavement—looks down dazzled with the bewildering sheen of the brassy Heavens above—closes in disgust at the legion of disagreeable sights that haunt your progress at every step—pallid and anxious faces that tell of care-worn existence—squalid and tattered poverty with premature decay written in fearful characters upon its brow—business, with his rapid step responding to the calls of interest, and hastening forward to his harvest of gain—in fine, when every sense seems the inlet of painful emotion, how eloquently and persuasively the soul pleads against the impoverishment to which she is subjected in the unnatural excitement of city life, and how our whole nature yearns for the green fields—the dancing rivulets and woodland solitudes of rural life! Yes, even in health deeper glows the cheek, and the eye kindles with new lustre as we anticipate an interval of release from the busy temporalities of artificial life which hang upon us with a baneful influence, as I have seen the dense parasite moss of a Southern clime sap the strength of a noble tree, and enshroud it in its own sombre drapery. But, to the invalid, in whose veins the tide of life creeps sluggishly—whose languid gaze and feeble steps appeal to the heart of sympathy, how life-inspiring, how almost *galvanic* the sweet dream of the health-breathing airs of nature's wild domain! And how we long in the language of the "Voices of the Night," to go

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seems there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

And here in this quiet, charming villa, I called upon hope to fulfil her sweet promises of the vigorous step—the elastic spirits—the warm, bright hue of returning health. But oh, the beautiful deceiver, like many another votary how long I called in vain. The balm-laden zephyrs fanned my cheek, but stole not the lily therefrom—they cooled my burning brow, but left no gift of strength behind. Anticipating no solacement from further medical aid, which I had hitherto found fruitless—disappointed in the fond belief that the pure influences of country life would be potent to stay the progress of disease, and say, "thus far and no further shalt thou go," yet with that strange tenacity with which we cling even to a life of suffering, I consented that Dr. Carver, of whose professional skill and rare success I had heard much, should be called to my aid. Wert thou ever an invalid? Then thou knowest how wildly the heart flutters in its alternations between hope and fear as the poor, trembling, nervous patient awaits the coming of one, whom he fancies the deputy of fate, commissioned to utter the terrific sentence, "dust thou art," or "take up thy bed and walk." My comfortable fauteuil had been drawn to the window, and as I sat up, as an invalid, holding in my hand a little gold repeater, that seemed determined in its sluggishness never again to tell me the hour, my imagination was busy delineating a little bustling sort of a man, with nostrums enough for a hospital, and a generous elevation of self-complacency, who at the first glimpse at my pale face and attenuated form had started back in ominous astonishment, in which dramatic attitude I read my irrevocable sentence! But surely never had the picture writing of this strange caricaturist been more at war with truth. My door opened, and before me stood a tall, superb figure, whose distinctive air was that manliness that seems to concentrate in itself the essence of all noble qualities, softened by a delicate, but unassuming expression of sympathy with suffering, that beamed from a soul-kindled eye, reminding one of the "gentle air of spring, as from the morning's dewy flowers it comes, full of their fragrance." With an easy gracefulness that bespoke a knowledge of the world, he kindly saluted me, and, without assuming that peculiar business air that seems to say my visit is a professional one, please hasten to the point and give me a list of your ailments, he made a few passing remarks on the beauty of the country at that lovely season, and noticing on my table a tasteful bouquet of wild flowers, which had been left there by a friend, that they might tell me a tale of their woodland home in their own sweet dialect, he said, "I will not ask you if you are fond of flowers? They are among the objects that we all love, and appeal to the purest and holiest sentiments of our nature. They are the illuminated manuscript of a God of love, in whose delicate tracery we read His wisdom, goodness and paternal care; for surely if *their* gentle and fragile lives are sustained by His Almighty energy, and clad in raiment more gorgeous than the spirit of beauty ever lavished upon a monarch's robes, may we not implicitly believe that His *intelligent creatures* are the far dearer objects of His goodness? This confidence gives us strength cheerfully to accept all the

allotments of His Providence, whether sickness or health—whether joy or sorrow." And, severing a violet from its blue-robed sisterhood, he proceeded to show how the simplest flower that timidly opens its dewy eye to the morning is in itself a little volume of mysteries, which, when interpreted by the eye of taste, and a mind enriched with scientific lore, discourses most eloquently on the glorious attributes of the Great Artist, whose creations mock at the feeble attempts of human skill to imitate the inimitable!

Needless to say that the rich bursts of enthusiasm from his highly gifted intellect operated like a lethean, making me quite forgetful of every sensation of languor and suffering, and springing from my chair, I took from the few books on my mantle-piece a Botany, saying—"Dr. Carver, your remarks have awakened my passionate love of flowers, which with everything else of interest I was fast losing in my gloomy forebodings of early death. Does the country furnish many floral specimens for analysis?"

"Tis unusually rich," replied he, "and seldom do I return from my professional excursions without some rare and beautiful gem for my already ponderous herbarium. And when you find yourself strong enough to take a little jaunt in the country I will send my carriage round for you, and Mary and my little Ada shall accompany you. They too love flowers, and in your collections and the picturesque scenery around us, I hope you may find your health and spirits invigorated."

"I feel quite strong already, sir," said I, "and fancy I could ride with only a trifle of fatigue." Nay, but do not smile, patient listener, at the milder tone my malady had so suddenly assumed, and the unwonted vigor of the before drooping invalid. Necromancy there certainly was in the change—but it was the charm that lies in a deep knowledge of Hygeia's laws, in the philosophy of which so few of her priesthood are initiated. He believed in the ability of the soul to work miracles, and that when she can be persuaded to use her high prerogatives, few are the drugs of the apothecary she calls to her aid. With the quick perception of an adept in his art, he had detected in his patient a desponding spirit, whose foreshadowings were dark as night—jealously watching every pre-sage of disease, closing a deaf ear to the sweet minstrelsy of nature and the glad voices of hope, and spurning the gentle solicitations of the thousand blessings, that in the saddest of human conditions would court the desponding heart and seduce it from its sorrows. Through the *soul* he had touched the springs of life, and the harmony of her delicate and intricate organization was about to be restored. A few simple tonics only remained upon my table after his departure. Ah, thought I, would that all whose high mission it is to visit the chamber of sickness and alleviate the ills of suffering humanity could speak words of comfort and hope to the disheartened spirit—could inspire serenity and resignation by pointing to that Being, who tenderly sympathizes in the sorrows of His children, and chastens but to sanctify—that all had power so to inspire the undying soul with a consciousness of its own superior dignity, as often to enable it to break from the thraldom of bodily infirmity.

The next visit of Dr. Carver, he led by the hand his little daughter, a sweet child of some seven summers, with a form over which the graces might have held their jubilee: a countenance modelled from a cherub's, from which looked out such deep, intense blue eyes, as reveal a world of meaning in their expression, and betray all the soul within. And then her hair! oh, such hair! why a very shower of bright sunny curls hung upon her fine head, and lay about her white shoulders like a fountain's descending spray upon the pure marble it bathes! Her voice was all melody, sweet as the tones which the aerial spirit awakens in his own trembling lute! What could I but love her ardently, passionately, devotedly? I drew her to me and kissed her pure brow, and pressed her tiny hand in mine, sealing an affection that from this moment never knew interruption. Daily did she come to light up the gloom of my invalid chamber by her almost seraphic loveliness, and charm to rest the dark spirits that hovered over it by the merry laugh of childhood's joyousness. At her gentle entreaty I soon found myself drawn out to breathe the fresh air of the morning—to see the opening flowers, and hear the blithe carol of the birds which filled the very air with the gushes of their wild improvisation. Health, so long wooed in vain, no longer refused her gladdening influences! Zephyrus now brought healing on his wings! The goblet of life again effervesced with hope and gladness, and earth, dismantled of the sombre hues in which a morbid fancy had so long invested her, once more appeared in the beauty and freshness of her primeval dawn! None but a convalescent can realize the ecstasy that attends on restored blessings, which are like the migratory birds that have left us in the winter of our desolation only to return with a richer plumage, a sweeter song.

The monotony of the day was now agreeably interrupted by the morning walk or ride in company with my little pet and her lovely mother, on a visit to some of the benevolent institutions that adorn the environs of the marble city, and throw over it that mantle of moral beauty, whose rich embroidery betrays the fair hands of Heaven-born charity—or perchance an excursion to the charming Wissahicon, where the sylvan deities still hold their court on the very borders of fashion's and mammon's domain—or by a ramble in pursuit of some of the "beauteous sisterhood" of wild flowers, whose gentle lives were to be sacrificed, and their remains embalmed in my flora's repository. Thus passed a series of happy days, each cementing more firmly the links of a friendship commenced on their part in sympathy with suffering—on mine in gratitude for the most disinterested kindness and admiration of the purest and noblest qualities of human character that breathe of Eden ere the fall.

CHAPTER II.

"Let weaker natures suffer and despair,
Great souls snatch vigor from the stormy airs!
Grief not the languor, but the action brings,
And clouds the horizon—but to nerve the wings."

ANON.

As time's silent car passed on, often and long was I a guest at the cottage. Ada had grown up to be, if

possible, more beautiful and gifted even than the rich spring of her childhood promised. The idol of her parents, she had yet been judiciously reared, and taught by precept and example those grand moral lessons, without which talent is a fearful dower, and beauty a rose without perfume. Though an only child, her wayward fancies had not been allowed to rove at will—on the contrary she had early learned that lesson so needful to woman—a noble, self-sacrifice for the good and happiness of others. In addition to the best advantages of school education, her fine mind had received that home culture that blends and harmonizes all other acquirements, and like the skilful grouping of a picture, gives to each its relative place and importance, and to the whole a beautiful and unbroken unity. It had ever been the object of Dr. Carver to make his daughter a useful and practical woman, and though born to affluence to enrich her mind with those solid acquirements and habits of self-reliance, that might prove to her a source of comfort and peace in those dark days of life, from which wealth can purchase no exemption. "For," said he, "fortune, everywhere capricious, is especially so in a country like ours, and the tenure by which we hold her gifts exceedingly precarious. The immediate ancestors of the rich man of to-day have been too poor and menial for his narrow recollection, and children, on whose birth honor and magnificence attended, have worn the livery of servitude, and drank the cup of penury. I cannot insure my fortune to my daughter, therefore would I bequeath to her a legacy that adversity cannot destroy—that circumstances cannot deprecate."

But for Ada Carver, rich in youth, beauty, talent and fortune, what "death-telling seer" would have dared to array her future in any hues, save the gorgeous one of her own bright imaginations? Yet even now were the dark threads selected to be inwoven in her web of destiny—clouds yet invisible in her brilliant sky were seen now gathering to involve her day in an almost rayless night.

It was a summer's balmy morning, and we were all but Ada assembled in the breakfast parlor to enjoy the lengthened social meal, and to read and discuss in the intervals of our delicious coffee—that talk-exciting beverage—the news of the morning paper. Soon Ada joined us in her snow-white morning wrapper, her luxuriant hair imprisoned in one of those delicately simple caps that give such a charm to a lovely face. As a vision of beauty she appeared before us, and I fancied I saw an expression of joyful satisfaction in the face of her parents as she filled up the little circle, and bade us good morn in a voice "musical as silver bells."

The meal was still in progress, when a messenger entered announcing to Dr. Carver the entire destruction of his city property by a fire, which was still raging. He had just invested almost his entire fortune in town residences, eligibly situated, which promised to yield him in rents an ample income, and each day since the purchase had he intended to secure them by insurance, which a pressure of professional business had hitherto prevented. Thus by a single stroke of calamity's iron hand had his inheritance been swept away forever!

At this sad intelligence I rose to leave the room, feeling that a disaster so sudden and overwhelming might elicit even in minds so well fortified by religion's armor, those weaknesses and infirmities that should have no witnesses.

"Be seated again," said Dr. Carver, in a calm and untroubled voice. "We now have a test of the sincerity of our daily prayer, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.' God has taken us at our word, to make us feel that He is the sovereign Arbiter of events, and has a perfect right to reclaim His gifts, seeing, perhaps, that they are stealing our hearts from Him who will accept no divided homage."

Then taking the hand of his wife, whose silence more than words could have done, showed that she felt the blow which was to render her worshipped Ada the heir of poverty. "Mary," said he, "our inheritance is gone, but God in mercy has taken what we could best spare—but left all most needful to our happiness. He has left us each other—our endeared home—some friends that adversity cannot cool, and the means of still obtaining the essentials to enjoyment. I have health, and the profession which has hitherto served rather to fill up life usefully, will now answer a double purpose and insure us independence. You and my dear Ada," he continued, "shall never know while health is spared me any diminution of the comforts and elegancies of life; and if some of our summer friends should desert us, why we will cling only the more closely to each other; and the tried few who yet remain, and our wreath of happiness shall be fresh and fadeless as before."

A few bright, warm tears left their holy fountain to rest upon his hand, while the smile that played over the still lovely features of the wife, and the words, "I want no more," were eloquent in revealing how trifling the value of all other treasures compared with those inestimable gems that lie hidden in warm, truthful, loving hearts.

The next two years brought no change to the family of the cottage, save wearing a deeper channel for those warm affections that flowed onward in gladness and melody. But, alas! that the good should be the stricken ones of earth! Alas, that the citadel of the soul that has been once stormed by calamity, seems ever after more exposed to its attacks, and, like the ruthless invader, resists not till he has sacked and left desolate the fortress that has once yielded to his arms! I had seen the golden charm that mortals blindly worship fade away like the dewy garniture of the morning, and no wail of sorrow—no murmur of discontent broke upon the peaceful serenity of the cottage home. But how find words to paint the agony—the desolation—the despair that filled that hitherto happy abode when the husband—the father—the almost worshipped protector and guardian was brought in from one of his professional absences a senseless paralytic. God had indeed passed by in the whirlwind, and every hope earth-rooted seemed riven and blasted with the fierce tempest. To have breathed words of comfort then had been a mockery! There are some calamities that fall upon the spirit with a crushing, deadening weight, leaving the soul astonished, nay, stupefied with the greatness of its woe—when even

the soft pleadings of religion, and the gentle voices of sympathy are all unheard, and nought save the holy dew of time can give strength to arise and put on the garments of resignation. Such was this. For Mrs. Carver the shock had been too great, and nature sunk beneath the load. A violent and dangerous illness succeeded, and life's many stringed harp seemed about to utter its soft melody on earth—no more.

But as the warrior who weaves bright fancies from chivalry's romantic page in the soft indolence of peace, starts from his dreams and arrays himself for the fierce battle, whose thunder has aroused him, so did Ada Carver, a being so dependent and truthful in prosperity, nerve her spirit for a conflict that demanded a nobler heroism than that of the tented-field. Her native strength of character burst from the silken coils a charmed life had woven around it, and the rich fruits of early culture now clustered upon the young tree and mingled with its blossoms. As a superior being she moved through that mournful dwelling, now lending her gentle ministrations to an impotent father—anon, bending over the couch of a suffering mother. Her soft, white hand smoothed the pillow of sickness—bathed the burning brow—presented the healing drug, and prepared the delicate beverage. The day was to her one long act of self-sacrifice—the night of anxious watchfulness—yet she, who had ever been a stranger to bodily toil and corroding care, betrayed no look of weariness. A calm serenity lighted up her features—a lofty dignity sat upon her brow. Her only prayer had been for life—the lives of the two beings who seemed, in their turn, to depend upon her for support and comfort. She had not dared to ask for more, so great had seemed the boon she craved, and when, at length, health re-visited one parent, and the mind of the other became cloudless, though disease still held the body prisoner, she felt in the fulness of her gratitude an intensity of enjoyment which uninterrupted prosperity never knew. So true it is that when unvisited by sorrow, we are unconscious of our bliss; while our deepest and most extatic joys arise from a contrast with suffering doubt and fear. Strange it may be, yet I have sometimes fancied the felicity of Heaven would want vitality if *wreathed with tears!*

With Dr. Carver the hope of restoration to active life seemed chimerical. The nature of his disease—the severity of the attack forbade the indulgence of any fond anticipation, except that for some years he might be spared to his family as a friend and counsellor. Mrs. Carver was now sufficiently restored to take her place by the bedside of her husband; and Ada had once more leisure for rest and recreation. In one of these intervals she grasped my hand as we met in the garden walks, and said, "come with me, friend of mine, to my room. I have long wanted a private interview with you, and you will see that I have a little plan to reveal, in which you will be my counsellor, will you not?"

"Command me to the whole of my kingdom," replied I—"I am entirely at your bidding."

To her little boudoir we repaired, and seating herself, she said, "you see the misfortunes that have befallen our family—first our fortune, which we scarcely

missed, while richer blessings remained—then the illness of my father, that has left no hope behind. Though he has never spoken of our wordly condition, often in his dreams have I heard him allude to it so mournfully and bitterly, as to convince me that it is the burden of his thoughts by day. I have health and the ability now to labor for those on whom I have hitherto been dependent. Henceforth I live but for one object—to supply my parents by my own exertions with their accustomed comforts while they live—and to retain in our possession the home that has ever been so dear to us. Tell me now, Annie, how I may best attain my object!"

I began to remonstrate, and show how impossible I conceived it to be for one so young, so delicately and luxuriously bred, so unlearned in the world's ways, to go forth into the walks of business—to come in contact with the rough points of human character, and struggle for what had hitherto been enjoyed without an effort. "Only men endowed by nature, with sensibilities less acute than ours, or women reared in the highways of life can do this successfully. But how could you, Ada?"

"Tell me no more of this," said she. "All these considerations have been present to my mind, but they have not shaken me from my purpose. I feel myself strong to do what duty and affection alike prompt."

I saw that I had mistaken her character, that there was that in her that the fires of trial alone elicit and purify; that for her, suffering would consist in inaction, and silently I listened to the plan she had already matured.

"Have you not observed," she continued, "how large a portion of the mercantile business of our city is transacted by our sex, and that without degradation and apparently with immediate gain? Be not surprised when I tell you that I have thought of opening a store of fancy articles, similar to that of Mrs. M.'s, in — street. A few days since, when in town, I saw a bill upon her store, and, on inquiry, found that she had closed her business to reside in the country, having amassed a considerable fortune. Could I succeed to her place might we not again be independent? Will you do me the favor to break this subject to my father, who would be so surprised to hear it from me, that I should find myself wholly unable to repel his objections."

Too full of anxiety was my heart for my sanguine young friend, but I yielded to her wishes, and, as no time was to be lost, I hastened at once to acquaint Dr. Carver with the purpose of his daughter.

"Never!" exclaimed he, when I had finished my unpleasant task, "never shall my beloved child submit to this for me. Sooner, far sooner, would both her mother and myself become the recipients of public beneficence, than her gentle nature should be thus exposed to the toils—the anxieties—the heart aches incident to business! Oh, for myself alone, how cheerfully could I have borne all the visitations of Heaven; but for Mary and her!" Here the husband and father wept: "tears such as angels weep" gushed forth, pure and holy from the dross of earth, unstaining even manhood's cheek. The struggle within was

severe, but soon a thoughtful calmness settled upon his features, and I continued—

"You wish your daughter's happiness? Self-sacrifice for her parents sake—exertion for their comfort can alone secure it under present adverse circumstances. Forbidden to do this, she will yield to your wishes, but her spirit will prey upon itself and dwell unceasingly upon the sorrows that she believes herself able to alleviate. Consider the subject in all its bearings, and talk with Ada herself upon it."

Not many days had elapsed before I was again summoned to the former place of consultation, and, with tears of joy, Ada announced to me the final consent of her parents; and that by her father's permission she had applied to a dealer in fancy goods in New York, for such an amount of stock as she deemed sufficient to make a beginning in trade; the payment of which she hoped soon to be able to meet from the profits of her sales. The next day I accompanied Ada to town for the purpose of renting the store in question. The carriage landed us in a remote part of the city before a low, dingy looking dwelling, which we had learned was the residence of the landlord with whom we were to negotiate. Bell there was none, and the black, dusty knocker acknowledged to being seldom molested.

"Is Mr. Scrootz in?" inquired I, of the old dame who opened the door.

"I reckon he may be, and if ye will walk in I will find him." We were accordingly ushered into a room, whose obsolete and uncouth furniture told a tale of poverty or the miser's gain; the external symbols of each being similar. Presently, a little withered personage, in thread-bare broad-cloth, made his appearance, answering in all respects to the cognomen of Scrootz.

"Miss Carver," said I, "the daughter of Dr. Carver, and grand-daughter of the late Samuel Carver, of — street. You may have known him."

"Ah, yes! yes! fine old gentleman!—good property too—he and I knew each other right well, ha! ha!"

"This young lady," said I, anxious to spare my friend in this her first essay, "has called to make some inquiries respecting the store to be rented in — street, just vacated by Mrs. M."

"Ah, good situation that—fine place to make money—going to open a dry goods store, maam?"

"A store of fancy articles," was the almost inaudible answer.

"Well, well, Mrs. M. was an excellent tenant, paid rent very prompt—always expect to be paid the day the quarter ends, for I am in want of money, ye see."

Assuming some dignity, and repressing the indignation I felt at the remarks of this money-worshipper, I took it upon me to say that Miss Carver would punctually meet all her engagements; and after some further tedious conversation we withdrew, bearing with us the key that was to admit my poor friend to scenes untried.

In due time the store was fitted up and stocked with a variety of tasteful and elegant articles. Customers came, and were received by the new incumbent with that graceful ease and modest demeanor that are not more needful in the gay saloon than in the commerce

of business. From noon till night stood that fair young girl behind the counter, answering the busy and impatient demands of the numerous purchasers, wearing that calm dignity which conscious duty gives in every situation in life. The rich and fashionable tossed about the splendid goods, and murmured to each other their admiration of the beautiful girl before them—but none saw the vulture of anxiety preying upon her heart, or detected beneath the fair exterior the noble spirit that faintest not beneath its burden of self-sacrifice. A sufficient number of cash payments she daily received to meet all the wants of her parents as well as her own—reserving her large bills, which she had credited, for the payment of rent and stock in trade.

At length the day drew near in which she was to cancel her obligations to her landlord, and having had an insight into his character, as well as from an honorable desire on her own part to meet the demands against her punctually; she made out and intrusted to her collector several bills, the amount of which was absolutely necessary for her own engagements.

In one of the most sumptuous residences of — street were heard the glad voices of festivity and mirth. The gas-lights poured out their flood of glory, which was reflected from the golden cornices and a thousand glittering pendants, making its spacious and lofty saloons one scene of brilliant splendor. Through these floated fairy forms of surpassing loveliness, clad in rich vestures, where velvet and lace, pearls, diamonds and gold, were all laid under contribution to the handmaidens of beauty's queen. As Calypso among her nymphs, more proudly than all, moved with elegant bearing the mistress of that lordly home among her assembled guests. But from that gay assembly no thought was wasted forth to the world of suffering a large city encloses within its limits—the thousands whose *daily lot* is weariness and toil—the innumerable throng who are racked with physical suffering—with agony of mind or sad disquietude of heart—yea, "life's groaning tide" broke not upon that night's revelry, but every face was joyful and bright as if earth were still reposing in her Eden smile! On the morning of the day that was to end thus gaily, the graceful hostess had been called upon by Miss Carver's agent, who in the most civil manner possible made known to her that the person by whom he was sent, would be much obliged if she would settle the bill at that time.

"Good Lord, what an account is this?" exclaimed she, tossing her head disdainfully, "sure I am I have never had half of these articles, and who would have believed that such a person as I took her to be, would have had the want of principle to demand of me such exorbitant prices! Credit indeed! A pretty credit—not three months since I made the purchases. Please tell Miss Carver," said she, handing back the bill, "that I am very much engaged this morning, but will soon call and settle with her, and that she need have no fears of non-payment." And, turning away abruptly, the subject was from that moment forgotten in the tumult of worldly excitement. And yet this woman was not wholly heartless, but "evil is wrought by *want of thought* as well as *want of heart*." Could

she have seen the disappointment—the suffering occasioned by her refusal to pay a just demand, doubtless she might have allowed herself to be drawn a moment from her fancied urgent engagements, to listen to the pleadings of the voice within. But in the whirlpool of fashionable dissipation was she borne onward, and she, who had never known a want or a solicitude, that a full purse was not at hand to relieve, how shou'd she know what human hearts can suffer for want of a pitance of that gold dust which she flung so lightly to the winds—or with what feelings of gratitude the poor receive even the tributes of justice. From this abode passed on our collector to many another mansion, bringing from them trifling sums or indefinite promises. Unfortunately, as the tale of his unsuccessful mission was falling upon Ada's ear, and an iron band pressing heavily upon her heart, who should her eye rest upon but the scrawny figure of Scrootz, who with stealthy step had entered the store and overheard the conversation. With a quick perception of the scantiness of her finances, and without a particle of civility, which he never used save when it hung upon him like an ill-made garment in the presence of his superiors in wealth, this avater of mammon placing himself before her with an expression of merciliness that would have awed a soul less firm than her own, he said—

"Well, Miss Carver, I believe I have not mistaken the day I was to call for my rent?—'spose its ready, eh?"

"I am sorry to tell you, sir, that it is not ready to-day—though I have made every effort for punctual payment, but if you will have the goodness to wait a few days it shall be left at your house."

"A few days, madam! If you will please tell me how much time that is, I will call again when it expires."

Ada faltered out, this day week, and when she raised her eyes found herself alone.

Wearily passed the sleepless hours of that long night to my poor friend. Sleep was courted in vain, or if for a brief season it weighed down her tearful eyelids, it brought only visions of sorrow—unsuccessful schemes and broken hopes. Yet God's equal eye looked down that night upon the bewildered votaries of pleasure, who drank her sparkling cup and feasted in her banquet halls, and on the lonely hearts and watchful eyes of adversity's stricken children! But on the evil and the good arose His new-created day, and with its returning light hope's golden beams broke in upon Ada's drooping spirit, and effort again strengthened her heart.

It was the day for the promised visit of the landlord, and Ada's exertions had enabled her to pay but a part of the demand, while a still heavier one had been made upon her by the firm of which she had purchased her stock. What was to be done? She felt that she had the means of honorably meeting all, but how render to others justice when justice was denied to her?

In this manner wore away a year of harassing care, toil and suffering, known only to Him who readeth the book of human hearts! She had succeeded in finally satisfying her iron-hearted landlord, but the difficulty

she found in collecting her bills, together with several entire losses, had made it wholly impossible for her to keep her credit good with the mercantile house to whom she was indebted. More promptly might her payments have been made, could she have persuaded herself to borrow from any of the rich friends to whom her father's house had for so many years been hospitably open; but it is hard for the poor to ask pecuniary favors of the rich—it is sometimes harder for the rich to grant them. From her father Ada could no longer conceal the trials of her situation, who, disappointed as he was at the failure of efforts so nobly made, yet had he too much knowledge of the affairs of business to be surprised. By his advice and the embarrassments under which she suffered, she made preparations for closing her store and paying her creditors. She returned to her parents just with the world, but destitute of all wherewith to smooth their passage to the grave. To retain their home was now impossible. To dispose of that and seek some humbler one adapted to their altered circumstances, was now the subject of their thoughts and efforts.

CHAPTER III.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

AT the United States Hotel was announced the arrival of a gentleman from Cuba. After dinner, in glancing over the morning papers, his eye met the advertisement of the sale of Dr. Carver's real and personal estate, which was to be held on the following day. Turning to a stranger who sat near him, he made sundry inquiries into the cause of the sale. The stranger discovering an interest in the inquirer, entered into the details of the family history—the misfortunes of the parents—the heroic efforts and generous self-sacrifice of the daughter.

The morning that was to see them deprived of all that had made home so lovely—yea, of that home itself, dawned sadly upon the inmates of the cottage. They had arisen at an early hour to make every preparation for a day so trying, and apparently for the last time in that domestic sanctuary, over which the "cherubim peace and love" had so long joined their spread wings, they united in prayer for strength equal to their trials and acquiescence in the will of Him who smites with a father's hand.

But to the great surprise and disappointment of the vast crowd who thronged the house, hoping to bear away at their own low estimate its beautiful and tasteful ornaments—not a single article was allowed to be removed from its place. A dark Spaniard looking gentleman was present, whom none knew, who had outbid on every article, and purchased it for himself. In the same manner had the real estate passed into his hands. Thus at the close of that day no change was perceptible in the cottage. It had only changed owners. The crowd dispersed, and the stranger lingered to meet the family. To Dr. Carver he introduced himself as the only surviving son of his elder brother. Born on the island of Cuba, to which his father had early attached his fortunes, he had hitherto known nothing of his uncle's family, except by the

occasional letters that had passed between the brothers. From these, however, he had learned to think of them with interest and affection, and now that his own family ties were sundered by the recent death of his widowed father, he had resolved to journey thither, hoping that a change of scene and the sympathy of kindred might soften the poignancy of his grief. Need I say how cordially he was welcomed?—how almost at once the interest of kindred seemed to ripen into the warmest and tenderest friendship?—how in heart-open communion, and the details of family vicissitudes, the night wore on unnoticed? When they separated at a late hour, the estate had again passed back to its former owner, the generous gift of a noble nature.

Each had sought the pillow of rest, but sleep came not. It flies impetuous joy as well as corroding grief. Young Carver believed he had found in his fair cousin his ideal of a perfect woman fully realized, and though he had known her but a few hours, yet these few hours had been active agents in lighting the torch of love within his soul. Ada's beauty, her intelligence, her winning manners and filial devotion had so won upon his heart, that he felt that God had now for him but one blessing, sufficient in itself for his happiness, deprived of which all others were poor!

And Ada! could she forget to be grateful? And is

not gratitude in woman's heart akin to love? And when, not long after, in one of her morning rambles, she found herself joined by him, whose generous and manly heart was henceforth to be her throne, and her ear drank in his impassioned vows of truthful affection, the deeper tinge on her cheek and tear-dimmed eye assured him that love's eloquent language needs no interpreter!

Since then the wheels of time have made many a revolution. Those who watched over her infancy and guided her youth have gently passed from their earthly home to a brighter one, where *change* comes not; while peace, affluence and happiness in all her relations have been the rich dowry of my friend. With courtly grace she moves in the circles of the great, and like an "earth-treading star" among that sacred class, *God's poor on earth*. From her own deep experience in the trials of affliction's children, she knows how to render *timely* aid to the needy, and to speak words of comfort and hope to the anxious heart. To one who was congratulating her on the elegant enjoyments of her lot, she replied, "far above all these do I value the practical lessons I learned in the 'Fancy Store,' far fearful is the gift of wealth with a heart thoughtlessly blind to those sufferings it is conferred upon us to relieve."

A SUMMER EVE.

BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY.

On the smooth turf I have laid me
In this small, sequester'd grove,
With the foliage to shade me
From above;
In the distance, deep blue mountains
Drawn against the Heavens lie,
Upward gush clear silver fountains
To the sky;
Far above a cloud is sailing
Like a bark upon the sea,
Like the hind, at Autumn, trailing
O'er the lea.

Slow the rivulet flows nigh me
With a softly ruffled sheet,
How its murmuring floats by me
Low and sweet!
From the woods around upriseth
Songs that trill a parting leave,
For the mild South wind adviseth
Of the eve;
Now, each chorister is shrinking
To its leafy woodland nest,
And the glowing sun is sinking
In the West.

Hark! the village bell is pealing
From the church with ivy twin'd,
Lo! a sadden'd sense is stealing
O'er my mind;
One as fair as Summer morning,
Gentle as its virgin breath
To the valley's bright adorning,
Sleeps in death;
In the cold, dark tomb they place her,
While the treasures yet are green,
And their fond arms will embrace her
Not again.

Softly twilight is descending
Over all, the air is still,
Shadows of the night are blending
Dale and hill;
Stars from out the skies are peeping
On the stream with kindly ray,
And the flower cups are weeping
For the day;
'Tis a time to sit and ponder
On vain mortal's lowly worth,
Till the soaring thought doth wander
From the earth.

"EVIL INFLUENCES CORRUPT THE HEART."

ILLUSTRATED BY A FAIRY TALE OF FLOWERS.

BY FANNIE OF FARLEIGH.

How that bright fairy entered the apartment of the Lady Alice, no mortal can tell; for sometimes fairies glide on the moonbeams, or with their gossamer wings expanded are borne onward by the graceful zephyrs, far from their green and leafy homes in the wild wood. Or they freight with their tiny and fragile forms rich sea-shells, and with oars made of sparkling coral dash over the waves, so sportively that one might almost fancy them a happier race than their care-worn earth sisters.

Standing beside the Lady Alice, was one of the most beautiful of the dwellers in the fairy world. The glow on her cheek was like the delicate pink of the rose; her lips looked as though dyed in the red of the carnation; and her eyes sparkled like frozen dew drops. When she spoke, a strange and unearthly sensation thrilled the frame of her listener, and the tones of her voice seemed like Syren music distinctly heard, and dying away in the distance like the faint murmur of a wind harp.

"I have a warning for thee, lovely lady," whispered the fairy, "a sad tale to tell, of a withered rose that I watched and guarded; but alas! how vainly," and the beautiful fairy wept. By and bye she raised her head, and her words fell as gently upon the ear of the lady as the dew falls upon the flowers of even-tide. "I planted the rose, and day by day it grew and expanded under my watchful care. Its luxuriant leaves were the freshest green, and the tender bud it ere long displayed gave promise of rare beauty. The sun loved to warm with its genial rays the tender thing that required such careful nursing—and the wind swept by it with a more gentle motion, as though lulling it to sweet slumber. At first it was alone, but it was cheerless and desolate even for the heart of a flower to be thus left without other companionship, than those whole sole care was to foster its loveliness. I tempted to transplant it to a gay parterre, where bloomed the lily and the acanthus, the woodbine and the wild-rose. Dost thou mark me, lady?"

But the Lady Alice was wrapped in thought, she had gone back to the fresh days of her early childhood, and remembered the time, when like a fair flower she was fostered and kindly cared for by one who loved her; and in the tale of the fairy she seemed to be reading something of her own history. She almost feared to hear again, the echoes of that silver voice, as once more it broke upon the hush and quietness of the lofty apartment, saying, "dost thou listen?"

The Lady Alice in token of assent inclined still lower the fair head, which was resting on her white and jeweled hand.

"Ah! woe the day!" the fairy continued; "my rose, that now more than ever required my protecting care, was of course more or less in the power of all the fairies, and some of the artfully disposed among them whispered that she was the fairest flower that bloomed in the garden, and that the lily and the acanthus were but pale, puny things compared to her. With deepest sorrow, I saw the bud listen to such traitorous words of the sweet lily, and sadly regretted the swelling pride that inflated it. But I resolved if possible to avert the evil of such contamination, by regarding it more closely than ever. The nightshade and the deadly poppy grew beside each other, not far from my favorite flower, and over them presided the wicked ones in whose breathes is blight and mildew and all poisonous vapors. 'Why,' said the poppy, 'dost thou not hold up thy head and meet the burning glances of the sun?—poor, pale thing! the delicate pink of thy leaves but illy compare with the glowing scarlet of mire. Even the lady-slippers outvie thee; and dost thou not see the coral honeysuckle attracts the butterfly and the bright plumaged humming-bird? while thou art unnoticed and uncared for? Thou wilt live neglected, if thou wilt droop thy head like the lily lives whose shyness is so awkward.' 'And why,' said I, 'should my beautiful one care for the butterfly who but sports among the flowers? Are there not human hearts to cheer with its fragrance and loveliness? Is there no fragile being whose perceptions quickened and etherealized by an approaching departure to the world of spirits, would cherish as a treasure gift from the hand of love, the perfume that dwells in the heart of a rose? It would illy repay me for my care, should my flower but bestow its sweetness on the bird, or sport with the butterfly only.' But ah! lady, woe that I should say the sorrowful words, my poor tempted rose listened to the evil counsels of the poppy, and drank in the flattery of the nightshade when it praised the deeper crimson which was now apparent in its unfolding corolla:—and ere long I saw with deep regret that ugly thorns were beginning to appear on the heretofore smooth, soft stem, and that the tenderest and greenest leaves were covered with slime, left by the trail of noisome caterpillars, who fed on the poisonous juices the poppy distilled."

The Lady Alice wept. For she knew her own heart was once pure, and that by contact with idle flatterers and evil tongued sycophants she had become selfish and vain; and comparing herself to the rose it seemed as though these feelings were like the thorns, and pierced those who fain would have guarded her even as the fairy guarded it. But not yet had the fairy finished her story; a bright twilight

glow was in the apartment, and in the dimness she was almost invisible—yet still the Lady Alice heard her voice.

"I might yet have averted the evil," the fairy said, "could I have prevailed on my rose once more to yield to my influence only, for as I have said, having thrown her into that garden world, in which I knew it would one day be her lot to dwell, other spirits beside myself had power over her. But she resisted my entreaties, and at last as I looked into her heart more closely than was my wont, I saw therein a destroying worm. It was all over then. I knew the corrupt thing would eat out its freshness, and that blighted and fading she would lose all beauty, and die unnoted and uncared for."

Dimmer and more dim, grew the twilight in the apartment of the Lady Alice, until it gave place to the radiant light of the silver moonbeams. Still she moved not. The tale of the fairy had been to her as a written page of her own life. She too had gone out into the world, and day by day under its corrupting influences her heart had become the dwelling of discontent and selfishness; and like the worm, they were now feeding on its greenness and beauty. She had a better than a fairy watcher, a holier affection twined round her than the dream-fancy of a fairy—for her mother, a sinking consumptive, just without the portals of eternity, praying unceasingly that her own fair blossom might be spared the blight, which the breath of the mere worldling ever leaves, and from contact with such as these she would fain have shielded her. But alas! the work had begun, for strange to say, the Lady Alice was unthinking of her world's comfort. The sinking parent, left to the cold care of a hired menial, pined away her life, vainly

hoping for sympathy from the daughter she would have laid down her all to save. Would-be friends enticed Alice, by some promised pleasure from the bed-side of her mother, and carelessly would she utter the measured sentence—"is there anything I can do for you?"—ere she departed to while away her evenings in heartless gaiety, excusing herself on the plea that nurse was never forgetful or inattentive to the invalid. "Anything ye can do?" Ah! daughters, there is the kindly word that is better than medicine; there is sweet sympathy to a sick heart, that is more refreshing than the balm of healing. Seat yourself beside the couch of a weary invalid, and recalling pleasant retrospections of the past, see how the languid eye will brighten, and how the thoughts, drawn gradually from present suffering, will dwell on days gone by, and the hope will come—ye can trace it stealing like a faint illumination over the care-worn countenance—that buoyant health may once more give token of its presence. Is not this "*something to do*" for the sufferer? Is it not something to lay the cool palm of the hand, lovingly against the brow heated by fever? Or to wipe away the moisture, that like tear-drops gather there, heralding the approach of death? Tenderly, ah! tenderly as a ministering angel came that sweet, yet sorrowing fairy to teach this lesson to the Lady Alice. * * * *

"Has she yet gone," faintly whispered the conscriptive.

"Nay, I am here—ever with thee from henceforth, mother, dear mother!" And while a gush of penitent tears burst from her overcharged heart, the Lady Alice told her twilight dream. And the fairy that entered while she slept prompted the interpretation thereof.

THE YOUNG WIDOW TO HER BOY.

BY MRS. D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

Look up, my boy—my prond, my noble one,
And let me see the brightness of thine eye;
Speak, boy—but let it be a gentle tone,
Like some far-off and thrilling melody;
I cannot bear to see thee smile, my own;
It only makes me feel more sad and lone.

There—it is *his*—that pure and noble brow,
And his the gaze of those dark, loveful eyes;
And oh! I hear *his* accents soft and low,
As thy sweet, bird-like voice to mine replies,
Softly, my boy, for thou hast moved my soul
With thoughts too deep and bitter for control.

These soft, thick curls that yield thus at my touch,
And droop thus darkly on thy pale young cheek,
Ah, they are *his*—my boy, I loved him much,
With more than woman's love, but now I seek
His lowly grave, and with thy tiny hand
Clasped thus in mine, dream of that better land!

Dost thou remember him—how lovingly
He used to press thee to his throbbing heart?
And how his mournful eyes would follow thee,
And how he wept to know that he must part
With thee—his pride and hope? Oh! long and drear
My own, have been the days since he was here.

But come—I cannot linger longer now
Upon this sod; a sickness to my heart
Is creeping, and I feel my weary brow
Throb with excess of pain. Ah, might but start
One tear to cool the fever of my brain—
One sigh to ease my bosom's bitter pain!

Come, we will take our sad and lonely way
Back to the shaded cot; but never more
His smile will bless us with its cheering ray,
His accents greet us with the tones of yore,
Thou, my own bright one, art the only tie
That binds me to this world of misery.

THE INNKEEPER'S WIFE.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JOSEPH B. COBE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF THE "MAID OF MELAS," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

In Prince Edward county, Virginia, within a short distance of the Court House, and a few miles only from Hampden Sydney College, stands a venerable edifice, known to this day as Moore's old Ordinary, or in Virginia parlance, *Or' nary*. Anterior to the War of the Revolution, and during the whole of that eventful struggle, it had been a favored resort of the travellers, and of the soldiers passing to or from the scene of action.

During the war, the proprietor of this ancient establishment was Major Joseph Moore, an Englishman by birth, but known throughout the struggle for independence as an unwavering and active whig, though holding no office in the army, or under Congress. In times of dismay and general misgiving, when the Old Dominion was crowded with hostile troops, and the wearied, half-famished troops of Greene and Lafayette were everywhere driven before their victorious arms—this old gentleman took heart of grace by greeting daily with his morning cup a miserably painted picture of Gen. Washington which adorned his parlor mantle, and encouraged his desponding neighbors by examples of daring and ceaseless activity in serving the good cause. He had provoked, to an irreparable extent, the vengeance of the British and Hessian officers, not only by adroitly eluding their most cautious searches, but by his zeal in forwarding provisions of food and clothing to the suffering troops of his adopted country. From the beginning, he had calculated the price of his adhesion to the colonial authorities, and bravely resolved to meet the issue of his patriotic decision by the sacrifice of all he owned, if such became necessary. Whilst his pursuers were in the neighborhood, he was often forced to take to the woods with his negroes and stock, where he would live for days and weeks in a large cave, the existence of which was known to none but staunch friends.

When it is told, that during these ever recurring absences, the young wife of this determined whig resolutely kept by her troubled board, steadily discharging her duties as mistress and landlady, it will easily be conjectured that she could have been none but an extraordinary woman, such as, in those days, stamped an undying influence on their neglected and underrated sex. The writer of this sketch recalls at this period with peculiar pleasure, not unmixed with some pride, many a tale of the heroic fortitude and Spartan courage which distinguished his venerable ancestress, and charmed many an hour of his youthful days. She was emphatically a *woman of the Revolution*.

Unlike her husband, who was originally a ship builder, she was well-born, and inherited an ample

fortune. In the earlier years of marriage she had to endure the reflection, not a little mortifying to her pride, of being thought wedded to a man rather beneath her station and pretensions. But after the war broke out, and laudations were showered on her husband for his indomitable exertions, both by his neighbors and by officers of the army who had experienced the benefit of his aid, all pompous clamor was silenced, and his station was considered suited to any family. Pope's famous couplet was never more strikingly illustrated than by his history.

"Honor and worth from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The year 1781 was prolific in important events for American Independence, and Virginia was all anxiety. On one side she was held in terror by the haughty and ruthless Hessians under Sir Henry Clinton, expecting hourly invasion and devastation; whilst on the other, the fierce veterans of Cornwallis and the "invincible legion" of Tarleton threatened to crush all within their reach. Greene's army, that heroic column which had fought through all obstacles, and suffered and bled in utter despair of all relief; which had defied the discipline of British regulars, the pangs of famine, the fury of the elements, the pitiless severity of the seasons, naked and half armed, and had triumphed over all; this army, hotly pursued by Cornwallis, was in the neighborhood. In the very sight, and under the guns of their incensed enemy, they had crossed the Dan, and the whole country rang with shouts of exultation at the brilliant feat. The sturdy whig population of the surrounding counties poured out *en masse*, to relieve their wants in food, clothing and accoutrements. The expiring spark of patriotism was rekindled, and the torch of freedom and of the revolution burned with new vigor.

As may be supposed, these circumstances and their results, so well calculated to countervail the recent depression, which was vainly thought the prelude to universal dismay and submission, greatly exasperated the British leaders, and they wreaked vengeance in ways utterly repugnant to all rules of civilized warfare, and degrading to humanity. Houses were sacked, beds ripped open, furniture spoiled, and provisions and property destroyed without discrimination and without mercy. Parties were sent to scour the country, who scrupled not to murder or imprison the men, and to insult the women. It was a time for the daughters of America to summon all their fortitude; for husbands, fathers and brothers, unprepared to provide for or protect them under the rapid assaults and sudden onsets of the British cavalry, were forced without choice or remedy, to leave them to what

meagre courtesy and forbearance their sex or their situation could extract from their fierce invaders. Nor did woman's fortitude and courage fail or flinch in these appalling emergencies.

Now it so happened, that on a cold night in the year above named, whilst our family at the Ordinary were quietly seated around the cheerful fireside, engaged doubtless in recounting the stirring news developed at each day's close, a negro who had been on the look out, entered breathless and trembling, with the unwelcome and ever terrifying announcement, that "the red coats under Tarleton were in the neighborhood, and might ride up at any moment." All was instantly alarm and confusion. The wife refused to sleep in such suspense, and bracing herself against the depressing effects of unnecessary fear, actively abetted her husband in his preparations for flight. In a short time all was ready, and filled with melancholy presages, the husband and wife bade a silent adieu, each resolved to encounter with firmness their respective duties and difficulties. Not a living thing which could lay claim to the name of property was left on the premises, if we except an old negro and his wife who volunteered to remain with their mistress. But the provisions which had been stored away for the American troops, and for the accommodation of such travellers as might venture abroad in these times of gloom and terror, were left exposed; and the spacious cellar was filled with barrels of peach brandy, distilled at home, and carefully reserved for the same purposes. To save a portion of these was now the most anxious object with Mrs. Moore—to save all was entirely out of the question. In view of her slender resources, she instantly resolved to leave the cribs and granaries to fare as they might, and directed her whole thoughts and means to the preservation of her stores in the cellar. She at once calculated that the whole troop would be breakfasted at her expense, and this she resolved to offer with cheerfulness. Unprovided with means of transportation, it could hardly be supposed that cavalry would or could carry away more than would answer temporarily, being so far too from the main body of the army. To prevent destruction of what was left, was, therefore, the important question. She was sure that the liquor could not escape, and in daily expectation that Colonel Washington would be passing, (who was attempting to check the rapacity of the enemy) she was most anxious to preserve full rations for his weary and patriotic band.

Leaving her children to the care of the faithful negress, she descended, candle in hand, accompanied by her servant, to the cellar beneath. Within this was an apartment back, divided by a thick wall, and to which no light was admitted. Here was always stored the brandy, which, thus secured, was left to mellow and to purify. Her excellent sense at once suggested that this secluded stronghold, together with the pleasant and captivating *effluvia* which exuded from its every crack or crevice, would be most sure to attract, and probably distract the attention of the robbers who were shortly expected. Applying the key to the iron-faced door, which looked as though it might resist the strongest efforts if stormed, she

directed the astonished servant to roll out a number of the choice barrels. These she strewed in different parts of the open room, taking care to conceal them partially by carelessly throwing over them pieces of hoops and staves or mill-dewed straw, in such manner as to create the impression that they were nothing more than heaps of useless rubbish. After the same fashion she also adroitly disguised several barrels of pork and flour, to guard against contingencies. This, though simple in every particular, was a remarkable instance of self-possession in a matron not much exceeding the age of twenty-five, and so perilously situated. Having done all she could do, and again locking the door, she put the key in her basket and re-entered her chamber. Her children were quietly sleeping on their pallet, and anxious but resolved, she lay down undressed by their side, not to sleep, but to await the event, as became a wife, a mother, and a woman of America.

CHAPTER II.

TRUE to his accustomed activity, by early dawn on the day following, Tarleton had broken up his bivouac, and before the sun mounted over the surrounding hills, was on his march for the Ordinary. A dense fog covered the whole space around, and his approach was known only from the rumbling echo of hoofs as the squadron galloped over the frozen ground. Foremost came a corporal with his advanced guard, to make known the orders of his impious and fierce commander. Early as was the hour, Mrs. Moore had prepared her plan of action, and as the officer entered, unasked and unannounced, was sitting before a huge log fire which blazed in the parlor corner, calmly engaged with her knitting as though peril and insult were not near. On his entrance she rose, but offered no salute or invitation, and the rough soldier swaggered to the fire, where standing with his back to its cheerful blaze, a skirt of his coat hanging from each arm, he thus accosted the matron in the rude and discourteous style so common at that time with the British troops.

"Well, madam, where is the infernal old rebel who keeps this house? Answer me quick, for by ——, I'm in no humor for dainty mouthing and silly scenes."

"What mean you, sir?" answered Mrs. Moore, who by the bye was blessed with a full share of temper when excited, as well as spirit to maintain it. "I am not in the habit of hearing or replying to such beastly language."

"You ask what I mean," said the corporal. "I will tell you that I mean your husband, or whatever you are to the rebellious traitor, whose name hangs on yonder sign. If we can lay hands on him, I'll try and raise his head by the side of his name, and ask of you no further aid than the loan of a strong bed cord." And pointing to the beam on the sign-post, he made a significant motion with his hand about his neck, which left no doubt as to the allusion.

This insult, so stinging and so unprovoked, drew an involuntary tear to the eye of the helpless woman, but wisely subduing any appearance of the kind in such company, she turned her back on the ruffian, and walked into her chamber.

At this moment the full, mellow sound of a bugle awakened the echoes of hill and dale, and the whole troop appeared in sight at the head of the lane. The rising sun had dispelled in part the thick mist of the morning, and from a window of her room the lady could catch glimpses of their shining armor as they rapidly advanced. Presently they galloped full into the yard, and the corporal walked out to meet them.

A towering, stalwart officer, clad in the splendid uniform of a British dragoon, dismounted from his charger, and after exchanging a word with the corporal, advanced toward the doorway, making the oaken floor of the long gallery in front to ring with the clang of his iron-heeled cavalry boots. The huge roan steed, the long, brown hair, and the frightful marks of small-pox which disfigured his otherwise comely face, told at once who this officer was, and agreeable to the plan she had formed, Mrs. Moore, having a little girl by the hand, and an infant boy in her arms, met him promptly at the hall door.

"Colonel Tarleton, I presume," she said, with a graceful curtsey.

"At your service, madam," was the prompt reply of that celebrated officer. And as he touched the rim of his dragoon cap, he responded to the offer of the lady by seating himself with somewhat of the same familiarity which had distinguished his sub-officer before the parlor fire.

Fierce and unrelenting, though always roughly courteous, the British commander was nevertheless struck with the calm dignity, the stately manner, and somewhat aristocratic demeanor of his landlady, and could not reconcile her appearance with the generally received notions of an innkeeper's wife.

"Pon honor, madam," said he, "I must say you have there two likely, nice little folks," and offering his hand to the little girl, who readily took it, he at the same time slightly caressed the boy in the mother's arms. With staring eye and trembling lip, the infant pearly struck the hand which he extended, and hid its head in the folds of the mother's shawl.

"Oh, ho," laughed Tarleton, "some of the old leaven, I see. The *red* is too strong for his little *blue* eyes, I suppose, hey, madam," winking knowingly at the mother. "By the way, madam, does the father of this fiery little rebel always leave you to do the honors of his tavern? His faith is tolerably strong considering your age and comeliness. Come, my good madam, tell me, have you locked him in the closet, hid him in the cuddy, or stuffed him under the bed? He has served his mob Congress, and his rebel leaders well enough to receive some attention at my hands."

"I am happy to say, sir," returned the lady, "that my husband is beyond your reach, and I decline for him the attentions you speak of. As to whether I have placed him where you suggest, I presume you will soon find when you commence your usual round of forcing locks, tearing open beds, and burning houses."

"For George, madam, a proper answer from a rebel's wife to an officer in his majesty's service!" said Tarleton, with a mixture of humor and mock severity of tone. "And what if I should do all you

have said, how can these daring and obstinate rebels complain who put his majesty to such trouble? Make yourself easy, my good hostess, but I have now no time to parley or play at cross questions with a spirited dame. Work is before me, and work is always first with those under my orders."

At this instant the corporal again entered, and, lifting his cap, approached to where his officer and the lady were sitting. At the sight of her insulter, Mrs. Moore could not repress a slight exclamation. She started back, whilst the fire of injured feeling and outraged delicacy burned in her lustrous eyes, and suffused with a deep crimson hue the cheeks just now pallid almost from the reflection in whose dread presence she stood. All these were not unobserved by the quick glance of Tarleton, who, beyond doubt, had felt his chivalry awakened by the manner and spirit of the woman before him.

"Pray, what is the matter, madam?" he asked. "And what causes you such feeling at the sight of my officer?"

Unabashed, and nerved by the full flow of resentment which lurks in woman's bosom when smarting beneath the rankling of insult and outrage, Mrs. Moore recounted with feeling emphasis the gross language and the offensive allusion which had aroused and embittered her feelings as a wife and mother. As she proceeded, the rigid frown which contracted the brow of Tarleton, and the fury which sparkled from his fierce glance, told that woman had found a protector, and sent a cold shudder to the heart of the brutal offender.

When asked if he admitted the fact, the trooper could not articulate, so firmly had fear and conscious guilt clenched his teeth; and when, in the rage of passion, and with the full sway of a British commanding officer, Tarleton strode forward and struck him, the soldier cowered and shrank beneath the blow like a slave. This was not all. Tarleton caused him to unclasp his sword-belt, and then breaking the weapon before his face, ordered him to the rear under arrest.

These facts being substantially true, serve to relieve in some measure the odium which is generally heaped on the name and memory of this distinguished, though cruel Briton. On this occasion he certainly behaved as a gallant and high-souled officer, jealous of the reputation of his service, though his harsh and summary chastisement of the offender in the presence of a lady, a scene so unsuited to female softness and delicacy, showed in a strong view that impulsive and fierce disposition so characteristic of the man.

This being done, Tarleton resumed his natural humor, and proceeded with his inquiries, as though nothing of an unusual character had happened. And indeed such scenes in the British army, which in the French or American service would have aroused a hurricane of resentment among the junior officers and privates, were by no means uncommon, and account in part for the *russian* dispositions of the soldiery when unchecked by rigid discipline.

"Now, madam," said Tarleton, "since it seems I shall not now have the pleasure of conducting your husband as a prisoner of war to my commanding

officer, I must trouble you to breakfast my squad with a portion of these dainty supplies, which doubtless your good man has left to be distributed to the rebel army, who know so much better how to run than how to fight."

"Do they indeed?" said the matron, emboldened to satire, perhaps, by the consciousness of being in a gentleman's power, and not that of a ruffian, as he had been represented. "Doubtless we poor Americans have been duped by false rumors; but a few weeks since we had news that his majesty's troops fully equalled them in the first, whilst our poor soldiers proved their knowledge of the last quite to the satisfaction of Cornwallis and his officers."

"Ah, you allude to that ridiculous, helter skelter affair at your Cowpens," answered Tarleton, no way confused. "Well, madam, I did my part, as you doubtless heard, and his lordship hopes soon to get this mob enclosed in pens something more substantial than where we last had them."

"Report says," retorted the lady, now cruel in turn, "that we have an officer in the American ranks who does not much dread close quarters in the battle, even though he finds himself face to face with a very redoubtless adversary."

"Zounds, madam, you tempt me to anger by such a ridiculous tirade," answered he, somewhat moved, though not out of humor. "If ever I can get sight of this namesake of your old rebel chief, I will leave on him a mark by which he can boast to some effect of an encounter."

"In that case," again said the lady, archly smiling, "you and he, from what we hear, will be then fairly at quits, for it is said he has already balanced that score."

The latter part of this conversation is given on testimony not considered altogether reliable in our courts of judicature, though if the report, which has since received the sanction of history, be true, that Tarleton had lost his fingers in a hand to hand fight with Colonel Washington, it is fairly presumable that the rumor was then ripe. On this occasion he was gloved and booted, as already remarked, and the wound, if ever inflicted, was not of course visible.

CHAPTER III.

THE troop dismounted and arranged to cook and eat their breakfast in the open yard, Tarleton and a few of his higher officers only, partaking their meal in the hall under the invitation and superintendence of their inexplicable hostess. Whilst engaged in discussing, with great apparent pleasure, the substantial repast spread out before them, it is said that Tarleton, with a species of blunt politeness peculiar to him, asked "if he could get a cup of tea."

"A cup of tea!" answered Mrs. Moore. "Colonel Tarleton surely forgets that he is breakfasting with the wife of an American patriot. In these times, too, we have no means of transporting hither the waters in Boston harbor, and they are the only specimen of the article you wish, we have had in this country for many years past."

At this tart but good humored sally, the young officers at table laughed outright, despite the presence

of their commander, whose crude and severe notions of loyalty and discipline were understood to be generally averse to the least levity as regarded the course of his superiors, or the action of his government. After gravely rebuking them on this occasion, he replied to the lady of the house in his usual tone, half earnest, half humorous—

"Well, my dear madam," said he, "I only wish those savages had maintained their disguise long enough to allow his majesty's troops an opportunity of tinging the tea of Boston harbor with the color so obnoxious to you Americans. Their blood would have answered the purposely admirably. The Ethiopian may not change his skin, but savages sometimes have been known to do the like, especially when their color was likely to cost them dear."

Breakfast was finished, and the bugle sounded the assembly. The officers were at their respective posts, but Tarleton still remained by the fireside. The troopers were all paraded in line in front of the house, when, at an order from the sergeant, every tenth man dismounted, leaving his horse in charge of his right file. These formed the search corps, a system of domiciliary which was never neglected by Tarleton in these official military visits.

Through the open door the lady of the house had seen this movement, and understood at once its object. Under the direction of the sergeant, this corps filed off toward the lots where the corn, fodder, and various provender were collected and stored. On their return, they seized upon the old negro man and ordered him to conduct them to the store room of the Ordinary and to the cellar. The first of these, like the various houses just left, were noted down in the sergeant's memorandum book. Arrived at the cellar, the sergeant himself led the way. He approached the apparent heaps of rubbish, and with his foot kicked off some of the top coverings, but as the old servant began to dread the failure of his mistress' plan, the keen eye of the soldier was attracted to the iron-faced door of the locked cellar, and followed by his companions, he sprang forward with undisguised ecstasy. But to force it was no easy matter, and the keys were in possession of the landlady. The savoury smell of the brandy excited the keenest appetite, and a most unconquerable thirst. They resolved on a report to the chief, whose influence, it was hoped, might obtain the keys, and thus prevent the delay, which none relished, and the necessity, which was, from appearances, by no means inviting, of resorting to force. The report was made, and Tarleton peremptorily demanded the keys. The lady replied that she would never surrender them willingly, and gave the chieftain to understand that if he obtained the keys, which she displayed from her girdle, he must get them as he could.

Tarleton disdained to use compulsory or ungallant means with a lady of such undoubted pretensions, and ordered the sergeant to take men and what materials he could gather, and break open the door which locked in the precious viands, most precious of all things to the soldier.

He himself superintended the work, and from motives of seeking her safety in his presence, as well as

a natural anxiety, Mrs. Moore, attended by her children, went along with him. This work consumed an hour or two, which rendered the British officer restive and impatient, especially when he reflected that the delay might be saved by a slight severity, which he had not often scrupled to practice. His men were astonished at this relaxation, and an officer was heard swear, "that he believed the colonel was smitten with the comely appearance and lofty spirit of the rebel dame."

At length, after vigorous efforts, the door gave way, and the barrels lay before them. Tarleton gave orders to have his men served each with heavy ration, and their canteens filled. This done, he unhesitatingly caused his men to break open the heads of such as remained over, and the floor of the cellar was flooded in an instant. Mrs. Moore looked on silently, but with ill-repressed indignation, which Tarleton failed not to notice.

"The rules of war are severe, my good madam," said he, "but you rebels leave us no choice. This liquor has been saved with great labor, and doubtless for other purposes, but my orders are to anticipate and provide against such purposes."

"I expected no better," replied the lady, "and perhaps I had best prepare for worse."

"That you will soon find out, madam," was the pithy reply, and the stern veteran bowed and re-conducted his fair companion to the upper story. The sergeant now presented his memorandum, and after some conversation between the two, Tarleton turning to the lady, observed, "my officer returns me here-with a schedule of your stock of provisions, which I am ordered either to seize, or cut off from the rebel army. I have levied enough already to answer present purposes, but you must give me your word of honor not to apply these to the wants of the Americans, else I shall proceed with my duty."

"Then proceed," said the lady, firmly, "for I assure you that I shall make no such promise."

"Madam, this promise can cost you nothing," said the officer, evidently reluctant to resort to severity. "If I destroy them, the rebels cannot get them, and they lose nothing."

"I am not insensible to what you say," returned the lady, "and I acknowledge my obligation to you for one instance of courtesy. If you cannot spare us further losses and destruction, I regret it, but I cannot purchase your forbearance by the sacrifice of my duty to my husband and countrymen."

This heroic speech closed the parley, and threw, at once, all to the discretion and decision of the British chieftain. He cast around his officers an inquiring

and somewhat perplexed glance. Their expression could not be mistaken, and he resolved to err for once on the side of forbearance.

"Sergeant, form the line, and prepare for marching," he sharply exclaimed. "And now hearken, madam; I shall leave your property untouched, after having exacted our meal, and let loose the brandy barrels, and you may boast hereafter of having done what no man has succeeded in doing, and that is, having turned Lieutenant Colonel Tarleton, of his majesty's dragoons, from the proper course of his purpose."

Having thus said, he strode forth from the room and called for his charger. Gratified at her success in preserving the brandy disguised in the front cellar, and touched with the unexpected courtesy from an officer so usually unrelenting, one other idea still occurred to the sagacious reflections of this calculating woman. This was that stragglers might return, and in the absence of officers, destroy what was left, and subject her to renewed outrage. She took her resolution in a moment, and just when Tarleton was in the act of stepping forth to mount his horse, she gently tapped his elbow, and requested that an officer might be permitted to remain until the troop had gone far enough to prevent the occurrence she apprehended.

"Madam," said he, "I do not feel authorized to detail any officer on a duty which might prove one of great danger, and not known to the service. I shall take pains to guard against what you apprehend; but if any one chooses to volunteer in your favor, I shall not prohibit him from so doing." A young lieutenant immediately rode out and tendered his services.

"Very well," said Tarleton again. And gracefully waving his sword in adieu, he turned and galloped to his usual post at the head of the troop. The bugle sounded, the word "march" was passed along the line, and wheeling into sections with most elegant precision, the imposing array moved off. In a very few moments more the last of the "invincible legion" disappeared in the distance, and the solitary dragoon officer sat down in the parlor of the Ordinary to meditate on the probable dangers of his situation.

But these dangers were only imaginary, for his grateful hostess heard in a few weeks after he left her, that he had reached Tarleton in safety, and participated in the obstinate and bloody fight at Guilford Court House, which resulted so gloriously to the American army, and so effectually broke up the boasted and well planned campaign of the British general.

HOPE ON!

Through life's wild tempests hurtle round the brow,

And every vista shuts in gloom before us;

Though all we love by death are stricken low,

And lone despair flaps his dark pinion o'er us:

Though in the long, fierce strife our heart-strings sever—

Yield not, oh! soul, but hope!—hope on forever!

What though the world is full of secret foes?

What though, when thus bereft, there's none to love us?

The eye of faith a better country shows,

Poor, wearied soul, there's rest in Heaven above us!

And loved ones beckoning o'er life's shadowy river,

Murmur in blissful tones, hope on forever!

C. A.

THE FOREST HOME

BY MRS. HUGHES, AUTHOR OF "ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED," "AUNT MARY'S TALES," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

"HERE we are, Mary!" said Eloise Deland, to her cousin Mary Woodville, as they seated themselves near the table of a well-stored library, after an absence from home of some weeks, "once more we are in our own dear home! And after all, though we are so far up in the back-woods, I believe this is as pleasant a place as any I have yet seen."

"I certainly would not change 'Forest Home' for any home that I ever saw," returned the cousin.

"Bless me! What can this be?" exclaimed Eloise, taking up a letter which lay before her on the table, with her father's address on the back. "The handwriting is strange to me, and yet it cannot be from any of pa's clients, for he is so particular about keeping all his business papers in his office," and as she spoke, with all the confidential familiarity that existed in the family, she opened and read the letter. "Why, Mary!" she continued, "who can this Mr. Charles Loraine be that is lauded and glorified in this manner to pa, by some gentleman in England! Do read, and see what a wonderful youth is come amongst us!"

"He must be a perfect paragon," returned Mary, after reading the letter. "But I wonder how it happens that we have never yet seen or heard anything of him."

"Oh! I suppose he has seen too much, and travelled too far, to think of coming to pay his respects to two back-woods girls, whom he probably expects to find without shoes or stockings, and sitting down, according to the fashion of the country, to arrange our hair as soon as he enters."

"After having seen the other members of the family, he would hardly expect to find us such accomplished characters as that," returned Mary, laughing. "But here comes your mother, who will tell us all about him. Pray, aunt!" she continued, addressing Mrs. Deland, who just then entered the room, "who is this extraordinary Mr. Charles Loraine?"

"I can only say," replied Mrs. Deland, "that if you have read that letter, you know pretty nearly as much of him as we do, except that he appears to be, in every respect, worthy of the encomiums that are bestowed on him."

"But why did none of you tell us anything about him?" asked Eloise. "Beaux are not as thick as blackberries here, that you should forget to give us so important a piece of information."

"That you may set down to Adelaide's account! Attaching all the importance to such an event that a girl of fourteen is likely to do, she bound your papa, myself and Theodore to secrecy on the subject, and has enjoyed, exceedingly, the idea of your surprise when you met."

"I mean to throw my spell over him at once," said Eloise.

"You had much better try for his friend," returned her mother, who was always ready to join in a harmless joke.

"What! are there two of them?" exclaimed the daughter.

"Yes! Mr. Ellison, a handsome young man of large fortune, is a much more important personage in the eyes of our young ladies here about, than Loraine is; for the latter is not wealthy, though as a very skilful engineer he must always be considered independent."

"Well then, Eloise," said Mary, laughing, "as you intend to throw out your nets for the engineer, I think I had better try for the fortune. It would certainly be very convenient to get a rich husband to fill up all deficiencies." In this manner these two lively girls who had never yet tasted sorrow, amused themselves in disposing of the expected beaux, though perhaps scarcely any girls of their age, with so many charms to attract the fluttering train, cared in reality so little for their presence.

Eloise was the second child of Mr. and Mrs. Deland, who had only two others:—a son, Theodore, a youth of about nineteen years of age, who was studying law with his father; and another daughter Adelaide, who as a girl of fourteen was too unformed to admit of description; though her amiable disposition and pleasing manners, and, more especially, her devoted attachment to her father, made her a great favorite with all her relatives. But Eloise appeared to have engrossed all the beauty of the family, and was, perhaps, as perfect and lovely as can well be imagined. Her luxuriant flaxen hair, transparent skin, with the delicate flush of health coloring her cheeks, coral lips surrounded by laughing dimples, and her large, full, bright blue eyes, were all exquisite, and as her manners were easy and graceful, though exceedingly playful, no one could accuse her of presumption, however high an object she might mark for conquest. Yet beautiful as she was, she was not without a rival, and one, before whom, in the estimation of most beholders, even her charms had to give way. Mary Woodville, the portionless orphan child of Mrs. Deland's sister, was of the same age as Eloise, and they had been brought up together from the time that they were only a year old; and so closely had they ever been united, that they had appeared, to use the words of Shakspeare,

"Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition."

Their minds, however, were very dissimilar. Conscious of her beauty, and fully sensible of the power with which it and no ordinary share of talent invested her, Eloise seemed as if born to rule, not, however, with an iron rod, but by the influence of winning

playfulness and fascinating smiles. But though so fully disposed to estimate her own advantages, not a shade of jealousy ever darkened her countenance toward her cousin. On the contrary, she was always delighted to hear any one expatiate on Mary's beautifully formed hazel eye, shaded by their long, dark silken lashes, her skin of alabaster whiteness, only appearing more conspicuously pure as contrasted with the rica glow that suffused her cheeks, the perfectly formed mouth, the graceful neck—in short the harmony, we had almost said sublimity of her whole form; which bespoke in every look and motion a mind equally faultless, and which when seen made all other objects sink into the shade; yet could Eloise hear all these beauties spoken of, not only with an unclouded brow, but with a glow of pleasure that gave additional charms to her own face.

CHAPTER II.

"WHAT frock do you intend to wear, Mary?" asked Eloise, one afternoon as they were dressing for an evening party, about two weeks after their return.

"I think we had best put on our new mouslin-daines," replied her cousin, "for as the horses are all engaged, your pa says we must walk, and those dresses will be less liable to be injured than any others that we can wear."

"Oh! no!" returned Eloise, "I want to wear my painted muslin, for I mean to do great execution, this evening."

"And the first proof of your power, will be the execution of your poor frock, for it is so very thin and delicate, that the probability is it will be torn to tatters before you get through the woods."

"I expect to catch the beaux with it at all events, so that it will only be putting a little in practice before hand," was Eloise's laughing reply, and as she spoke she took the dress in question out of the wardrobe.

"You surely are not serious about wearing that frock, Eloise!" remonstrated Mary, as she saw her cousin preparing to put it on. "Only consider the kind of road we have to go!"

"I shall put mine on, certainly," said Eloise, in a tone that proved to Mary, who knew her so well, that her mind was made up. "But you can wear whatever you please, you know."

"Oh! I shall wear the same as you do, whatever it may be, as your ma wishes us always to be dressed alike; but I wish, dear Eloise! I could prevail upon you to wear any other frock, than this very delicate one."

"I am determined," said Eloise, and on went the disputed dress. Mary's was also put into requisition, and they set out at a very early hour, as they had a long walk to take. Theodore would gladly have persuaded them to wait for him, as he was not quite ready; but they said they wished to have time to walk slowly.

Eloise joked merrily, as she went, about the mischief she meant to do with her beautiful frock, when, on coming to a very narrow path, where they

were obliged to walk in Indian file, as they called it, Eloise, with her frock wrapt close around her to avoid its being caught by the brambles and briars, was going first, when on a sudden Mary rushed forward, and catching hold of her, pulled her back with her whole strength. At the same instant the sound of Mary's frock, tearing down from the waist to the hem, was heard, whilst an almost total divorce took place between the skirt and the body.

"What in the world has possessed you, Mary?" cried Eloise, in extreme astonishment. "Have you lost your own wits instead of putting some luckless wight out of his?"

"Look! look!" cried Mary, as she still held her cousin in firm grasp.

Eloise turned at this exclamation and saw Mary's usually coral lip pale and quivering, whilst her eyes seemed almost ready to start from their sockets.

"Look! look!" she repeated, scarcely able to articulate, and pointing, as she spoke, to something before them.

Eloise, at this, followed the direction indicated, and beheld a large rattlesnake lying across the road, on the very spot where she herself had been about to set her foot.

"Well!" said Eloise, "I have escaped the danger, but your poor frock has fallen the sacrifice."

"Oh!" cried Mary, still pale and trembling with the thought of what might have been. "How can you talk of a frock at such a time!"

"Because," returned her companion, "the one is only what might have been, and the other, what is."

"And what are a thousand tattered frocks in comparison to the danger you have escaped?"

"And can you talk in this way after my being so self-willed!" said Eloise, in a tone of self-reproach.

Before Mary had time to answer Theodore came up, and, seeing the cause of their alarm, by means of a thick club succeeded in killing the dangerous reptile, after which, as is usual 'on such occasions, he cut off the rattle as a trophy of his prowess. This done, and Mary's composure on the death of the enemy being restored, the attention of all three was turned to the tattered garment. For Mary to proceed in the state her dress was in was impossible, nor was it much more practicable for her to return to change it, and afterward to pay the visit, for this would take to much time.

After some consultation, it was determined, at Theodore's suggestion, that they should wait where they were, only taking care, as Eloise said, neither to sit nor step upon rattlesnakes, till he ran home and brought Mary another dress.

"Then," said he, archly, "you may easily find a dressing-room under the thick branches of some tree, and for a mirror you can never be at a loss whilst you have Eloise's eyes so near you."

"Very well said, my brother," replied the lively girl, with pretended gravity. "I admire both the courtesy and discrimination you display, and am happy to think Mary has so gallant a knight to assist her in the unhappy dilemma into which my wish to shine in envied splendor has involved her."

Things being thus arranged, they sought for and

soon found a safe and comfortable seat, and Theodore proceeded on his mission.

CHAPTER III.

"HERE comes Theodore, trotting on a great cart horse!" cried Eloise, laughing, as the form of her brother appeared through the trees. "Where in the world did you meet with that noble steed?" asked she, as he came up to them.

"I borrowed it of Ned Winsfield," replied the young man. "I prevailed on him to stop his ploughing till I brought the frock. And now I will return with my Rosinante while Mary is equipping herself." So saying, he handed Mary a parcel neatly pinned up in a napkin. He was scarcely out of sight, however, before they both at once uttered a loud exclamation, for, on unpinning the parcel, Mary found instead of the dress she had sent for, an old rusty black one, which she scarcely ever wore.

"What can be the meaning of this?" cried Eloise. "Some of the girls have been playing a trick upon you."

"Oh, no!" returned Mary, who never upon any occasion formed a severe judgment; "it is only a mistake. None of them, I am sure, would intentionally serve me so. But never mind! Worse things might happen than for me to make my appearance in an old frock."

"You surely would not think of going in this forlorn looking thing!" remonstrated Eloise.

"I shall certainly not deprive myself of the visit on account of it," returned her companion. "The thing can soon be explained to Louisa, and she will take good care to make the why and the wherefore known to all her guests."

"I would not appear in a party with such a dress for the world," said Eloise, with energy.

"Then you do yourself great injustice, dear Eloise," said Mary, looking at her cousin affectionately; "for believe me, when you appear your dress will be the last thing that is thought of, even were it of sack-cloth."

"Oh! that would only make me appear the more interesting," returned Eloise, laughing, "for then I should be the 'Fair Penitent.' But only suppose, Mary, that the two English strangers were to be there. How would you feel then?"

"Exactly as I should feel if they were not there. Do you imagine I would value the opinion of any one, who could think either ill or well of me, on account of an article of dress merely?"

"Yes! If your dress were such as to give them the idea of your being a slattern."

"That opinion could scarcely be formed by any reasonable person. The singularity of my attire will, at once, prove it to be accidental."

"I believe, Mary," said Eloise, looking steadily in her cousin's face, "you are not quite the humble being we have always taken you for. I suspect, after all, you have your fair proportion of pride."

"There is a pride, Eloise, that I consider it the duty of all to encourage. We can have but a small portion of self-respect if we do not feel ourselves

superior to the little adventitious circumstances of dress. But come!" she continued, with a smile, "I am delivering a moral lecture instead of—"

"Instead of acting on—" interrupted her cousin, "which after all is the most impressive mode of teaching. Even ma's gentle remonstrance has frequently had less effect on me, than the sight of you quietly proceeding in the right course. I only wish I had possessed a little more of the right sort of pride this afternoon, and this walk would not have proved so unfortunate."

"Well! Let us now try to get to the end of it," said Mary, who had changed her dress and folded up her tattered frock.

They had not gone far before they were overtaken by Theodore, whom they questioned closely about the mistake that had been made. He said that when he reached home, he found that his mother and Adelaide, as well as Susanna, the girl that had the care of the chambers, were all out. He had, therefore, given a young girl, who had only been in the family a short time, the best directions he was able about finding the frock that was wanted, and particularly charged her to pin it neatly up, and as he found she had paid strict attention to the last part of his injunctions, he took it for granted that the rest was equally well executed, and gave himself no further thought on the subject.

They soon arrived at their place of destination, where they found a large party already assembled. Their adventure was told to their friend Louisa, who had slipped into the dressing-room to give them a more cordial welcome than she could have done in the parlor, and, after laughing over the catastrophe, she returned to her company to take off a little of the formality that generally reigns during the early part of the evening, by detailing the particulars to each of her visitors in turn, when we believe we may venture to say that there was more pleasure than sympathy felt on the occasion. Indeed there were few present who would not have considered it a happy circumstance for themselves, if anything had occurred to cast the beautiful Mary somewhat into the shade. However never before did she look more strikingly, more sublimely beautiful.

Soon after the formalities of tea were despatched, the gentlemen began to flock in. Louisa immediately hastened to the piano. As she touched the keys, and a favorite air resounded, a space in the centre of the room was cleared, and dancing commenced. Eloise who was always ready to join in the dance, was one of the first to be led out; but though frequently solicited, Mary declined, for she felt a little fatigued with her walk, and had besides, in consequence of her fright, a slight headache. Disposed to escape from the noise and heat of the room, she took Louisa's arm, when the latter gave place to another performer, and proposed going into the next apartment, where a centre-table stood covered with annuals, magazines and prints. Louisa, who was exceedingly attached to Mary, was delighted with the opportunity of having a little quiet conversation with her, and remained as long as her duty to her other visitors would permit. When obliged to go, she placed a

book before her friend, which contained a number of beautiful views of various parts of Europe. Much amused, Mary had sat a long time undisturbed, except by some gentleman occasionally trying to persuade her to join the dancers, or gay belle who came to say she was dying of heat, yet who yielded a ready assent to the first youth who invited her back to encounter the same miseries; when happening accidentally to look up, she saw a strange gentleman standing in the entry, but directly opposite to her, with his eyes fixed upon her with the most intense earnestness. Mary immediately suspected him to be one of the young Englishmen. He could hardly be said to be above the middle size, but the graceful proportions of his person took off all appearance of deficiency in height. His complexion, though rather dark, was peculiarly clear and bright, and his fine dark eye beamed with a union of softness, intelligence and spirit. His nose and mouth were well formed; his teeth remarkably white; and his chin, of itself handsome, was just so much divested of its dark glossy covering as to display an exquisitely formed dimple, that seemed to have been placed there for the little God of Love to rest in, and laugh away the hearts of all who ventured to look at him. As Mary raised her head their eyes met, and in an instant hers again sought the picture that lay before her, but scarcely had she time to ask herself which of the strangers this could be, when Louisa entered the room, and begged permission to introduce Mr. Charles Loraine. As every species of affectation was a stranger to Mary's bosom, she received him with easy courtesy; and he being too much a man of the world to have any difficulty in drawing her out, especially when aided by the pictures before her, they were soon engaged in an animated conversation. There were few of the views that he had not seen in nature, and he pointed out the various beauties, and described those which the painter had failed to delineate, with so much taste and feeling that Mary listened with delight, and felt as though she had never known what was truly beautiful before.

It may well be imagined that with two beings so well calculated to enjoy each other's society, the time flew rapidly away. The noise and uproar of the adjoining room, which became more and more boisterous as the night advanced, was unheeded, and when the party began to break up Loraine expressed astonishment; and Mary, though she said nothing, felt it less strongly. Eloise, who had already been introduced to Loraine, now joined them, accompanied by the other Englishman, who was immediately introduced to Mary. He was a tall, fine looking man, with handsome features, and an exceedingly amiable expression of countenance, but without any extraordinary marks of intellectuality. As it was moonlight, the two girls prepared for their walk home with great pleasure, positively refusing their host's offer to send them in his carriage. The two Englishmen, avowing their fondness for a moonlight ramble, declared their determination to accompany the girls a part of the way, for the purpose, as they said, of keeping off the rattlesnakes. By a little manoeuvring Loraine contrived to secure Mary's arm; whilst Ellison took pos-

session of that of Eloise, and Theodore was sent on before as an advanced guard. Gay and happy they threaded the forest maze; and to hear their lively, but innocent mirth, and the light hilarious laugh that seemed every now and then to startle the echoes, one would have imagined that sorrow could never find its way into bosoms so full of the gladness of life.

CHAPTER IV.

"WELL, Eloise!" said Mr. Deland, as he came to the breakfast-table the next morning, and with that cheerfulness and good humor which accompanied his intercourse with all, both at home and abroad, "did you kill your thousands or your ten of thousands, last night, with that extraordinary frock?"

"Oh, pa! Do not, I beg of you, let me hear another word about the frock, for I am perfectly sick of the thought of it, and never intend to give myself any more concern about dress as long as live. I am not sure that I shall not make myself a linsey gown, as the people call them, and wear it forever more!"

"And what has made you so philosophic all at once, pray?"

"Why the success that I found attended Mary in her miserable old black frock. She was absolutely the belle of the party!"

"Oh, Eloise!" ejaculated Mary, in a tone that seemed to say, "how can you talk so!"

"Yes! It was certainly the case, Mary! Ask Theodore when he comes down, and if he has got his senses sufficiently awake to understand what you mean, he will tell you the same thing."

"I suspect it was owing to her wearing a dress that you have not yet learned how to put on, Eloise!" said her mother, with an arch smile.

"The dress of humility, or of simplicity, or modest dignity, or some of those vestal garments, I suppose you mean," returned Eloise, laughing; "for I believe she huddles all those on at once, and wears them morning, noon and night, lest she should forget to put them on some time when they are wanted, as poor unfortunate I so often do."

"You seem to be arrayed in a superabundance of them this morning," said Mary.

"No wonder! When I saw how much they were admired last night, even under the old rusty black frock."

"I wish I had been at home when Theodore came," said Adelaide, "and I would have taken good care that Mary had the frock she wanted; but Biddy says she understood she wanted a frock that was fit to walk through the woods with, so as to save her company frock."

"Well! I assure you, my sister, you need not give yourself the least concern about the mistake; for the gentlemen were perpetually running into the back parlor to look at either her or it; and as to Mr. Loraine——"

"Why you danced with him two or three times!" interrupted Theodore, who had entered the room as Eloise was speaking.

"That is very true, but it was before he had set his eyes upon Mary. After that, he simply danced one

set with Louisa, as he had engaged her before, and then no more dancing for him; even though he had expressed the hope, after we had finished the last dance, that he would be so fortunate as again to find me disengaged. But after he had seen Mary no more hopes or wishes were wasted upon me."

"You had a pretty good substitute in his friend," returned the brother.

"He might have done tolerably well if I had not happened to see the other first; and if I had not been obliged to hear the conversation of Loraine and Louisa as they stood near me in the dance."

"What did they say?" asked Mr. Deland.

"My attention was first caught by hearing Louisa, who, I believe, is as anxious about Mary's looks as if they were her own, accounting for the singularity of her dress, which; she ended by saying, was of less consequence to her than it would have been to any one else; I then heard Loraine, who stood next to me, murmur to himself, and quite unconscious, I believe, that he could be heard—

"When unadorn'd adorn'd the most."

"A very unacknowledged quotation," returned the father, with assumed gravity.

"Then Louisa asked him if he did not think her very handsome. 'Perfect! perfect!' he replied, with energy."

"I hope, Eloise, you have done detailing this detestable conversation!" said Mary, whose face and neck were both a deep crimson.

"No! indeed I have not! you must hear a good deal yet, for I am determined to punish you for taking my beau from me. Then pa!" she added, with a mischievous look, "on Louisa's making some remark about the shape of the nose or mouth, or some such feature, he said, 'it is not the particular form of the features that I care for. I could not pretend to say what are the features of the Madonna, but the sublime expression of the countenance is engraved on my heart, and that of your friend resembles it more closely than any human countenance I ever saw.'"

"You have certainly got your revenge," cried Mary, starting from the breakfast-table as she spoke, and quitting the room.

"Bravo! bravo! I have beaten you off the field!" Eloise laughingly exclaimed, as Mary closed the door after her.

From this time the two young Englishmen began to find Theodore's company exceedingly interesting, and became, through his means, almost constant visitors at "Forest Home." About this time, in consequence of having to make preparations for Adelaide's going to school, Eloise and Mary had, for a time, to suspend all visiting, so that the gentlemen, to their great satisfaction, generally found them in the evenings at home. Under such circumstances their acquaintance soon became intimacy; and they shortly felt themselves so familiarized in the family that they no longer required Theodore's patronage to procure them access to it. Ellison made no secret of his devotion to Eloise, and bore all her caprices with the patience of a martyr; while she, though constantly taking pains to convince him that he had no influence

over her heart, still received his attentions, and made herself merry at his cost. Her mother sometimes remonstrated with her about her behaviour, but she declared she had told him frankly what he had to expect, and after that, she said, he must just take his chance. Very different were things with Loraine and Mary. An almost devotional admiration on his side; and though a less extravagant, a no less sincere one on hers, prepared the way for a warmer feeling, if in him at least it had not at once taken possession of the heart. But though months passed over in the continual enjoyment of each others society, and in the inward conviction on the part of each of being beloved, Loraine had never ventured to speak explicitly of his passion. A feeling of deference in himself, which, when he considered Mary's extreme youth, he almost wondered at, still held him back, and he preferred luxuriating in the sweet hopes that filled his breast whenever her eye met his, to risking any abatement of his happiness by a too hasty avowal. Oh! sweet moments of virtuous and unmixed happiness when two pure and ingenuous hearts thus revel in the delight of mutual affection, and each find in the wish to become more worthy of the other only a stronger incitement to all that is valued by man and approved by God.

Loraine had, one evening, contrived to draw Mary to a window where he could, apart from the rest, enjoy the sweets of an unrestrained conversation with her. They were suddenly, however, interrupted by Eloise calling to her cousin to ask if she did not think the high, stiff collars seemed to be made for the express purpose of sawing off gentlemen's ears, the most disfiguring things in the world. Now it happened that the collars which Ellison wore were exactly of that description, and Eloise, as if solely for the purpose of tormenting him, went on expatiating on the Byron style of dress as being both becoming and classical, whilst Ellison seemed literally to writhe under her sarcasms.

"How could you torment poor Ellison so?" said Mary, after the two friends had taken their leave. "It is really absolute cruelty!"

"Oh! it is good for him!" replied the volatile girl. "It is exercising him in the art of pleasing. You will see that the next time he comes he will have his collar as much too low as it is now too high; for he has just about as much taste as a monkey that imitates without being able to judge of the right proportions."

"And you," said her mother, "have the monkey's disposition to torment, without much more power of judging when you go too far. You will try this young man's patience till he can bear no more, and then, as is no uncommon thing with you, will regret having given so much indulgence to your wayward humor."

"Whatever may happen, he will have no right to blame me," returned the daughter; "I told him the first time he spoke seriously to me that I neither did love him, nor ever could. And when he begged me to allow him to try to teach me, I told him I was sure it would be all lost labor, and that he must take the entire responsibility upon himself, and not blame me when he found he had failed. So I am sure he has nothing to complain of—I gave him fair warning."

"Perhaps he goes upon the principle that when a woman deliberates she is lost," replied the mother, as she took up her bed candle and retired.

The next evening Loraine appeared alone and said Ellison was suffering from a severe headache. They all joked Eloise for having frightened away her lover; and when, on the following night, he was again absent, the family became more and more convinced that he was gone, and Theodore, whenever he came near his sister, repeated in a tone of affected tenderness—

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride."

But Eloise persevered in the belief that he was only waiting to make some great metamorphose, and that when he returned he would be found to be quite an altered man. At length, at the end of about a week, he appeared, and the moment he entered the room Eloise began to laugh.

"Why, Mr. Ellison!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak, "you surely expect to suffer martyrdom, and have prepared yourself for the block. And indeed you might do like—who was it?—ah! Anne Boleyn who clasped her neck and congratulated herself that it was so small it could easily be divided."

The young man stood completely at a loss how to look, or what to say. He had remained at home, and had employed the most accomplished tailor that the neighborhood afforded to make him a new suit, according to the best directions he was able to give them, but, as may easily be imagined, there was a something wanting; and the deficiency made his appearance grotesque and ludicrous to the last degree. It is a well known fact that we can better bear to be laughed at for those things we had no power to avoid, or which we have an inward conviction are right, than for those that have their origin in ourselves, and are the result of our own weakness or folly. Ellison was no deviator from the general rule. He was mortified beyond endurance at Eloise's ridicule. He had hitherto borne all her jokes and caprices with a degree of magnanimity that would have done honor to a better cause. But he now stood swelling with offended pride, and at length recovering his speech, turned to Mrs. Deland, and saying, "he should have the pleasure of paying his respects to her another time," quitted the room. In a few minutes they heard his horses' feet galloping off with the speed of one who was flying for his life.

Exceedingly mortified at the circumstance, both Mr. and Mrs. Deland gave their daughter a severe reprimand, and also charged Loraine with as handsome an apology as it was in their power to make. But though Ellison expressed his entire conviction that they were perfectly free from any intention of insulting him, it was not in his friend's power to induce him to visit the house again, and he very soon left the vicinity.

CHAPTER V.

LORAINE's attentions to Mary continued unremitting. The pure and artless girl satisfied that the tie which was daily strengthening between her lover and

herself was approved by her kind guardians, sought not to repress the sweet emotions which had sprung up in her breast, and given to life a zest unknown before. Still Loraine spoke not absolutely of love, though his every look and action told the delightful tale.

Eloise had evidently labored for some time under a great depression of spirits. Mary had found that at night, when her cousin had imagined her to be asleep, she had often started out of bed and paced the room as if in a state of great agitation. This depression of spirits which became every day more and more evident, was the cause of much uneasiness to her affectionate and anxious mother, who could not but suspect it arose from regret at having driven Ellison away. By degrees both her appetite and that fine bloom on her cheeks, which had hitherto contrasted so beautifully with the matchless whiteness of her skin, began gradually to fail. She complained frequently of fatigue, and would spend hours on the bed in listlessness and languor. When questioned respecting her feelings, she would not admit that she was even indisposed. If anything was said about applying for medical advice, she would rouse herself for a time, and, laughing at the idea of a physician being called in, place the whole thing in so ludicrous a light, that for a time she calmed the fears of her anxious friends. Her family was at last willing to believe that the appearances they had observed had arisen from some accidental causes that youth and a good constitution would soon overcome. Winter too was coming on, and her mother hoped much from the gaiety which that season brings with it to the inhabitants of the country. Loraine still continued in the neighborhood, and was, at all times, ready to take Mary and her cousin in his sleigh, whithersoever they wished to go. But the fond mother's hopes were far from being realized. Her beloved child still continued to droop, and became subject to long and deep swoons. She also began to make great objections to all plans of pleasure, even though she knew they were got up purely on her account.

"If I were convinced that it is regret for the loss of Ellison that weighs on her spirits," said Mrs. Deland, one day, after she and Mary had been in conversation a long time about her; "I would really consult with Loraine about the probability of bringing him back. Could you not, Mary, manage to draw the truth from her?"

"I have done everything in my power to win her confidence," returned Mary, with an expression of deep concern; "but though I used to think we had but one mind between us, hers seems now to be entirely locked up from me." And here the big tears trembled in Mary's eyes as she spoke. "That her disease is mental I am convinced," the gentle girl continued, as soon as she could sufficiently repress her agitation to speak with composure; "for I have frequently been awakened at night by the sighs. But when I turned to her and tried in the tenderest manner to prevail upon her to tell me the cause, she always put me off by ascribing her agitation to some troubled dream, or something of a similar kind; and was often even angry if I appeared to doubt."

"What is your candid opinion? Do you think Ellison has anything to do with her sickness?" asked Mrs. Deland, anxiously. "I should really be thankful could I believe he had."

"Indeed, my dear aunt," replied Mary, earnestly, "I dare not flatter either you or myself with such a hope; I believed till very lately that she repented having offended him; but a few evenings ago, when Louisa Laybourne and Julia Winfield were here, I happened to be out of the room awhile, and I heard the girls screaming and laughing so loud that I was sure it must be Eloise that was amusing them; I hastened into the parlor and found her entertaining them with a ludicrous description of Ellison's looks when he came with his bare neck. I was convinced from that moment that whatever may be the cause of her unhappy state of spirits, he at least has nothing to do with it. She never could have held up to ridicule the man she loved!"

"No! certainly not! But this only makes the thing more distressing and perplexing. You must try, dearest Mary! as much as possible to win her confidence; and if it be possible for any one to do it, you surely can. The cause must be known before a remedy can be discovered; and unless that be speedily applied I see plainly that we shall have to make up our minds to behold her sink into her grave," and as she spoke, the anxious mother's tears flowed, whilst Mary's were mingled with them in the tenderest sympathy.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW days after the conversation with which we concluded our last chapter, Mary happened to go unexpectedly, and at the same time so softly into their chamber, that Eloise, who at the time was indulging in a passionate flood of tears, was unconscious of her entrance. She was kneeling at the side of the bed, with her face hid in the bed clothes. Mary stood and viewed her with perfect astonishment, and as she did so Eloise raised her head in an attitude of devotion. "Oh! my God!" she exclaimed, "have mercy on thy weak and erring creature, and either remove me from this bitter trial, or give me strength to bear it. Oh! save me!—save me from what I am too weak, too selfish to bear!" And again her head rested on her couch, and her tears flowed in torrents. Mary, completely overcome by her agitation and evident misery, sunk down by her side and mingled her tears with those of the unhappy girl. Eloise at first started as she felt her cousin's arm passed gently over her neck, but soon giving way to the soft impulse by which Mary drew her toward her, she rested her head on the bosom of her sympathizing friend and sobbed aloud. Mary, as the violence of Eloise's grief began to subside, said in her soft, sweet voice, "dear Eloise! will you not tell me what is the cause of this distress?"

"Is it possible that you need to be told?" asked the weeping girl, raising her eyes as she spoke, and fixing them with an inquiring gaze on Mary's face.

"Indeed I am totally at a loss to form a conjecture," was Mary's reply, given in a tone that could not fail to carry conviction along with it.

"Then I have not exposed myself as much as I

imagined. Oh!" she added, raising her eyes to Heaven as she spoke, "that I might be removed before I become too weak, too enervated to keep my secret locked in my own bosom."

"Repose in mine, beloved Eloise. Are we not sisters? Have we not always been united by ties of affection, closer than the generality of sisters feel? And can you not trust me now? Have I ever deceived, ever forsaken you?"

"Oh! no, no!" cried Eloise, throwing her arms round the neck of her cousin. "You have ever been the kindest, the best of sisters, and the most perfect of human beings."

"Then will you not trust me? Will you not allow me the comfort of at least sympathizing in your sorrows, if I cannot have the happiness of relieving them."

"Is it possible that you need to be told?" again asked Eloise, with an expression of doubt.

"Indeed I am unable to imagine the cause of your distress, for you appear to me to be surrounded with everything that heart could desire. A home that is fitted to satisfy the wishes of any reasonable mind; excellent and devoted parents; affectionate friends and numberless admirers. What else can be required to constitute the happiness of any rational being?"

"Oh! Mary! Is it possible that you, who possess the heart of Charles Loraine, can ask what else is required?" A soft and beautiful blush overspread Mary's lovely and ingenuous countenance, and for an instant she was silent. She then said—

"I will not pretend to say that it is not sweet to love and be beloved, but can a girl like you, so young, so beautiful, so full of talent, be in any doubt of that happiness being in store for you? The only fear, dear Eloise! is, that though your heart is warm, your fancy is too fastidious. Even Charles Loraine himself, had he presumed to your affections, would have been received with the same scorn, and have been driven off with the same contempt that his poor friend met with."

"Oh! no! I would have knelt down in thankfulness to the Almighty for having awarded me such a treasure! I could have worshipped at his feet, or have laid down my life to show the fulness of my gratitude for the rich gift of his love! But such happiness was too great to be mine. I do not envy you, Mary!—oh! believe me, I do not envy you," and as she spoke she clasped her hands and raised her full blue eyes, as if calling upon Heaven to witness the truth of what she said, "but my constant prayer, night and day, is to be allowed to sink into the grave before you become his wife!"

Mary was thunderstruck! Sick and almost fainting, she laid her head upon the bed beside which she still knelt, and the big sighs swelled her breast almost to bursting. How long she remained in that state we will not pretend to say, but at length raising her fine eyes with a mingled expression of magnanimity, piety and sensibility, she breathed inwardly the words—"Heavenly Father! support me!" and then turning to her cousin, "be comforted, dearest Eloise," said she, "for you will never see me the wife of Charles Loraine."

Eloise fixed her eyes upon her face as if doubtful that she had heard her right, and at length said—

"Mary, even your tenderness for me will not sanction your breaking a solemn engagement."

"I am under no engagement as yet," replied Mary, "and believe me, Eloise, I should seek in vain for happiness if I sacrificed yours in the pursuit."

"Oh! Mary how little have I deserved this generosity. I who have pined over the thought of your happiness as if it were a corrosive poison gnawing at my very vitals. I hate myself when I think of my selfishness, and yet I have struggled against it; indeed, Mary, if you knew how I have struggled you would pity, even whilst you condemn me." And here Eloise's tears flowed in torrents as her head sank upon the shoulder of her cousin.

"I know you have struggled hard, dear Eloise," said Mary, with as much tenderness in her tone and manner as if her cousin were aiding instead of interfering with her happiness. "I know you have, for I have seen daily the efforts you were making to overcome something, though I knew not what."

"I saw Charles Loraine," continued Eloise, "before you saw him; for he made his first entrance the night we met him at Mr. Laybourne's into the room where we were dancing, and was immediately introduced to me. I at once saw in his eye that expression of admiration that a young female so easily understands, and I flattered myself that I had touched his heart as powerfully as I at once felt he had impressed my own. He saw you, however, and my doom was fixed. I was conscious in myself of emotions that were not only new to me, and of a nature not to be overcome; but I saw that the same impression was made on your mind, for your eyes told a tale they had never before spoken. Oh! the philosopher may treat with contempt, and the matron with ridicule, the idea of first impressions ever being so powerful, but I know by fatal experience that they are capable of producing an effect which, with any mind less properly regulated than yours, Mary, might engender even madness itself! For some time I struggled with tolerable success against my disappointment, for, strange as it may sound, a disappointment it was. And here let me solemnly declare in justification of myself, that never either at that time, or at any future period, did

any feelings of envy or unkindness toward you as the cause of my sufferings, gain an entrance into my breast. As long as Ellison continued to come, I diverted my mind by playing with his feelings; but after he was gone, I was thrown entirely upon myself, and saw night after night Charles and you enjoying all the luxury of mutual love. Oh! Mary! think not too hardly of me when I say it—but it preyed upon my heart like a canker worm. It was a sight forever present before my eyes by day; and at night when we laid our heads on our pillows, and you were in a few minutes sunk in the sweet sleep, which virtue and purity such as yours can seldom fail to find, I was tossing about in feverish excitement, sometimes recalling the look of fond admiration with which I had seen Charles gazing upon you, and at others anticipating the time when he would bear you away to his native land as the wife of his bosom. It was at such moments as those, Mary! that I so frequently awoke you with my agitation. Oh! the frightful ideas that would sometimes come into my mind against myself—I hope my God, who knows that though I am weak, I am never deliberately wicked, will in His mercy pardon them."

After Eloise had ceased speaking, Mary sat for a considerable time, wrapt in deep and melancholy thought. At length she raised her eyes to her cousin's face, and said in a gentle, but solemn voice,

"Eloise, you shall no longer have to fear me as a rival. But still remember, that on yourself chiefly depends the restoration of your peace of mind. Without a humble and pious submission to the will of God all else will be unavailing."

Mary now rose, and was preparing to leave the room; but Eloise, who still remained in a kneeling position, clasped her arms around her knees, and exclaimed—"do not leave me, Mary! till you have said you forgive me for the misery I have inflicted upon you! Oh! say that you at least do not hate me!"

"Hate you, Eloise!" cried Mary, in a voice of the sweetest tenderness, and pressing her lips on the forehead of her cousin as she spoke. "Such a feeling never had entrance into my bosom. Oh! how could I dare to raise my eyes to Heaven and ask for mercy for myself if I refused it to you?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

LINES TO FANNY.

BY WILLIAM R. VALLEAU.

THE voice mellifluous haunts me still,
Its silvery cadence lingers on mine ear:
As Summer whispers o'er the murmuring rill
Thy tones of melting witchery I hear.

And now like some lone streamlet by the way,
Through mountain wilds it moves along at will,
Now gently glides anon with sparkling spray,
Majestic leaps its wayward course to fill.
VOL. XIV.—12

I hear it still, the music floats along
As soft wing'd zephyr o'er the wood-crown'd hill:
Now lute-like strains, now gath'ring force the song,
With sweeping chords my heart-strings wildly thrill.

Break not the spell; still let its magic charm
In blissful melody my soul enthrall;
Potent in power, 't will sorrow, pain disarm,
And e'en misfortunes shafts will pointless fall.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Continued from Page 102.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XVII.

There was mischief on her dewy lip,
And in her laughing eye
There lay a soft, mischievous light,
Like sunshine in the sky.
Her gleeful laugh was musical;
Her step was full of grace:
Your very heart grew warm and full
While gazing on her face!

THERE was in one of those narrow streets that face the strand with the river Thames, a plain, gloomy dwelling, huddled up among the stores and tradesmen's booths that were most numerous near the water, at a time when the Thames was one great thoroughfare for London transmigration. The house was dull and sombre, both within and without; a wine store occupied the lower story, and the apartments above accommodated the wine dealer's family, and not unfrequently a lodger or two when any choice member of the religious sect to which he belonged, happened to require accommodations.

The dreary chamber, usually appropriated to such guests, looked out upon the river, thus giving free air and a somewhat extended prospect to the inmates. A few high-backed chairs, an oaken table, and a ponderous clock, offered little to interest within doors; and this river prospect was in truth all the charm the old dwelling could boast of.

In this room, stationed by a window, through which the river might be seen, sat our pretty favorite Eunice Bruce, rosier, plumper, and more lovely than ever. On the same morning, not long after the scene described in our last chapter, fresh and blooming as a rose-bud, was pretty Eunice that morning. Her dress was richer in material than when we first made her acquaintance in the country, though nothing could have been more staid and precise than the fashion in which it was made, still a roguish and graceful dash of coquetry broke through it all. The sweet, mischievous glee of her character would gleam through plait and fold, as the crimson glow of sunset will illuminate the edges of a cloud when there is much warmth in the sky. Her tresses escaped in glossy waves beneath her little mob cap. Her arms and neck, so swelling and full, shone out from the contrast of her black velvet bodice white and smooth as satin. A skirt of crimson silk flowed down to her slender ankles, but left the plump little feet exposed in their buskins of Spanish leather, clasped on the instep with the smallest of golden buckles—tiny enough,

the pretty wearer devoutly hoped, to escape the condemning eye of her Puritan husband. A golden chain, borrowed surreptitiously from her aunt, the house-keeper at Bowdon, fell in glittering links adown the swelling plumpness of her neck. Thus arranged, and playing somewhat awkwardly with the links of her borrowed chain, sat Eunice Bruce; and by her side, nay, almost kneeling at her feet, was Sir John Payton. They had been long talking earnestly together, and now their conversation seemed drawing to a conclusion. In Sir John's eyes, half veiled as was their fire by the drooping lashes—in the crimson warmth of his cheek, and the deep red of his parted lips, there lay a world of inquisitive thought and passion. It required but a glance to know what were the impulses that possessed him. But there was something more indefinite in the expression with which Eunice Bruce listened to his half veiled protestations of love. She did not quite seem to comprehend his full meaning; her cheek was vividly red, it is true; and her lips, slightly tremulous, seemed ready to break into a smile or a quiver of indignation with the next thought. Her eyes were bent upon the floor, and she twined and un-twined the gold chain around her fingers, now slowly, now with a quick and impetuous motion.

"Say that you understand me—say, my Eunice, that you will not cast aside the love of one that adores you, and again bury yourself in the country with that——"

Eunice stood up, her face now took a decided expression. Her eyes kindled; her cheeks grew white, and tears flashed over them like hail-stones from a stormy sky. Before she could speak, while her bosom was heaving, and the indignant words at her heart remained all unspoken, her feelings were thrown into a new current by the sound of footsteps approaching the room.

"Up, Sir John. It is my husband. It is my husband, I say!"

Sir John started to his feet, drew back a pace or two, and with one hand resting, as if carelessly, on the hilt of his rapier, waited in some confusion the scene which was to follow. A moment of anxious silence succeeded; then the door opened and admitted, not the husband of Eunice Bruce, but Lord Bowdon! The greeting between these two young men was cold and formal in the extreme. Both wondered greatly at seeing the other there; and from many causes coldness and restrain were the natural consequences of their meeting. Eunice forgot the scene that had agitated

her but a moment before, in surprise and pleasure at once more beholding the noble playmate of her childhood. She came forward, therefore, beaming with graceful gladness, and gave Lord Bowdon a cordial, but modest greeting.

Sir John lingered a moment in the room, waiting for an opportunity of addressing the young woman apart, but she seemed wholly occupied by her new guest, and with a look of keen annoyance he left the chamber, observing that on the morrow he would call again to consult with Master Bruce on the business that had called him to London.

Eunice either did not hear him, or was unwilling to appear as if she did, for she merely bent her head as the baronet went out, and her face took a momentary shade of gravity, as if she were annoyed at being compelled even to this scant civility.

When left alone together there was a shade of embarrassment, both in the manner of Lord Bowdon and of Eunice Bruce. Lord Bowdon took the huge chair which Eunice dragged forth for him in grave silence, and, after a little hesitation, she sat down by the table, rested her elbow upon it, and remained with her eyes bent on the floor, waiting for her lordship to speak.

"I suppose," said Eunice at length, with true feminine impatience, "I suppose you must have been surprised to learn that we had come up to town?"

"I met your husband an hour since, and he told me you were here. I own it did surprise me not a little; but what is this difficulty about which your husband feels so much interest?"

"Indeed I hardly know. Bethna, our place, was given him by the lord protector, and after you came down to Bowdon in full possession, John was told, or fancied that our little property would be resumed by the king, and added to the estate. Sir—Sir John Payton promised his interest at court in preventing this, and so we came up to town. I believe that is all the reason—no other was given to me!"

Lord Bowdon smiled gently.

"And did you think, Eunice, that I would thus accept the little patrimony of my playmate? This thing was never thought of in any quarter. I would have been the first to refuse the gift had the king offered it; but believe me, Eunice, his majesty is hardly aware of your existence; and knows not, I am sure, that such a place as Bethna lies within his kingdom."

The color mounted to the young woman's temples, and she fell into deep thought for an instant.

"To-morrow," she said, after a moment of pre-occupation—"to-morrow it was settled that I should go to the court, where Sir John has promised to plead our cause with some great countess, whom he says can persuade the king to almost anything."

"The Countess of Castlemain, I suppose," said Lord Bowdon, with a look of displeased amazement.

"Yes, that is the name."

"And are you going to intercede with this lady against an evil that I assure you is all fancied?" said Bowdon, anxiously.

"My husband will not believe that it is fancied!" replied Eunice. "Sir John Payton has too deeply impressed him with the belief that he is to be despoiled;

and an idea once anchored in an honest man's mind never can be removed by any means. Besides," added Eunice, blushing to the temples, "I should so like to see the court!"

Lord Bowdon smiled sadly.

"The court is an evil place, my pretty playmate; a lighted taper at which such gay flutterers as you are too often singe their wings."

"It has not served to make you more cheerful, my good lord, at any rate," said Eunice, with a sigh. "You are sad—you look weary of life even when you try to speak cheerfully. I wish it were now as in the olden times, when you were not a great lord, and I only little Eunice, your playmate—oh! those were happy times; I was not afraid then to say 'what is the matter' when the cloud was on your spirit."

Eunice spoke with much feeling, and tears stood in her eyes.

Lord Bowdon arose, and taking her hand, shook it gently.

"And why are you afraid of me now, Eunice?" he said, with sudden animation; "do you think I should not be grateful for your sympathy as of old?"

"Ah, my dear lord, if I did but know what it is that has changed you so much! perhaps even little Eunice might be of service. Indeed—indeed there is nothing in the wide world that I would not do if it promised to bring the old smile upon your lips again."

Lord Bowdon looked earnestly in her bright and eager face; then dropping her hand, he paced the floor in deep thought two or three times.

"She is true—she is sincere—and to some one I must speak," he mused within himself. "There will at least be consolation in her sympathy." Lord Bowdon resumed his seat, and drew it closer to the table where Eunice was leaning.

"My little playmate!" he said, with a smile, "if you ask me 'what is the matter' now, as you were wont when my kite was borne off by the winds, or my gray-hound lame, I will answer you frankly as of old."

Eunice turned her open and smiling face upon the young lord as she had turned it years ago upon the playmate of her childhood.

"Nay, part I have guessed, and part has been told me by my good old aunt, so I will save half your narrative, my lord—about the shipwreck—the pretty singing lady who built her bower for a time at Bowdon, and then flew away. I know as well as any one that you loved her, I can well guess, and that you mourn her still is but natural. If there is anything more to learn, pray tell little Eunice that she may know how to serve you!"

"But you do not know," said Lord Bowdon, "that I was pledged before my father's death to marry a lady of the king's choosing, and, therefore, could not in honor give my affections to Francesca; and that on learning this, she fled with her brother from the shelter of my roof, alone and unfriended, to wander through the land. You do not know, Eunice, that she is now at court, protected by the queen, distinguished by Charles himself in a way that would ruin a creature less holy in her innocence. That in her simple honesty she has risen above court scandal and

court intrigue, and that few ladies of noble birth are held in higher consideration than this gentle singing girl. I have not spoken with Francesca, have not permitted myself to approach her, but of all this I am well assured!"

"Well, my lord, and what is there to grieve you in this? If this beautiful singing bird can flutter her gay plumage at court in all honor and safety, why should it distress those that love her?"

"There exists a doubt—much doubt in my mind if there can be safety to Francesca at the court. She is a gentle and sensitive creature, Eunice, every-way unfit for the atmosphere that surrounds her. I cannot explain to you the peril in which she is placed. Lady Castlemain will never rest till she is in some way removed from the royal household. This woman controls the king, and he, through her deep affection, can at any time mould Queen Catharine to his wishes; even now I am told these three powerful personages are united in urging Francesca to a marriage most unsuited to her. With a man like Sir John Payton the poor child would be forever miserable!"

"Sir John Payton, my good lord, did I hear aright. Is Sir John Payton the gentleman who just left us, in treaty of marriage with the maiden?" exclaimed Eunice, with a look of profound surprise. Her cheek grew pale and flushed crimson again as she waited for a reply to her eager question.

"This man has certainly made proposals of marriage to Francesca, and his suit is sustained by the Countess of Castlemain, and through her influence by the king, and even Catharine herself smiles upon it!"

"But he loves her not. Sir John loves not this Francesca. Surely you will not say that?" cried Eunice, trembling with emotion.

"From a word that dropped from him at Bowdon I am sure that some influence other than affection has induced this proposal. What it is I am utterly at a loss to guess," said Lord Bowdon.

Eunice fell into a musing fit which lasted several minutes. She then looked up with a grave and thoughtful face. "It is not love—it is not wealth, for as you say, my lord, the maiden has only her voice and her lute. Birth it cannot be, for her parentage is foreign and unknown. What can it be that induces Sir John to this proposal? Is his own estate so large or his rank so high that he can afford to wed thus with a penniless maiden whose very name is unknown?"

"Nay, Sir John has but a small and much encumbered estate. It was always thought that he would seek a rich wife to mend his fortunes."

"He is a villain!" muttered Eunice, and her open brow contracted as she fell into thought again.

"If," said Lord Bowdon, "Francesca loved the man—if he loved her I would for myself endure the thoughts of this marriage."

"Then you are certain, my lord, that she does not love him?"

Lord Bowdon smiled painfully—"I am certain from what I know of her character and of his, that Francesca cannot love him. But of this I would be certain. If I could in honor communicate with her—

if I could see her and remain calm. But how can I, pledged to another, interfere to draw her from her present high protection or from a marriage that the whole world must deem a march of good fortune?"

"There is deception—there is villainy somewhere. I am sure of that!" said Eunice. "I will find it out. I will help you, my lord. You shall not have confided in little Eunice for nothing. This, Sir John Payton, if his mystery is not revealed, I will go to the court now. We will know how fares the tiny lord. I have a plan, only give me time to manage and put it neatly together. He has brought me up to London to save Bethna, that never was in danger, from you. What if I pay him by saving Francesca from him? You do not know what the man was saying to me as you came in. He is court bred and I am but a country wild bird; but let him see that his fruit does not suffer. I can peck! I can peck!" and Eunice ended with a clear and ringing laugh.

Lord Bowdon could not choose but smile at her joyous spirits—there was something hopeful and contagious in them that swept half the gloom from his face.

"Come, come, old playmate, cheer up. See if the little country mouse does not nibble apart the net they have flung over you. Men who only know how to cut through difficulties with the hood, sword, and battle-axe, have no idea what virtue there is in a little pair of pointed scissars!"

"But, Eunice, do not involve yourself in difficulties to aid me. You, with this frank nature and pretty face will prove a feeble match for court craft and courtier's flattery!" said Lord Bowdon, earnestly.

"Trust me, trust me; I am in the daylight now; I can see my way clear enough. Come again to-morrow—no, next day, or perhaps the day after, and see if I don't have news for you."

"Be careful, oh, be careful, Eunice, I shall repent to my dying day having spoken on this subject should it lead to your harm."

"Nay, farewell! I hear the voice of honest John Bruce below, he must still believe that Bethna is in peril that I may yet stay in London! Good day, my lord. Oh, this does indeed seem like old times. I am not in the least afraid of you, now!"

Lord Bowdon went out, and with a quick, light step, Eunice began to pace the room, twisting the golden chain about her hands, and shaking it now and then till the links flashed like fire against her velvet bodice.

"Let him come! Let him come to-morrow with his living glances and his glaring tongue, a fine court angler he—thinking the silken caitiff that any dart of a fly will do for our hook trout, but he shall gild the wings and change the bait many a time, I can tell him that. Oh, honest John Bruce, thou dear thick-headed man, what a precious dupe this silken villain has made of thee."

Just then John Bruce entered the chamber, and having been some hours absent, folded his pretty wife to his ample bosom, impressing a salute upon her crimson cheek that might have been heard in the warehouse below.

"To-morrow, to-morrow, shalt thou go up to court

and resume my estate, even Bethna from the hands of the spoiler," said John Bruce, drawing a hand across his lips as if the glow of that crimson cheek had refreshed him like a glass of wine. "It was but now I met our excellent friend, Sir John Payton, who informeth me that he has already made interest for us with this female that sitteth at the king's right hand, even the great Countess of Castlemaine, and that to-morrow her ladyship will give into thy hands a sealed covenant, that Lord Bowdon, nor any of the ungodly shall wrest from John Bruce his inheritance."

"And who is to be my companion when I visit this lofty countess?" inquired Eunice Bruce.

"None other than the worshipful Sir John Payton himself proposeth to do thee this honor, Eunice."

A momentary frown passed over the blithe features of Eunice Bruce, but it was followed by a smile full of playful mischief, and she answered:

"I must not shame this court gallant with my country breeding, John Bruce, so give me four broad pieces that I may put a plume upon my hat and buy a kirtle of velvet."

"Nay, Eunice, with thy comeliness thou art adorned like the lilies of the valley that toil and spin not. Therefore put not on the garments of unrighteousness that the ungodly may be induced to gaze upon thee as thou goest forth. Unto thy husband, John Bruce, thou art even comely and dear as the apple of his eye."

"I know, I know that I am," said Eunice Bruce, with tears in her eyes. "Keep the broad pieces in thy pouch, John, I did but jest when I craved of the kirtles and plumes that become not thy wife."

Again for this dutiful submission, Eunice received another salute, that well nigh took away her breath, and donning her country hat and her mantle of grey cloth, she took her husband's arm and sallied forth to see the wonders of London.

Earlier than Eunice had expected him by two good hours, came Sir John Payton on the morrow. He knew that John Bruce would be absent from his lady in the morning, and so came early, leaving his barge at the water's edge, while he sought Eunice in her chamber. The pretty Puritan saw him coming up from the river, daintily picking his steps along the broken street, and guarding with great care his fluttering apparel from contagion. Her eyes began to sparkle with an expression, half indignant, half mischievous; her cheeks took fire, and the smile that revealed her white and even teeth was both scornful and roguish.

She heard Sir John on the stairs, and though he mounted them with a quick step, before he reached the chamber her pretty face was composed to a demure and bashful expression.

"Alone, and waiting, I am too happy!" exclaimed the young baronet, taking her hand, which, however, she drew bashfully from his grasp.

"No, you shall not be cruel to-day, my Hebe. Why are those pretty lips gathered up so poutingly like a rose-bud churlishly nursing its dew? Why is that snowy shoulder turned so disdainfully upon me? If I have sinned, sweet Eunice, kill me with a glance

of those eyes, but, in mercy, keep them veiled no longer. Eunice, dear Eunice, you will not deal so harshly with me because, loving you with a desperate passion that would not be concealed, I have, in an unguarded moment, betrayed my secret?"

There was a struggle in the heart of Eunice Bruce. Perhaps she kept her shoulder turned upon the young courier to conceal feelings that were becoming too powerful for her. However this may be, when she turned her face toward him, it bore traces of considerable emotion, not altogether forbidding.

"You forgive me, sweet one; you will not drive me to despair?" cried Sir John, and he would have pressed her hand to his lips, but she drew it hastily away.

"Nay, Sir John, you presume too much and too early," she said. "These words and this position from a man who is even now urging his suit with another lady—they are insulting!"

Sir John changed color and bit his lip till the marks of his white teeth were left in the warm crimson.

"Another lady, sweet Eunice, what mean you?" he stammered, with a look of annoyance.

"I speak," replied Eunice, "of the young foreigner now under the protection of our gracious queen, to whom Sir John Payton has openly made proposals of marriage, while he was attempting to deceive the rustic wife of John Bruce into a belief that he loved her better than aught else on earth."

"And so I do, by all that is sacred! Never man loved woman with a passion so well as that which I feel for you!" cried Sir John, with energy.

"And yet you are in treaty of marriage with another!"

"But I love her not. There is not upon the broad earth a woman who ever has, or ever can divide my heart with you."

Eunice shook her head with an incredulous smile. "Still you deny not that proposals have been made by which this pretty foreign maiden will become your wife, while I—" Eunice blushed crimson and her eyes flashed. "What would you make of me?"

"The sun of my heart, the adored lady of my love!"

"While this lady will bear your name—divide your fortune, and in the end win away the heart with her beauty, while I shall have given up husband and good name to make mine own—out upon it, Sir John, you love the lady now!"

"On my life; on my soul, Eunice, but for the wealth and power which she will bring me, this person is indifferent to me as thousands of women whom I never saw!"

"Wealth and power, Sir John; why, the maiden some few months since was but a strolling singer—so rumor has it. It is for love! I say naught else would induce a brave courier to unite himself with a nameless, penniless wonderer like that!"

"Nay, Eunice, nay," persisted Sir John. "It is you, only you, whom I love!"

"Out upon such love! I will have none of it! Think you, Sir John, that I will give up an honest name, a husband of fair standing and good substance, and all for one who loves another all the time!"

Sir John made an impatient gesture, and began to

pace the room, biting his lip angrily, and to all appearance, sustaining a powerful struggle within himself. Eunice sat down partially veiling her face with one hand, but she contrived to steal a private glance now and then at her courtly admirer through the rosy fingers, and, spite of her efforts to suppress it, a half smile might be seen hovering around the lips that her palm failed entirely to cover. The instant Sir John placed himself by her side this mischievous glance was subdued. The fingers were pressed close to her eyes, and she turned suddenly from him.

"If," said Sir John, "if I can prove to you that my broken fortunes, not my will consents to this marriage; that I submit to it as the only means by which my rank and present position can be maintained—if I can prove all this, and that it is for you that I make the sacrifice, then, Eunice, then will you frown upon me thus?"

"But you cannot prove it," said Eunice. "This wealth—this power—the maiden has it not."

"But if I do prove it?"

"Nay, the thing is impossible; it is useless speaking of it."

"Eunice, will you not take my word?"

"No; how should I? Did you tell me of this marriage project? Was not all your protestations a deception?"

Sir John started up, absolutely grinding his teeth with rage.

"A false tongue has brought this gossip hither!" he exclaimed.

"Nay, if the gossip be true, and as yet it is undenied, why should I be kept in ignorance when it is the wonder of half London? Think yet my rustic breeding requires no court enlightenment?"

"But, Eunice, you answer me not; this banter of sharp words means nothing. Let us to the river, my barge waits, and the soft air will blow away this sullen humor!"

"My husband has ordered it so, and I am ready!" replied Eunice, demurely taking up her hat and mantle. "Would that we were safe at Bethna again!" and the pretty traitress heaved a sigh.

A barge with rowers in livery lay at the water's edge, and into this Eunice Bruce stepped, declining the assistance of Sir John, and nestling herself down among the cushions, she studiously fixed her attentions on the scene lying before her. Sir John was greatly annoyed, and sat in evident ill-humor gazing upon the demure and thoughtful face so resolutely turned from him. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the river that day. The water was silvery and light with sunshine; barges, wherries, and every species of water craft floated up and down the stream, rippling and flashing through the waves, some with silken streamers floating to the dip of a dozen oars, and others toiling heavily along with a slow and monotonous pull. All this was new to Eunice Bruce, and without an effort she found her attentions

sufficiently occupied. The town in all the grandeur of its vast, gloomy walls—the noble mansions upon the river's brink, and a thousand objects almost of equal interest, were quite enough to excite her blithesome spirit with almost child-like curiosity. Her bright eyes roved from one object of interest to another, now and then her silvery laugh rang out upon the water freely, as if she had been roaming in her own native wild wood. She seemed to forget that Sir John was present, but whenever he attempted to address her the joyous carelessness of her manner disappeared. She became cold and almost repulsive. At length he lost all patience.

"Will you ever remain in this humor?" he exclaimed, angrily.

"Why not amuse yourself as I do, Sir John. Surely these are pleasant sights upon the water," cried Eunice, with a careless laugh; "one needs only a little rustic credulity to make a fairy land of this. Now why should I not fancy these the diamonds that will crown your bride?—more reasonable by far than that you should wed her for the wealth that she has not, and never can have."

Eunice dipped her pretty hand into the water, and a shower of sunlit drops rained from her rosy fingers as she spoke.

"Will you never have done with this subject?—never forgive the sacrifice I am compelled to make?"

"Never—never, on my life," cried Eunice, turning her flashing eyes upon him, "while you attempt this double deception! Follow your heart if you will and wed this maiden, but do not strive to convince me that you have any motive save the woman-love that her beauty has kindled in a fickle heart. Wed her, but leave me in peace."

"Will nothing convince you that my reasons for wishing this union are such as I have stated?"

"Nothing but proof such as you have not to give—until you can convince me that these water-drops are jewels of price by your bare word alone, will I believe in the mysterious wealth which exists in nothing but your assertion."

"But if I prove beyond contest that this lady has wealth enough to disencumber my estate, and that a union with her will give me even more power than wealth?"

"Oh, then!" said Eunice, smiling, as she tossed the water-drops in the sunshine—"then we may talk of other things."

"And not till then, Eunice?"

"In sooth, no; your town ladies may be content to accept divided hearts, but we of the country are not satisfied with less than we give."

The barge sped on its way, and Sir John fell into deep thought, in which there seemed to be many conflicting doubts. Eunice also became more serious as the river scenery became less interesting, and thus the two pursued their course down the Thames.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HERO AND LEANDER.

*Sun waits to welcome him, that lover brave;
Who, for his Hero, swam the Grecian wave.*

*Do modern gallants risk as much to-day
As he, the hero of that ancient lay?*

A WASHING DAY EXPERIENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAVING AT THE SPIGGOT."

"My dear," said I, one Monday morning, as ominous washing day indications met my eyes, "why don't you put out the washing? I'm sure it would be a great deal better."

"Do you know what it would cost?" returned my wife, a little sharply, for, it being Monday, the influence of the day was already beginning to be felt.

"I don't know, exactly, how much it would cost," I replied; "but I do know, that it would be a great saving."

"A saving of what?"

"Of comfort, if of nothing else."

"Dear bought comfort you would soon find it."

"How much does the washing cost now?" I inquired.

"Sixty-two and a half cents," was answered.

"Is that all?"

"Yes. That is all I pay Hester for a day's work, and she does the whole of it in a day."

"But you forget that you have to board her," said I.

"And what is that?" returned my wife. "Her board costs nothing. One mouth more in the family is not felt."

"I am not altogether sure of that. Didn't you tell me, this morning, to get a pound or two more of meat for dinner, as the washerwoman was here?"

"You don't suppose she will eat two pounds of meat for dinner?" said my wife.

"I don't know anything about that. All I know is, that, for the reason you stated, I gave twenty cents more for meat than I would otherwise have paid. It's all the same whether she eats it or not. The extra expense is chargeable to her being in the house. A very reasonable addition for the cost of Hester's breakfast and supper, is twenty-five cents. These two items added, and you have, instead of sixty-two and a half cents as the cost of washing, the sum of a dollar and seven cents."

"And it would cost at least a dollar and seventy-five cents a week to put it out."

"Is that all?" I asked, rather surprised at the smallness of the sum. "Only a dollar and seventy-five cents."

"More likely it would cost two dollars."

"Which would not be much more than it costs us now," said I.

"Although, by your own showing, you made it about half that sum just now."

"Yes, but I am not done yet. There are a few more items to add. There is fire, which I will put down at a shilling, and soap, starch and indigo at as much more. Then comes the wear and tear of tube, washing-boards, clothees-lines and pins, to say nothing of temper, all of which I will estimate at another

eighth of a dollar. Breakage, consequent upon cook and chambermaids' ill-temper, the derangement of the household, and anarchical privileges of children, will not be covered, on an average, by a less sum than twenty-five cents. This swells the cost of washing per week to a dollar and seventy cents under the present system."

"Breakage! It's preposterous!" said my wife.

"Not at all. Don't you remember when Nancy slipped on the stairs where one of the children had lain a piece of the washerwoman's soap, and broke five dollars worth of things at one *smash*?"

"That's only a single case, and might have happened at any other time as well as on a washing day."

"And don't you remember the handsome wash pitcher Jane demolished in a washing-day fever, thus ruining a set that cost us ten dollars. As for tumblers, cups, saucers and plates, there is no end to their destruction on these occasions. And for a very plain reason. The breakfast-table stands in the floor until dinner time; and the dinner-table until supper time. Nobody has leisure to clear anything away; and there being nobody to attend to the children, they rummage about, with their hands into everything, and, as a natural consequence, there is no end to the destruction that accompanies their movements. Fifty cents a week, instead of twenty-five, would be a near approach to the loss we suffer from the cause."

"You might talk that at me until doomsday, and I wouldn't—"

A loud crash of broken dishes came up from the kitchen at this instant.

"Gracious!" exclaimed my wife. "What is that?" and she left my side in a twinkling, to investigate the cause and learn the extent of this new crockery disaster. I did not wait to ascertain the result; but decamped for my place of business, fondly hoping that what I had said, enforced so timely by a serious washing-day breakage, would have the desired effect.

At dinner time I went home in that delightful state of doubt as to the reception I should meet, which most men feel on like occasions. The first sound that saluted my ear as I entered, was the crying of one of the children; and instead of that savory odor of dinner, so grateful to a hungry man, I snuffed up a humid atmosphere, loaded almost to suffocation with the vapor of soap and ley. I passed the dining-room, but the table was not set. I went up into my wife's room; as I opened the door I was greeted with this exclamation—

"There! I knew it would be so! I don't believe Hannah has put a potatoe on to cook yet, although I sent her word an hour ago that it was time to see about dinner. But she has been as cross as she could be all the morning."

"She's been helping wash, I suppose," said I.

"Of course she has. She always does so. But, it's as easy to stop and get dinner at one time as another. I never saw such creatures. I wish you would ring that bell."

I did as desired. It was answered by the chamber-maid.

"Go down and see what under the sun keeps Hannah back with her dinner."

The chambermaid retired, and, in a little while came back with word that the fire had all gone out, and that Hannah was just making it up again.

"Oh, dear!" said I, half involuntarily, drawing out my watch, and looking at the time. "It's nearly half past two, now, and I have an engagement at a quarter past three. I cannot possibly wait."

"It shall be ready in a little while," said my wife, looking distressed. "I'll go down and see to it. To think that girl would do so. But, it is always so on washing-days. Nothing goes right, and there is no comfort in the house."

To that sentiment I could have uttered an audible "amen." But, I deemed it prudent, just at that particular juncture, to observe a perfect silence.

Sooner than I expected, the bell rung, and I went down to the dining-room. I found my wife awaiting me at the table, with flushed and heated countenance, and many evidences of worry and excitement. She had cleared Hannah out of the kitchen, set the fire a going with her own hands, and cooked the dinner. But, she couldn't eat a mouthful, and my appetite was, by this time, among the things that were. I helped the children, and offered to help my wife, but she declined everything. After forcing a few mouthfuls down my throat, I left the table and my unhappy family, and retired to my place of business, feeling in no pleasant mood myself.

"And all this is to be borne and suffered once a week for the meagre saving of twenty or thirty cents—perhaps nothing! I must use my veto power; must bring into exercise my reserved rights, and I will do it. Suppose it cost a dollar a week more to put out the washing, what of that? Five dollars wouldn't pay for having the nuisance retained in the house."

Ful of this resolution, I went home that evening. Things had resumed their old and more orderly appearance; for the spirit of discord—the washing-day fiend—had taken her departure. Still, my wife looked sober. The day had been one of great trial. I said nothing during the evening about an arrangement in the future such as I had proposed; but on the next night I alluded to the subject. Strange to say, my wife would not hear to it, and her objection was urged on the score of expense.

"It will not cost a cent less than two dollars a week to have them rough dried out of the house, and I cannot think of paying that."

"But, my dear, it costs nearly that to have the washing done at home."

"Oh, no. Not half of it."

"But I showed you, by a careful estimate of the true cost, that it did."

"That was a forced estimate. I know it doesn't cost over a dollar a week, every farthing counted. And to throw away fifty-two dollars a year is not to be thought of."

"Fifty-two dollars a year, laid out to secure the happiness and comfort of our whole family, for fifty-two days, is not a waste of money, by any means."

"But we can't afford it. Our income is not large."

"Suppose, then, we drop off two or three ice-creams, and a few other little nick-nackeries a week, that we can very easily do without, and get in exchange therefore a day of comfort."

But, it was useless for me to argue with my wife. She had a dozen reasons, all perfectly conclusive to her mind, why it wouldn't do to put the washing out. She understood the matter, and I knew nothing about it.

I had made up my mind, however, that the thing was to be done, for long suffering had worn out my patience.

"I'll stand the expense," said I to myself, "and not be much out of pocket either."

On the following morning I had occasion to go into the cellar to make up a fire in the furnace. A gentle tap loosened the hoops on a washing-tub, and I had a choice lot of "kindling." I was exceedingly liberal in its use, consuming every vestige! On the next morning, another tub performed the same important service, and on that which succeeded, I split up the washing-board, and gave six dozen clothes-pins, and a couple of clothes-lines, to the devouring flames.

On Saturday, I informed my wife of what I had done. You may suppose that she lifted her eyes, and grew pale with astonishment. But seeing me so earnest about the matter, she made but little opposition; and on Monday I had the supreme delight of seeing all things in order, and sitting down to a comfortable breakfast, dinner and supper with a smiling wife and happy children. The dollar and seventy-five cents which it costs, weekly, to have all our washing done out of the house, I pay with more cheerfulness, and with a more perfect consciousness of getting my money's worth, than I do any other bill that comes. And as to its costing any more to put out the washing than to have it done, in the house, I don't believe a word of it. Fire couldn't burn it into me. On this point, my wife and I are directly at issue. Strange to say, she has a kind of hankering after the old order of things, and if I were not so positive about the matter, I verily believe old Hester would be back again in less than a month. But I stand on my reserved rights here, firm and immovable; and there you will find me a dozen years hence, if I live. There are no more washing-days in my

house. I have banished the spirit of disorder.

O C T O B E R .

The fields are dark with russet brown,
The woods are purpled o'er;

Farewell the merry Summer days
Which we shall see no more.

E. B. B.

MARY OF MANTUA.

A CHAPTER IN HER HISTORY.

By the tomb of her departed mother, now dead for many years, stood the lovely girl, celebrated in story as Mary of Mantua. She had gone out, at twilight, amid the ruins of the ancient chapel of her ancestors, to muse at that holy time, and to chant a few simple strains from a book that had charmed her soul by the tender melancholy of its music, and the gentle spirit of its poetry. She was an orphan, and, although her uncle and aunt had heedfully prepared her youth for the realities of womanhood, yet she had learned, that love maternal and paternal can never be replaced by any friendship or kindness, however strong or sincere. She had felt, too, how necessary it is for every one to rely upon the spirit within for counsel and guidance in this working-day world—she had thrown by, almost entirely, the dream-like visions of girlhood, and began to discern through the shadowy vists of the future, the uncertain path, which, if she lived, it was her destiny to traverse. In a neighboring convent had she been educated, and now that the Duchy of Mantua was in confusion, consequent upon the claimants for the succession, which was warmly disputed by the friends of several pretenders in Lombardy, she had been instructed that she must be prepared to sustain the position which rightfully was hers. It was the tomb of her mother which she had sought, we say, as much for the hope of being guided by truth, as to beguile her melancholy of those pangs, which, assuaged in a degree, leave the spirit a twilit of the soul as soft and soothing as is that of an Italian summer.

As Mary was concluding the last stanza of a song, which finished with the lines,

“The hopes, the passions which life shall disclose,
Will fall and fade as the leaves of the rose,”

the sentiment of the poet was received with a deeper impression than otherwise would have been the case, for she saw the petals of the flower, which she had placed in her bosom an hour before, falling, one by one, upon the tomb, where she had placed the book from which she was gathering melodies for her memory; and she heard, too, the step of some one approaching with stealth through the ruins, so that she turned her head, almost involuntary, to the spot whence the noise seemed to proceed, not anticipating that she should discover, as she soon did, the form of an interesting stranger by her side! The calm and contemplative character of her countenance, was rather the result of what had passed, than of that which was now passing through her mind; yet the stranger, deeming he perceived an inquiry in her look, rebuking himself for his boldness, at the same time, spoke to the lady in such gentle accents, that she could not find any cause for displeasure. Nay, she bade him to make known his errand, for the

tones of his voice indicated the friendliness of his intentions, while his eyes were filled with a sincere meaning which strangely attracted her attention. There was something noble in his aspect and bearing, although his dress was that of a student, and his face of that paleness which bespeaks that the mind is more exercised than the body. Still, there was strength slumbering in his well-shaped limbs and frame; and his lips, when in repose, were curved so as to be the tokens of a decision and energy of character which had not otherwise been apparent except under different circumstances.

“Mary of Mantua,” said the stranger, “you are summoned to-morrow, as you already know, to attend upon the new Duke, Vincenzo, the faithless priest, the wedded cardinal!”

“Too well I know it,” breathed the gentle girl.

“Three princes contend for your hand,” he continued, “the first, Vincenzo, Duke of Mantua.”

“What, my uncle?” ejaculated Mary.

“Truly,” replied the stranger; “but listen: the next is Ferrand, Prince of Guastella—the third, Charles, Duke of Rhetel.”

“The second I abhor,” said Mary—“the last is the son of my dead father’s enemy.”

The stranger smiled, and as several members of the household were approaching the ruins, he hastily said, “Mary of Mantua, against these three princes a simple gentleman, nobly born, dare to contend for thee. Enough! To-morrow, as you go to the city, take not the common road, but turn to the left at the Perrotti vineyard; the Prince of Guastella is in the territory, and may attempt to seize you. Mind my counsel, and if danger be near, there will be shields to protect you. Farewell.”

Thus having spoken, he quickly departed, and the agitated Mary returned to her chamber, where she passed the night in a state of wakefulness, from which sleep would not take her. She thought of the stranger and of her situation, and she decided to follow his advice, for already the flame of a soft emotion had kindled in her bosom.

On the morrow, she departed for Mantua, but while directing the postillion to take the by-road, a party of horsemen rapidly approached on the main road, which she no sooner perceived than she suspected their design. She was alarmed for a moment, but the appearance of another party plunging through a wood, the gallant stranger foremost, allayed her fears, and while a short but animated skirmish was taking place, the result of which she could not ascertain, the carriage rolled safely along until it arrived at the court-yard of her uncle’s abiding-place.

She had not seen the Duke Vincenzo for many years, and, very naturally, she had erroneously imagined his person as ill-favored as she knew his

character to be despicable. The interview gave to the married and aged duke more hope than he had anticipated, and he now thought his divorce from his wife only procured, and a dispensation obtained, that his brother's child would become his bride, and thus for ever set at rest all the contending claims on Mantua and Montferrat. Having been informed of the attack upon the carriage, the duke ordered an extra guard to attend Mary back to her uncle Ferdinand, having informed her that as soon as the divorce should be granted, the new nuptials should take place. Mary's gentle manner had deceived him. She at heart preferred death to such wedlock.

A day after her return home, when she stood again at the tomb of her mother, at the evening hour, came the stranger. Long and tender was the communion of those two souls, and when he departed, not again to see Mary for three months, then, for the first time, did the girl know that she deeply loved, and a melancholy stole upon her spirit, from which, in vain, she endeavored to be free. He had promised, nay, he had sworn, in three months, to a day, to the hour, to make Mary his bride or die.

Three months passed away, and all fears of the nuptials with the old duke were at an end, for Vincenzo was on his death-bed, and Mary at his castle, by the duke's orders, was to be given in marriage to the young Duke of Rhetel, son of the Duke of Nevero, the next heir to the coronet of Mantua, for it was

the best policy—that guide of governments—that all claims to that duchy and Montferrat, should unite in one race. The young duke was already in Mantua, to add to the pangs of the unhappy Mary, and she resolved rather to die than to yield herself to one whom she had never seen, and was bound not to love.

On a cloth of gold, upon an immense couch, lay the dying Duke Vincenzo, who now gave orders that if Mary would not willingly, she must by force be united to the Duke of Rhetel. In the adjacent hall, Mary heard the directions, and she now only hoped to save herself from the sacrifice, by an appeal to the honor of the knight. If that failed, she had a more desperate safeguard. While the door of the great hall stood ajar, she heard a gentle voice, saying, "let me speak to her," and presently came forth a man arrayed in splendid garments. Mary but looked in his face.

"Why came you not before?" she cried, and fell upon his breast.

"Listen, Mary," he said, "even now the turret clock tells the hour! Thy cousin, Charles of Goazaga—is here. Thou art his bride, or he dies. Thou shalt love him—the Duke of Rhetel."

The confiding Mary of Mantua leaned upon his arm, and, followed by the attendants, entered the hall, at the end of which an altar had been placed for the nuptial ceremony, and the happy pair were united. There was a death and a bridal in that hour. A. S.

THE VACANT PULPIT.

BY MRS. M. C. WHYTE.

The pulpit, where thou used to stand, is vacant now,
And much we miss thee from thy old accustomed place,
Where thou for years had prayed that God might look
With pity on thy little flock, and give them grace.
Thou labor'd for us, and we saw thy cheek grow pale,
We saw death's hand upon thy fragile form,
But yet we could not think that thou would'st die,
Though fainter grew thy voice each Sabbath morn,
We could not think that thou would'st find an early tomb,
That we so soon should mourn thy early doom.
How often have I listen'd to thy gentle voice—
Which, like sweet music, linger'd on the ear,
Until each word divine that fell from thy pale lips,
Was traced upon my heart in holy fear—
Oh! how thine eye would brighten when thou spoke

Of God, and of the spirit's happy land!
Where angels kneeling, twine their golden harps
In praise of Him who smiles upon his chosen band,
Whose smile lights up the dome of Heaven—
And sheds a lustre on each crown that's given!
Before the flowers of Spring have deck'd thy grave,
Before the dews of Heaven have wet their petals bright,
Another servant of the Lord will take thy place,
To guide thy little flock up to the realms of light!
And in our hearts we have made room for him—
Oft did he pray above thy dying head
That God would strengthen thy sweet, holy faith
Ere He called thee up to thy peaceful bed—
And faith, strong faith to thee was given—
It trimm'd thy lamp, and now it burns in Heaven.

USES.

Or, yes, he has his uses,
The base one and the mean:
Though he God's gifts abuses
His use has oft been seen.
The gold grain from the crushing
In meatly showers is spread;
The mill-stone for the poor man!
It grinds his children's bread.

The silver in the furnace
Glowes freer from the dross—
When the poor man, by his brother,
Is bent beneath the cross!
The poor man waxes poorer
For this world, it may be—
His spirit rises poorer
Among the pure and free.

E. H.

EDITORS' TABLE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Military Heroes of the United States. By Charles J. Peterson. 2nd vol. Philada: W. A. Leary, 1848.—We announced the first volume of this work several months since, and now have to record the publication of the second volume, which is even more beautifully printed and illustrated than its predecessor. The present volume contains histories of the War of 1812, and the War with Mexico, accompanied by biographies of the most prominent actors in each. There never was a work of the kind got up with such lavish expenditure. The engravings illustrative of the War with Mexico are especially fine. The two volumes form a continuous narrative of the military transactions of the United States, from the battle of Lexington to the capitulation of the city of Mexico, besides furnishing biographies of all the prominent military captains of the last sixty years. We believe there is no work of an exactly similar plan in the country. As a specimen of the author's style we copy his account of the

FALL OF VERA CRUZ.

At sunrise, the steamer Spitfire ran in toward the Castle, and commenced a bombardment, which was returned with spirit. The troops on shore soon after began to advance toward the town, and form lines around it, amid the hissing of round shot and the roar of gigantic shells from the Castle. Every corps had been assigned its particular station, and now each took up the designated spot, the whole army executing its manœuvres as orderly and quietly as if at a morning drill. By the twelfth, the investment was complete. The lines of siege extended for five miles. During this proceeding, and until the seventeenth, one of the terrible hurricanes of that coast, the well known "norther," prevailed, and the men frequently woke at night with the tent prostrated, and themselves buried under the ruins. During the day, the sand, raised in huge drifts, traversed the plains like a simoon, and the soldiers were driven to find protection under the shelter of the chapparel. At last the storm abated. The heavy ordnance was now, for the first time, landed. On the following day the trenches were opened. On the twenty-second, seven mortars were placed in battery, at a distance of eight hundred yards. Scott summoned the city, on this, in due form. Morales, who was Governor of the Castle, as well as the town, took the summons as intended for both, and declined. The batteries accordingly opened, and soon the sky was traversed by bombs, which, crossing each other incessantly, filled the whole air with their roar.

The siege was now pushed with the greatest vigor. Col. Totten of the engineers superintended the advances, and never, perhaps, was such skill seconded so bravely. Scott rode daringly along the lines, examining the progress, and inspiring the men. By the twenty-fifth, the batteries had been increased to ten heavy guns, nine mortars and two howitzers. The bombardment was now at its height. Indeed, since the twenty-second, it had been terrible. The incessant thunder of the artillery; the whizzing of bombs; the plunging of round shot in the streets of the city; the crash of falling houses; and the roar of conflagrations from buildings set on fire by shells, conspired to produce a scene of the most awful yet sublime character. The American fleet, meantime, kept up a tremendous cannonade on the town and Castle. But that fortress, mindful of its former glory, maintained the combat without flinching. Firing on the navy from its sea-front, and on the army from its land-side, it blazed a centre of continual flame. Night added new terrors to the scene. The darkened sky was brilliant with burning houses in the city; while bombs, whizzing and whirling on high, tracked the Heavens with a hundred trails of fire. The shells of the Castle were gigantic ones, thirteen inches in diameter, and traversed the air with a hum which filled all space. The troops gazed with awe on these terrible missiles, which, when they exploded, tore up the earth like a volcano. Each bomb that fell without injuring any one, was received with huzzas. And then, in stern and ominous silence, the artillerists resumed the work of death.

By the evening of the twenty-fifth, the town had become so untenable, that the European Consuls in Vera Cruz applied to Scott to allow them, with the women and children, to leave the crumbling town. But this the American General refused, alleging that he had given due notice of his intention to bombard the city, and that those who remained in defiance of this had no claim on him to stop the siege in order that they might be removed from peril. He stated that safeguards had been sent to the Consuls, of which they had refused to avail themselves; that the blockade had been left open for the Consuls and neutrals up to the twenty-second; and that the case of the women and children, with their present unavoidable hardships, had been fully considered before a gun was fired. The memorial of the Consuls betrayed that the city was half in ruins. This, indeed, could be seen partially from the batteries. The siege, it was evident, approached its end. All that night accordingly the bombardment went on with increased vigor. There were few sleepers either in the Castle or in the lines. In the city, women rushed through the streets, frantic dragging their children, in vain seeking shelter, for the houses were crashing all around them. Some who remained at home were buried by falling ruins; others who fled to the church were driven out by the crumbling of the dome; and still others, who thought to find safety in deep cellars, were killed by shells, that ploughing through roof and floor, exploded at last in these recesses under ground. The fury of the bombardment may be estimated from the fact, that during the siege the Americans alone consumed three thousand ten inch shells, twenty-five hundred round shot, one thousand Paixhan shot, and two hundred howitzer shells.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth, Scott received a flag of truce, making overtures for a surrender. Generals Worth and Pillow, and Colonel Totten were accordingly appointed commissioners to treat with the Mexican Gen. Landero, on whom Morales, the Governor of the Castle, had devolved this painful duty. The American General was not disposed to press hard on a fallen foe, and accordingly the terms were soon arranged. The articles were signed and exchanged late on the night of the twenty-seventh. By them the city and Castle were surrendered to the Americans, with five thousand soldiers, who became prisoners on parole; all the arms and ammunition were given up to the conquerors, besides five hundred pieces of artillery; the garrison was, however, permitted to march out with the honors of war, and the flags of the Mexican fort on being struck were to be saluted by their own guns. On the twenty-ninth, accordingly, the enemy left the city, and laid down his arms in the presence of the Americans. It was a glorious day for the latter. The victors were drawn up in two lines, facing inward, a mile in extent, and between these lines marched the dejected enemy to the field selected to receive his arms. Women and children accompanied the retiring soldiers, almost staggering under the heavy burdens they carried. The sight saddened for awhile even the conquerors. But all melancholy thoughts were dissipated when the time arrived to take possession of the city and Castle. This was done by a part of Worth's division, which entered the town with colors flying, and the bands playing national airs; while Worth himself, surrounded by a splendid staff, rode at the head, conspicuous for his gallant bearing. As the troops advanced, they saw fallen houses, blackened walls, and streets half choked with ruins—terrible signs of the extremities to which the place had been reduced. When the flag of the United States was run up, the air echoed with volleys of artillery, and as these died off, the clang of triumphant music rose to the sky, mingled with ten thousand huzzas.

The loss of the Americans in this siege was slight: ten officers killed, and several private soldiers. The exact loss of the enemy has never been known; but whatever it was, it fell chiefly among non-combatants. It has been said that the Castle surrendered too soon; though it might have held out a few days longer, it must ultimately have fallen, in consequence of its garrison being short of provisions; and its Governor acted humanely, if not wisely, therefore, in capitulating. The whole siege is a monument of the skill and valor of an American army. From the landing on the beach, up to the complete investment of the city, the invaders labored under unusual difficulties; destitute of mules or draught horses, the men were forced

to drag their provisions, and even the munitions of war, and this under a tropical sun, and over the loose sands of a sea-shore. For seven days the batteries of the enemy played on the Americans, without the latter being able to return a shot. The city and Castle, with garrisons of five thousand men, were finally compelled to surrender, with the loss of less than a dozen lives to the victors. An achievement so brilliant, and won almost solely by the resources of science, ought to place Scott in the foremost rank of military commanders.

Literary Sketches and Letters: being the Final Memorials of Charles Lamb, never before published. By Thomas Moon Talfourd, one of his executors. 1 vol. Philada: George S. Appleton.—Until the publication of this volume the world was ignorant of one of the finest traits in the character of Lamb—we mean his devotion through a whole life to a sister, who was subject to partial fits of insanity. The circumstances which led to his renunciation of all hopes of settling in matrimony himself, arose out of a most awful tragedy, the murder of his mother by this sister, in one of the latter's fits of insanity. During the life of this poor girl delicacy forbade the publication of the melancholy story, nor perhaps would it have been done now, if allusions to it had not found their way into print. Talfourd has executed this part of his task with great feeling. The rest of the volume is filled with letters of Lamb heretofore unpublished, with descriptions of his social habits, and with other matters of interest connected with him. The book is very handsomely printed.

The Orphan Niece. By Ellen Pickering. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new novel by Miss Pickering is something of a treat. "The Orphan Niece" has never before been published in the United States, though it is one of the most powerful productions of this popular writer. It is issued in a cheap form for twenty-five cents.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—**A Boy's COSTUME.**—A sacque jacket of Mazarine blue, kersymere, cut round in front, and slashed on the sides and sleeves. Pantaloons of fawn colored kersymere. Gaiters to match jacket.

FIG. II.—**YOUNG MISTRESS COSTUME.**—A frock of white embroidered muslin, quite short in the skirt, confined round the waist with a broad, blue sash tied behind. A berthe cape embroidered to match the dress.

FIG. III.—**A WALKING DRESS** of heavy brocade silk, of a rich purple ground, with a green satin stripe running through it. A mantilla of blue and black shot silk, made with two deep pinked flounces, one round the bottom, the other beginning at the bend of the arm in front, and falling below the waist behind—a trimming of gympre above each of the flounces, round the neck and down the front. Bonnet of braided straw, round in the crown, and trimmed with rich, dark field flowers, and cape and strings of straw colored ribbon.

STYLES OF DRESS.—There have been no changes in making up dresses, except that belts and buckles have supplanted bodices, and low-necks, after a severe struggle for the mastery, have come to be considered indispensable except for morning dresses. Flounces are still in vogue, except for brocade silks, which are too heavy for them. The prettiest styles of buckles are gold, gold and blue enamel, pearl and jet, the latter for mourning dresses. Infant waists still prevail.

EVENING DRESS.—A beautiful new style of evening dress is of white tarlatane—three skirts with broad hems, and a row of narrow straw braid on the top of each hem—the

two upper skirts looped up on each side with bouquets of field flowers—a berthe of rich lace, looped up also with field flowers—the sleeves very short, trimmed with straw braid and field flowers—a sash of broad, white satin, with a row of straw braid running around the sides.

MATERIALS.—Rich brocade silks, with large leaves and vines running through them, and very heavy, will be all the rage this fall; a few have checks and stripes. Crepe cashmeres are something new, and as they come generally in mode colors are most suitable for brunettes. The silk cashmeres and Saxony clothes are also new materials, the latter differing entirely from what was formerly worn under that name. *Mousselines de laine* are particularly fine and soft this year, and are usually in rich colors. French merinos will be much worn this fall and winter, and will be trimmed with velvets of the same colors. For morning dresses, French chintzes with crimson ground, will be very fashionable.

We find the following remarks in one of our city weeklies: they are so admirable that we copy them.

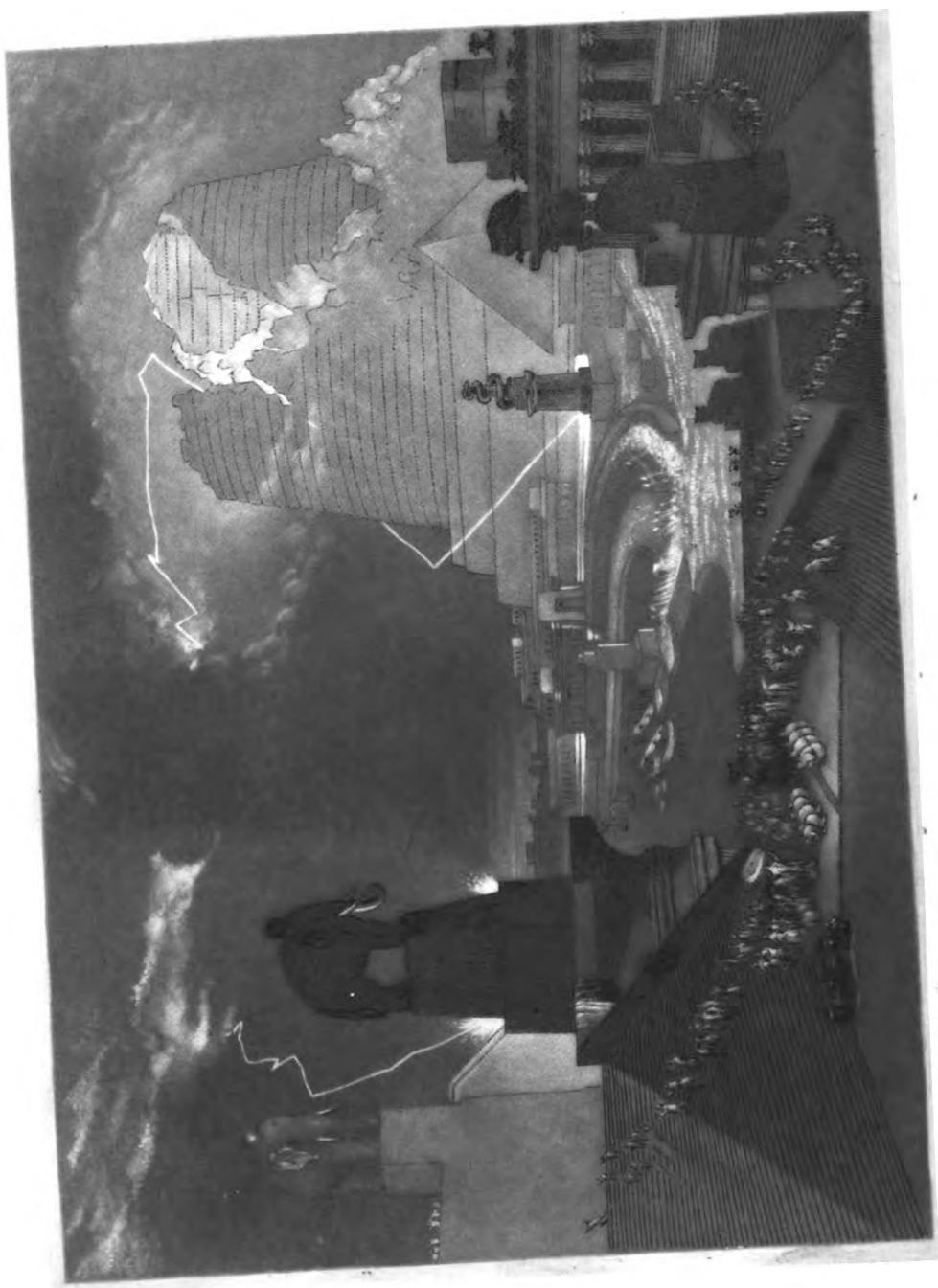
"There are two essentials to being well dressed. First, good taste—second, economy. Do not smile, young ladies, at the last word; we have seen many a lady dress better on one hundred and fifty dollars a year, than others whose mantuamaker's bill alone was four times that; and moreover, at the present social crisis, all who bear the name of American women, should strive for the two domestic virtues of industry and economy.

"Good taste consists first, in a harmony of material; second, in harmony of coloring; third, in a suitableness to time and place. For instance, a rich silk, defended by a gingham apron, would be against our first proposition; though we know of nothing neater as a part of a morning dress; or a berege, though beautiful as an evening dress, is quite unsuited to the morning toilette of one who 'looks well to the ways of her household.' A want of harmony of color, is the most common sin against good taste—for examples, look at the passers by of the present instant—at half your morning callers—ay, even at your own dress, dear young lady with that green spot, the purple bows down the skirt, and the blue neck ribbon. Then you will assume that lawn bonnet lined with pink, when you go out, and yellow gloves, perchance. Do you see our meaning?

"Economy may be used, first, in purchasing the material, lining, etc., yourself, and not trusting to those who may overcharge you; secondly, by avoiding the purchase of materials whose only recommendation is that they are new and expensive. It is a very foolish pride that takes pleasure in the amount one expends in one's dress."

"Again, it is false economy to have more dresses at once than are really required. Strange to say, those who live in small towns are more at fault here than city bred people. We have known young ladies who seemed to have a plough horror of appearing in the same dress at church, twice in succession. A city lady has one favorite promenade dress, made of fashionable material, and wears it through the season; then it has done its duty, and another succeeds it. Our most fashionable mantuamakers will tell you, 'don't get too many dresses at once; you will have a wardrobe full of old styles and materials, at the end of the year, if you do.' This involves the necessity of a double expense, in 'making over' new trimmings, etc., that often amounts to the cost of an entire new dress. Moreover, many are economical in taking good care of the dresses they have already. Silks in particular often last two or three years, as fresh as when they first came from the merchant's counter. There are many other points of the case which we leave to the good sense and experience of our readers, young and old, to discern for themselves."









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THE DESTRUCTION OF BABEL.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

THIS remarkable event is thus narrated in the eleventh chapter of Genesis. "And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech. And it came to pass as they journeyed from the East, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there. And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime they had for mortar. And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto Heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad over the face of the whole earth. And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men had builded. And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth; and they left off to build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel: because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth."

Apart from the reliance which is to be placed on this narrative as belonging to Holy Writ, there is abundant evidence in the tongues even now spoken, to establish its veracity. Every man of science who has studied the structure of languages, has arrived at the conclusion that they all spring from one common stock. The Bible says that the Lord "confounded the tongues." This was necessary to induce men to separate into tribes and nations, otherwise they might have continued in one great people to this day. It was better for the human race that it should be broken up into distinct nations, and hence the "confounding of the tongues." It is probable, from what we know of modern languages, that the roots of many words still remain the same in different tongues, though the larger proportion of them, and possibly the construction of the language differ.

It is a mistake to suppose that the architecture of that early age was rude and small. On the contrary

the researches of antiquaries show that the higher we ascend toward the past, the more colossal public edifices appear to have been. The pyramids of Egypt are more gigantic than any of the monuments that have succeeded them, and the researches now making in the valley of the Euphrates, where the ancient Babel is supposed to have stood, reveal the ruins of buildings of brick, miles in extent. All over the continents of Asia and Europe also, are the vestiges of immense edifices, composed of stone blocks of Titanic size, the builders of which lived before the historic period, and are known as the Pelasgians. The traditions of nearly all nations point likewise to a gigantic pre-meval age.

William Howitt, the Quaker poet, has described the scene at the destruction of Babel much as our artist has pictured it. Howitt has represented the prophet of the Lord as appearing to the people of Babel, and to their king, and foretelling the approaching fall of their city. The hearers laughed incredulously, and asked tauntingly where were the signs of the coming tempest, whereupon the prophet pointed to the West. For what follows we quote the poet's own words.

"They looked!
Fair shone the sky—sunbright—without a cloud:
And then they laughed, and then they clapped their hands.
But ah! did their eyes mock them? or, in truth,
Suddenly did the crystal sky grow dim?
It did!—the sunlight fled—a mighty shade
Gathered, and blackened, and came on apace,
Shooting forth, momentarily, on every side,
Titanian arms, that stretched athwart the Heavens,
Then swelled, recoiled, and with a whirling blaze
Fell back into the mass with sullen roar!
O'erward it came! and on before it flew
Tempestuous wind, that, with a deafening rage
And stilling vehemence did toss the crowd.
Up with one vast, terrific shriek they rose
And would have fled—but, even then, the ground
Heaved 'neath their trend—the giant turrets rocked,
And fell: and instantly black night rushed down,
And from its bosom burst a thunderous crash,
Stunning and terrible. Fast, followed fast
The livid flames that o'er the city glared
And showed its prostrate millions still as death!"

This is the point which the painter has seized. The people are kneeling in terror and repentance; the houses are taking fire; the sheeted lightning plays; and the tower of Babel is crumbling to the earth. Ruin impends over the mighty metropolis. The inhabitants, lately possessing the same language, are

no longer capable of understanding each others words, but are destined to go forth, in small tribes or families, to be wanderers on the earth.

The artist has finely conceived the picture; and it has been engraved with equal skill. It is rarely that such mezzotints are presented to the public.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

I AM thinking of the homestead
With its low and sloping roof,
And the maple boughs that shadowed it,
With a green and leafy woof;
I am thinking of the lilac trees,
That shook their purple plumes,
And when the sash was open,
Shed fragrance through our rooms.

I am thinking of the rivulet,
With its cool and silvery flow,
Of the old grey rock that shadowed it,
And the pepper-mint in blow.
I am not sad nor sorrowful,
But memories will come,
So leave me to my solitude,
And let me think of home.

There was not around my birth-place,
A thicket or a flower,
But childish game or friendly face
Has given it a power,
To haunt me in my after life,
And be with me again,
A sweet and pleasant memory,
Of mingled joy and pain.

But the old and knotted apple tree,
That stood beneath the hill,
My heart can never turn to it,
But with a pleasant thrill.
Oh, what a dreamy life I led,
Beneath its old green shade,
Where the daisies and the butter-cups
A pleasant carpet made.

'Twas a rough old tree, in Spring-time,
When with a blustering sound,
The wind came hoarsely sweeping,
Along the frosty ground.
But when there rose a rivalry,
'Tween clouds and pleasant weather,
'Till the sunshine and the rain-drops
Came laughing down together;—

That patriarch old apple tree
Enjoyed the lovely strife,
The sap sprang lightly through its veins,
And circled into life;
A cloud of pale and tender buds
Burst o'er each rugged bough,
And amid the starting verdure,
The robins made their vow.

The tree was very beautiful
When all the leaves were green,
And rosy buds lay opening
Amid their tender sheen.
When the bright translucent dew-drops
Shed blossoms as they fell,
And melted in their fragrance,
Like music in a shell.

It was greenest in the Summer time,
When cheerful sunlight wove
Amid its thrifty leafiness,
A warm and glowing love;
When swelling fruit blushed ruddily,
To Summer's balmy breath,
And the laden boughs drooped heavily,
To the greensward underneath.

'Twas brightest in a rainy day,
When all the purple West
Was piled with fleecy storm-clouds,
That never seemed at rest;
When a cool and lulling melody,
Fell from the dripping eaves,
And soft, warm drops came patterning
Upon the restless leaves.

But, oh, the scene was glorious,
When clouds were lightly riven,
And there above my valley home,
Came out the bow of Heaven;
And in its fitful brilliancy,
Hung quivering on high,
Like a jeweled arch of Paradise,
Reflected through the sky.

I am thinking of the footpath,
My constant visits made,
Between the dear old homestead,
And that leafy apple shade;
Where the flow of distant waters
Came with a trickling sound,
Like the revels of a fairy band,
Beneath the fragrant ground.

I haunted it at even-tide,
And dreamily would lie,
And watch the crimson twilight
Come stealing o'er the sky;
'Twas sweet to see its dying gold
Wake up the dusky leaves,
To hear the swallows twittering
Beneath the distant eaves.

I have listened to the music—
A low, sweet minstrelsy,
Breathed by a lonely night-bird,
That haunted that old tree,
'Till my heart has swelled with feelings
For which it had no name,
A yearning love of poetry,
A thirsting after fame.

I have gazed up through the foliage,
With dim and tearful eyes,
And with a holy reverence,
Dwelt on the changing skies,
'Till the burning stars were peopled
With forms of spirit birth,
And I've almost heard their harp-strings
Reverberate on earth.

JESSICA;

OR, A STRAY LEAF FROM THE HEART.

BY JANE T. HARDIN.

IT was a sheltered, little nook: a valley closed in by hills, until it was formed into a kind of emerald basin, with the waters of a small stream flashing and purling its way through its midst: this was the valley in summer; but now, alas! that it ever should be so, it was winter! And the very features that made this spot so beautiful amid sunshine and green foliage and bursting buds, but added to its desolateness at this season. The bare limbs of the trees creaked mournfully in the blast, as though bewailing their departed glory; the grass was all gone; the little stream had grown sullen, and wended its way moodily through the wet bottom. A small, white cottage was the only thing that gave relief to the scene; it was surrounded by a rail-fence—what is called a “worm fence” in the West: a garden spot was on one side, and on the other an orchard of some extent.

At the close of one of the dreariest days in the last of winter, a traveller was seen making his way as best he might toward this cottage; his horse plunged through the mud wearily, the fitful gusts of wind brought a chilling shower of rain into his face every few moments, and as the traveller stopped at the stile, and after fastening his horse to the fence approached the house, he seemed to move with difficulty, as though benumbed by cold, or suffering from some other cause.

His knock at the door was answered by a voice bidding him “come in,” and at the same time the latch was raised; and there was discovered sitting by a cheerful fire an old lady very plainly but neatly dressed; and, with one hand still resting upon the latch of the door, stood a young girl—you could scarcely say whether she were yet a child or a woman—for although her figure would indicate that she might, perhaps, be sixteen years of age—which in fact she was—yet the child-like expression of her wondering face as she raised it to that of the stranger, would induce the belief that she was not so old by several years. This is the impression that would have been made upon an indifferent spectator; to the applicant at the threshold nothing was distinctly seen but the warm fire, nothing asked but shelter for the night. The old lady arose, laid down her knitting, and welcomed him beneath her humble roof.

As he advanced into the room and laid aside his hat and riding-coat, it would have been difficult to recognize in the haggard features, half shrouded by the drenched hair, the elegant Lorenzo Carlyle, whose noble form had passed through the crowded rooms of fashion, “the observed of all observers” there: the glance of whose bright eye, or the bend of whose head had caused the heart of the young belle to flutter with joy. He was now just twenty-five, in the pride

of manhood, but as he took his seat, and the full light fell upon his face, he looked some years older. He had only been sitting by the fire a few moments, when his head rested heavily against the post of the bed near which he had been placed, and the old lady arising in some trepidation, discovered he had swooned; probably occasioned by the sudden transition from cold to heat. A servant woman was called from an outer room or kitchen, he was laid upon the bed, and the usual remedies resorted to for his recovery: at length he slowly awoke but only to find himself in a violent chill; he, however, arose and retired to the next room, a bed was prepared, he threw himself on it, but not to sleep; for, in spite of the old lady’s camomile tea, the chill continued a long time, and was succeeded by an alarming fever. In the morning his fever had increased, affecting his brain, until he was quite delirious, and he incessantly muttered to himself, “that dark, dark cloud!”

“Poor gentleman!” the old lady exclaimed, “he thinks he is still travelling through the rain.”

A physician was sent for, but for many days his skill seemed of little avail; the fever increased with frightful rapidity; he was insensible to all around him, and all this time the young girl Jessica sat by his bed, moistening his lips with water, changing his pillows, soothing him with her soft voice, that “most excellent thing in woman;” and though a servant man who completed this household, lifted him as he wished to be moved, the weary hours of watching were all kept by the maiden; and as she gazed upon him while he slept, no wonder that features which had been dangerous for an experienced woman of the world to look upon, were traced upon her heart; so very faint at the beginning, that they resembled the half defined shadows of a painter’s first imaginings, and gradually they grew more distinct, until at length they had all the perfectness of the finished picture thrown out upon the canvass.

And yet she knew it not; she did not pause to analyze her own feelings; she joined her innocent hands and prayed to God for his recovery, without thinking a moment beyond that happy period; for it is only by the bitter lessons of experience we learn, that whenever the heart begins to flutter with joy, the iron bars are just before it, against which it is destined to be bruised and broken.

One day, as Jessica sat by the bed-side of Carlyle, after a long and composed slumber he opened his eyes, and, for the first time, seemed rational. “My little lady,” he said, “I have been sick a long time, have I not?”

“Yes, sir, very long.”

"And have you been my nurse all this time?"

"Oh! sir," she replied, "it has given me great pleasure to nurse you; but you must not talk, you are too weak."

"Well!" he answered, "I will not; you are very good; but tell me what is your name, and where am I?"

"This place is called 'Green Vale,' and my name is Jessica, though they call me Jessie."

"Ah, yes," he replied, with a sigh, "I remember it all now: I was taken ill the night I arrived here: Jessica is a very pretty name; and the old lady who lives here is your grandmother?"

"No, sir, I have no relation, but when my father and mother died she took me, and has been very kind to me; so I always call her grandma." As she spoke her large, dark eyes filled with tears, and for the first time he noticed the exceeding loveliness of her face.

From this time he recovered, but slowly, for his constitution had undergone a terrible shock, and the bright sunny days of spring had come, and the pale blue flowers had begun to peep up, and the birds to trill forth their melody before he had gained strength enough to walk.

In this time he had learned from the old lady of the house the history of his young nurse. One day while he was alone with Mrs. Stephens, he said to her, "Jessie tells me she is not your grand-daughter. Is she a relation's child?"

"Ah, no, sir," replied the old woman, "though I love her as a daughter; but, poor child, it is hard to tell who she is. Her father and mother moved to this neighborhood when the child was young, and as pretty a couple they were, sir, as you would wish to look upon. But they were poor, weakly creatures, both of them, and though they scuffled mighty hard, they didn't seem to know how to get along. She was so fair and delicate—like it would have made you sorry to see her trying to work; and then she had a cough, poor thing! and got to be punier and punier every day; her husband tried all he could to save her from doing drudgery about the house, and I used to go over and milk the cow for her myself, and sent my servant woman over to wash for her, but it was all of no use. She wasn't made for earth, no how, to my way of thinking; at last she took to her bed, and her husband sent for the doctor, and I went over and tended her myself till she died. Ah, me, but that was a sad day, sir; her husband looked like somebody distracted, and poor little Jessie screamed and clung to her mother, and we couldn't get her away 'till she had cried herself to sleep. From that day the husband never looked up, but seemed to pine away like, and its my opinion if ever a mortal died of a broken-heart, it was him. When he was dying, he gave Jessie to me, and said, 'Mrs. Stephens, you were kind to my poor wife; will you not take my child and raise it, I have nothing to reward you for it, but Heaven will.' I could only cry, sir, like a baby, and press his hand to let him know I would; so, when he was dead and gone, I brought the child home with me, and I have tried to bring her up in the fear of the Lord. She is a mighty good girl, sir, and Heaven has, as he said, rewarded me, for I lost my husband when I was a young woman,

and my children have all been taken away before me; but the Lord has spared her to be a comfort to my old age. Her father called himself Loraine, and I've a notion they were great folks in Virginny, where they came from, for though they were not a bit proud, they had sort of a grand way about 'em that aint common, and then though they had precious little plunder, they had besides their Bible these here fine little books, which they would be reading in of a night. I have learned Jessie all the learning I know myself, which, to be sure, is not much, but she can read her Bible as pretty as any girl round about us, and she has read pretty nigh all that is in these books; she is powerful fond of reading, sir, and I wish I could have given her a better chance."

The books to which the old lady alluded were a few volumes of history, a copy of Shakspeare, several of Scott's novels, a volume of Dr. Chalmers' sermons, and the "Pilgrim's Progress." From this time Carlyle took an unwonted interest in the young Jessica: so helpless, so innocent and child-like was she, it was a sweet task to turn over the pages of her heart, to con the truths that had there been written by the finger of God: for although she had little of the world's wisdom, she had learned that wisdom from on high, which is "pure and peaceable." She had lived almost alone in the world, and had been saved from coarse associations by the care of the kind and good, if ignorant woman, who had brought her up.

Day after day she sat by Carlyle, reading to him the few books her father had left her, listening with eager wonder to his explanations of difficult passages, and sometimes when he would tell her what appeared to her untutored mind to be marvelous beyond credibility, her gay, ringing laugh would awaken the echoes of that happy valley: and as her teacher saw the brightening intelligence of her face; as he felt that he was opening to her a new world of beauty and enchantment; as he saw her gaze upon the starry Heavens of literature with the ecstasy that a Caspar Hauser looked, for the first time, upon the blue vault above him, he was filled with the purest joy in contemplating the ever increasing graces of his lovely pupil: yet he looked upon her calmly; he regarded her merely as a child; a child of great promise; a bud that might expand into a magnificent flower with proper culture; but he sighed to think this culture must be denied her: he sometimes almost felt as though he were doing wrong to awaken those aspirations in the mind which never after can be stilled; that thirst for knowledge which ever cries, "give! give!" Little did he dream that he was kindling a still more dangerous fire, that she was learning lessons more mysterious than those he taught, that as she read to him the glowing pages of Ivanhoe, and listened to his comments, "the book and teacher both were love's purveyors." Little did she know this herself: she only felt that she was happy, and this was enough to her young heart. She watched the changes of his face until she learned to read its emotions with a woman's accuracy, and she was troubled to see that often an expression of pain and melancholy overspread his countenance.

One bright evening, when the air was redolent with

spring's first flowers, and all things spoke of hope, they walked down to the rivulet, and as they looked into its clear, shining waters, Jessie felt it was an emblem of the current of her own life; so quiet—so full of low music: she was aroused from this reverie by the voice of her companion, who said, "Jessie, I have grown strong now, thanks to your care, and tomorrow I must leave you."

"Leave us! Why?" she exclaimed, and her face turned very pale; the thought of separation seemed never to have crossed her mind any more than if she had been in Heaven: poor thing! she had not lived long in the world.

"Oh!" he replied, "there are many reasons why I should leave: you know I could not remain here always; my business demands my presence, and—my wife perhaps expects me."

At the mention of "his wife," had a thunderbolt fallen at her feet she could not have been more astounded: yet she only turned a slight shade the paler, and betrayed by no word or sign her agony—like the Spartan boy she hugged to her heart the secret that was gnawing it out. After a few moments she observed in tone of apparent indifference, "I am sorry you leave, but if your wife expects you, you ought to go; have you been long married?"

"Yes," he answered, while a low sigh escaped him, "several years; I was married young."

"And your wife—describe her to me!"

"She is very beautiful—but let me break you this cluster of plum-blossoms," and returning to the house, they talked only of the blossoms.

That night Jessie retired to the little room or rather closet that was set aside for her use, and long and fervent was the prayer she put up, interrupted by bursting sobs and gushing tears, while she knelt by the side of her bed, and buried her face in its snowy covering: she arose serene, having, as had ever been her wont, committed herself and her fate to Him who can never err: and though she was sometimes tempted to say—"why have I been made so to suffer?" she hushed it by repeating, "His thoughts are not as my thoughts, nor His ways as my ways; but as the Heavens are higher than the earth, so are His thoughts and His ways higher than mine."

The next morning their guest departed, and she said nothing to stay him, bidding him farewell calmly, and expressing such wishes for his happiness as she might have used for any other who had passed weeks under the same roof.

He knew, although they were poor and humble, they would disdain to receive a recompense for the trouble he had given them, but he presented the old lady a very handsome pocket Bible he had with him, and as he was leaving he placed upon Jessie's finger a ring containing a single diamond of the first water, but of whose value she was ignorant, saying, "Jessie, you will wear this, will you not, to remind you of the many pleasant days I have spent with you? Be a good girl, and may you be happy!" he added, as he kindly laid his hand upon her smooth brown hair.

And thus farewell was spoken, and as the young girl looked after him while he wended his way down through the valley and was lost in the distance, a

feeling of desolation fell upon her heart that she had never known before; that dream which had come over her as soft and beautiful as the light of a lunar rainbow faded away, and nothing was left but the dull grey of night: yet she was not one to yield to useless regrets; to indulge in feelings which would lead to unhappiness, if not to sin. Her's was the principle so happily expressed by our gifted poet, to

"Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

So with a half suppressed sigh she turned into the house, and after taking the ring off and laying it away in a little casket—for she felt it would be dangerous to wear it then—she went about her daily duties, and she was "resigned if not consoled;" for in the stern path of rectitude is gathered those flowers whose bloom is unfading, whose hues are immortal, which breathe to us the divine aroma of Heaven.

Three months from this time and that cottage was the scene of sadder suffering. Mrs. Stephens, who had enjoyed almost uninterrupted health during her whole life, had at length been stricken by disease: the time had come when she was to be "gathered to her fathers," and she was with Christian resignation yielding up her soul to the "Father of spirits." Her two old servants stood looking on the scene of death, while the tears rolled down their sable cheeks. Jessie knelt by the bed-side, her hand clasped within that of the dying woman, her whole frame quivering with emotion, and with each convulsive sob it seemed as though the heart of the maiden would break.

"My child!" the old lady articulated, "do not cry so sorely. God will take care of you. You have been a good child. Meet me up—up—up—I—come!" she murmured, and then more distinctly repeated, "I am the resurrection, and—and—the life," and then she breathed that long, deep sigh, the sound of which has fallen sadly upon many an ear; that sigh which extinguished the last faint spark in the anxious breast of the listener; that sigh which is the farewell of the wearied heart to the sorrows of earth.

Most happy is it that when the afflictions of life bear down too heavily upon us we find refuge in insensibility: as Jessie sank to the earth unconscious of her sad loss and most forlorn condition, a stranger who had entered the room unperceived, stepped forward and received her in his arms. He was a gentleman who had reached the meridian of life. In travelling through the country he was overtaken by night. Seeing a light he had stopped to inquire his way farther, when he was made a witness to this scene of woe. Taking her up in his arms, he laid her upon the bed in the adjoining room, and after chafing her hands for some moments he perceived the signs of returning sensibility, and left her in the care of some neighboring women who had just arrived. Unwilling to leave one apparently so helpless, he re-entered the room where the corpse lay, and taking a family Bible from shelf, he passed into the little room usually occupied by Jessie, where a light had been left burning. He sat down, and reflecting upon the sad scene he had just witnessed, began to turn over the leaves of the Bible to find a portion suited

to the present solemn occasion; but as he turned he came to the family register, "Frederic and Mary Loraine!" he repeated aloud, "that can be no other than my poor brother and his wife: but how came the Bible here, and who are these people?" He was too anxious to sleep, so going out in front of the cottage, he walked to and fro until day.

By the next evening the neighbors had gathered in, and all was disposed for the last solemn rites to be paid to the dead. The grave was dug in a quiet spot where the leaves rustled in the wind, and the sunbeams shone curiously through the overarching branches upon the green grass.

Still the stranger lingered; and after all was over and Jessica had seen the cold mould piled upon the only heart in the wide world that loved her, and had returned to her lone home feeling very miserable, he tapped at the door and was bid in a low voice, "come in."

When she saw him she started with surprise, for she had noticed no one since the death of her benefactress, and he was a stranger: advancing to her, he said, "I hope, young lady, you will pardon my intrusion at a time when you have so much cause for grief, but I too have my anxieties, and I am sure you will not hesitate to lesson them by informing me to whom that large family Bible belongs, and how it came here."

"That Bible," she replied, "was my father's, and when he and my poor mother died it became mine."

The old gentleman caught her in his arms, and as he kissed her again and again the warm tears fell upon her face, and she felt that she was not alone in the world. "God had tempered the wind to the shorn lamb."

"And you are the child of my poor brother, and he is, as I feared, dead? poor, poor fellow!" After weeping some time in silence, he said, "and were you his only child?"

"Yes, sir, he had no other."

"Poor fellow! how rash he was! I was his brother, some years older than myself: he was the joy and the pride of our family. I had married, and having lost my wife, took my little son and went to France. While I was absent your father married a lovely woman—I knew her well—but one who belonged to an humble family. My father, who was descended from a noble family in England, and had all the aristocracy of feeling so common to the old Virginians, could not brook this stroke to his pride. He refused to be reconciled to my brother, or give him any assistance. Your parents were poor, and after struggling in Virginia until after your birth, they determined to move to the West. Upon my return I made every inquiry for them, but was never able to trace them until Heaven directed me to you last night. Our parents relented before they died, and left him a large estate, which, my child, is all yours; and you shall never suffer, but shall be unto me a daughter if you will."

"Oh! most gladly, most gratefully," she replied. "Whither thou goest I will go," tears choked her utterance.

Her uncle tenderly embraced her. Preparations

were soon made for their journey. Mrs. Stephens having no relatives, the cottage with all the furniture was given to the two old faithful servants, and packing up her slight wardrobe, the books of her father, and the little box containing her ring, she was ready for departure. She took a long and tearful adieu of the grave of her more than mother, and then seated by the side of her uncle in his carriage, she was soon on her way to Virginia.

We have before mentioned that Mr. Loraine had a son, a young man some four or five years older than Jessica, and we will pardon the old gentleman, if on his trip homeward he was so won by the gentleness and good sense of his niece, that he began to think it would be a very happy arrangement to make her his daughter; never supposing for an instant that any objection could be interposed by the parties principally concerned. When they arrived at the homestead in the "Old Dominion," George Loraine was the first to welcome them. He had been riding over the plantation, and seeing the carriage he had galloped on to the house, and by the time the driver had stopped the horses he had dismounted, and was waiting for them cap in hand, his manly face glowing with exercise; his blue eye glowing with pleasure; his chestnut curls just so much disarranged as to heighten the effect of his remarkable personal beauty.

No wonder the heart of the father throbbed with pride as well as pleasure; no wonder there was a tone of gratification in the words, "bless thee, my boy!" as he pressed him to his bosom. When George was presented to his cousin, he met her timid glance with a look of admiring, though respectful wonder, and when his father added, "the daughter of your poor uncle Frederic," he kindly kissed her on the cheek.

Every day increased the affection of Mr. Loraine for his niece; he employed the best masters that her want of early education might be remedied; and surely never did pupil more fully repay the kindness of her benefactor, or the care of her teachers: she had that burning desire for knowledge that has been attributed to the Lady Jane Grey, and however difficult or devious the path by which it was pursued, her eagerness never abated.

Thus passed away three years. She had persuaded herself that she had long since ceased to remember Lorenzo Carlyle with feelings at all dangerous to her peace, and thought she might venture now to wear the ring he gave her, regarding it only as the gift of one who had been kind to her in childhood. She accordingly wore it, thinking of him very calmly, or as she thought not at all. But in her mind there was an ideal formed composed of all perfections, that made her singularly indifferent to the young men around her, and gave to her manners a self-possession and dignity seldom seen in one so young; this ideal acted as a strange incentive in the acquisition of knowledge, and always arose before her when she had mastered a difficult piece of music, or had made a more than usually finished sketch.

But one thing troubled her, and that was her uncle's favorite scheme of uniting her to his son, which was made so visible in all his actions she was often pained

by it, until her cousin George, who was as careless and merry hearted as he was handsome, relieved her by saying:

"It seems, cousin Jessie, that my father is determined to make us happy in spite of ourselves by joining us 'in holy wedlock,' but do not look so persecuted about it, dear coz; I am not a knight errant nor hero of romance, to run off with you and marry you before you know it. You absolutely look sometimes as though you were apprehensive the ceremony had already commenced."

"No, cousin," she replied, laughing, "I really apprehend nothing of the sort, for though very kind you are not very lover-like, but my dear uncle's manner sometimes embarrasses me."

"Ah, well! never mind that, I shall manage it all very easily."

And from that time it was made a jest between her and her cousin, and all uneasiness was at an end. One day the young people were somewhat startled by the old gentleman announcing his determination to take them to Europe, but the proposal was too agreeable to be rejected, and forthwith every preparation was made, and soon they had bid "good night" to their "native land."

As we are not writing a description of "foreign countries," and care not to touch upon topics that have been lighted up by the electric genius of a Headly, or rendered attractive by the playful humor of a Stephens or the spiritual moralizing of a Cheever, we will make a jump of two whole years, and bring our travellers down in the middle of a muddy road with panting horses and a broken carriage, near a small village in the midst of the Alps: fortunately they were not far from the comfortable little inn the village boasted, and as none of them were seriously hurt, they were soon stationed in snug quarters, with the most obsequious of landlords, and most obliging of landladies. Unfortunately or fortunately, for things are just as we take them, their carriage had been very much damaged, and as they could not there procure another, it would be some days before they could proceed.

The evening that they arrived George knocked at his cousin's door, and when bid to enter walked in, saying—"well, coz, as you ladies cannot possibly exist without lovers and cologne, and as I know you have the last, for I supplied you myself, I went to our landlord to inquire what were your chances at this dismal little place for the first—so he told me he had a gentleman staying with him 'very grand and very magnificent,' and *everything* you could imagine, who had been here for some days searching among the mountains for flowers or rocks, or some other equally wise purpose, I do not remember precisely what. However, while we were talking in came this very grand and magnificent gentleman, and who should it prove to be but an old friend of mine, one with whom I went to college, though he was several years my senior. He left college and married the most beautiful termagant in the city of N——. He tells me she died some three years since, and really I felt like congratulating him, for it is no joke to live with such a woman seven years, as he did. And

now if you feel disposed to make him amends for his former wretched life, just put on your most becoming dress and most bewitching smile, and then bend on him those dark lustrous eyes that broke so many hearts in Naples, and the matter is concluded. By the way he sups with us to-night."

"You are exceedingly kind and thoughtful, my cousin, but in caring for me I fear you forget yourself. Have you not inquired of the landlord whether there is not some 'grand and magnificent' lady about the house to whom you could make your devoirs?"

"Ah, no! I am not so fastidious as you; I shall go back to Virginia and marry Clara Payton, who has more beauty than all the dark-eyed girls of Italy."

Jessica took up a book, commenced reading, and thought no more of the conversation until supper. When she entered the room a stranger arose, and was introduced to her as Mr. Carlyle; for an instant the blood rushed to her face and neck until it was all a glow of crimson, and then receded to her heart, leaving her like some pale and beautiful statue. Carlyle did not recognize in the graceful and elegant woman who stood before him—for she had more than fulfilled the promise of her childhood—the simple girl he had taught in the "Green Vale" of Kentucky.

But in a moment she recovered her self-possession, and advancing to him with calmness, remarked "that she had known Mr. Carlyle before," and then, for the first time, when that voice so "like a mournful lute" fell on his ear, he knew her; and as he pressed her hand, and expressed his joy at meeting her again, he noticed upon her finger the ring he had given her: but the next day it was gone.

Their detention was prolonged from time to time, yet none of the party found it wearisome. They wandered among the Alps; together they gazed upon this glorious scenery, and their evenings were spent in cheerful conversations and reading. And Carlyle's heart was bathed in the liquid light that beamed from the dark eyes of Jessica; his ear drank in the tones of her voice till its music filled his soul with streams of perpetual melody.

One morning they started to take a ramble among the mountains. Mr. Loraine refused to go on account of the fatigue: George started with them, but before they had gone far recollecting that he had forgotten to give some orders about his gun, and turned back. Carlyle and Jessica were thus left to pursue their walk alone: for some distance they walked on in silence, when he remarked, "I little hoped when I first stopped at this obscure village, that here I was to pass the very happiest days I had ever known; but whatever may befall me in after life, the remembrance of this time will come up through all sorrow and darkness to cheer me. Would that I dared believe it had been as pleasant to you!"

"Oh, surely," she replied, in a light tone, "the time has passed very pleasantly, thanks to you and cousin George!"

"Nay, lady," he rejoined, "you mistake my meaning, or choose to do so," then stopping and looking steadily at her, he continued in an earnest tone, "Jessica, let me call you so, I love you! I love you more than I can tell you; more perhaps," he added, sadly,

"than your own heart answers to. But, lady, I must hear my destiny from your own lips; if you cannot return my affection I shall bear my fate as best I may. If you can—if you can love me, oh, Jessica! speak but one word. Give me but one look of assent!"

But Jessica spake no word; she lifted not her drooping lids, though her whole frame trembled with visible emotion. All the light of hope faded from the face of Carlyle, and they walked on in silence; she feeling that she had wounded the heart that loved her, and yet too timid even to make the attempt to soften the pain. At length they came to one of those immense fields of ice that are found among the Alps: bordering this glacier across from where they stood, some delicate flowers had sprung up through ice and snow to meet the glad sunshine. Jessica, to relieve the awkward embarrassment of their silence, remarked how beautiful they were. He replied,

"If you wish them, Miss Loraine, I will get them for you," and immediately stepped on the ice.

"Oh, no, no!" she answered, "do not risk yourself," and in her eagerness sprang after him to hold him back: the ice gave way beneath them, they were precipitated down—down into the dark chasm below, and when they touched the bottom it was to find themselves in one of those immense caverns that add terror to those wild mountains. Jessica had been shielded by the arm that Carlyle threw around her in falling; but he was bruised and hurt. Death stared them in the face, for what hope could there be of escape from that living tomb?

"This is dreadful! horrible!" he exclaimed, as they reached the bottom.

"Miss Loraine, are you hurt?"

"No," she replied; "but you?"

"Oh, I care not for myself, but I must make some effort to extricate you from this awful place: this place of death."

"Lorenzo!" she answered, in a low, timid voice, "it will not be terrible to die with you. Oh, it would be much more dreadful to live in the bright world above without you, than to be buried with you here in darkness and in death." And the maiden's head sank upon his bosom, while tears of tenderness gushed forth.

His arm encircled her waist; he pressed her to his heart, and here in the sight of eternity their love was plighted: here, in the midst of terror and darkness, light was in their dwelling. For hours they groped their way, hopeless almost of ever again seeing the light of day; but their dreary path was cheered by the words of affection. When "hope had almost folded her wings and saddened to despair," they heard the sound of gurgling waters: it was a small stream, they followed its course; where it ran from under the glacier into the open air, stray beams of light were struggling through; the ice was thin and partially melted, so that a place of egress was effected, and by the side of this stream, as it murmured through the vale, the lovers knelt and returned thanks for their deliverance.

A few months brought our whole party back to their homes, and as Jessica stood at the altar by the side of him whom alone she had ever loved, she did not regret the vows given in the cavern of the Alps.

TO MY WIFE.

BY DR. H. M. SMITH.

How slowly passes Time away,
When thou art, dearest, far from me;
Each lonely hour seems like a day,
Compared with those I've spent with thee:
And though the ray of cheerfulness
Is imaged on each scene and brow,
Yet still they fall my heart to bless,
For thou art absent from me now.

In crowded halls I meet bright eyes
That flash electric unto mine,
And cheeks and lips of ruby dyes,
And tones that seem almost divine;
But still they rouse no feeling chord
To vibrate sweetly in the heart,
Since each bright glance and gentle word
Does fail to charm while we're apart.

Though morning with its golden sheen
Bedecks the vales and green-wood hills,
And merry minstrels cheer the scene,
With music's soft and lute-toned thrills;

They make no echo sweet to me,
For each soft note and matin lay,
Breathed on the air, must saddened be
Whilst thou remainest far away.

And only when in slumber sweet,
And dreamy visions haunt my brain,
In ruptured bliss thy form I meet
And twine my arms with thine again:
But oh! too soon the mystic spell
That binds me to thy fond embrace,
Bursts, with emotion's thrilling swell,
And leaves behind no lasting trace.

Yet, still, I'd dream that dream again,
As oft as sleep my eyelids seal;
Its pleasure far outweighs the pain
That waking hours too soon reveal;
Then, speed thee, Time, oh! speed away—
Swift on thy airy pinions soar,
And hasten soon the happy day
When we shall meet to part no more!

THE MOTHER AND BOY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Tom, let that alone!" exclaimed a mother, petulantly, to a boy of seven years old, who was playing with a tassel that hung from one of the window blinds, to the imminent danger of its destruction.

The boy did not seem to hear, but kept on fingering the tassel.

"Let that be, I tell you! Must I speak a hundred times? Why don't you mind at once?"

The child slowly relinquished his hold of the tassel, and commenced running his hand up and down the venitian blind.

"There! There! Do, for gracious sake, let them blinds alone. Go 'way from the window this moment, and try and keep your hands off of things. I declare! You are the most trying child I ever saw."

Tom left the window, and threw himself at full length into the cradle, where he commenced rocking himself with a force and rapidity that made every thing crack again.

"Get out of that cradle! What do you mean? The child really seems possessed!"

And the mother caught him by the arm and jerked him from the cradle.

Tom said nothing, but, with the most imperturbable air in the world, walked twice around the room, and then, pushing a chair up before the dressing-bureau, took therefrom a bottle of hair lustral, and pouring the palm of his little hand full of the liquid, commenced rubbing it upon his head. Twice had this operation been performed, and Tom was pulling open a drawer to get the hair brush, when the odor of the oily compound reached the nostrils of the lad's mother, who was sitting with her back toward him. Turning quickly, she saw what was going on.

"You!" fell angrily from her lips, as she dropped the baby in its cradle. "Isn't it too much?" she continued, as she swept across the room to where Tom was standing before the bureau-dressing-glass.

"There, sir," and the child's ears rang with the box he received. "There, sir!" and the box was repeated. "Havn't I told you a hundred times not to touch that hair oil? Just see what a spot of grease you've made on the carpet. Look at your hands!"

Tom looked at his hands, and, seeing them full of oil, clapped them quickly down upon his jacket and tried to rub them clean.

"There! Stop! Mercy! Now see your new jacket that you put on this morning. Grease from top to bottom! Isn't it too much! I am in despair!"

And the mother let her hands fall by her side, and her body drop into a chair.

"It's no use to try," she continued. "I'll give up. Just see that jacket! It's totally ruined. And that carpet too. Was there ever such a trying boy. Go

down stairs this instant, and tell Jane to come up here."

Tom had reason to know that his mother was not in a mood to be trifled with, so he went off briskly and called Jane, who was directed to get some fuller's earth and put upon the carpet where oil had been spilled.

Not at all liking the atmosphere of his mother's room, Tom, being once down in the kitchen, felt no inclination to return. His first work there, after delivering his message to Jane, was to commence turning the coffee-mill.

"Tommy," said the cook, mildly, yet firmly, "you know I've told you that it was wrong to touch the coffee-mill. See here, on the floor, where you have scattered the coffee about, and now I must get a broom and sweep it up. If you do so, I can't let you come down here."

The boy stood and looked at the cook, seriously, while she got the broom and swept up the dirt he had made.

"It's all clean again, now," said the cook, pleasantly. "And you won't do so any more, will you?"

"No, I won't touch the coffee-mill." And, as Tom said this, he sidled up to the knife-box that stood upon the dresser, and made a dive into it with his hand.

"Oh, no, no, no, Tommy! That won't do either," said the cook. "The knives have all been cleaned, and they are to go on the table to eat with."

"Then what can I play with, Margaret?" asked the child, as he left the dresser. "I wan't something to play with."

The cook thought a moment, and then went to a closet and brought out a little basket filled with clothes-pins. As she held them in her hand, she said—

"Tommy, if you will be careful not to break any of these, nor scatter them about, you may have them to play with. But, remember, now, that as soon as you begin to throw them around the room, I will have to put them up."

"Oh, no, I won't throw them about," said the little fellow, with brightening eyes, as he reached out for the basket of pins.

In a little while he had a circle formed on the table, which he called his fort; and inside of this he had men, cannon, sentry-boxes, and other objects that were suggested to his fancy.

"Where's Thomas?" asked his mother, about the time the lad had become fairly interested in his fort. "I left him down in the kitchen," replied Jane.

"Go down and tell him to come up here instantly." Down went Jane.

"Come along up stairs to your mother," said she.

"No. I won't," replied the boy.

"Very well, Mister! You can do as you like; but your mother sent for you."

"Tell mother I am playing here so good. I'm not in any mischief, am I Margaret?"

"No, Tommy. But your mother has sent for you, and you had better go."

"I don't wan't to."

"Just as you like," said Jane, indifferently, and she left the kitchen and went up stairs.

"Where's Thomas?" was the question with which she was met on returning to the chamber.

"He won't come, ma'am."

"Go and tell him, that if he doesn't come up to me, instantly, I will put on his night-clothes, and shut him up in the closet."

The threat of the closet was generally uttered ten times where it was executed once. It made but little impression upon the child, who was all absorbed in his fort.

Jane returned. In a few moments afterward, the quick, angry voice of the mother was heard ringing down the stairway.

"You Tom! Come up here this instant."

"I'm not troubling anything, mother."

"Come up, I say."

"Margaret says I may play with the clothes-pins. I'm only building a fort with them."

"Do you hear me?"

"Mother!"

"Tom! If you don't come to me this instant I'll almost skin you. Margaret! Take them clothes-pins away. Pretty play things, indeed, for you to give a boy like him! No wonder I have to get a dozen new ones every two or three months."

Margaret now spoke,

"Tommy, you must go up to your mother."

She took the clothes-pins and commenced putting them into the basket where they belonged. Her words and action had a more instant effect than all the mother's storm of passion. The boy left the kitchen in tears, and went slowly up stairs.

"Why didn't you come when I called you? Say!"

The mother seized her little boy by the arm, the moment he came in reach of her, and dragged, rather than led him up stairs, uttering such exclamations as these by the way.

"I never saw such a child! You might as well talk to the wind! I'm in despair! I'll give up! Humph! Clothes-pins, indeed! Pretty play things to give a child! Everything goes to rack and ruin! There!"

And as the last word was uttered, Tommy was thrust into his mother's room with a force that nearly threw him prostrate.

"Now take off them clothes, sir."

"What for, mother? I havn't done anything. I didn't hurt the clothes-pins. Margaret said I might play with them."

"D'ye hear? Take off them clothes, I say."

"I didn't do anything, mother."

"A word more, and I'll box your ears until they ring for a month. Take off them clothes, I say! I'll teach you to come when I send for you. I'll let you see whether I am to be minded or not."

Tommy slowly disrobed himself, while his mother, fretted to the point of resolution, eyed him with an unrelenting aspect. The jacket and trousers were removed, and the night drawers ordered to be put on, in their stead, Tommy all the while protesting, tearfully, that he had done nothing.

"Will you hush!" was all the satisfaction he received for his protestations.

"Now, Jane, take him up stairs to bed. He's got to lie there all the afternoon."

It was then four, and the sun did not set until near eight o'clock. Up stairs the poor child had to go, and then his mother had some quiet. Her babe slept soundly in its cradle, undisturbed by Tommy's racket, and she enjoyed a new novel to the extent of almost entirely forgetting her lonely boy shut up in the chamber above.

"Where's Tommy?" asked a friend, who dropped in about six o'clock.

"In bed," said the mother, with a sigh.

"What's the matter? Is he sick?"

"Oh, no. I almost wish he were."

"What a strange wish! Why do you say so?"

"Oh, because he is like a little angel when he is sick—as good as he can be. No, I had to send him to bed as a punishment for his disobedience. He is a hard child to manage. I think I never saw one just like him. But, you know, obedience is everything. It is our duty to require a strict regard to this in our children."

"Certainly. If they do not obey their parents, as children, they will not obey the laws as men."

"That is precisely the view I take. And I make it a point to require implicit obedience in my boy. This is my duty as a parent. But it is hard work."

"It is, doubtless. Still, we must persevere, and, in patience possessing our souls."

"To be patient with a boy like mine, is a hard task. Sometimes I feel as if I would go wild," said the mother.

"But, under the influence of such a feeling," remarked the friend, "what we say makes little or no impression. A calmly uttered word, in which there is an expression of interest in and sympathy for the child, does more than the sternest commands. This I have long since discovered. I never scold my children. Scolding does no good, but harm. My oldest boy is restless, excitable and impulsive. He is ever seeking for something to do. If I were not to provide him with the means of employing himself, or in other ways interest him, his hands would be on everything in the house, and both he and I be made unhappy."

"But how can you interest him?"

"In various ways. Sometimes I read to him; sometimes I tell him stories; sometimes I set him to doing things by way of assisting me. I take him out when I can; and let him go with the girls when I send them on errands. I provide him with playthings that are suited to his age. In a word, I try to keep him ever in my mind; and, therefore, find it not very difficult to meet his varying states. I never thrust him aside, and say that I am too busy to attend to him when he comes with a request. If I cannot

grant it, I try and not say 'no,' for that word comes too coldly upon the eager desire of an ardent-minded boy."

"But, how can you help saying 'no,' if the request is one you cannot grant."

"Sometimes I ask if something else will not do as well; and sometimes I endeavor to create a new interest in his mind. There are various ways in which it may be done, that readily suggest themselves to those desirous for the good of their children. It is affection that inspires thought. True love of children always brings a quick intelligence touching their good."

Much more was said, not needful here to repeat. When the friend went away, Tommy's mother, whose heart convicted her of wrong to her little boy, went up into the room where she had sent him to spend four or five lonely hours as a punishment for what was, in reality, her own fault and not his. Three hours of the weary time had already passed. She did not remember to have heard a sound from him, since she drove him away with angry words. In fact, she had been too deeply interested in the new book she was reading, to have heard any noise that was not of an extraordinary character.

At the door of the chamber she stood and listened for a moment. All was silent within. The mother's heart beat with a heavy motion. On entering, she found the order of the room undisturbed. Not even a chair was out of place. Tommy was asleep on the bed. As his mother bent over him, she saw that tears were upon his cheeks and eyelids, and that the

pillow was wet. A choking sigh struggled up from her bosom. She felt a rebuking consciousness of having wronged the child. She laid her hand upon his red cheek, but drew it back instantly. It was hot with fever. She caught up his hand; it was also in a burning glow. Alarm took the place of grief for having wronged her boy. She tried to awaken him, but he only moaned and muttered. The excitement had brought on a fever.

When the father came home and laid his hand upon the hot cheek of his sleeping boy, he uttered an exclamation of alarm, and started off instantly for a physician. All night the wretched mother watched by her sick child, unable from fear and self-reproaches to sleep. When the morning broke, and Thomas looked up into her face with a glance of trusting affection, his fever gone, and his pulse calm, the mother laid her cheek, thankfully against that of her boy, and prayed to Heaven for strength to bear with him, and wisdom to guide his feet aright; and as she did so, in the silence of her overflowing heart, the lad drew his arm around her neck, and kissing her, said—

"Mother, I do love you!"

That tears came gushing over the mother's face, is no cause of wonder, nor that she returned, half wildly, the embrace and kiss of her child.

Let us hope that, in her future conduct toward her ardent, restless boy, she may be able to control herself; for then, she will not find it hard to bring him under subjection to what is right.

LOVE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

WHAT is it that makes the maiden
So like Christ in Heaven above?
Or, like Heavenly Eve in Aiden
Meeting Adam, blushing?—love—
Love, love, love!

ECHO.

Love!

What is it that makes the murmur
Of the plaintive turtle dove
Fill our hearts with so much Summer,
'Till they melt to passion?—love—
Love, love, love!

ECHO.

Love!

See the rose unfold her bosom
To the amorous sun above—
Bursting into fragrant blossom
At his sight!—what is it?—love—
Love, love, love!

ECHO.

Love!

Like the peace-song of the Angels
Sent to one from Heaven above
Who believes in Christ's Evangel—

Is the voice of one in love—
Love, love, love!
ECHO.
Love!

Christ, who once on earth was sorry,
Captain of the host above,
Left his Father's throne of glory
To redeem us by his love—

Love, love, love!
ECHO.
Love!

Why was he made Mediator—
Stooping from the Heavens above?
Was he not our Great Creator?
Angels answer—"God is Love"—
Love, love, love!

ECHO.
Love!

All the Christian Constellations
Choiring through the realms above,
Soon would cease their ministrations
Were it not for thee, oh! Love!

Love, love, love!
ECHO.
Love!

MY COUSIN GRACE.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

My cousin Grace was an old maid! She was just turning the unhappy corner that leads a woman into her thirty-fifth year, and settles her undeniably, and indisputably amongst that much abused class who have no right to expect either attention, admiration, or anything beyond bare civility from the other sex, however much they may be loved and valued by their own.

"A single woman of thirty-four!" exclaims some laughing beauty of sixteen—"why she is old enough to be my mother—what in the world can you find to interest one about her?"

Something, my fair lady, as you shall hear if you have patience with me and listen while I tell you. Beautiful and attractive as you may be with your sixteen summers, I doubt whether you are a particle more so in the eyes of any—except your lover, if you have one—than was my cousin Grace, who had seen her thirty-four.

And yet she had scores of lovers, for she was beautiful, high-born, and wealthy. She lived with her parents at their country seat. Althorpe is but little more than three miles from town, and from her early girlhood until now Grace had mixed largely in its most fashionable and aristocratic circle, which is in fact nearly half made up of her extended family connexions; among whom, gay, intelligent, cultivated, high-bred and beautiful as she was, she had always been a perfect idol—not the less so, perhaps, for the kind of interest and curiosity that was constantly kept up as to the chances of success shared by the various aspirants for her favor.

For the truth must out—my cousin Grace still liked admiration, yes, indiscriminate admiration both from young and old. She was a sad flirt—she laid herself out to please and to fascinate everybody, and she always succeeded. Even rival belles who envied her with all their hearts, admired her too—they could not help it. There was a charm in her voice, her glance, her smile, that was irresistible. Whenever she talked to you, you felt that you were the person whose society she preferred to that of anybody else—and so she did for the moment—and though you knew the next moment she might prefer another, the frank yet flattering look and tone told in the warmth you felt round your heart while under their influence, and you silently acknowledged she was a most bewitching creature.

Still the world in general, and especially her discarded lovers, would constantly add another expletive, an unfortunate, *but* that nullified all previous praise—"but thoroughly heartless." Heartless!—we who knew and loved her well knew that she was all heart, except to those who asked for it all, and her hand beside. Hers was a heart warm with every

noble impulse, grateful, generous, affectionate, charitable even to profusion. Heartless! No, as I have said a hundred times, she has no heart to give, when none worthy of her is offered in return. No heart for the selfish, the vapid, the frivolous, the soulless who throng around her, and have the vanity to think they gain her love.

So I thought in the first years of my young experience of the world and its ways, but as time went on, and I saw more than one aspiring to her hand, whom even I, loving and reverencing her as I did, thought worthy to gain it, I began to wonder too, and silently observed and stealthily inquired whether some early blight or secretly cherished preference, had not deadened its susceptibility in that part alone where the female heart is most open to impression?

I was staying at Althorpe, and Grace and I were to go into town to a party given by one of our friends. We were in the habit of driving in and out again late at night, sufficiently protected by two faithful servants who had been many years in the family. This was to be quite a *recherche* party; the garden, which was a large one, was to be illuminated, and though Grace had complained of a headache through the day, neither she nor I had a thought of giving up going on that account.

Our toilettes were successful. Both my cousin and my glass told me I had never looked better in my life, and as she stood on the portico in the summer twilight in her exquisitely tasteful evening costume, a few cape jessamines amid her glossy curls, with jewels sparkling on her snowy neck and arms, while her India scarf was wrapped by her careful mother to screen her from the fresh night breeze that had just arisen, I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful.

There was a languid expression in her brow and eye, caused by the slight headache that affected her, which gave an indescribable softness to her expression, and after we were seated in the carriage, and were driving through the wooded entrance to Althorpe, I could not refrain from putting my arms around her and kissing her fondly. She placed her hand in mine and looked at me with deep affection, as she replied—

"I know you love me, Mary—and the most precious thing on this wide earth is love—love."

I felt her hand tremble in mine, and saw a tear glistening in her eye—but she laughed as she brushed it away, and began to talk gaily of our approaching pleasure.

On our entrance Grace was as usual surrounded by friends and admirers. Never had I seen her more brilliant or more gay. She danced frequently, and when she was not dancing flirted desperately. The

headache and the sadness were evidently gone, and her animated face seemed radiant with happiness.

I too enjoyed the party more than usual, for in the very beginning of the evening I made a new acquaintance who interested me extremely. He was presented by the lady of the house as Mr. Walsingham, and this was all I knew of him, except that he was tall, dignified, handsome, unusually intelligent, and seemed to have travelled all over the world. Indeed so absorbed did I soon become in the interesting conversation with which he entertained me, that I entirely forgot it was a dancing party, and that the earnestness with which Mr. Walsingham spoke and I listened, was effectually preventing any of my usual partners from asking me to dance—a matter that on common occasions would have annoyed me considerably. Still I was pleased when at last he observed that all the world seemed dancing, and asked my hand for the next cotillion.

My partner was evidently not a dancing man; it was plain he took no interest in the amusement, and went through the figures only for the sake of enjoying my society. My vanity was gratified, and I recollect with pleasure that I was very becomingly dressed, and looked uncommonly well.

It so chanced that my cousin Grace was our vis-a-vis in the dance, and on his making some observation on her appearance, I told him who she was and offered to introduce him. He answered slightly that she appeared so much engrossed with her partner, that it would perhaps be considered an interruption—“I am a very modest man,” he added, smiling, “and will beg the favor at another opportunity.”

I was surprised at this, for it was a rare thing if any stranger of note failed of an introduction to Grace. I looked at her partner with whom she did appear entirely engrossed, and my wonder increased, for he was a very common place person, for whom I knew she had not the slightest regard; while Mr. Walsingham drew me on to talk of her, and listened with an interest that seemed quite at variance with the indifference he professed to making her acquaintance. When our dance terminated, my hand was asked by another gentleman, and Mr. Walsingham disappeared among the crowd.

It might have been an hour afterward, when heated with dancing, I was just stepping through a large window which opened from the floor of the ball-room into the illuminated garden, when in one of the walks I observed a slight commotion, and as I hastened onward with my partner to discover the cause, I was terrified to see Mr. Walsingham striding toward the house, bearing in his arms the lifeless form of my cousin Grace.

The cry of surprise and distress brought a crowd round us, and among them the lady of the house, who begged Mr. Walsingham would allow some one to assist him in conveying his helpless burden up stairs to her chamber. It was almost with fierceness that he refused all aid. My cousin's head was on his shoulder, and her beautiful arms were lifelessly hanging round his neck. He gave not a word of explanation, but bore her amid the surrounding crowd up to Mrs. R——'s apartment, where having placed her on

a couch, he bent over her, applying most skilfully the restoratives that were offered, and quietly but decidedly allowing no one to interfere with him.

After a short time Grace opened her eyes, and heaving a sigh looked around: her eye rested a moment on his face, and then closed again. “Thank God,” he muttered, fervently, and without another word left the room. I was almost speechless with astonishment, while my cousin rapidly revived, and in reply to the numerous questions that assailed her—for no one had seen her faint or known the cause—she told us that feeling tired with the excitement of the crowd, she had retreated into the garden, and there she supposed had fainted, for that she knew nothing more until she found herself in Mrs. R——'s chamber—that she had had a headache, which I knew was true—that her fainting was nothing uncommon, which I knew was a fib—and finally that she then felt as well as she ever did in her life, and was determined to ride all the way home that night instead of staying where she was, or going to either of her sisters or to our house, which we all thought she had better do.

A wilful woman will have her way, and Grace had hers. She refused to allow any one but myself to accompany her home, and reiterating gay adieus and assurances that she was perfectly well, we both stepped into the carriage. What was my surprise to see Mr. Walsingham step in after us, and without a word of opposition from Grace, seat himself opposite to her, while the door closed upon us, and the carriage drove off. I heard a few murmured questions and answers beside me, while I drew myself as closely as possible into the corner of the carriage, endeavoring to solve as best I could the enigma of my cousin's conduct. It was plain to me that what I had for years suspected was the truth. There had been a disappointment and a secret preference, and while I was trying to hitch together my romance, the murmured conversation, with a few intervals of more expressive silence, went on between my companions until we reached home.

Then there was a tender farewell, a “God bless you, Grace,” and Mr. Walsingham darted from the carriage, and I presume walked back to town in the bright moonlight. As soon as we entered the house, I gave my cousin a searching glance.

“Not to-night, Mary—not to-night—I have gone through too much,” she said, in reply to my look of eager curiosity.

“But you are happy, cousin?”

“Only too happy,” she said, embracing me affectionately—“far happier than I desire—so good night, love—to-morrow you shall know all.”

And on the morrow I did know all, at least all that Grace could tell me, and Mr. Walsingham (who came even earlier than he was expected) not many days after told me the rest. Between them both I discovered it was Grace's passion for indiscriminate admiration that had interrupted the course of as true a love as ever was sung by bard or felt by swain.

There had, it seems, been a private engagement, which being suspected by some, was denied by Grace so earnestly, and disproved so plausibly by her pleased acceptance of the attentions of others, that her lover

had become jealous and remonstrated seriously with her, urging her to permit him at once to apply to her parents, of whose assent they were assured, and to announce their engagement. To this Grace would not consent, as she asserted women who were engaged were always neglected by other men, and she wished to enjoy her triumphs as long as possible. A misunderstanding was the result. Mr. Walsingham, proud, passionate, but still madly in love, had left the country convinced of Grace's heartlessness.

Still he could not tear her image from his heart. Restless, dissatisfied, he had wandered from country to country, "dragging at each remove a lengthening chain," until after twelve years wandering he had returned more devotedly attached than ever to the fair cause of his voluntary exile. Grace had heard of his return a few days before Mrs. R——'s party. They met as strangers. He watched her closely without appearing to do so, and detected a nervous excitement amid her gaiety, which led him to suspect it was assumed, and gave him a faint hope that he was not quite forgotten.

My answers to the few questions he had adroitly put concerning her had increased this hope, and he never lost sight of her from that moment. He witnessed her increasing weariness of the part he was now sure she was enacting, and at last saw her slip from her companions into the then quiet and deserted garden. She sought a secluded arbor, and he lost not a moment in following to know her fate. Her head was resting on her hands when he approached before her, and she was sobbing as if her heart would break. He took her hands in his, exclaiming—

"Grace! my own beloved Grace!—more beloved now than in the hour you promised to be mine—can you forgive me? God only knows what I have suffered, but a word from you will repay it all!"

Grace gave a slight cry—extended her arms toward him and fainted on his bosom. He made every effort to restore her, but finding all in vain, was obliged as we have seen to convey her where she could receive more effectual assistance.

The next day I was amused by listening to my grand aunt's reminiscences, and endeavorings to put things together, that she might satisfactorily convince herself that Grace had really loved Mr. Walsingham for so long a time.

"I am perfectly certain, my dear," she said, "that she behaved to him exactly as she did to her other admirers—at least I can recollect no difference. To be sure, after he went away, she had a nervous fever, but as it was full six weeks afterward I never thought of putting the things together—who would? And when she got well, which was not for a long time, however, she was just as happy and merry as before. I am sure I saw nothing strange in her refusing to marry. I was always very glad of it, and what I am to do now is more than I can tell."

A few weeks afterward I stood beside my cousin on her wedding day, and surrounded as she was by the young and beautiful, it needed not her rich bridal dress and flowing Brussels veil to render her the cynosure of every eye. She certainly did not look more than four-and-twenty, and the expression of heartfelt happiness, of deep tenderness, combined with the solemn, religious awe that rested on her face as she uttered the vows required of her, gave an almost seraphic expression to her always brilliant beauty. I cannot say more of Mr. Walsingham than that he was worthy of the treasure she then bestowed upon him, and that though she has now been three years a wife, Grace still thinks him so. The only shadow that rests upon her happiness arises from her regret that her silly love of admiration caused so many years of sorrow to the husband she loves with daily increasing affection.

Truth, however, compels me to confess that this repentance has not altogether produced amendment, for Mrs. Walsingham still continues to be as much admired as ever, aye, and to enjoy it too. It is not more than a fortnight since we were at a party together, when it was decided by a competent tribunal of connoisseurs in female beauty, that the handsomest woman present was my cousin Grace.

THE STAR.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

EACH night when Heaven can be seen,
A little after dark,
I see, as well it may be seen,
A little twinkling spark.

It looks so wondrous from afar,
As if it were in love.
Some say 'tis an enormous star,
That's swinging far above.

Well, be that so! 'tis nought to me!
To me it is but small;
It has a voice, it has an eye;
It answers when I call.

And through my little window it
Still looks and smiles and winks,

And imperceptibly the while
It sinks, and sinks, and sinks.

It knows not that I have no wings,
Else it would never try
To make me tempt such mystic things,
As after it to fly.

Yet must that little star have hope,
That such things yet may be,
That some such night I may mount up,
And fly to it and see.

Yes, yes! a little voice I hear,
Within or else without,
It speaks so plainly in my ear
That I have not a doubt.

THE FOREST HOME.

BY MRS. HUGHES, AUTHOR OF "ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED," "AUNT MARY'S TALES," &c. &c.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 137.

CHAPTER VII.

MARY, after leaving her sister, hurried to her chamber, where she cast herself prostrate in an agony of mental torture. Long she lay before she attained any thing like composure in her feelings, or coherency in her thought. The idea that she had voluntarily, and without any fault of his, abandoned Loraine, sometimes drove her almost to delirium. Frequently she was on the point of returning to Eloise, telling her she found it impossible to comply with the promise she had given, and urging her with all the persuasiveness of which she was mistress, to exert the energy so natural to her character, to overcome her unfortunate prepossession, and not doom two beings whom she loved to such unspeakable misery. But then, again, the conviction that Eloise's life was in actual danger, and the idea of allowing the friend and companion whom she had loved from her earliest infancy, to sink into the grave from which she might rescue her, repressed the selfish yearnings of her heart, and again she determined to persevere in her first resolution. Besides, though she had the utmost confidence in Loraine's affection, and had never entertained a doubt, should she become his, of that affection remaining firm and unwavering, yet when convinced that all hope was vain, and that she could never bear any closer affinity to him than that of a friend, she could not suppose he would be so unlike men in general, as not soon to find some other object on whom to bestow his noble heart; and it was even possible that some little pique at the seeming inconsistency of her conduct might assist him in the transfer. But such is the weakness and waywardness of our nature, that the idea of his giving to another the affection that had been the pride and delight of her own heart, was an agony almost too great for her to bear.

One painful and imperative duty, however, still pressed heavily on her heart. She would feel herself deeply chargeable if Loraine were allowed to remain any longer than absolutely necessary, in the indulgence of hopes that were never to be realized; but how the task of divesting him of them was to be accomplished, she could not see. The duty, however, was to be performed, and trusting to being enabled to perform it in a befitting manner when the proper time arrived, she made a strong effort to compose herself, and rising prepared for going down stairs. She braided her hair, and then dressing with the greatest simplicity, proceeded to the library, which was the room in which the family most commonly met. On entering it, she found Eloise extended on a settee, and her anxious mother seated by her side,

Mrs. Deland told Mary in a whisper that the invalid had been seized almost immediately on coming down stairs, with one of those deep swoons to which she had of late been so subject, and was only just recovering from it. Mary bent over the sufferer with a look of tender sympathy, and though something whispered her that the relief she had offered was too late, she could not but rejoice that she had made the sacrifice. As she was thus watching, a servant came to say that Mr. Loraine was in the parlor. Eloise, on hearing his name, cast her eyes around to see where her mother was, and finding that she had, at that moment, gone to the other part of the room, she said in a soft whisper—

"You will not betray me, Mary?"

"How could you imagine such a thing?" returned Mary, with the utmost tenderness, and stooping she kissed her cold forehead.

"Mary! dear!" said Mrs. Deland, "you must have Loraine all to yourself, for the present, and I suppose," she added, with a faint smile, "you will be found sufficient for the purpose of entertaining him. Go to him, my daughter!" she added, in a more serious tone, as the anxiety of the mother revived on her turning her eyes again on her almost inanimate child, "and excuse my non-appearance by telling him of Eloise's sickness; and indeed I believe he will think the messenger is not much better herself. My poor child!" she continued, as she looked at Mary's almost colorless face, "I am afraid my anxiety about Eloise has made me inexcessably careless about you, for I did not till this moment notice that you look as if you had just risen from a bed of sickness."

Mary endeavored by making an effort to speak in a cheerful tone, to allay her aunt's fears respecting herself, and then proceeded with trembling steps and beating heart to the parlor. Loraine rose as she entered, and the moment he cast his eyes on her face he darted forward, and taking her hand in both his, inquired in a tone of the most touching tenderness if she were ill.

Mary with great truth attributed her agitation to Eloise's distressing state.

"It is undoubtedly," said the young man, "a melancholy thing to see an amiable and beautiful young creature sinking into the grave, as she is evidently doing; but remember, dearest Mary, that your own health is of infinite value, and must be taken care of. It is not all your own property, you know," he continued, smiling as he led her to a seat and placed himself close by her side; "and, therefore, you have no right to sport with it." He then observing the

state of nervous irritability that she was in, deemed it best to endeavor to lead her mind from the cause, be it what it might, and with all the tender wiles of love he sought to win her from herself by a variety of anecdotes. Among the rest he was led by some accidental circumstance, to describe the ceremony he had witnessed in Italy of a young lady taking the veil; and added after he had done, "it was so painful a sight to behold a young creature in the very morning of life thus entomb herself, that it actually made me feel melancholy for two or three days after."

"I would give the world could I feel a vocation to follow her example," said Mary, with a deep sigh.

"The vocation, dearest Mary! which I trust you have received," said the lover, in a tone of soothing tenderness, "whilst it is more consistent with the energy and activity of your character, is not, I trust, less favorable to the cause of piety and virtue."

"I do not," returned the pale and trembling girl, "entirely accord with you."

The lover fixed his eyes on her face with a look of painful investigation, but seeing nothing in her countenance short of the most intense earnestness and soul touching distress, he exclaimed in a voice of agitation, "Mary! what am I to understand by this language? I have never yet uttered the words 'I love' to you, or any woman living, because I had a sort of implied engagement with my mother, before I left home, that I would wait till I had, at least, six month's acquaintance with the object of my choice before I addressed such words to her; but I have in a thousand ways told you how infinitely dear you were to my heart. Yes! Mary! you must have long ago seen in my every look, and in every action, how entirely my soul is locked up in you, and yet you never gave me any reason to suppose that my devotion was displeasing to you. How then, best beloved of my heart! can you reconcile your present language with all that has passed? I am sure it is impossible that you can ever condescend to act the part of a coquette!"

Poor Mary sat in a state of the most agonizing distress. She knew that all he had said was perfectly true, and that he had a right to accuse her of the most flagrant and cruel injustice; and yet it was impossible for her to give any explanation of the cause of this seemingly shameful conduct. Trembling to such a degree that she could scarcely support herself on her seat, she remained silent, with her eyes fixed on the floor. At length Loraine, taking her passive hand and pressing it to his lips with fervor, said—

"My confidence in your purity and virtue, my own best beloved; nay, more, my belief in the noble integrity of your mind is such that I am persuaded it must be some idea of making a pious sacrifice that impels your present conduct; but remember, my Mary, that no service can be acceptable to God which involves a dereliction of principle, or a disregard of the duties we owe to our fellow creatures! Let me entreat you, therefore, to examine well the reasons you have for acting as you seem now disposed to do! Surely Mr. and Mrs. Deland could not have required such a sacrifice from you!"

"Oh! no! no!" cried Mary, with energy. "They

are unconscious of my intention, and must if possible ever remain ignorant of the motive."

"What then is it? Surely, my beloved, you will not deny me the trifling gratification of knowing what the power is to which I am expected to yield?"

"I cannot! dare not tell! And if you love me as you say you do; if one throb of humanity ever entered your bosom, cease, I entreat you, to urge me any further!" and as she spoke she raised to his face her beautiful eyes, from which the tears were streaming.

"But can you expect me," expostulated the lover, "to resign the dearest hopes that ever filled my breast without an effort to retain them? Can you imagine that I could give up a nearer view of Heaven than I had ever dreamed of earth's being able to afford, without struggling to hold the possession? Let me know the power to which I am expected to submit, and I promise you, solemnly, that if I find you have not been carried away with an overstrained conception of duty, I will yield with the same humble submission which you are yourself exercising."

"Oh! It is impossible! I am bound by a solemn promise, and all that I can do is to beg that you will forget me."

"Forget you, Mary!" exclaimed Loraine, with energy. "As well might you ask me to live without breathing, or to see after my eyes had been plucked out, as ask me to cease to love you. No! Mary! you are so closely woven with all the strings of life, that I can only cease to love when I cease to exist. Give me, then, at least the pledge that you will not bind yourself by any promise which would separate us forever, for the next six months, and I will endeavor to be satisfied."

"Alas!" replied Mary, in a voice of heart-broken sadness, "it is too late! I have already given the promise, and never can be yours!"

Loraine, who had risen in the excitement of feeling, turned as pale as death, tottered a few steps, and but for being near the mantel-piece, of which he caught hold, would undoubtedly have fallen. Mary on hearing the sound of his tottering steps raised her drooping head, and seeing the state he was in, flew to him.

"Dear Loraine!" she exclaimed, as she put her arm within his, and looked up in his face with all the tenderness and affection of her nature; "compose yourself, I entreat you! For my sake compose yourself! For, believe me, the burden I have to bear is already too heavy for my strength; and needs not the additional misery of seeing you suffer thus!" Making an effort to recover himself, the lover looked at her with an expression of delight as these involuntary effusions of affection burst from her lips.

"Yes! my beloved one," he said, whilst his eyes rested on her in all the radiancy of delighted affection, "I will be all and everything you desire, only tell me that the promise you have given is not such as to bind you to another."

"Oh! no! never! never! will I belong to another! Since I cannot be yours, Loraine, my only prayer will be that I may be so far purified from the grosser passions of human nature as to be fit to devote myself

wholly to the service of God. And if such should ever be my happy state, and I am able to pray for you, Loraine"—but here her agitation completely overcame her power of utterance, and leaning her head against his arm she sobbed in agony.

"My Mary! my own best beloved! we shall yet be happy. God will not countenance the separating of two hearts so sweetly, so firmly united. This cruel bondage, be it what it will, He will break, I am sure He will, and I shall yet have the bliss of calling you mine." And as he spoke, he attempted to pass his arm around her waist that he might fold her to his heart. But the effort immediately aroused Mary to her recollection, and disengaging herself from him, she re-seated herself with a look of composure and dignity that he at once wondered at and admired.

"This agitating conversation," she said, after a short pause, "is painful and injurious to us both; and the sooner it is terminated the better. Indeed I must beg that you will go," she continued, pressing her hand upon her head as she spoke, "for I feel unable to support myself any longer."

"I will go, my beloved," he said, "but this must not be the last time of my seeing you. A vow so suddenly extorted, and so hastily given as this must have been, (for last night when I left you your spirits appeared as light, and your mind as disengaged as usual) must not be yielded to without investigation. I cannot resign all my hopes of happiness without inquiring into the necessity. I must consult Mr. DeLand upon—"

"Oh! no," interrupted Mary, clasping her hands together, and holding them up in a supplicating attitude. "If you have any care for my future peace of mind, let me entreat you not to mention it to him, or any one. Promise me this, Loraine, or you know not how miserable you will make me."

"I do promise you, my sweet one," returned he, struck with pity at the look and tone of alarm with which she spoke. "But say that I shall see you again. And if your resolution still remains the same, that I shall at least have the satisfaction of receiving my fiat from your own lips. Till then I shall still hope your vow may be revoked, and I be made happy."

"It is registered in Heaven!" said Mary, solemnly, "and my fate is sealed! Farewell then, dear Loraine," she continued, with dignity. "Pray for me, that I may become pure enough to be worthy of the vocation I aspire to; and let me hear soon that you are happy." As she spoke, she held out her hand, which the young man was about to take, but impelled by an impulse which he could not restrain, he folded her in his arms, pressed her fondly to his heart, and imprinted a kiss for the first time in his life on her pure but colorless lips.

"Farewell! thou most perfect, most beloved of beings. Farewell till we meet again." And releasing her from his arms, he rushed out of the room.

"Oh! farewell forever!" cried Mary, and sinking on a chair, she covered her face with her hands and sobbed aloud. The state of agitation, however, that she had been in for so large a portion of the day, had so exhausted her that even this natural vent to her feelings soon dried up, and being exceedingly faint

and anxious, at the same time to avoid observation, she retired to her chamber, where, after reposing for an hour or two, and again offering up her supplications for fortitude and resignation, she succeeded in regaining such a degree of composure as enabled her to rejoin the family without increasing the anxiety of her kind friends, by any additional alarm on her account.

CHAPTER VIII.

On returning to the library, Mary found Eloise still lying much in the same state, and learned that her situation had given so much alarm to her parents, that unknown to her they had sent off for the physician. His arrival seemed to agitate and distress the invalid exceedingly, and it was with difficulty that her mother could prevail upon her to answer any of his questions. As he was the friend, however, as well as the physician of the family, he remained some hours, and whilst apparently engaged in conversation with the others, took opportunities of watching his patient when off her guard, and at length having satisfied himself with respect to her condition, he rose to go. Mr. and Mrs. DeLand both followed him to the door, when he declared it to be his decided opinion that the seat of her disease was in the mind, and recommended travelling as soon as the season would permit, as the most likely means of restoring her health. Fully approving of the prescribed cure, though not believing in the supposed cause, the anxious parents returned to the library; when the father, bending over his daughter, said, with his usual gentle playfulness, "Eloise, the doctor ascribes your sickness to disappointment at Ellison's departure."

"And let him. He is welcome," said the invalid, languidly.

"Well, take care of yourself, my sweet, little daughter," said the kind father, as he stroked the luxuriant flaxen ringlets from the marble brow of his beloved child, "and do not break your heart because that self-willed man would not stay to be laughed at; and, as soon as fine weather comes, we will go and take a long journey. Perhaps we may even visit that far-famed country which this strange man comes from."

"I shall see a much better country before that time," replied the daughter. Mary looked at Eloise and wondered how she could thus distress her father, who immediately made an excuse for leaving the room to hide, as Mary was well assured, the agitation she had excited. This wonder was the greater as she was convinced from all that had passed, that the invalid did not really believe herself to be in danger, nay, that she even flattered herself that if Loraine were once divested of all hope of Mary's ever being his, a revival of the preference which she believed he had once bestowed upon her would be the natural consequence, and in the generosity of her heart, Mary determined that she would never in any way be the means of obstructing such a consummation.

From this time little occurred to disturb the quiet monotony of their lives. Loraine had for a week or

two written almost daily to Mary, using every argument that affection could prompt to induce her to change her resolution; and when he failed in this to beg to be permitted another interview before he left the country, as it was his intention shortly to do. But she pleaded so pathetically to be spared the trial, and represented so strongly the ineffectualness of such a meeting, that he generously gave up his own wishes for the sake of sparing the feelings of the being he so fondly loved. The change which had taken place between these young people of course had not passed unobserved by Mr. and Mrs. Deland, but such was their confidence in the prudence and right feeling of this beloved child of their adoption, that they determined not to distress her with questions as long as she remained silent on the subject; so that when a note came to Mrs. Deland from Loraine, taking leave of herself and the rest of the family, and thanking them in the handsomest manner for their kindness, she simply expressed her regret for his loss, but without saying anything that seemed to call for an explanation. Still, however, she could not divest herself of the suspicion that Mary had acted precipitately in consequence, perhaps of some little pique, and thus been guilty of an act of injustice, which would ere long bring with it the bitter pangs of repentance, which to a mind so acutely sensitive would, she feared, destroy the springs and energies of life. And indeed it would have been difficult for a stranger to determine which of these lovely beings was likely to be the first to repose in her place of rest, for though Mary still moved about, and zealously shared with her aunt the office of nurse to Eloise, the color had almost entirely forsaken her cheeks, her form was rapidly wasting, and the step which had so lately been all lightness and elasticity, was now slow and languid; whilst the sweet music of her voice was scarcely ever heard. In vain for her did the days begin to lengthen, and the light green of the maple and the willow put forth. No longer did she notice the tulip shaped buds of the hickory, welcome the green bulbs of the daffodil, or hail the little blue birds that came to speak to them of spring. Spring, the approach of which she had been wont to watch with so much delight. Spring, the season of flowers, those sweet personifications of every beautiful idea, had now no charms for her. Eloise was fast sinking into a youthful tomb, and though Mary never could regret the effort she had made to save her, she felt that her all of earthly happiness had been sacrificed in vain. Her aunt and uncle, with a sort of tacit acknowledgment that the thing was hopeless, had ceased to speak of travelling, and had, contrary to their previous intentions, sent for Adelaide from school; while Theodore, who had been for the last few months on business for his father in the South, was urged to hasten home. All these things Mary looked upon as certain indications that they considered Eloise's life drawing near to a close; but to the young invalid herself they only appeared as natural preparations for the absence from home that had been so long contemplated; and though she was now too weak to sit up in a chair unsupported, she still talked of getting well as the weather became warmer, nor ever even to Mary spoke of death, or

her wish to die, as she had formerly done. Indeed she astonished Mary exceedingly, one day, by asking if she knew whether Loraine were still in England, and whether she thought it probable that they would see him should they visit that country. Mary felt surprised, and even shocked at the state of mind that these questions evinced; but ever kind and considerate, she attributed it to the weakness of disease, and pitied instead of blaming the sufferer.

Mr. Deland one day entered the library where his wife, Mary and Adelaide were all seated around the couch of the invalid. "I have," said that parent, "just received a very important epistle, and as it is a general concern I will read it aloud." But to make the intelligence understood, we must premise a short explanation. Mrs. Deland's father, and of course Mary's grandfather, had been a very rich planter in St. Domingo, before the revolt of the blacks in that country, and had several years previous to the period of which we are speaking, authorized a gentleman fully qualified for the business, to see after the recovery of the claims he had on the French government, in consequence of the immense losses he had sustained by the revolution; and the letter which Mr. Deland read was from that gentleman, saying that the money was received, and he only waited for instructions to forward it.

"Let us all go to Paris together to get it!" cried Eloise, with as much animation as though she were in the hey day of health and vigor. "And as expense will not now be an object of so much consideration, Adelaide too can be of the party. Hurry me and Mary, to get ready, and I will hurry to get well. You two heiresses will really have a delightful errand to Paris, to go and receive your fortunes." As she spoke, she turned to those she addressed with a look of surprise at their silence, and was struck at the sight of the big tears that trembled in the eyes of each, while Adelaide cast her eyes on the floor as if at a loss how to look. There are times when the mind remains abtusely insensible to the most self-evident truths, and others again when trifles light as air in an instant strike conviction to the heart. And thus it was with the dying girl. In a moment the book of fate was opened before her, and she read her own approaching death in clear and legible characters.

A scream escaped her as the reality of her situation presented itself to her mind, and she covered her face with her thin, white hands, as if to shut out the frightful truth. Her father, unable to encounter the painful scene, had left the room; and Adelaide, anxious at all times to act the comforter to her almost idolized parent, had immediately followed him; whilst as if by one impulse Mrs. Deland and Mary sunk on their knees by the side of the couch. Long and earnestly did they pray for the poor sufferer; and when at length in compliance with her request they arose, they found her countenance composed, but a dark and settled gloom pervaded her every feature. From that time she scarcely ever spoke to any one, further than to answer any question that was put to her respecting her personal wants. This state of mind was exceedingly distressing to all, but especially to her gentle, amiable and truly pious mother, for in spite of all her

maternal fondness, she could see nothing in it but the frowardness of a spoiled child; which, though obliged to submit, was too wayward to do so without grumbling at that which it could not resist. And such had ever been Eloise's disposition. She had never learned to discipline her mind to the pious duty of submission. All her excellence lay in the possession of those qualities which gave her such dominion over those around her, that they were willing to be led by her, so that she, perhaps, unknown to either herself or Mary, had been a powerful instrument in the hand of Providence in the formation of that perfect pattern of humility and gentleness that her cousin had ever exhibited. For a considerable time Mr. and Mrs. Deland watched with great anxiety to see their beloved invalid discover some signs of wishing for the services of a clergyman, and had often consulted together on the duty of proposing to her to send for one; but as often parental tenderness shrunk from the idea of distressing and agitating her. They were, however, very much relieved by the arrival of Theodore, for whom Eloise had always evinced a great partiality, as well as a degree of deference that she but seldom discovered for any other person. And it was with unspeakable delight that they saw, after he had been at home a few days, and had devoted himself as he did most unremittingly to the comfort and support of his dying sister, that a gradual change evidently took place in her countenance and manner. At first affection, unassisted by religion, might have hesitated in pronouncing the alteration to be for the better, for she only became agitated and restless instead of gloomy and composed; but the parents knew the human heart too well not to see in that uneasiness the awakening of conscience, the only sure preparation for penitence and pardon; nor was it long before their suspicions were confirmed by Theodore's requesting his father to send for a clergyman. Though there was not one within several miles of them, he obeyed the summons in an incredibly short time. He spent several hours with the dying girl, and when at length he took his leave, he left her calm, placid and resigned. No cloud now rested on her lovely countenance, she trusted she had made her peace with her Maker, and was consequently at peace herself, and with all the world. As if Providence had kindly spared her till Theodore's return, that her parents might have all their children to support and comfort them, she gently breathed her last, whilst her brother and Mary, who were both sitting beside her at the time, believed she was yet sleeping.

CHAPTER IX.

EIGHT months had passed over since the young and beautiful Eloise had been laid in her peaceful grave, over which the lily, the province rose, and the exquisitely pure japonica had each bloomed in succession, under the watchful care of Mary and Adelaide, and had each in their turn withered and died like her beneath them. Even the white cluster rose, which seemed for a long time determined to resist the howling storms of winter, and had clung to the white marble stone that stood at the head of the grave, as if

in imitation of the hope of the Christian, had been at last obliged to give way, and a sheet of snow, cold and white as she it enshrouded, had long covered the spot where they had been. The first bitter tears had given way to a soft and not unpleasing sadness. The father's manly spirit had again revived, and the mother's sweet and gentle nature had again begun to find relief in her duties and her religion. Adelaide had returned to school; and Theodore, whose grief for the death of a sister, who had ever marked him with distinguished tenderness, had again began occasionally to mix amongst his young companions. The money from France had been received, which, however, Mary would gladly have declined taking any of, though the sum was sufficient to place her not only in a state of independence but of affluence, had not her uncle positively insisted upon its being properly invested in her own name, and at her own disposal. The death of Eloise had been deeply felt by Mary, for they had been so closely united during the whole of their lives, that when deprived of her it had seemed as though she had lost a part of herself; and as from this, and her other cause of deep rooted sorrow, her health continued rapidly to decline, her kind friends began to be seriously apprehensive that it would not be very long before she again rested by the side of her who had been her companion through life. On her account, therefore, they once more began to talk of travelling as soon as the spring should unfold its flowery breast to be fanned by soft breezes. Mary, however, invariably objected to the proposition, declaring that her only wish was to remain as much as possible in the quiet seclusion of home. Earnestly had she prayed to be enabled to regard him, who had so long possessed her whole heart, in the light only of a brother; but in vain, for her heart was as fondly and devotedly engrossed by the same object as ever. She was one day sitting alone, for Mr. and Mrs. Deland were gone to pay a visit of sympathy to an old friend, who had, like themselves, deposited a beloved child in the grave, when she was aroused from the melancholy musings in which she had been long engrossed, by the sound of sleigh bells. Expecting to see her aunt and uncle, though surprised at their early return, she went to the window and caught a slight glance of a gentleman in deep mourning, crossing the piazza and about to enter the front door. A certain alertness in the step convinced her it was not her uncle, and her next thought was to escape to her chamber to avoid the sight of a stranger; but before she had time to do this the parlor door opened, and she beheld Loraine.

The suddenness of the surprise, we might almost say shock, united to the weak state of her bodily frame, was too much for her, and she sunk instantly in a state of insensibility on the floor. She had lain in that situation for a considerable time, when gradually sounds, sweet as the voices of angels, seemed to be floating in the air and falling softly on her ear, and by degrees she distinguished the words, "Mary, my beloved! My adored Mary! open those beautiful eyes, and let me see that you live!" Scarcely knowing whether all was not a dream, Mary attempted to raise her head from the sofa on which Loraine had

placed her, and to look around. In a moment the lover in a transport of joy clasped her in his arms. "My love! my wife!" he exclaimed, as he held her passionately to his heart, "say that you forgive the pain I have caused you, and that you are now well and as happy as your devoted lover!" Mary, now fully restored to consciousness, disengaging herself from his embrace, walked with an air of offended dignity to a chair at some little distance, and sat down in silence. Loraine stood for an instant, transfixed and stupefied; but the unequivocal proof that he had just had of his power over her heart, happily came to his recollection, and drawing a chair gently to her side, he said, "can you wonder, my beloved! that my delight at once more seeing you, should have driven me a little beyond the bounds of mere etiquette?"

"You seem to have forgotten," returned Mary, both speaking and looking with chilling coldness; "that the barrier which exists between us, makes this language altogether improper."

"I am not come without my credentials, Mary!" he replied, with mildness, but not without an air of offended feeling. "I have a letter here," and as he spoke, he took one from his pocket, "written with a dying hand, by one whom I mourn as sincerely as ever brother mourned a beloved sister. Read it, Mary! and you will see that I have not acted from mere head-strong impetuosity." Mary took the letter, and as well as her agitation would permit, she read the following:—

"To CHARLES LORAIN, Esq.

"The near approach of death, which calls for a strict self-examination, has at length made me sensible of my cruelty and injustice toward one of the noblest and loveliest of human beings. Loraine I am dying, and before we meet again I shall have risen above the little feelings of humanity, which would blush at the acknowledgment I am now about to make, even though it were to perform an act of duty, and to make restitution to the injured. I have loved you, Loraine! Since the first evening we met you have had entire possession of my heart; and never having been in the habit of practising the difficult task of submitting, the fatal passion soon acquired an uncontrollable power over my mind. I struggled, but, alas! my struggle was not to subdue, but merely to conceal, and when at last Mary became acquainted with the nature of the poison that lay at my heart, and generously offered to resign all her fond hopes of happiness for my sake, I was so wicked, so

selfish, so unprincipled as to accept the sacrifice, in the vain and foolish hope that when convinced you could never possess her, you might turn your thoughts toward me. The result was what might have been expected, and what I deserved: and I now thank my God that he did not grant success to my plans, and thus lead me on, step by step, to a deeper and darker course of sin. Mary has ever since been the affectionate friend, the tender nurse, and the uncomplaining sufferer; her heart, I can see by her pale cheek and wasted form, is still yours, and I trust she will be rewarded for all she has endured, by that sweet union which two such hearts are alone calculated to secure.

"Farewell, Loraine! Forgive and pray for me; and if the departed have the power of watching over those who still remain behind, you and she whom you so fondly love, will ever be the objects of the tenderest care of Eloise.

"Theodore will forward this letter to you as soon as the last sigh has escaped my bosom."

When Mary had finished reading this letter, she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and gave vent to a violent gush of tears. Loraine left her for a time to indulge this natural burst of feeling; but as her emotion began to subside, he said with tenderness, "you see, dearest, I have not acted without authority; and there is now nothing to oppose my calling you mine."

But before Mary had time to reply, her uncle and aunt returned from their ride. A succession of surprises, however, seemed to await the agitated girl this morning, for instead of expressing astonishment at the sight of Loraine, they received him as one who had been much longer in coming than they had expected; and she soon learned that Theodore had, at his sister's request, shown her letter to his parents after her death, and that Mr. Deland had received a subsequent letter from Loraine, saying it was his intention to be with them in the course of a few weeks; but her relatives with their usual consideration had avoided giving Mary any intimation of these things, from a conviction that it would be more agreeable to her feelings to receive them from her lover himself. And not a little had they congratulated themselves on the course they had pursued, as the long time he was in making his appearance had begun to raise an alarm in their minds, even for his life itself. Two successive shipwrecks had indeed put that life in no small danger; but now he was come, and it is scarcely necessary for us to add, that after a proper time had elapsed, he was united to his beloved Mary.

DEATH TAKES THE LOVELIEST.

BEND thee in sorrow,
Our fairest hath passed:
Weep while the morrow
Grows dim o'er the waste—
For the light of her footsteps
Hath passed away,
And the morning of Hope
Is wrapped in decay.

The beautiful vanish
And fade from our view;
Has memory lost them,
Is love the less true?

No—fadeless and priceless
They bloom ever there—
As live in yon Heaven
The sainted, the fair.

Jesus hath hallowed
The tribute we pay,
And wept o'er the tomb
Where a Lazarus lay—
So the fond mother weeping
All widowed and lone,
While she bends to the chastener,
Still weeps and loves on.

P. W.

THE WIFE.

A TALE OF MEXICO.

BY MAYNE REID.

"One—two—three—six—yes, it is just now six years, Inez—six short, happy years since that most happy day of my life when you promised to make me blessed—and well have you kept that promise, Inez—yes, well have you kept it. You have been to me all that the most favored husband could wish, kind, constant and truthful; and the slight, yet painful fears that I once had of you, Inez, have all perished before six years of unwavering fidelity. All—all!"

The husband kissed the forehead of his young and beautiful wife—a slight blush was on the cheek of Inez. He saw it and continued—

"Fears did I say, Inez? Do not misunderstand me—not fears that you, my wife, should ever prove false to your marriage vow. No, Inez, such a thought could never gain admission in this heart. Too well know I thy purity of heart, thy soul of honor—it was not this, but sometimes, I confess me, the painful suspicion would cloud my mind, that—that—before our happy but somewhat unequal union, your heart might have been given to some more youthful lover."

The blush upon the cheek of Inez became deeper, and her eyes were suddenly averted.

"It was a hard lot thine, sweet girl, to be linked with one who might seem thy father—a hard lot, and for the first years of our marriage I did repent me for thy sake, Inez—for thy sake. I have done all that a husband could do to cheer your path over what might be a thorny road. All that my wealth could purchase you have controlled—have I not been kind to you, Inez?"

"You have, sir—you have——"

"I would not be so unkind now as to remind you of this, but to say my heart, Inez, is full—full of happiness—you have far more than outdone me in kindness, in faith, in your gentle and constant devotion; and when I look into your eyes as now, and kiss your sweet lips, and hold you in my arms thus, as on the day of our bridal, the old soldier, Inez, feels his youth returning. I feel myself the happiest man in the valley of Mexico."

General Leon gazed long and lovingly in the eyes of his beautiful wife. At intervals he kissed the white Castilian brow and the blushing cheek. They sat for some time in silence. His happiness was too full to allow him its further expression in words. The thoughtful manner of Inez betrayed a strange admixture of feelings, in which, perhaps, duty and gratitude predominated. The picture was by no means strange or uncommon—a scene enacted every day. Youth and beauty in the embrace of age and wealth. And yet you could not call Leon an old man. There was no sign of old age in the glance of that keen, dark eye,

and though the brow was slightly furrowed, and the hair silvered, it was the work of many a campaign, and that form was still firm and unbending, and that step still preserved the springy elasticity of youth. No, Leon was not an old man. He might have passed his forty-fifth year. It was the contrast, however, that struck you, for she was certainly not over twenty-three. She had married, as is the custom of her land, in the precocity of almost childhood—and according to that custom too, where the bride's will has but little to do in the choice of the bridegroom. A story of every day life. A history of frequent occurrence. Inez was the daughter of a poor merchant. Leon was a general, distinguished and enriched by the revolutionary struggles of his unhappy country. He had retired from military life since his marriage, and devoted all his time to the happiness of his young wife. He loved her with his full heart. It was this very love, that during the first years of their wedded life, had rendered him wary, perhaps suspicious. His was not a blind devotion—for Leon was a man of the world, and had but little faith in the doctrine of woman's infallibility. His jealousy—if we might term it so—had never assumed a substantial form as it knew no object, and only sprung from the disparity of their years. The existence of such a feeling he had always scrupulously concealed from Inez, and it only existed in the earlier years of their marriage.

Now that six years of tried constancy had passed over, without one occurrence to ruffle the calm of his growing confidence, all these earlier suspicions had disappeared, and the old soldier began to think that his manhood and fame, perhaps—his unbounded and untiring kindness and devotion had reached the heart of his young wife, and that he was beloved in turn. This too is an uncommon chapter in the heart's history. There was nothing in the conduct of Inez that would seem to contradict this belief. If so, it might be that she seemed *too* faithful, *too* devoted to her unequal mate. The tongue of slander, however, which is no where more malignant than in the circles of Mexican society, had never whispered aught to her dishonor, and all that could be cavilled at in her character, was her strange but sweet melancholy. This dreamy thoughtfulness had been often remarked; and when one of her friends rallied her upon it, an effort on her part to shake it off or conceal it could easily be observed. This melancholy too had done much to keep alive the unhappy suspicions of Leon. Six years, however, and no change. "It must then," thought he, "be habitual, constitutional," and thus did the fond, doting husband fling himself upon the roses of a trusting affection.

The short dialogue, or rather monologue we have above recorded, occurred in the verandah of a beautiful mansion in Tacubaya. It was the month of August, when the wealthy families of Mexico desert their prison palaces in the city, to pass their summer hours in the sweet villages of San Angel, Ilalpam, Tacubaya and Mizcoac. The house of Leon was one of the finest in Tacubaya, with all the advantages of a garden richly cultivated, fountains and bright shrubberies. Everything that wealth, and a cultivated taste could suggest, were so disposed as to make it a home worthy of the beautiful Inez de Mora. Leon and his young wife sat in the verandah. Articles of luxury lay around:—everything likely to gratify the caprice of a beautiful woman. The great gate was open, as these were times of peace, under the administration of the wise Herrera. The scene was such a one as would lead to love its most romantic and poetical interest. Orange trees growing out of the marble pavement of the “patio,” dropped their bright green leaves into a crystal fountain, that sprinkled them with the cool waters of the Southern Sierra. Red and gold fish played in the snow white basin. The lorito, perched upon the boughs of a sweet lemon tree, uttered its mimic cry; and two or three beautiful Indian pea-fowls stalked proudly around the fountain, vain of their dazzling shadows reflected in the smooth surface of the water. Leon felt the influence of the scene, and sat for a time with Inez in his arms, fondly gazing upon her beautiful face, and kissing her with a tender and confiding affection. A slight noise at the entrance to the patio roused him from his reverie of love. A foot was on the marble pavement, and after a short dialogue between the porter and some one at the gate, a servant in a rich livery entered.

The latter passing up the verandah after a respectful salute, handed a small billet to Dona Inez, and again bowing, turned and walked away as he had come. There was nothing unusual in this occurrence.

Inez opened the note and read it. It ran as follows:

“DEAREST INEZ.—On Sunday evening I intend giving a little masquerade. I will expect you of course with the General. Let me know before hand in what character you will come. At ten o’clock we will be ready to receive you. Yours,
LUIZA GORDOA.”

Inez handed the note to her husband with an exclamation of delight, tempered, however, with a slight anxiety as to the effect the invitation might produce upon him. An ill-concealed feeling of unhappiness appeared upon the countenance of the general as he ran his eye over its contents.

He folded the note and returned it with the simple observation—

“I never approved of these masquerades. They are among the worst of our national follies.”

“But you will go, Leon?”

“Do you wish it, Inez?”

“How disappointed will Luisa be.”

“The rich widow will have a thousand others to console her.”

Inez was silent. Leon sat for a moment without

looking up. He was evidently embarrassed. After a pause he continued—

“But, dearest Inez, you wish to go to this ball—we shall go then—and when I bethink me it is two years since you attended one, I have been much to blame—forgive me, Inez, but I am so happy with you alone—these amusements cannot add to my happiness—with you it may be different.”

Inez made no reply. The first refusal though slight, had checked her enthusiasm, and though wishing to go, she could no longer urge it. She had been wounded. Leon perceived this, and now in turn began to feign a desire to attend the masquerade, and a servant was despatched to the Dona Luisa with a note accepting the invitation. Sunday evening came round, and Leon and his wife had made the necessary preparations for attending the masked ball, and now awaited the hour of ten o’clock. The servant announced the carriage in waiting, when Leon, who had been complaining during the day of a slight indisposition, felt the symptoms of his malady increase, and declared his intention to remain at home.

Inez commenced unwinding the rebozo from her beautiful head and shoulders.

“No, Inez, you shall not remain—the carriage will let you down at the house of Luisa—she will look to you——”

Inez objected.

“Go,” continued Leon, “or I shall be forced to accompany you at the risk of my health—go, dearest Inez, for I shall certainly not remain at your expense.”

The young wife kissed her husband, and half reluctantly entering her carriage, was driven to the house of her friend. The general returned to his chamber, and after taking some medicine that stood upon the side-table, threw himself heavily upon his bed, but not to sleep.

There was a large assemblage at the house of the rich widow. Dona Luisa was still beautiful, a belle, and one of the leaders of fashion. Her house was the resort of the elegant and intriguing society of the Mexican capital. Inez was lost in the gay whirl of fashion. The life of domestic seclusion which she led as the wife of Leon, had wholly unfitted her for such society, and after two or three unsuccessful attempts to enjoy herself among the votaries of pleasure, she retired to a seat on one of the balconies that opened upon the gardens. Here she undid her mask, and breathed in the fresh air that came laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers. Leaning against the railing of the balcony, she sat gazing out upon a fountain that rippled and sparkled beneath the clear moonlight. She had not remained long in this position, when a form glided from among the dancers and dropped into a seat near her, and directly opposite. This person was disguised in a mask and black domino, but the voice was that of a man.

“Why so pensive, lady? Are you wearied with the dance already?”

“Sir!” said Inez, starting, for she had not until now perceived that she was not alone.

“You seem to take but little pleasure in these masquerading revels? One so beautiful as you—perhaps some memories of happier days——”

"Sir," muttered Inez, with indignation in her tone and manner, "I would be alone—will you favor me by seeking some other on whom to lavish your cheap flattery—leave me, sir!"

As she said this she re-adjusted her mask, which till now she had been holding in her hand.

"Ah! cruel—cruel Inez." A deep sigh escaped from the stranger. Inez started, and turning a scrutinizing look upon the disguised figure, said in a half whisper—

"Who are you, sir, that you know me?"

"Who does not know the beautiful Inez Leon? I once knew Inez de Mora, knew her in her happy hours of childhood—in her spring of bright womanhood, when she would not thus have repelled—Inez, Inez, would that I had never known you!"

"Oh! Sir—Fernando—spare me—leave me."

"I will, Inez, but not now—one moment—one short respite from the agony of six years—one hour of that delirious joy your presence produces."

"Oh! Fernando, if you love me—if you ever loved me, be generous—leave me—leave me!"

"Loved you, Inez?—for six long years since that fatal night when you became a living sacrifice to wealth, to the idol of a parent's sacrifice—have I banished myself from you—but never could I banish your image from my heart—in the camp—in the battle-field—through the long campaign your memory has sustained me—the memory of our young love—but now to return to see you once again—to hear you pronounce my name—to press——"

"Nay, do not—Fernando, for your life. Oh! let us part forever—forever!"

"In one hour I shall go hence—perhaps never to return—do not deny me the only solace of long suffering years—tell me, Inez—tell me, do you still love me?"

"Oh! it is sinful."

"It was sinful to rob me of my rightful love. Say it, Inez—give me at least this consolation—it will cheer me through the absent hours—say it, Inez."

Inez was for a moment silent struggling with her feelings. The tone, the manner of the young man was one of extreme agony, and it touched her to the heart. Would she suffer him to depart without this assurance, to him so dear? To her how little did it cost?—how little? Not little. In this lay the secret of her melancholy life. Love struggled with duty. The strife was soon over. Leaning forward, so that her face almost touched the mask of the stranger, she whispered in a trembling voice—

"Fernando, my heart is unchanged."

The young officer started with a thrill of delight, and in the wild gush of passionate excitement, he caught the small, white hand half unresisting, and carried it to his lips.

A dark figure interposed—a strong arm struck the hand from his lips, a deep curse was heard from the intruder, who seizing the slender waist of Inez, hurried her from the house. The wheels of a carriage rattled along the pavement and stopped at the house of General Leon.

The young man did not awake from his surprise until Inez had disappeared. It was too late to follow.

He who had carried her off had, doubtless, the right. Strange consolation.

Leon sat in the hall of his house, apparently reading the "Diario." His thoughts were not upon the paper or the matter it contained. The stern and rigid look—the compression of his thin lips, spoke of some secret and firm resolve. At intervals his glance turned upon a small door, which opened toward his wife's chamber. It was late in the day, and Inez had not yet made her appearance. He had sent for her. The door at length opened, and the young wife entered the room pale and suffering, but through her anguish their shone a look of proud innocence. She seated herself upon a sofa without turning her eyes upon her husband. There was a painful moment of silence interrupted by Leon.

"You have broken down in one moment the hopes, the confidence which it had taken years to establish—you have destroyed the only illusion of my miserable life—you have betrayed the sacred——"

"Sir——"

"Nay—nay—explanations are of no use now—thinkest thou I have neither eyes nor ears?—thinkest thou that I am likely to play the fool of a doting husband?—no, madam, your intrigue has ended—and your villainous paramour has not another day to live—for you I shall take better care of hereafter."

A stifled scream of anguish—a proud look of defiance, such only as wronged and insulted innocence can give, was the only reply.

Leon gazed for a moment upon his beautiful wife—in his eyes now too painfully beautiful, and with a stride of bitter determination he left the room. As he passed out of the great doorway the porter, at a sign from his master, locked the gate and disappeared. Every house in Mexico is a prison. Inez was a prisoner.

Leon strode on chafing with himself as he went. A carriage stood ready in the piazza of the village. Entering this, he ordered the driver to take him to the city. The carriage stopped in front of a large hotel in the Calle Correo. Leon, by inquiry, had ascertained that here the young officer of his last night's adventure stopped. He descended from the carriage, and without asking any questions from the porter, passed in and walked up stairs. In a few seconds he found the room occupied by the object of his search.

The young man started up from a table where he had been engaged in writing, and confronted his visitor, whose want of ceremony at entering somewhat surprised him.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the officer.

"That you shall know in time—first let me make secure against your escape."

Leon locked the door, putting the key in his pocket, from which he drew forth a pair of pistols.

"Do you mean to assassinate me?" asked the young man, in a tone of deliberate calmness.

"Sir, I am a gentleman, although you are not—choose one of these pistols."

"And for what?"

"That you will understand when I remind you of your base conduct at the masquerade."

"General Leon—for I presume you are he—reflect, sir—you do me a wrong."

"Take the pistol, sir."

"I cannot fight you, sir."

"Cannot!—you are a coward, sir, as well as a scoundrel—take the weapon, sir, and do not make me a murderer."

"I am no coward, General Leon."

"Then, sir, act like a man."

"You shall have your wish."

Almost involuntarily the young officer took one of the pistols from the hand of his adversary and stepped back. The breadth of the room, about six paces, separated them. "One—two—three—fire!" These words were hastily uttered by Leon, and with the last bullet from his pistol harmlessly passed the head of his adversary and lodged in the wall.

"If you wish to try it again I will change pistols with you—mine is still loaded."

Leon gnashed his teeth with rage, as he flung his pistol upon the floor; then grasping his sword, he drew it, and called upon the officer to "fire and defend himself." Fernando flung the loaded pistol upon the table, and drawing his sword stood on the defence. After a few passes, the sword of Leon fell upon the floor. Thus foiled and disarmed in a double sense, Leon ran toward the table for the remaining pistol, intending to use it on himself. By some fatality his eye fell upon the paper at which Fernando had been writing, and which he saw was addressed to himself. He read—

"GENERAL LEON—SIR—You may slight any explanation of the occurrence of last night. I do not wish to absolve myself. The friendship—the love of a whole life found its first expression for six years in that moment of imprudence for your wife. She is innocent—innocent of any anticipation of that meeting—innocent of having given any consent to the rude liberty of which you were the witness. I alone am guilty—on me then let fall the consequences."

EL CAPITAN FERNANDO."

Leon crushed the paper into his pocket, and rushed from the room.

About three years after the occurrences detailed above, one of those revolutions so common in Mexico broke out, and civil war raged in the capital of that devoted country.

It was mid-winter, and General Leon was residing in his house in the city, a fine palace in the

Calle Cadenas. Time, which softens and subdues the keenest pangs, had mellowed his sufferings, and if not happy, he had ceased to suffer the deep agony which he had felt after the occurrence of the masquerade. The zeal and devotedness of Inez—her attention to his slightest wishes, had in some degree restored confidence, if not happiness to his health, and the circumstances of the adventure at Tacubaya were never alluded to.

In the city of Mexico, in civil revolutions, men do their fighting from the cupolas of churches and convents, and from the roofs of their houses.

Among other houses that it became necessary for one of the contending parties to occupy with troops, was that of Leon. A company of soldiers had entered below at the great gate, which, having securely barricaded, they ascended to the azotia. This they occupied for several days, contending with their adversaries, who occupied some buildings at a distance.

The soldiers came down by turns into the house to cook their food, but in spite of all the invitations of Leon, their captain, whom Leon had never seen, refused to descend to the table. On the first day several wounded men were carried down from the roof, and attended by the servants of the general with the utmost care. Others were carried down on the following day. It was at last reported that the captain of the party had received a severe—perhaps a mortal wound—but still refused to leave his post on the azotia. Hearing this Leon used every entreaty, sending servant after servant to prevail upon the wounded officer to abandon his dangerous position and enter his house. The captain at length consented, his wound becoming worse. He was carried down into a chamber and placed upon one of the couches, where the old general and his servants attended upon him. Every hour brought the wounded man nearer his end. In those wasted and attenuated features—wasted not alone by wounds and loss of blood—General Leon did not recognize the Captain Fernando. A truer instinct taught the Dona Inez who was their guest. She leaned for a moment over the couch, and then fell lifeless upon the almost lifeless form of her first and only love. She was scarcely carried from the apartment when Captain Fernando breathed his last.

A few short years and Leon, broken-hearted, found rest in the grave. Inez preceded him, but hers was the grave of the maniac.

E V E N I N G S O N G .

STAR of my life! the evening shades
Fast thicken o'er my dwelling,
And every air that whispers near
Some thought of thee is telling—
Even as the night in darkness waits
The halo of its star;
To thee my soul in mem'ry turns
Where'er thou roamest afar.

Oh! if to thee this lonely hour
My memory stealth near—
Be sure thou kindly greetest me,
Though I may not listen near:
Beam o'er me with thy tender smiles,
As starlight o'er the sea;
And I will be a sea of love,
Reflecting naught but thee.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Continued from Page 142.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Alas, that man's success should move
The very charm that wakes his love." MARMION.

WHY is it that man, even in selfishness, will never become wise enough to learn that neglect or wrong to the woman who loves him dashes away the bloom from his own fruit—the dew from the leaves that shelter it? The woman's heart, exposed to constant neglect and wrong, is certain either to wither and yield up the strength of its best affections, or what is far worse, harden into cold and reckless indifference, allowing the pure sympathies that have been rejected to freeze over and petrify in her heart, as we sometimes find wild blossoms buried in the stone, which chance and time has consolidated around them; blossoms existing still, but so fettered and choked up from light and air, that they remain inert and dead in every thing but form and color. Thus until the rock is broken in twain, we know not that it was ever pliant and yielding enough to fold a wild blossom in its cold centre.

A good and a warm young heart was that which Catharine of Braganza brought to her kingly husband—rich in feeling, ardent, sincere, impulsive, she was a feeble match for the careless manner but unyielding will of a husband, whose selfishness was not the less intense that it was bland, nor the less oppressive that it was carelessly urged.

Since her ride in Greenwich Park, when all her gentle hopes of regaining her husband's love were so heartlessly crushed, Catharine seemed to have changed her character. Hopeless and heart sick with a struggle against the will of her husband, and the insolence of a rival now more shameless than ever, the poor queen yielded unresisting to her fate; she had lost all strength to resist, and dashing aside at once her woman's tears and her queenly pride, she flung herself with reckless gaiety into the whirl of her husband's profligate court. But her gaiety was all excitement; her wild spirits so unnatural that they broke up and almost destroyed those traits of deep feminine tenderness and womanly dignity that had at first rendered her so interesting.

And now the bad, bold Castlemain became in everything but name Queen of England. Catharine submitted to her empire without any of the fruitless struggles that had marked her bridal life. Together these two women were constantly seen before the people. They rode in the same carriage, promenaded

the same walks—danced in the same set. Indeed Charles seemed only desirous of parading his unmanly triumph over the moral sense of a frail woman before his subjects in a manner most degrading to himself and her.

Poor Francesca felt the evil effects of the change, and her palace life became more difficult of endurance than her free wanderings had been. The tranquillity for which she had struggled with all the might of her young heart, gave way from the time her eyes fell upon Lord Bowdon in the king's presence chamber. Then her heart spoke out in the single cry that rose from it as her look met his, and from that hour she became timid and restless as a imprisoned bird who knows that its mate is hovering near the gilded bars of its cage. Oh! how eagerly she watched—how earnestly she hoped for his presence after that. How wild and groundless seemed the reasons that, in her cooler moments, had been enough to drive her from the shelter of Lord Bowdon's roof. The sweet hours that she had spent there—the words that he had uttered—the looks of love, so deep, so earnest, so pure, with which he had regarded her—all came back upon her memory with a vividness that made her heart tremble within her. Her soul seemed given up to one yearning wish—wishes to see and talk with him again.

But Lord Bowdon came no more to the palace. Suddenly as he presented himself did he seem to disappear from those kingly haunts, without a word or sign for her. She went to Guilo, for her soul absolutely panted for sympathy, and when the boy questioned her with his dark and loving eyes, she told him all—the keen suffering that she had endured, the resistless desire that possessed her to see Lord Bowdon again.

Guilo listened to her with gentle attention; none of those gleams of jealous love that had formerly fired his eyes were discernible now. His new home oppressed him—he also had learned to contrast the meretricious glitter of a vicious court with the lofty and wholesome simplicity of their home at Bowdon. Compared with those that formed the household and visitors of the countess, Lord Bowdon seemed to the pure and simple heart of Guilo like an angel, whose wing might yet give holy shelter to him and his sister.

Guilo expressed all this to his Francesca as they sat together in the dim light of the queen's apartment, and the young girl was greatly comforted. But a new source of uneasiness arose to the gentle girl. It was long before she could be made fully aware that

the gallant speeches and studied attentions of Sir John Payton had any serious result in view; and when that gentleman did at last make his hopes fully understood, the young girl shrank from him with absolute terror. She might never see Lord Bowdon again, but the very thought of another made her whole sensitive nature thrill painfully, as if an outrage had been offered to its idol. She refused Sir John with gentle dignity—a princess might have declined his homage with as few words, without compromising her pride. That Sir John was noble, handsome, comparatively rich, never entered her mind; her first impulse was one of pure surprise that he should have believed it possible that one who had ever lived beneath the same roof with Lord Bowdon, could be won to love another. She did not even tell Guilo that Sir John had sought her as his future wife, for, strange as it may seem, there was a feeling of humiliation connected with the idea that kept her silent. The poor minstrel girl in her simple ideas of human worth, could see nothing in the homage of a gay and petted court minion to excite her pride, or even gratitude.

But an object which Lady Castlemain had set her heart upon, was not likely to be thwarted by the quiet and gentle refusal of a young girl. Hating Francesca as she did everything that she fancied lay between her and an entire influence over the king—this haughty woman found in the disinclination of the maiden for the proposed marriage a new and malicious reason for urging it, and in her violent nature each caprice became a passion, and she bent every energy to the ruin of one helpless girl as if it had been a kingdom at stake.

The king, whose singular interest in Francesca had in nothing diminished, was greatly annoyed by the pertinacious dislike of the countess; and when Sir John Payton's proposal was laid before him, gladly encouraged it as the only means of removing the groundless jealousy of this unprincipled woman without absolute injury to the queen's favorite.

The queen too, with whom the bland manners and real gaiety of character possessed by young Payton, had rendered him a favorite, yielded all her gentle influence in forwarding his suit, and thus it happened that poor Francesca was at all times exposed to his unfortunate and most unwelcome attentions, till at length they almost amounted to persecution.

But now Francesca's time of trial was drawing close at hand. Sir John was impatient—the countess became resolute to accomplish the union she had determined on without delay; and Charles, worn out by her constant perseverance, was at last urged into using more active authority than was altogether pleasant to his indolent nature. He saw very plainly that in order to secure peace to himself this young girl must be sent from the court, or become the wife of Sir John. It was after a conversation with the countess, in which this subject had been urged with unusual violence, that Charles sent for Francesca to come before him.

Never in her life had the young girl entered the apartments of Lady Castlemain, and it was with a thrill almost of terror that she received the king's summons.

In the ante-room Francesca found her brother, who started from the cushions where he was sitting and came toward her eagerly, and with his hands extended as if he would have forced her back from a contact with the voluptuous atmosphere that pervaded the apartment, and in which he seemed drooping like a wild blossom transplanted from the cool brook-side to the sultry precincts of a hot-house.

Francesca greeted his approach with an agitated smile, and weaving her fingers quickly together told him how she came, and by whom summoned. The lad still seemed dissatisfied: he compressed his lips and mused an instant, then he drew close to Francesca's side, and made her comprehend that he would go with her to the king. Thankful even for this frail support Francesca linked her arm in his, and the two moved toward an opposite door slowly, and with the color ebbing from their cheeks at each step.

Charles was at one end of the dimly lighted and gorgeous saloon, sitting, or rather lounging among the purple cushions of an easy chair, and with one foot half buried in the fur of a small ermine rug, from which he had just indolently spurned a sleeping spaniel for the moment, an especial favorite with the countess.

The dog gave a howl, and, with his long silken ears trailing over the carpet, fled to his half angry mistress and nestled himself, still snarling at the king amid the crimson folds of her robe. Charles was enjoying the little creature's wrath with an indolent laugh, when the door opened and Francesca stood on the threshold leaning upon Guilo.

The king started, and the laugh died on his lips as he looked up. It might have been the peculiar light that streamed through the open door that produced that sudden change in his countenance, for the ante-room was hung with damask of a golden tint, and the sunshine that poured through fell in a rich, warm glow over the youthful figures, and floated softly away into the crimson atmosphere of the saloon, leaving them formed as it were in the golden wood-work of the door, with back-ground of cloudy gold. Charles was a great lover of the arts, and it might have been the singular effect produced upon the twins by this light that took him by surprise. Certain it is the color left his swarthy cheek, and his look for an instant was sharp and startled.

Both Guilo and his sister were in their Italian costume, a little modified on her part, and with the boy only rendered more strikingly picturesque by the rich materials and elaborate embroidery bestowed upon it by order of the prodigal countess. Of all the gauds and jewels which the countess delighted to lavish on her favorite pages, Guilo had only accepted a small poinard, whose hilt of chased gold glittered upon the left side of his girdle.

Whether it was the artistical effect and grouping of the orphans that excited the king's attention, or that they aroused some deeper and more powerful feelings, certain it is that Charles lost all his careless gaiety the moment they appeared. The same expression that had changed his face in the audience chamber came over it again, and deepened into strong and visible emotion as Francesca slowly crossed the room, leaving her brother by the door.

Oppressed, she knew not why, with a feeling of profound dread, as if she were about to part with some dear hope, Francesca approached the king, and bending one knee on the ermine rug at his feet, lifted her eyes to his face.

"You sent for me, sire?"

Charles did not answer, but his eyes were bent upon her upturned face earnestly, almost sternly. In that posture, and with her face turned toward the light, she seemed to arouse some feeling in his heart that broke through his harsh features with inexplicable force.

"If the king commanded your presence here," exclaimed the Countess of Castlemain, shaking the spaniel from her robe as she arose in violent anger, "it was to chide you for contumacious conduct in his court—it was to order obedience in future. Arise, minion, in this saloon you kneel not audaciously to be gazed at thus!"

Francesca turned her large eyes upon the insolent woman with a look of calm and modest dignity, that would have brought the blood to a less brazen cheek. She was about to arise, but the king laid his large hand upon her head and prevented the movement.

"Not yet!" he said, in a subdued and kindly voice. "There was something in that face that made me forget why it was thou wert summoned hither. It was but an old memory, my lady countess, and should not have brought down all this storm of wrath upon the poor child."

"Is the creature brought hither to brave and insult me?" exclaimed the countess.

"She must have a marvelous degree of courage to venture on that!" replied Charles, with a provoking smile.

"Permit me to withdraw!" said Francesca, rising; "nothing but a summons from your majesty, which none dare disobey, could have brought me hither!"

"And so," cried the countess, clutching her hand with rage: "and so the nicety of a strolling singer is touched by a visit to the Castlemain; his majesty should understand that taunt, I think."

"Oddsfolk, my lady countess, his majesty will soon be incapable of understanding anything if this storm continues. Upon my soul I have almost forgotten the object for which you would have me send for the poor child."

"Your highness seems to have forgotten everything but her face!" muttered the countess, beginning to feel that by this unseemly violence she was defeating her own object. "Methinks her obstinate refusal to accept the marvelous good fortune offered by Sir John Payton should have made a deeper impression."

"Ay, there it is now; what, pretty one, can be your objection to the very flower and favorite of our court? Know you not there is scarce a lady in our kingdom who would not deem the offer of his hand a piece of rare fortune?"

"I cannot so deem it!" said Francesca, quietly.

"And wherefore, maiden?"

"It is easy guessing why?" sneered the countess.

"I do not love Sir John," answered Francesca, without giving any token that she marked the cruel sneer, save by her rising color.

"But he loves you."

"I think not, sire."

"Then why should he seek you?"

"Nay, I cannot tell; but it is not from love, my own heart tells me that."

"Oddsfolk, girl; but it would be difficult guessing what other reason he can have."

"It is difficult; I cannot account for it!"

The king gazed earnestly upon her.

"So young, without friends, penniless, this refusal is more than strange," he muttered. "Why, child, do you know that it seems like mid-summer madness, unless indeed," Charles paused and looked keenly in her face, it was pale and quiet as marble: "unless indeed," he added, impressively, "Cupid has been early with his bird bolts in another quarter!"

Instantly that pale face was flushed to a burning crimson, and with his keen glance Charles saw that a shiver flashed like electricity through the young girl's frame. The slow, downward sweep of her inky lashes but half concealed the fire that seemed melting away in her eyes. Nothing on earth could have been more thrillingly beautiful than the change that came over her.

She loved, that young girl, so beautiful, so rich in delicate feeling, how she must have loved to change and tremble, and show this only with the bare consciousness that her passion was guessed at. And who was the object of this exquisite passion?

She had lived in his court entirely isolated and almost constantly in the queen's apartments—save with himself and Sir John Payton she had seldom been known to exchange a word. Sir John Payton she had refused—who then could it be that had excited the first beautiful love of a heart so young and pure? Who?

The answer came to his heart with a shock that made it thrill as it had not done for many long years. His swarthy cheeks grew dark with color, and when he lifted his eyes they fell beneath the fierce, sneering glance with which the countess was regarding him.

What a contrast those two females presented as they stood before the monarch. The one majestic, nay, fierce in her imperious beauty, her white arms shackled with jewels, and folded over bosom heaving with rage, and but half covered with the blood red folds of her velvet robe. The other, shrinking with sensitive shame, her slight figure swaying like a willow branch; her face, neck and hands crimson with blushes, and every nerve in her body tremulous as the stem of a wild blossom. Charles, with all his follies and his vices, was a man to feel this contrast with a sense of strong inward shame. He was deeply grieved at the pain he had unwittingly brought upon the young girl, and would have given half his kingdom for the power to shield her confusion from the unfeminine scrutiny of the woman who stood triumphing over it.

"Some other time," said Charles, striving in vain to give dignity and steadiness to his voice and manner: "some other time we will talk more of this matter."

Francesca took these words as a dismissal, and casting one grateful glance at the king, she drew back glad to quit a scene which had been full of

distress to her; but the countess stepped forward and laid one hand upon her shoulder, grasping it till the poor girl shrunk with pain.

"Now! Your highness, now, and here, let this matter be settled. Why glaze over that which every one about the court can see is her true reason for refusing Sir John? If I am to be supplanted by a thing like this," and the fierce woman touched the burning cheek of Francesca scornfully with the tip of her finger—"let it be proclaimed at once, as I will proclaim it from one end of England to the other, that the queen, the pure, high-minded bride who refused to admit the Countess of Castlemain into her presence, has taken into her very bed chamber a low, strolling singer, whom she fosters and fondles, knowing her to be the minion of her royal husband. It will speak well for the queen—it will exalt the royalty of England in the eyes of the nation."

"It will seal the infamy of the lip that utters it!" said Charles, turning sternly upon the countess. "Peace, madam, or you never see my face again!"

"Perhaps not!" replied the countess, insolently; "but in that case all England shall see the very pleasant and touching letters with which it has been your majesty's pleasure to address me in times gone by."

Charles bit his lip till it grew white beneath the pressure of his teeth. When from very pain he was forced to unlock his hold, an epithet of blistering scorn broke from him, and he turned toward Francesca. The poor girl stood perfectly motionless, frozen, as it were, into marble by the world of infamy that had been opened to her through the lips of that hardened woman. Her cheeks but a moment before so full of fire, were now cold and deathly white—her lips were parted as in terror, and her hands fell helplessly downward. She uttered no word—she forgot that it was the king who stood before her, but turned and walked from the room.

Guilo had been watching the scene. His quick eye detected much that was sealed to his hearing. You might have seen his face kindle when Francesca grew animated, and when she turned white with anguish, he too became pallid as a corpse. Once, and only once he moved from his station by the door, that was when the countess laid her hand upon Francesca's shoulder. At that moment Guilo stepped forward with a low cry, and half drew the poinard from his girdle, but the woman instantly undid her grasp, and Guilo thrust back his poinard in its sheath unseen by the persons whose movements had so excited him.

Francesca's eyes fell upon her brother as she passed through the door. She reached forth her hand with a warm smile, and leaning upon him for support, passed into the ante-room. Here, however, Francesca's strength gave way: she had only power to reach the embrasure of a window, where she sat down, breathing hard, and making a vain effort to collect her thoughts. Guilo stood by her wondering at this strange agitation, for to him it seemed without adequate cause. The ante-room opening directly upon the saloon most used by the countess, was generally occupied only by a single page, stationed there to announce the approach of those persons whom her

ladyship wished to see. This post was assigned to Guilo, whose infirmity, she supposed, would secure the countess against the usual eves-dropping propensities of his class. Thus it happened that the brother and sister were alone in the chamber, though in a larger room beyond some half score of pages might have been observed loitering upon the cushioned benches, and playing at various games with all the airs of mimic courtiers bent on ruining themselves.

Guilo closed the door which led to this room, and returned to the window where Francesca was sitting. But scarcely had he twined his fingers in order to make the first eager inquiry, when the door was flung open again, and a page ushered in with considerable ceremony Sir John Payton and a young female, who from her changing color and eager glances from object to object, seemed but little accustomed to the luxurious elegance that surrounded her.

When Francesca saw the young baronet she started up surprised and aghast. Her first impulse was to rush from the room, for in the state of high nervous excitement that shook her frame, she beheld the handsome noble with absolute terror. But there was no method by which she could leave the chamber without presenting herself before Sir John, and what was worse, drawing the attention from all the malapert pages in the ante-chamber to her discomposure. Struck with this thought, she shrunk back into the deep embrasure; and Guilo, who saw her terror, let a few waves of the silken drapery fall lower down, thus offering greater chance of concealment for her person. Sir John, who had paused near the entrance, and was addressing his companion in a low voice, now turned his attention to Guilo, and beckoned him forward with a smile. With one of those signs rendered easy by his familiarity with the household, he inquired if any one was with the countess.

Guilo answered that the king was within. Sir John looked greatly pleased, and turning to his companion spoke a few rapid words, which brought the bright blood to her cheek, and were uttered in his usual tone, for poor Guilo's infirmity rendered all caution unnecessary; and the young courtier was quite unconscious of Francesca's presence.

But Francesca, amid all her agitation, heard the words that brought the blood so warmly into the young countrywoman's cheek, and her heart sickened within her at the treacherous tenderness they expressed. It was another weave of the vicious life that surrounded her. She began to feel as if her own high nature were withering and contaminated by the untruth of others. The very air of the court seemed weighed down with moral contagion. To her excited ideas the lowest hedge in England, with pure, wild blossoms around, and the pure breath of Heaven above, seemed preferable to her palace life.

But a slight rustling of the window drapery as the young girl shrunk closer behind it, was the only warning given to Sir John that a sickened and indignant heart was beating so near; and he was too completely occupied with his companion to notice the faint sound. He took the young countrywoman's hand in his, and almost bent his lips upon it, but seeing that Guilo regarded him with a sharp and

earnest look, he merely bent over the little hand, and with the color in his cheek slightly deepening, motioned the page to announce his presence to the countess.

Guilo flung open the door leading to the saloon, and made his usual signal. After a moment he drew back, and Sir John passed in, leaving the female behind in the ante-room.

At first Eunice Bruce was occupied by a curious examination of the room. The heavy gilded cornices—the rich hangings—the pictures, glowing in their princely frames, seemed to bewilder and delight her. She pressed her dainty foot upon the carpet, seemingly rather doubtful if it were not wood-moss and wild blossoms that she trod upon. She sunk her dimpled little hand into the velvet cushions; and once or twice, as she cast her eyes upon some of the pictures, you could see the rosy glow of a blush float over her neck and face. At length she seemed beset with a feminine desire to examine the window drapery, and approaching the embrasure where Francesca stood, gathered up the masses of glowing silk in her hand, but started back with a faint exclamation on finding that she stood face to face with a stranger.

For one moment the two young creatures brought so strangely together, stood gazing at each other. Francesca startled and pale—Eunice all in a glow of confusion, and blushing crimson to the temples. This natural embarrassment gave way directly to an expression of mingled pleasure, doubt and surprise. She looked from Guilo to the young girl, and again at the youth, as if running over some idea rapidly in her mind that already trembled on her lips. She had often heard the domestics at Bowdon describe the singular beauty of these orphans—their striking resemblance to each other, and the attachment that existed between them. You could see by the changing of her face that doubt with regard to their identity was fast resolving itself into conviction, that some generous and impulsive resolve was entering her warm, little heart.

"Are you? I am sure you are Francesca, the orphan—the young lady who was shipwrecked at Bowdon?" said the kind-hearted little woman, and she began to tremble with the eager delight of her discovery. "If you are the same—if indeed this handsome youth is your brother—speak to me—trust me. Indeed you may—I am your friend—I know Lord Bowdon—we were playmates together—I saw him only yesterday."

Eunice had spoken all this very rapidly, and as it were in a single breath. She looked eagerly at Guilo and smiled. She turned to Francesca and smiled still, but tears, eager, bright tears sprang to her eyes, and seizing the young girl's hand, she pressed it warmly to her lips.

"Yesterday," faltered Francesca, and a glow came to her marble cheek, but it faded instantly away, and withdrawing her hand from Eunice, she added in a cold and changed voice, "but you came here, madam, with Sir John Payton!"

Eunice seemed greatly dissatisfied.

"I know—I know," she said, eagerly, "and here is no time or place to tell you how it chanced. But

do believe me it is for your good, and to serve Lord Bowdon that I come hither at all; no one else could bring me but this silken courtier. I know his hollowness—I know, better even than you do, all his plans regarding you. Will you not trust me?—does this great palace contain so many honest friends that you can cast aside a real desire to love and serve you so readily?"

"Alas—alas, we have no friends here; no home anywhere," exclaimed Francesca, clasping her hands, and overcome by the sense of her utter loneliness unconsciously aroused by the offered kindness of a stranger.

"At Bowdon all were your friends, from the highest to the lowest," answered Eunice, taking Francesca's now unresisting hand. "Why did you leave those who loved you so much?"

"Why—why, alas!" cried Francesca, and the tears streamed down her cheeks. "We fled from our own hearts—we fled from the shadow of evil to meet its substance here. Oh, madam, madam, if you knew what has been said to me this day, and yonder in the very presence of an English monarch. You might well ask me why we fled from Bowdon, my poor brother and I. Oh! would to Heaven we had never left it, or died before we come hither—hither in this stately charnel house, where I must prepare and wed the man my very soul loathes, or be branded before the world—the world where Lord Bowdon lives—as a thing such—such as any woman would blush to name, save that one in yonder."

Francesca spoke with vehemence, her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks burned beneath the tears that drenched them.

"And have they urged you thus?" cried Eunice, with generous indignation. "Would they force you to this union?"

"Worse—oh! how much worse!" answered Francesca.

"One word, a single question, dear, young lady, not for myself, but for one who loves you as well, nay, better than a sister. Say to me in words, is this marriage with Sir John so very bitter, could you not think of it with some degree of content?"

"Listen to me and you shall hear," said Francesca, checking her tears and speaking with firm emphasis. "When you saw me—aye, before—I had made my resolve. You see my brother—my poor, poor Guilo—young as I am—so helpless, and—oh, Heavens! how dear. Once, it is not many months since, I sat by the boy, and saw him at my feet perishing from lack of food—pale, trembling, his mouth parched—his limbs strengthless. We had no shelter, no home, no bread—I would have given the last pulse in my heart for a single crust of food to save Guilo. That time a poor woman gave us nourishment and a roof, but the same want came again. We were wanderers on the earth—two children whom the storm had cast upon a strange shore. One day we sat beneath a hedge—Guilo and I—withinsight of London. We were hungry, but a cup of cold water was all that the world had to give us. Faint and weary, I turned to Guilo and laid his head in my lap, hoping, almost praying that we might perish there and then. Strength, hope

youth, all were swallowed up, we only asked to die. From that hedge we were brought hither to this home of kings! Can you think what the change was to us? Can you dream how my poor heart glowed and swelled with grateful feelings to those who had brought back life to the heart, strength to the limbs of my poor Guilo? It was not gratitude but worship that I felt for the queen, the king, all that had scattered a portion of their golden sunshine on the head of my gentle brother. For a time all here, that seems so bright to you, was beautiful to me. My brother no longer turned his hungry gaze upon me, as I sat with his head on my lap, he was happy, and I——"

"Wert happy also, until Sir John Payton came with his mischievous proposals," said Eunice, as she saw that the young girl hesitated.

"You see my brother, his eyes are bright, his cheek is warm with health. Can you imagine how terrible it must be to drag him hence to wander over the earth again to be athirst, hungry, shelterless? Well, think of this, and then say if I do not loathe the thought of a union with Sir John, for rather than wed him—rather than yield my fame to the lips of yonder woman—I and Guilo go forth on the morrow—forth upon the wide world to suffer, perchance to die!"

Francesca ceased speaking, her hands were clasped, her head drooped downward, and large tears rolled slowly over her cheek. Eunice began to sob, her hands trembled while she gathered the cold fingers of Francesca between them, as if she were determined to impart some of her own bounding hopes to the orphan.

"Yes—go," she said, "leave this place: run away from Sir John, the king, everybody here. It is the easiest way, and just the very best thing to be done; but as for hedges and hunger, the wide world, and all that—why is there no place like Bethna in Great Britain? Is not John Bruce a man of substance, without chick or child to share it with? Am not I, Eunice Bruce, held of some consequence both at Bethna and at Bowdon? Come and live with us—the old house is so large that John and I get lost in it. Besides you will be so useful; John is fond of music, and if you could manage to teach that lute of yours a few psalm tunes for him when he happens to be in the house, and would not be put out at a habit he has of singing through the nose—he got it in old Noll's army, nothing could be more delightful. Then there is the beautiful boy—what could have happened better than his not being able to hear or talk! He will not tire of long prayers in the morning, nor put John out by asking questions and yawning as I do sometimes when the good man reads a homily with twelve heads in the old hall. Now the idea has come into my brain, it seems wonderful that we have ever got along at Bethna without you."

While Eunice was thus talking herself out of breath, and urging the most generous hospitality upon a person whom she had never seen before, Francesca felt all her reserve yield to the pure warmth of kindness so evidently sincere and earnest. Her cold fingers grew animated, and clasped the plump hands that gave them a cheering shake now and then, as Eunice became more and more earnest. Her heavy eyes brightened,

and with a gush of grateful tears she bent forward and leaned her face upon Eunice's shoulder. Instantly the white arm of Eunice Bruce was flung around the weeping girl, and, drawing her close to a bosom now swelling with generous pleasure, the Puritan's wife bent her rosy mouth and whispered, "oh, Lord Bowdon will love his playmate the better for having held you thus!"

Eunice knew that it was wrong in her to say this, bound in faith as Lord Bowdon was to another—but, for her life, she could not have kept the words back; nor, we much fear, did she experience proper prudence when she felt the warm blood swelling and glowing over the cheek her lips pressed while she breathed the imprudent words.

Francesca rose from the embrace of her new friend, for with her pure and lofty nature she could have no doubt of kindness natural and generous as that displayed by Eunice Bruce.

"You will go with us to Bethna!" said Eunice, not quite removing her arm.

"Yes, we will go! wherever it is: Guilo and I will be grateful and content; to-night I must explain all to my brother. Until now I have kept this cause of sorrow from his knowledge. Thank God, and thanks—oh! many thanks to you—he will not be required to starve and suffer for me again."

"Now," said Eunice, remembering how brief was the time that might be allowed her. "It is settled that you leave this place. But how shall we manage to get you both away? Were you ever in London?"

"Never!"

"That is unfortunate; but you and Guilo there can manage to leave the palace almost any time."

"Yes, we are allowed much freedom: nearly every evening we pass together."

"There is no one here whom you will grieve for, I dare say?"

"The queen has ever been kind, more than kind till this unfortunate proposal of Sir John's. She is not less generous now, but thinks that I feel too keenly obstinate and ungrateful. She is not happy—this good queen—and it will go against my heart to leave her as I must."

"She is good—she is generous—why not tell her the truth?" said Eunice.

Francesca mused a moment, and answered with a beaming eye.

"And so I will, for no one ever trusted Catharine in vain. I will tell her of the language used by yonder woman—nay, not all—that I could not bring my tongue to utter, but the good queen shall know that I do not abandon my post without just cause."

"That is well," answered Eunice; "now listen, to-morrow night there is a moon, I believe. Between nine and ten come with Guilo to the nearest point upon the river. John will be there with some sort of water-craft—and I, yes, I will come also, for if any thing should happen wrong the poor, dear man might not know exactly how to manage without me; besides I don't think he ever ran away with a young lady in his life!"

"We will be punctual," said Francesca, smiling in spite of her anxiety.

"Hush!" answered Eunice, lifting her finger, "there seems to be some stir near the door. I am to have an audience with the great folks in yonder, you must know, and Sir John may come forth at any moment; let the curtain drop a little more thus, ha!"

That instant the door opened, and Sir John Payton looked eagerly round for Eunice, who went forward to meet him with a bright look and free step as when she was gathering roses in the grounds of Bowdon in her joy, the excitement of her interview with Francesca had suppressed all timidity.

The baronet spoke a few words it would seem of encouragement to the pretty dame, and they passed into the saloon together.

A few minutes after the king came out, evidently somewhat restored to his good humor; as he passed Guilo the monarch paused, laid his hand caressingly on the boy's head, and seemed as if he would have spoken had he possessed the means of making himself understood. But after looking earnestly into the young face, he passed on with a more thoughtful shade of countenance.

A little time after this Francesca stole away making a sign for Guilo to seek her apartments that evening. The lad had not watched long at his post when the door opened again and forth came the young baronet, leading Eunice by the hand. He seemed in high spirits, and Eunice was smiling, but around her pretty mouth there lay an expression that was not all mirth, some deeper feeling now and then flitted across the sunshine of her merry features.

No word passed between the two till they had passed both ante-chambers, and were on their way out of the palace.

"Now," said Sir John, in a soft and persuasive voice, "your husband is secure of his home, fair dame. This kind office have we performed in his behalf. The king's own word has been pledged."

"Yes," answered Eunice, with a mischievous laugh—"his majesty for so ill-favored a man is in sooth very gracious; only methinks he presses the hand somewhat longer when he raises one from her knee than is absolutely necessary."

"Indeed!" said Sir John, in a tone that brightened the roguish twinkle in her tormentor's eye, "I observed nothing of it!"

"Nay, it was not likely, but I do believe my poor fingers are crimson now from the care his majesty took to raise me safely from his feet."

"Well, pretty dame, you will not need to seek the presence again, so his highness will have no further opportunity to exercise his gallantry."

"Nay, but the court is a beautiful place—and the king, his eyes now are like eagles; and his hair—if he would but cast aside that awkward periuke—I dare say is black as a raven's wing to match the eyes—besides it seems to me that a king cannot well be

ugly. Are you quite sure, Sir John, that Bethna is safe from the spoiler, and that it may not be needful for us to see his majesty again?"

"Quite sure," answered Sir John, drily.

"But if it should chance that anything is wanting to satisfy John Bruce, I should much prefer when we go to the palace again, that your proud lady should not be there watching every look with her great, flashing eyes. It destroys all the pleasure of an audience—indeed it does, Sir John!"

"And perhaps you would prefer that I too should be absent," answered Sir John, in a tone of jealous rage.

"Oh, if you could manage that now!" replied Eunice, in a tone of the most innocent simplicity.

Sir John shut his teeth hard, muttering between them—"the little imp, who would have thought one interview would have done this?"

Eunice heard the sound, and guessed in her heart how complimentary the words might be, but this only induced a little inward laugh and a sly glance at Sir John's clouded brow, that she was very careful he did not encounter.

It is not our purpose to relate the conversation that passed between the two during their passage over the river, but when they parted at her lodgings Eunice Bruce was very serious, and seemed to have been talking to some effect, for as Sir John relinquished her hand, he said—

"To-morrow you shall be convinced that I wed this maiden but to obtain that power and wealth which shall leave no wish ungratified to the object of my real love. Though it is cruel, Eunice, that your shrewish suspicion should drive me to this pass."

"Well, to-morrow let it be, or at once will I put an end to all this fine talk," answered Eunice.

"But remember in doing this I place honor, nay, perchance life, in your hands!"

"Your honor is safe with me as my own, Sir John Payton—*your life*, may it yet be a bright and happy one. At any rate in trusting Eunice Bruce you shall suffer nothing."

There was feeling and unmistakeable sincerity in the little dame's reply, it absolutely seemed as if tears trembled in her voice.

"I will trust you with everything," answered Sir John, well pleased to find that she had at length been brought to speak earnestly. "To-morrow shall you know all the reasons of interest—for as I live, sweet dame, my heart is all yours—which have induced my proposal to this young Italian."

"Then till to-morrow, good night," was the reply, and Eunice passed through the door which a grave looking serving man held open for her.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

O H! W E E P N O T.

On! weep not when the young depart;
Death is in mercy given—

Before the world corrodes the heart
God calls them up to Heaven.

C. A.

EDWIN GRAY.

BY G. V. MAXHAM.

CHAPTER I.

Yon mansion teems with legends for the heart,
Her lingering footsteps stays
Upon that threshold stone.
* * * * She whose hand had made
That spot so beautiful with woven shade
And aromatic shrubs and flowers.—L. H. SIGOURNEY.

ELVERTON HOMESTEAD.

THERE, away through the brown twilight it stands, calm and beautiful. It still looks as in the days of yore, when oft upon its sunny threshold sat the gay-hearted young girl, Ida Elverton, with Edwin Gray, the playmate of her happy youth. How often they came out on the old porch to look up at the evening sky and read their mingled destinies in each deep and silent star, which, in their fancies, they deemed to be the golden symbols of that talismanic language which the angels of their youth had written upon the sibylline page of the Heavens. Oh, it would have done your soul good, if you could but have overheard their childish talk, as they sat there upon that threshold stone, weaving the woof of coming destiny, in bright golden thread, dyed by the gorgeous fancy of fervid youth. But the grim wizard Time, who with an iron pen is writing down continually the sad, strange history of each human heart, has since recorded a far different tale from that which they were wont to read upon the star-checked page of God's broad and silent sky. There is a strange, thrilling charm lingering about each silent star, as it comes out upon the wall of Heaven, and bares its burning breast to mortal gaze. Like a talisman, it summons from the sepulchre of the buried past, all blessed memories, pressed therein like flowers within a book. Like a torch-lamp, it swings within the dim door of our forgetfulness, recalling to the dull solitude of the present, the forms of beloved ones, whose music tones in other days were wont to mingle in our hearts worship around the hearth-stone of the affections. Like the gushing poetry of eloquence it fills the heart with dreams of inspiration—with high and noble impulses, giving it a strange longing for a brighter and more glorious sphere than that which is within these walls of earth. I too, in my youthful fancy, once did deem the golden stars to be a band of angels, wandering in the flowery fields of Paradise, and my young heart leaped to go and rove with them.

And there at the right of the old house, do you not see that orchard stretching far away through the evening mist, like a pleasant memory through the heart of sorrow? That old orchard teems with associations such as even now doth warm the chilled heart's blood, sending the ruddy flush of youth to this withered brow of mine. As I recall those glorious old

recollections—those golden types of a happy boyhood, I am once more the truant, stealing away from my parents sight, to sport in the deep, cool shade of those rough old trees. Oh, how often in the May-day of my youth have I sported beneath those broad, sheltering branches. How often behind each high old trunk have I played the guileless game of hide and seek; and oh! how often there have I heard the ringing laugh of girlhood, of Ida Elverton, the fairy genius of that sylvan play-ground, quivering upon the blue air and through this heart like the pleasant carol of a singing bird, or:

"Like golden ripples, hastening to the land,
To wreck their freight of sunshine on the strand."

And in the very heart of yon old orchard—you can see it even now, towering above all the rest—stands the dear russet apple tree, which in after years was the trysting place of Edwin and Ida. There are still the remains of a rude seat beneath its shade, while on its rough, worm-eaten bark are visible the initials—E. G., I. E., engraved long—long years ago. Almost across the gnarled roots of that old tree leaps a foamy brooklet, which even in the summer time has a pleasant song for every wanton clover blossom that bends to kiss its sparkling wave. On its green banks used to bloom the blue daisy and the yellow buttercup; and how often has the cunning Ida plucked one golden blossom to test its virtue upon this chin of mine, which e'er was smooth and soft as velvet.

Time has flown since. And days, and months, and years, like flakes of snow, had fallen upon the illimitable bosom of the ocean of rest, and had melted away and were no more. But they had brought a change, deep and glorious, to the youthful hearts of Edwin and Ida. Their youth had assumed the deeper flush of ripening age, and they were no more the unthinking play-mates sporting amid the golden shadows of life's summer day. But still the golden bow of hope, with its thousand airy tints of light and joy, spanned the misty ocean of the coming future.

Edwin and Ida were lovers. Time, who findeth out the measure of all things, had fully demonstrated it, and sometime Elverton Homestead waste to be made glad with their bridal scene, which was a thought dearly cherished by both. Beneath that trysting tree, in the stillly night, years ago, they had met to part awhile, and then the murmur of their troth-plight went up to the thick stars like a benison from the heart of joy.

Edwin, like too many of our young men at the present day, had a desire to try his fortune in the city. Yet there was little need of this, for his father was wealthy for a farmer, and he an only son. From the infancy of Edwin it had been a dearly cherished wish of Farmer Gray, that after he should have been called

to his fathers, this, the only scion of a long and honest stock, should take the old homestead, and till its broad and fertile lands—which he himself had tilled from boyhood, and which his fathers had cleared from the wild, wild wilderness, and made to bloom like a garden. It was a bitter thought for him to think that his good old farm should pass away into other, and perchance less careful hands.

In this land of industry and enterprise, our youth can never bide their time. Their feverish pulse and restless hearts are ever dragging the anchor of fate. They hear continually the hurrying to and fro in the mighty shock of action, and they grow eager to mingle in the strife. With hearts light and buoyant, but unskilled, they launch forth into the rolling current, and are soon lost amid the countless fleets of human life—all hurrying to one predestined end. Yet it is strange, very strange, that those who were born and have been bred in the country, should be so eager to seek our great and crowded marts. Young men, you who till the fertile valleys and the verdant hills of New England, oh, leave not your cottage home for the alluring temptations of the great city. You are now earth's noblemen, and your strong hearts send forth the vigorous pulse of ruddy life, but when you leave the spade and the ploughshare, and wend your way toward the city, oh, think that you are on the last earthly journey—on the homeward road that leads to death. Behind the thronged counters, and in the dull work-shops of the town, lingers a dread malaria—and the dense, impure atmosphere of her crowded streets, to you, accustomed from birth to breathe the pure air of the country, will prove far worse than the horrid simoom of the burning desert.

At the age of eighteen Edwin Gray went to Boston, and entered a counting-house. I left home about the same time, and heard no more from him, save two or three random letters, until nearly three years after, when on my return to our native town of Rhode Island I passed through the city of Boston.

CHAPTER II.

And lo! even like a giant wight
Slumbering his battle toils away,
The sleep-locked city, gleaming bright
With many a dazzling ray,
Lies stretched in vastness at my feet;
Voiceless the chamber and the street,
And echoless the hall;—
Had death uplift his bony hand
And smote all living in the land,
Nodeeper quiet could fall.—W.M. MOTHERWELL.

MIDNIGHT IN THE CITY.

NIGHT and I were in the great city; and the pointed hands upon the dial-plates of time had already told the advent of that dim and shadowy hour, which like the branch of some mighty river, parts our to-days and yesterdays.

Not a sound of life was upon that midnight air. Silence, deep and terrible as death, had laid its iron fingers upon the pulse of the great heart—those hundred streets, which but a few short hours before were heaving beneath the mighty tramp of the struggling

tides of existence; and not one sight or sound that told of life or motion was abroad, save the lengthened shadow and the measured foot-beat of each stealthy watchman, as he walked his stated round. Boston, with all its homes of joy and grief, lay wrapped in solemn slumber, as an army on the tented field, sleeping away the weary bivouac and the toil of battle; while the pointed spires of many a gilded fane, arose toward Heaven from amid the solemn gloom, like silent prayers from hearts of sorrow.

I was wending my way undisturbed toward my boarding-house on Pearl street, when suddenly a light broke upon my view, gleaming for a moment like a twinkling star in a stormy sky, and then growing dim, until it was almost undiscernible in the pervading gloom. Curiosity prompted me to enter the building where it led. I stood in a long, narrow passage. The passage was untenanted, but through the distant space and gloom, came the low tone of eager voices, like the hoarse ripple of a far off stream. At the end of the passage I reached a short flight of stairs, at the head of this was a broad door standing ajar; and this being thrown open at the sound of my steps, I entered what I saw at once to be a gaming saloon. Were you ever in one?—if not, I pray you never enter one. The room was large, very large; and brilliantly lighted with myriads of silver lamps, that swung from the arched ceiling above, like stars in the blue firmament. Oh, it was a glorious scene within that room—a scene of gilded sin, and as it burst upon my vision with all its trappings of glittering wealth, it seemed like a dream of vanity playing on the fancy, and I almost deemed it such.

It contained all the implements of gaming, and its card and billiard tables were trimmed with crimson velvet and gold lace, which contrasted strongly, nay, almost fearfully, with the dark, solemn drapery, in which the room was hung. Had it not been for the costly carpets, the rich divans, the hundred founts of light, and the low, deep whisper, or the hoarse laugh of the devotees worshipping there, I could have deemed that dark drapery but the solemn weeds of mourning, and that room, teeming with liquid light, like the room of death.

The inmates of the apartment were mostly young men, though some of them had the appearance of being old in vice, while others seemed but as novices, who had just bent the knee for the first time, at the gilded altar of chance—the maelstrom of human passion, which swallows up all the higher and nobler impulses of God's immortal mind. This room, as I afterwards learned, was one of the largest gaming hells in Boston; but at the time in which I entered, there were not many playing, but mostly spectators. At the farther end of the room, I noticed a couple by themselves, wholly unregarded by the other occupants. As all the other tables were crowded, I thought that I would cross over and watch the progress of this game.

"This shall be my last game unless I win, for I have already lost nearly one hundred dollars this evening, and shall soon lose all if I continue playing, and there is no change of fortune. By Heaven! I will not go forth from this room penniless—a beggar

—this room where I have buried the fond hopes of my youth, and the hard earnings of long—long years of toil and abstinence. Oh, my God! the thought of this, and the memory of those days—the memory of that dear mother who, at the parting hour stood upon the threshold of my home, and said in tearful tones—‘Edwin, beware of evil company’—and the memory of her, the Ida of my youthful love—she whom I pressed to this panting bosom, and whispered, ‘I shall come again’—oh, this thought of beggary, and those dear memories of home, ring within my heated brain like a funeral bell that tells of death—I shall see that home again ah, nevermore !”

“ Ha—ha—ha ! rather a faint hearted crow that to come from the throat of a crack game-cock. Why man, take courage, and your luck will come again by and bye. Don’t you remember that favorite saying of mine, which is: ‘A faint heart never won a fair lady’—just keep that in view, and you will succeed well enough.”

The voice of the first speaker thrilled me strangely. Its author could not have been more than one and twenty years of age, yet upon his flushed brow nestled many a deep wrinkle, that told of carking passion and a stormy breast—of the fiery wine-cup—of the midnight revel and of the gaming-table, where the heart’s blood becomes cold and curdled, in the continued excitement of hope and fear, and starts to and fro, not like the steady pulse of a strong man, but like the fitful start of a dying flame.

As I drew near the table at which he sat, I recognized in that flushed face, the once noble features of him—of Edwin Gray—the companion of many a happy hour—the playmate of my boyhood. The recognition crashed through my brain like the sudden shock of a thunderbolt quivering through a stormy sky.

It was evident that Edwin did not recognize me, and at that time, perhaps, it was for the best that he did not. I went behind where he sat, and looking over his shoulder, watched the progress of the game, which was loo, a simple game, but in the management of which a skilful player can take a great advantage by what is called “sleight of hand.” I soon perceived that Edwin must be the loser, for his antagonist, calm and collected, played with that consummate address characteristic of the perfect gambler, while my friend, powerfully excited and all of a tremor, played poorly and carelessly for one who was not a novice.

“ Lost !” exclaimed Edwin, impetuously springing from his seat—“ but thank Heaven, it shall be the last !”

“ Oh, no ! don’t give it up yet. Let us try another hand, and I am sure your luck will prove better. I will give you a great chance this time. I will give you odds—two to one—now, that is fair, come.”

Edwin hesitated for a moment, and then set himself down again at the fatal board. My heart prompted me to urge him to play no more, but I did not dare to, for fear that he would recognize me, and I did not wish for recognition until the coming morrow.

“ Here are five dollars, and they are the last that I possess !” he exclaimed, in a suppressed voice,

throwing them upon the table. As he ceased speaking there was an expression to his countenance that was indeed fearful, and I trembled for the result. But his reckless antagonist seemed not to heed this sudden outbreak of passion, for he was too familiar with such scenes to be the least unnerved by them. The game was soon finished, and as I had expected, Edwin lost.

Oh ! I shall never forget the issue of that awful game—even now it stares me to agony ! Its victim sat for a moment still as death—but the steady, sullen glare of his red eye-balls, burnt to the soul. There was something so terrible upon that broad sunrowed face—not the wild expression of madness, nor of insanity, but something so full of loneliness, and unutterable despair, that even that iron-hearted antagonist started back in horror. Oh ! as I looked upon that vivid scene of human misery, cold, beaded drops of sweat stood out upon my brow, and the hot life-pulse quivered up to my brain swift as lightning, while in that great room, the beat of my heart was audible. But now there was to come a swift changing scene in the play of that night’s drama.

There was the sudden flash of a polished barrel—a sharp click, and a convulsive throw of the arm upward, and the muzzle of that deadly weapon bore upon the brain of Edwin Gray. Then, and not till then, did his horrid purpose burst upon my mind, and with a wild, eager grasp I clutched that upraised arm, but ere I could bear it from its fatal position, a gushing flame of fire—a ringing noise was in that room, and before it had died away, upon that tufted floor lay the form of a human being.

CHAPTER III.

—What I most prize in woman
Is her affection, not her intellect;
The world of the affections is thy world.

—In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart
Feeding its flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a gipsy camp
As in a palace hall.—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE LAST SCENE.

YEARS had passed away, and still there was no change in the heart of Ida Elverton. The holy flame of love burnt as bright and pure, as when she and Edwin Gray parted beneath yon old trysting tree. Time can change all things beside a woman’s love, and that is based upon adamant—something which no lapse of time, nor change of circumstances, nor life nor death can dissolve. The love of such a heart as beat in the breast of Ida Elverton is something infinitely better and more glorious to win, than the greatest laurels ever yet won by human being upon the fitful field of a nation’s honor, for they will surely fade and pass away, but such love endureth forever. Its province is alike the kingly palace and the thatched cottage. Its holy flame burns as brightly beside the truckle bed of the dying peasant, as beside the

royal purple couch of earth's proudest monarch. It believes all things—hopes all things—and endures all things without resistance, and goes not away—no, never. And now this queenly Ida was summoned to the death-bed.

* * * * *

Come with me awhile to the old homestead of Farmer Gray, for there ended the last scene in this humble tale—the self-made outcast had been welcomed home. It is but a little way from here; a stone's throw, for its broad fields border on those of Elverton Farm, and were it not for this dull evening mist, we could almost see its great chimneys even now. Oh, as I approach that old house, my heart grows eloquent with thronging memories of the good olden time. Now I can truly paint the last scene—the last scene in the fitful life of Edwin Gray. I remember that dying scene as though it were but yester-night.

We left Edwin Gray quivering upon the tufted floor of that gaming-hell in Boston; but that was not the death-quiver—the ball merely grazed the left temple, stunning him, but no more. And now he had been borne from the noise and din of the great city, to die in peace amid the pleasant relics of his boyhood, and at the home of his father's, for he knew that he could live but a little while longer, and it was

his wish to be buried at home, in the quiet little graveyard of R——.

There was a strange light in the still fountain of the eye—a flush upon the cheek—a hoarse cough, that told of consumption and of no human aid—and he was prepared to die. And now we were all gathered in this old homestead, friends, kindred and all around the bed of one whose lamp of light flickered dimly to and fro, and who, ere another morn would come, with its pleasant sun and singing birds, was to be upon his homeward journey to the land of spirits.

"Dear friends! raise me for a moment," he cried, "just a moment, that I may look through this uncurtained window once more, up to God's broad and silent sky. Ida, take this palsied hand of mine, and let us look together, as we used to in other and better days. Come, Ida—look!"

These were the last words of Edwin Gray—the next moment and Ida pressed a pulseless hand—a lump of clay.

* * * * *

Ida Elverton still dwells here in the house of her childhood, and ever at the still hour of eventide, when the nightingale trills forth its plaintive song, she goes to wander in yon quiet home of the dead; for there, beneath the shade of a weeping willow, is the Mecca of her buried hopes.

VOICES FROM FLOWERS.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

A WOMANLY love is the love of flowers,
With their soft and rich perfume,
'T is a graceful task to rear and guard
Young plants as they bud and bloom;
And flowers can speak as in olden time,
Though no audible voices thrill,
Their velvet lips are not moved apart,
Yet their words can the silence fill.

This champney rose is a messenger
To tell of a Summer clime;
The orange buds bear in their snowy bells
The tones of a bridal chime.
The violet whispers of modest worth,
And see as a thought of heaven
The amaranth bathed to its very heart
With the purple hues of even.

I have blossoms withering now and sere
That told me of love and truth,
They were offered by one who early claimed
The friendship of trusting youth.

The buds are faded, the leaves are brown,
But I prize and treasure them yet,
Though tears will fall as they meet my gaze,
Recalling a fond regret.

For a common weed with its pale, blue cup
Is twined with that very flower,
It knew no nurture from gentle hands,
It grew in no garden bower.
'T was the first faint bloom 'mid the tangled grass
That grew on that friend's low grave,
Ah, little we thought when the first were given
How soon should the last one wave.

And yet a message of Hope was breathed
From each fragile and tender leaf,
That came as a "voice from the Spirit Land"
To solace my heart's wild grief,
It seemed as a type of the second life
As it bloomed where no foot had trod,
For the blue of Heaven was on its leaves,
And it sprung from the lonely sod.

HOPE.

A RAINBOW bent from a morning cloud,
And kiss'd the dewy earth—
It smiled, like an angel visitant,
Through the tears that gave it birth;
And midway in the crimson'd sky
Its mellow'd lustre met the eye.

Thus Hope's bright rainbow, like a gleam
Of sunlight glowing there,
Attracts the toil-worn child of earth
From life's turmoil and care;
And when through grief he sighs for Heaven,
He sees it in his prayer.

D. W. B.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE VOLUME FOR 1849.

THE time is fast approaching when our friends will be subscribing singly, or making up their clubs for next year. In anticipation of this we assure them that our volume for 1849 will be of the most brilliant description, surpassing any that we have ever published, both in its literary and pictorial departments. We know not what the other magazines may intend, but we will venture to assert that, taking the difference in price into consideration, we shall altogether excel them. Our list of plates already engraved for next year embraces the very rarest specimens of art. We have succeeded in obtaining several new contributors, distinguished for the freshness and grace of their writings, who will relieve this periodical from the charge made against others of being filled with the monotonous productions of worn-out writers.

Among other literary gems for next year are two or three Revolutionary Stories of extraordinary interest. One of these is by J. S. Cobb, Esq., author of "The Maid of Melos," and embraces an episode in the life of Martin Rudolph, a distinguished Captain in Lee's Legion, who afterward, according to tradition, went to France, assumed the name of Michael Ney, and rose to be a Marshal of the Empire, and the "bravest of the brave." This romantic and wonderful story is told with breathless interest, and will alone be a sufficient inducement, we believe, for thousands to subscribe. In addition we shall give a story of the Revolution, the scene of which is in Philadelphia and its vicinity, and the action embraces the Declaration of Independence, the Battle of Trenton, Valley Forge, Monmouth, &c. This tale gives a truthful picture of the men, manners and spirit of that age; and is founded on facts. It is from the pen of one of the editors of this magazine, Charles J. Peterson.

The Fashions will still be given, in advance of every contemporary. Each plate will, as heretofore, be accompanied by a full letter-press description, and by remarks on the changes in dresses, sacks, bonnets, &c. &c. No lady, much less the professional dress-maker, ought to be without this department of the magazine.

On the whole, as a family, pictorial or lady's magazine, we do not think any one can, in 1849, rival the LADIES' NATIONAL.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Home Influence. By Grace Aquilair. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It would be difficult to find a story, perhaps, in the whole range of our literature in which no master passion is detailed, possessed of more absorbing interest than this. There is so much of simplicity and touching pathos in the character of Ellen, and in the history of her affection that we can only cast her from our mind with an effort. To say the truth, Ellen with all her faults fixes herself more firmly in the sympathies of the reader than the more perfect. She is to us a more interesting and loveable character than the perfect Mrs. Hamilton, whose ideas of discipline strike us as verging on the cruel, and who with all her virtues must have been a very sharp-sighted mortal not to see at once that poor little Ellen had some deeper reason for her misconduct than a love of evil. The idea of degrading the poor child by placing her seat

at prayer time among the servants, and by proclaiming her a thief to the menials of the household, was not to our mind exactly the most feminine or judicious means of reformation that a perfect woman might have used. But altogether this story of Home Influence is singularly interesting, and one that cannot fail to do much good.

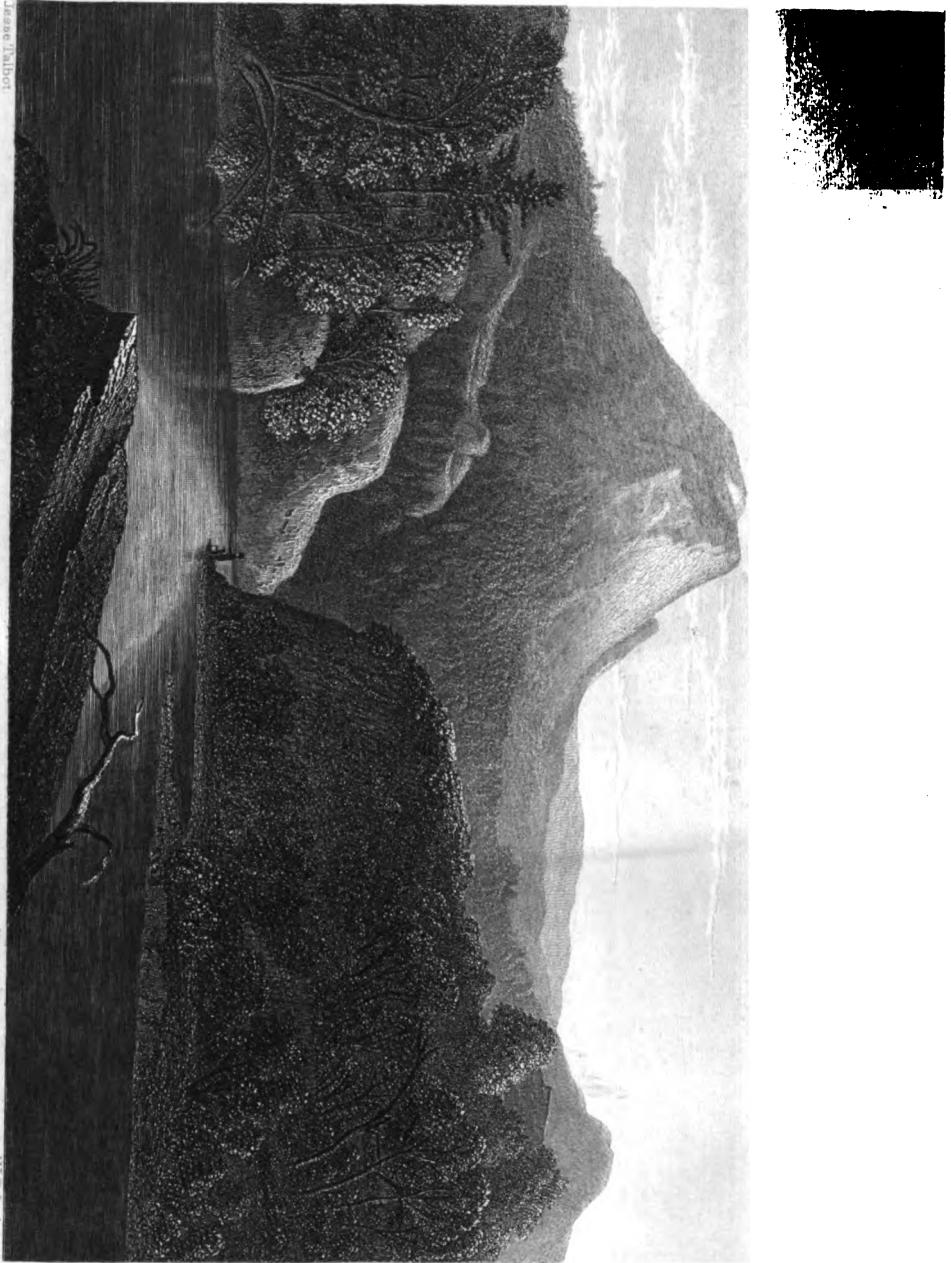
Mary, Queen of Scots. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.—There is a direct and concise simplicity in the style of Mr. Abbott that recommends his works peculiarly to the young, who have little patience to search for facts among elaborate language and flowery descriptions. This history of a most lovely, wronged, and we fear faulty woman, is given here minute in every point of real interest, and without the encumbrance of useless opinions. There is no sentence thrown away—no time lost in mere ornament. Perhaps no book extant containing so few pages, can be said to convey so many genuine historical facts. There is here no attempt to glaze over recorded truth, or win the reader by sophistry to opinions merely those of the author. The pure, simple history of Queen Mary is placed before the reader, and each one is left to form an unbiased opinion from events impartially recorded there. One great and most valuable feature in this little work is a map of Scotland, with many engravings of the Royal Castles and wild scenes connected with Mary's history. There is also a beautiful portrait of the queen, and a richly illuminated title page such as only the Harpers can get up.

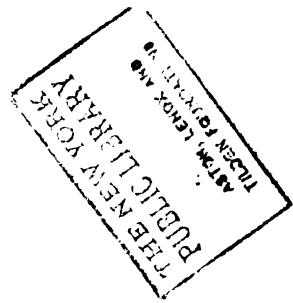
Gowrie; or, The King's Secret. By G. P. R. James. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Never since the days of his first, fresh fame has James written a book so masterly in its delineation of character, or so perfect in its plot as this. It contains one of the most interesting periods of Scottish history, and in its faithfulness, its close analysis of events and motives will be authority strong as history itself. James seems to have taken a strong and well grounded dislike to the character of King James I., King of the United Kingdoms. Deceit, coarseness, craft, every thing that is hateful in manhood he gives to this uncouth monarch, but he evidently believes in the truth and justice of the delineator, and the reader cannot choose but believe with him. What Harold is to the reputation of Bulwer, Gowrie will prove to the literary fame of G. P. R. James. It is a grand and beautiful work, more a history than a fiction, and excellent as either.

The Women of the Revolution. By Elizabeth F. Ellet. 2 vols. New York: Baker & Scribner. Philada: J. W. Moore.—It has been a long time since a work of such an engrossing character has been issued from the press. Our fair readers especially will be deeply interested in this record of the heroism and sufferings of the women of the Revolution. The number of biographies is more than one hundred, some quite extended, and others of necessity short. The facts detailed are drawn from the most reliable sources, and are narrated in a clear and perspicuous style: much that has never before been in print is to be found in these volumes. The author has included in her plan not only the patriot woman of the Revolution, but some who figured on the British side. The volumes are very elegantly printed and bound, and are embellished with several portraits on steel.

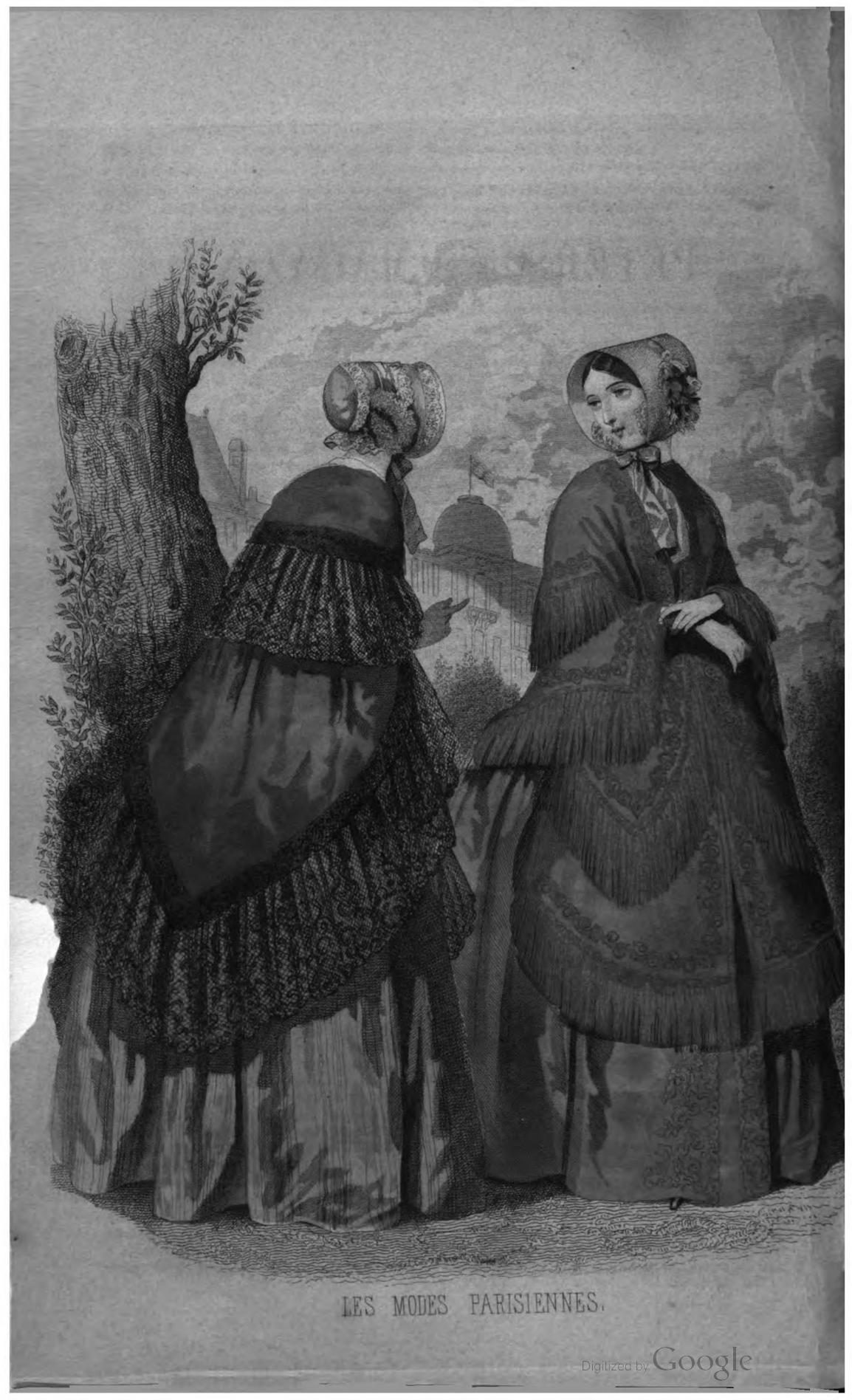












LES MODES PARISIENNES.

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No. 6.

THE BELLE OF THE FANCY BALL.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

It was the height of the season at one of our most fashionable watering places, when a party of fair girls met to arrange the costumes they were to wear at the great fancy ball.

"I shall go as Cleopatra," said Laura Villiers, a superb creature, with queenly carriage, voluptuous form and flashing eyes, exactly the person to act the haughty Egyptian, "I shall go as Cleopatra, remember I select the part first, and now, girls, let me hear what you have determined on."

Each proceeded to tell the costume she had selected, until finally all but one had spoken. This was Clara Townsend, a fair-haired, mild-looking young woman, the orphan niece and dependant on Laura's father. Clara was now at the Springs as the humble companion of her imperious cousin. When all had spoken, one of the company turned to Clara and asked what she was to wear.

"I am not going," said Clara, who had not received a ticket, and was, moreover, without the means to obtain a dress.

"Not going! Has not your uncle, or ~~some~~ one of the beaux invited you?"

Clara was about to reply mildly in the negative when her cousin looked up.

"I am sure, child," said Laura, "father would have procured you a ticket if he had thought you would like to go: don't suppose it was because you were not wished to be present: there," she added, imperiously, as Clara colored, "say no more about it: I will see that you have a ticket and dress: stay, what would suit the child: ah! here is the very character," she said, turning over the leaves of Byron, "Zuleika is just the thing for Clara: amiable and affectionate, you know, ready to endure all things, and romantically love till death."

There was a slight sneer on Laura's lips as she spoke, for, to tell the truth, she had more than once heard the amiability of Clara extolled by those whose good opinion she wished to monopolize, and as Clara was only a poor dependant, while she was an heiress, the haughty and petted Laura did not, even in public, give herself the trouble to regard Clara's feelings. In fact the orphan girl had many things to endure from

her cousin. Oh! bitter is the bread eaten in charity. Often Clara stole away to her chamber in tears; often she prayed to be at rest beside her mother; and often she resolved to leave her uncle's house and earn her livelihood in the meanest capacity. But her uncle would never listen to her leaving him. She could not tell him, that it was her cousin's superciliousness which made her desire to go, and he was not in the way to notice it, so she was compelled to remain.

"I hear George Custis is to be here for the ball," said one of the young ladies. "Is it true, Laura?"

"I believe it is," was the reply. "Father received a letter from him a few days ago, announcing his return to New York, and promising to join us shortly. Father wrote back inviting him to come up to the ball, so I suppose he will be here."

"He is announced rich, is he not?"

"Yes! He was a ward of father's: hence I know all about it; his estate is princely."

"Ah! there will be ~~no chance for any of us~~, " said one of the girls, with a sigh. "I suppose you will monopolize him yourself, Laura."

The proud beauty gave a toss of her head, which spoke volumes; but made no reply in words. Just then her eye happened to fall on Clara, who was listening intently to what was said.

"Oh! but I forgot," said Laura, "none of us can have any chance, for Clara here has appropriated him to herself: when she was a child, just before he sailed five years ago, he took her on his knee, and called her his little wife: since then the romantic creature has, I verily believe, nourished the belief that Mr. Custis will come back and wed her."

The cruel taunt was the more cutting because Mr. Custis had actually done as Laura said, and because Clara had in her secret heart once or twice dreamed of the possibility alluded to; but she had instantly dismissed such day dreams; and, therefore, she felt how unjust was Laura's imputation. Yet she knew that the charge, coming from such a source, would find many believers. Every eye was turned on her immediately. The color rose to her cheeks at this, and when her cousin said, "see, her blushes reveal it," she burst into tears and left the room. Poor Clara!

as she heard Laura's heartless laugh on her closing the door, she wished herself dead, or anywhere if she could find peace.

The night of the ball soon came around. On the afternoon of that day, true to expectation, Mr. Custis arrived; but at so late an hour that he did not see Laura before the *fête* opened. The haughty beauty never looked more superb. The truth is she had exhausted all her own and the milliner's art, besides lavishing money profusely, in order to eclipse every one else; for she had set her heart on the fortune of Mr. Custis, and she well knew the effect of a first appearance. Though she had charged Clara with having designs on him, nothing was further from her real supposition; she had only said what she did in order to annoy her cousin: but she knew that there were others as rich, if not as beautiful as herself, who would leave no scheme untried to secure her father's old ward. She determined to be before hand with them all, nor did she doubt of success.

Both Laura and her cousin were in the ball-room before Mr. Custis. He had been seen by no one but Mr. Villiers, who pronounced his old ward quite improved, and jocularly told the girls to endeavor to secure him.

"Of course," he said, "it would not do for me to show any favoritism; each must take her chance:—and really you both look so beautiful, I think Custis will find it difficult to choose. You, Laura, are perfectly magnificent, and must take his heart by storm at the first glance; but if you fail in that," and he smiled on Clara, "my sweet niece here will prove a rival not to be despised, for she seems lovelier than the more one looks at her. But ah! here he comes."

Both ladies looked up, and saw a tall, commanding figure, attired in the costume of a Turkish prince, coming directly toward them, and smiling as if he had already recognized them. His countenance, at all times handsome, looked wonderfully so when lit up by that smile; and each of the females thought they had never seen any one of the other sex so worthy of admiration. Custis, in his heart, returned the compliment, but hesitated to which to give the palm of beauty. He first turned his gaze on Laura, whose dark eyes, magnificent hair, and almost regal form struck him as equal to any he had seen in Spain, that land of glorious beauties. Laura wore the ancient Egyptian dress as seen on monuments, but modified so as to suit her peculiar beauty and not violate modern taste. Her attire sparkled with jewels, and, as she stood awaiting the approach of Custis, she looked every inch the Cleopatra who subdued Marc Anthony.

Clara's beauty, as well as her costume, was in an entirely different style. She wore the oriental dress, consisting of the wide trowsers, the jacket with short sleeves, and the snowy cymar on the bosom. Her waist was confined by a superb cashmere shawl. Around her neck she had a necklace of pearls; and she wore a head-dress of the same pure material. Her tresses flowed in thick, wavy curls over her shoulders, a perfect wealth of gold. As Custis approached, her bosom began to heave, for she remembered Laura's taunt, and involuntarily she clasped her hands on it

to still its tumultuous beatings. Thus standing, the color mantling on her cheeks, she looked almost a divinity.

"Ah! *ma belle* Laura," said Custis, giving her his hand, "I have not forgotten the way you used to tease me; nor have you forgotten that privilege of your sex, I see; for, by assuming the part of Cleopatra, you mean frankly to tell us, I suppose, that our hearts are at your mercy."

"And you," said Laura, briskly, "by assuming your present costume, intend to warn us that you have hearts for all."

He bowed low, and then turned to Clara.

"Pardon me," he said, "but this is surely my little wife—nay! no introduction, Mr. Villiers, you see I know Clara. Really, if you would not think it flattery, Miss Townsend," he continued, "I would say I think you have excelled even the fair promise of childhood."

The conversation now became general, Custis turning from one to the other of the cousins. Laura was gay, witty and animated, maintaining most of the conversation; but she failed to monopolize his attention as she wished: he continually turned to Clara to ask some question, which she answered generally in monosyllables, for the poor girl had not yet got over her confusion. She knew Laura's eye was on her, and that she should be taunted with these attentions as if it was a crime in her to receive them.

"What part do you intend to sustain, to-night?" said Laura, at last, and desiring to draw Custis away, she continued, "if you were attired a little more after the Roman fashion I might allow you to be my Marc Anthony, if on your best behavior."

She intended this is as a sort of a challenge, and expected Custis to take it as such; but he either did not, or would not see it, and answered—

"Fate as well as you are against me. I adopted this oriental costume in the whim of a moment, and now you tell me it prevents my doing my *devoir* to you as the Roman triumvir. Was ever destiny so hard?" And he bowed to Laura, but she could not tell whether seriously or ironically. "However," he continued, turning with a smile to Clara, "my dress will make a very passable Seyd, and I will do my best to deserve the rest of the character—that is," he added, with marked deference in his tone, "if Miss Townsend will permit me to aspire so high."

He offered his hand to Clara as he spoke, to lead her to the dance, a compliment which she blushingly accepted; while Laura turned away and bit her lip, her eyes flashing, and her whole frame quivering with rage.

Once freed from the malign influence of Laura's presence, Clara recovered her natural ease and simplicity of manner, and joined in the conversation with great spirit. She had read much, and thought more, and Custis was completely charmed by her. He had seen so much of fashionable females, that a soul nursed like Clara's in secret, had a strength, an originality, and a freshness about it, that drew him toward it with a strong feeling of sympathy, for he too had lived in the crowd, but not of it. Her conversation was so different from that usually heard in

ball-rooms, had so much solidity in it, and yet was so natural and sprightly, that when at last the mutual interchange of thought paused for a moment, he found to his surprise that he had monopolized Clara for an hour. He noticed many eyes directed on them, and saw at once that his attentions were marked; for Clara's sake, therefore, and lest the whispers of the room should embarrass her, he yielded her to another partner.

For there was now no want of admirers to the portionless girl. The attention of such a man as Custis was sure to introduce any one to notice; and the young men were astonished to find that they had not perceived before the extraordinary loveliness of Mr. Villiers' orphan niece. For the rest of the evening Clara was surrounded with beaux. The excitement of so novel a triumph gave additional lustre to her eye, and a richer bloom to her cheek, and long before the ball was over, she was conceded to be the belle of the evening. But nothing, throughout all the fete, gave her more exquisite pleasure than when she passed Custis in the dance, and received from him one of his smiles. It was like sunlight flooding her heart; every pulse thrilled deliciously. She went to bed that night thinking of Custis, and woke up in tears, for she dreamed she saw him married to Laura.

And what thought Laura? At first she was angry at Custis, and resolved to show it; but reflection brought prudence, and convinced her that in no way could she so easily drive him from her. Her indignation at Clara, however, knew no bounds, nor did she think it necessary to conceal this. Her manner was so haughty and overbearing in consequence, the next morning, that Clara was glad to retreat, from the private parlor they occupied, to her own chamber.

As early almost as such a visit was allowable, Custis made his appearance. Laura chose to take his call to herself, and concealing her mortification, strove to make herself as agreeable as possible. But on Custis all this was lost. He had asked after Clara on his arrival, and Laura had answered carelessly that her cousin was well: finding at last that she did not appear, he rose and took his leave.

He was to dine with the family that day, and when he arrived Clara was already in the room. Bowing slightly to Laura, he passed on regardless of her smile of invitation, and took his seat by Clara, who received him with blushing embarrassment. She had just heard of his visit in the morning, but from the manner in which it had been detailed to her, had imagined that it was intended for Laura; for she had not even been told that he had asked for her. The pang which her jealous cousin had thus inflicted, only increased, however, her present delight.

From that day Custis was always with Clara. In vain were Laura's attempts to draw him away from her cousin: he was true to his first preference; or rather true to that instinct which taught him to love amiability and avoid haughtiness and ill-temper. When Laura found that her scheme was hopeless, she vented her mortification and rage on our heroine. There are a thousand ways in which a person living in the same family with another, may render the latter miserable, without the world seeing anything

of it. Laura perfectly understood this. Never had our heroine been so miserable as now.

Her troubles were increased by the sudden departure of Custis for New York, whither he had been summoned on important business. He was forced to leave at a few hours notice, and did not see Clara before he went: a hasty note with his adieus was all she received from him. She treasured this as a precious relic, for she could not longer conceal from herself that she loved. Laura added to her pangs by insinuating that Custis had only been trifling with her.

"A pretty match it woud be—he a millionaire, and you not worth a sixpence," she said to Clara, with a toss of her head. "But if girls will be romantic and foolish, they must expect to suffer for it. I'll warrant that the business is only a plea to get off."

Clara left the room in tears. She could not deny to herself that there seemed some justice in what Laura said. It would have been easy for Custis to have written something more than a mere formal note—why did he not? Yet, when she recalled his manner, she could not believe but that he loved her? Alternating between such painfully conflicting views, she spent the miserable fortnight, which elapsed between the departure of Custis and their own return to New York. On the whole, however, her hopes declined. She had flattered herself at first that he would write to her, but he did not, and this completed her disappointment.

"Vain, foolish Clara," she soliloquized to herself, as she sat alone on the hurricane deck, her head leaning on her hand, and her eyes wondering vacantly over the water. "What madness it was in you to think that one so good, so accomplished and so wealthy, would stoop from his height to marry one so faulty, untaught and dependant as you. It is a bitter, bitter lesson," she mentally continued, while tears gathered in her eyes, "but the dream is past. I will meet my fate with resignation, and live on unloved and alone."

Tears were now flowing profusely from her eyes, and she drew her green veil over her face to conceal them. Just then a hand was laid lightly on her shoulder, and a well known voice, that thrilled to her innermost soul, pronounced the single word—

"Clara!"

In an instant every gloomy thought was forgotten, and she started to her feet, her whole face radiant with joy. Custis stood before her.

"Clara, and alone!" he said. "Why I have been searching all over the boat for you. I was advised by Mr. Villiers that you would return to-day, and so I came up the river to meet you; if you had been looking in the right way you would have seen me come on board at the last landing. I found Laura in the ladies cabin: she told me you were somewhere about; and then resumed her book. But now that I have found you," he continued, with animation, "I feel rewarded for my long search. But tears on your cheek, dear Clara—ah! what can you have to make you sorrowful?—is it that you regret the pleasures you leave behind?"

"Oh! no," said Clara, quickly: then she stopped

confused: she feared Custis would read more in her words than she wished him to know.

But she need not have been alarmed for her delicacy; for Custis, before they reached the city, was her declared lover. Sitting almost alone together on the hurricane deck, with twilight just fading in the West, and the moon rising in the opposite quarter of the firmament, he told his affection, and won from Clara a half whispered reference to her uncle, which he knew how to interpret.

"Of his approval, dear Clara, I have no doubt: I hinted at this in my last letter, and received his hearty consent by return of mail. As he was in the light of a parent to you, I did not think it right to proceed without his sanction, else, dear girl, I should have written to you of my hopes in the note I sent you, or at least addressed you from New York."

The wedding was not long delayed. Clara was

universally pronounced the loveliest bride who had been married from St. Paul's that season. Happiness increased her beauty by lending a gayer sparkle to her eyes, and a brighter bloom to her cheeks. Laura officiated as one of the bridesmaids, but could not restrain her spleen. This was the first occasion on which Custis had ever seen an exhibition of it, and when he and his bride were alone in the carriage, whirling off to his country-seat, where they were to spend the honey-moon, he said—

"I always thought that Laura was ill-tempered: she was so when we were children together. It was my memory of your amiability which first attracted me toward you at the ball; but every hour afterward I liked you better and better, until—you know the rest."

He kissed his lovely wife as he spoke, while Clara, with tears of happiness, hid her face on his bosom.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Thou art growing older, mother,
Time is writing on thy brow
Many a cold and icy record
With the fingers of the snow;
Youth's bright flowers have faded, mother,
That adorned thy bridal day,
As the Summer roses perish
With the Winter's chilling sway.

Often round thy pathway, mother,
Would the storms of sorrow come;
But the bow of peace was shining
Ever on the hearth at home;
There thy love was building, mother,
Altars pointing to the skies,
Where each wandering one could mingle
Tears amid the sacrifice!

Tears thou had'st—but never, mother,
Bitter words escaped thy lips;
Gently was the home-sick exile
'Mid the shadowy wrongs eclipse
Guided back to duty, mother;
Back to taste that guileless stream
Flowing from thy ceaseless kindness,
Pure as childhood's happy dream.

Other dreams have lured me, mother,
Sometime from thy trusted side,
Other voices with their whispers
Fill'd my heart with beating pride;
Fame has pointed upward, mother,
To her temple seen afar;
Hung with chaplets for the winners
Bright as evening's vesper star.

Cold are all such greetings, mother,
Cold and lifeless are the flowers;
Love has pinions but for toying
'Mid the Summer's fragrant hours;
Fame still leaves us lonely, mother,
Though a world may sing our praise—
And the heart with dove-like yearning
Homeward flies to early days.

There the sunshine rested, mother,
Calm as is a whispering brook,
Truth and love and peace were flowing
From thy every word and look;
There we knelt at night, dear mother,
All thy loved ones side by side,
Listening to thy prayers that floated
Upward in the eventide!

Some of that fond circle, mother,
Some that join'd us in our song,
Now no longer gather round thee
In our sacred family throng,
But on kindred altars, mother,
When the hour of rest has come,
Do they mingle hearts and voices,
Thinking still of thee and home.

To that home when still, dear mother,
Though they own another love—
Pure air is the radiance beaming
From the thousand stars above—
Will the heart oft wander, mother,
Hand in hand with memory,
Linger on each scene that's haunted
With the joys of infancy.

Now those joys have vanished, mother,
'Mid the cares of riper years—
Years that brought like April weather
Sometimes smiles and sometimes tears;
But above it all, dear mother,
As the bow above the storm,
Shone the sunlight of thy presence,
With its radiance mild and warm.

And as years shall gather, mother,
Shadows on thy path and brow,
As the shades of evening lengthen
When the sun is sinking low;
Love will gild thy pathway, mother,
True as in life's virgin start,
And the close of day shall herald
Not a shadow on thy heart.

THE CHEERFUL HEART.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

"I cannot choose but marvel at the way
In which our lives pass on, from day to day
Learning strange lessons in the human heart,
And yet like shadows letting them depart."—MISS LANDOW.

How wearyly the little news-boy plodded along the deserted and desolate streets on that Christmas Eve! The cold rain was beating fiercely upon him, and a few tattered garments served but poorly to protect him from its rage. All day long had he been out amid the storm, and was now returning, weary and hungry, to his humble home. The street lamps were lighted, and as he passed by them you could see by the gleam that his face was pale and emaciated—you could see that, young as he was, something had been there already to attenuate his features, and give him that wan and desolate look which can be given only by some great affliction, some pinching want or overwhelming grief. You could tell at a glance that a dark shadow was resting upon his pathway—a shadow out of which there seemed, just then, but little hope of his escape. Born amid poverty and wretchedness, and left fatherless while yet in his cradle, his life up to that hour had been nothing but misery—and the whole record of that life was written in his pale face and tattered rags. Yet with all this, as he passed along a close observer might have noticed a strange light in his clear, blue eye—an expression of kindly cheerfulness, such as we may not often see in this world of care and grief—for God's blessing was upon him—the blessing of a cheerful heart.

The sorrow of his life, however deep and abiding, the gloom upon his pathway, however dark and fearful, dimmed not the light that burned so quietly, and yet so steadily within. Like the Vestal fire of old, it grew not dim, but threw its rays far out over the great gloom around him—even now the cold storm beat upon him unheeded. There are waking dreams that come upon us sometimes when we least expect them—bright dreams of love, and home, and Heaven—beautiful visions of a future, all glorious with its burden of song and gladness!—and such a vision, of such a future, now filled and crowded and blessed the heart of that forsaken boy.

He was dreaming as he walked along of better days to come—of a time when the poverty in his pathway should depart, and the beautiful flowers should spring up to bless him with their presence—of a bright home far away from that great city, upon whose cheerful hearth the fire should not go out, and where hunger should never haunt him more. And then into that dream of a better life—into that vision of a cheerful home far-off among the green hills—came a pleasant face—the face of his beloved mother. He could see her as she sat by the lattice at the quiet evening hour reading the sacred Bible, with the last red rays

resting like a glory upon her brow, while the rose leaf trembled at the window, and the little violets folded themselves to sleep. Very pleasant was the picture there passing before the gaze of that ragged child—very glorious the panorama of green hills and bright flowers and singing birds—very beautiful that humble cottage, half covered by the clustering foliage:—and his heart thrilled and heaved with a strange rapture never known before—such rapture, such joy as the stricken poor can *never* know, save when some good angel comes down from the blue Heaven and beckons them away from the haunts of woe and want in which they suffer, to the free air and the blessed sunlight.

But the dream had passed—the sun had set—the flowers faded—the cottage disappeared. Of all that beautiful vision, so cheering and so glorious, no trace remained; no vestige of leaf or tree or bird; no letter of his mother's Bible—no love-light of his mother's eye. The darkness came around him, and he found himself there amid the storm in the silent streets of that great and sinful city. So gathering his garments more closely about him, he hurried along to his home with a prayer upon his lip and God's sunlight in his heart. Turning into an obscure street, a few steps brought him to the door of a wretched dwelling, which he entered. Follow now and behold a scene of want and penury, such as may be found sometimes in this world of ours—a scene upon which men look with unconcern, but on which, thank God! the angels gaze with joy: a home where poverty struggles with a brave heart and is conquered.

Before the fire sat a pale, sad woman, upon whose features the traces of great loveliness were still visible, though sorrow had sharpened them somewhat, and ghastly want done much to dim their beauty. Upon her high and queenly brow the blue veins were clearly visible, as the blood coursed through them with unwonted rapidity. Her large, dark eyes were dim with tears. Some new sorrow had started afresh the sealed fountain of her grief—and now as she gazed silently upon the red embers in all the utter agony of despair, it might seem that hope had gone forever and God forsaken her.

"Mother! dear mother!" said the boy, as he entered all dripping with the rain, "I have come at last, and I am tired and hungry."

"My son! my son!" replied the mother, "there is no morsel of food in the house," and her lip quivered. "We must starve!—we must starve! God help us!" and her tears broke forth afresh.

Thus had it been for many a weary month. With

scarcely food sufficient to support life that mother and her boy had struggled, and suffered, and wept, and prayed—and now that the cold winter was coming on, no wonder that her heart shuddered and her cheek grew pale at the hopeless prospect ahead. How could they pass the dreary days and the long nights, the storm and the terrible cold, without food, and raiment, and shelter? And then where could they go when the heartless landlord should thrust them from their present wretched dwelling, as he had threatened to do on the morrow? Verily the gloom and the despair were great and fearful!

And yet even at that desolate hour an eye looked down from Heaven upon that friendless widow. There by the hearthstone—by the dying embers an angel hovered—an earthly angel, even in the guise of that cheerful child. For

"Earth had its angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below:
Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow."

"Mother!" said he, "we will not starve. God has not forsaken us. There are better days to come—better days to come, mother! I saw it in my dream. Oh! I had so bright a dream, and in it I beheld your own dear self, and you were singing a pleasant song away in that blessed home. Oh! mother, cheer up! cheer up."

When the little boy lay down upon his wretched couch that dreary night he was changed. His mother's tears—his mother's great despair had transformed him from a suffering child into a strong-hearted man—from a weak and helpless dependant into an earnest, thoughtful worker. Henceforth his path was one of duty alone—and no allurement, be it ever so bright, could turn him from it. Before him glittered forever a guiding star: and his intense, absorbing gaze, neither the cares nor the pleasures, nor the vanities of life could for an instant divert. Existence had for him but one object, and his utmost energies were taxed for its attainment.

Never did the sun rise in greater splendor than on

the Christmas morning following that night of hunger, gilding the spires and domes of the city with his rays. The streets were already rapidly filling with the gay crowd seeking pleasure, and men walked as though new life had been given them by the general hilarity and the bracing air.

In the most crowded street was the news-boy, but not the disconsolate, wretched lad who had plodded his way through the storm the night before to a desolate home and a supperless bed. You would not have recognized him as he hurried along, eagerly intent upon his avocation, and his face all radiant with the great hope that struggled at his heart.

That night joy visited the forsaken fireside. They had paid the landlord his rent, and still had sufficient left wherewith to purchase food. It was a merry Christmas for them.

Years came and went. Great changes had taken place. The boy had grown to manhood. High honors were conferred upon him. Wealth flowed into his coffers—his praise was upon every tongue. And at this very hour, upon the banks of the majestic Hudson, his mansion stands conspicuous among a thousand others for its taste and elegance.

He has but one companion—his aged mother—the lonely widow whom we saw some years since, gazing mournfully into the fire, and watching its flickering light. His influence is felt far and wide, and the poor and the wretched of every class and kind come around him with their blessings.

Thank God! Thank God!—for every suffering son of man, who thus comes up from the deep shadow of despair into the blessed sunlight, and, turning, gives his word of cheer to the groping millions beneath him.

Thank God! Thank God, that scattered here and there throughout the world in many an humble home may be found men and women, unto whom life presents but little of love, or hope, or joy, and yet who pass along amid its desolate paths without a murmur, sustained, and soothed, and blessed by this alone—
A CHEERFUL HEART.

A. J. W.

TO AN OLD ALMANAC.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

DISCARDED friend!
At sight of thee what memories throng the brain,
And closely blend
Their intermingling shades of joy and pain!

Within thy year
Of incident and change—o'erfraught with woe—
Full many a tear
Was shed o'er hopes deferred and friends laid low.

Fresh into life
How many thousand sprang, with earliest breath,
To join the strife
Which lures them back again to shades of death!

In Hymen's bands,
Which trusting hearts in wedlock's joys unite,

The lover's hands
Were joined, and bosoms thrilled with wild delight.

But e'er the glow,
Which mantled o'er the bridal cheeks, had fled,
At Death's fell blow,
O'er cheek and brow eternal paleness spread!

The bridegroom turned
To thee, and marked upon thy page the day
His love was urned,
And graved it on his heart to live for aye!

And thus each hour
Which came within the compass of thy reign,
With equal power
Links some fond heart to memories of pain!

THE DRESS-MAKER'S APPRENTICE;

OR, THE BACHELOR ABROAD AND AT HOME.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

"CAN you tell me the name of that beautiful girl who has just been dancing with Frank Ashton?" said Robert Lanson, to a gentleman by the name of Sutherland, who stood next him at one of the most brilliant parties there had been for the season.

"Her name is Edith Eldon," replied Sutherland, "and she is an heiress as well as a beauty."

"She is really the prettiest girl I ever saw," said Lanson, "and I must obtain an introduction to her," and as he finished speaking, he left Sutherland in order to execute his intention.

Sutherland followed him with his eyes, and unconsciously murmured a few words to himself, while a scornful smile wreathed his lips. To one not thoroughly acquainted with Lanson, the reason of this would have been difficult to determine; for few gentlemen were more liberally endowed with personal attractions than Lanson. Besides, though not over six and twenty, he had, by his talents and industry, secured an extensive and lucrative practice as a lawyer. He had, moreover, recently come into possession of a very handsome estate.

Lanson obtained the introduction he sought, and set himself seriously to work to win the fascinating heiress. She did not seem insensible to his assiduous attention, for her color would sometimes deepen when he suddenly entered her presence; and her eyes often veiled themselves beneath their long, thick lashes when he addressed her.

One lovely evening there was a large party at Mrs. Sumner's. The air of the crowded rooms had become warm and oppressive, and Edith stepped into a balcony, so filled with tall, flowering plants as to entirely screen her from view. She wished to commune with her own heart, for she was not unconscious that she was becoming deeply interested in Lanson. She soon became aware that there were persons conversing together near the door of the balcony, though she was too much engrossed with her own thoughts to mind what was said, till at length the name of Lanson fell on her ear. This had the effect at once to arrest her attention.

"Can that be true?" were the next words which Edith heard.

"I have but too good reason to believe that it is," replied a voice which she knew to be Sutherland's.

"Lanson is the last person," said his companion, "whom I shou'd ... thought guilty of so much meanness. I always imagined that he was one of the most generous and noble-hearted fellows in existence."

"One whose heart-worship has, like his, always

been lavished upon mammon and his own dear self, can neither be generous nor noble-hearted. If he assume the semblance of either, it must be from interested motives. His sister, who from being the eldest of a large family, while he is the youngest, is quite old enough to be his mother, keeps his house, and performs as much labor as two servants ought to, and, what is worse, is treated by him as a mere underling."

"Why does she submit to be treated thus?" "He gives her a home, which I suppose she thinks is better than to be cast upon the world at her time of life, for she is entirely destitute of property. Besides, I have heard it suggested that she really imagines herself inferior to him, and, therefore, submits to his caprices and exactions with the greatest possible meekness, and does not even seem to know that she has any cause of complaint."

"And can Miss Eldon know anything of this?" "I suspect not," replied Sutherland.

"Would it not be right to give her a hint of it?" "All things considered, I should say no. Interference in such cases usually produces an effect opposite to what was intended. It will undoubtedly be the more judicious way to let things take their own course."

It was impossible for Edith not to overhear this conversation, and the unamiable light in which it placed Lanson, gave her more pain than fifteen minutes before she could have willingly imagined. As she knew on what slight grounds reports disadvantageous to a person's character are frequently based, she at once came to a determination to satisfy herself as to the validity of the charges against Lanson, to which she had just been an involuntary listener. As soon as Sutherland and his companion had withdrawn from its vicinity, she took the first opportunity to leave the balcony. She soon afterward met Lanson, who was evidently seeking her. His manner toward her, from the first, had been marked with the greatest delicacy, a trait which cannot fail to be flattering to a lady's self-complacency, implying as it does the existence of qualities which are the greatest ornaments to the female character. He ventured, once or twice, a step further this evening than he had ever done before, by addressing her in terms somewhat complimentary, yet always in a manner so as not to exceed the limits of good taste. If she had not overheard the conversation between Sutherland and his companion, he might have made the impression he intended: as it was, she was so much pre-occupied by a plan already floating in her mind in a chrysalis state, that, although his

words fell on her ear, she imperfectly comprehended their meaning. Lanson was disappointed, for he had carefully marked the different phases which her feelings had appeared to assume with regard to himself since his first introduction to her, and he imagined that she was fully prepared to listen with some degree of interest, to what, to do him justice, were no idle compliments, but the real sentiments of his heart. Want of perseverance, however, as has been suggested, was not one of his faults, and suspecting that she affected an indifference which she did not feel, he did not suffer his courage to be in the least damped.

CHAPTER II.

"If you have not already come to a satisfactory conclusion respecting Lanson," said Mary Arnott, Edith's cousin, "I advise you to make all possible haste, as I am certain that he has made up his mind to pop the question."

Edith sat silent a short time, and appeared uncommonly thoughtful. She at length said—

"I wish you to tell me truly, Mary, if you have ever heard anything to Lanson's disadvantage?"

"Never. On the contrary, all whom I have heard speak of him, represent him as being a young man of correct habits, and as uncommonly attentive to his business, although the property which has lately fallen to him yields so large an income that he might, if he chose, give up business altogether."

"A circumstance which may go to corroborate what I have heard," said Edith, and she then mentioned the remarks which she had heard Sutherland make respecting him.

"Mr. Sutherland has certainly been misinformed," said Mary, "and I should not suffer his remarks to influence me in the least."

"That is impossible," replied Edith. "Unless I can be perfectly sure that they were without foundation, Robert Lanson can never be anything more to me than he is now."

"The difficulty lies in making yourself sure," said Mary. "Mr. Hearsay, who is not the most veracious personage in the world, being the only one from whom you can gather any information."

"I have been thinking of a plan," said Edith. "It flashed upon my mind while listening to Sutherland's remarks."

"It is a romantic one, I hope," said Mary, "and if so, you must let me be an aider and abetter, because you know that a little romance, once in a while, is the delight of my heart."

"Without doubt, I shall be glad of your assistance," said Edith.

"What is it then? I am so impatient to hear," replied Mary.

"You know that I told you one day, not long since, that I had thoughts of learning a dress-maker's trade."

"Yes, but I did not suppose you were in earnest."

"I was, however, for although there is certainly no prospect at present that I shall be obliged to earn my living, as strange things as that have come to pass. Besides there is a monotony in fashionable life which tires me. I wish to see the world under some different

aspect. Now, wherever I go, I am greeted with smiles because I am Miss Eldon, the wealthy heiress. Miss Eldon, the dress-maker's apprentice, may have opportunity to see people as they really are."

"That may be true, but how by learning a dress-maker's trade you can accomplish the other object you have in view, I am at a loss to imagine."

"Miss Hilton, you know, is one of the most fashionable dress-maker's in the city, and her shop is within five minutes walk of Lanson's residence. Now that pretty, modest girl, by the name of Susan Rowe, who fitted a morning dress for me last week, told me that while she was learning her trade of Miss Hilton, she had a room in Lanson's house, and that her meals, prepared in the nicest manner, were always sent up to her by Miss Lanson, as her brother did not wish to have a third person at the table. Now if I can have the good fortune to be Susan Rowe's successor, it will be all that is necessary to accomplish my object."

"You will, of course, be obliged to make a confidant of Miss Hilton, for without doubt she knows you by sight."

"I believe not, yet even if she does there will be no necessity of taking her into my confidence, as I mean to cover this light colored hair of mine with tresses made into a fashionable wig, dark as the story-tellers say, as the raven's plume."

"But even if you wear a black wig, it will not change your appearance in other respects. Your name too, she has doubtless heard of the celebrated Miss Eldon, if she never saw her."

"Perhaps not, and even if she has, she has plenty to attend to without trying to find out if we are related to each other. She might be anxious to discover the origin of a new fashion, but she won't trouble herself to trace that of an apprentice girl."

"You may be recognized by other people if not by her."

"Not at all. When they see me pass they will say, 'how much Miss Hilton's little apprentice girl looks like Miss Eldon—if I didn't know that it was impossible, I should think it was her'—and then they will think no more about me."

"And you feel as if you would be doing perfectly right to constitute yourself a spy upon poor Lanson in his own *menage*, where it cannot be expected that he will speak and act by rule."

"Certainly I do. Stratagem in love as in war, should never be held dishonorable."

CHAPTER III.

THE house of Lanson, a large and somewhat stately looking dwelling, was in a retired and pleasant street. Besides himself and sister, who, as has been mentioned, was his housekeeper, there was only one inhabitant, a girl of fourteen, who scoured knives, washed dishes, cleaned boots and shoes, did errands and whatever else she was capable of doing. Miss Lanson's life was, therefore, a lonely one, and she used sometimes to think after Susan Rowe went away, that she would give a good deal to have some person to speak to occasionally. She felt this want

the more as her brother, who had, as he said, talking enough to do in the regular transaction of his business, was, when at home, uncommonly taciturn, seldom speaking except to give some directions relative to the manner he wished his dinner cooked, or some other matter which bore directly on his personal comfort. One morning when a sense of loneliness pressed more heavily than usual on Miss Lanson's mind, her attention was arrested by the ringing of the street door bell. It was seldom rung by any one but her brother, and as she was wondering why he had returned so soon after breakfast, Hannah, the girl before alluded to, put her head into the room and said that there was a lady at the door who wished to speak with her.

"Wait on her into the parlor," said Miss Lanson, "and I will be there in a few minutes."

When Miss Lanson entered the parlor, she found a young girl whose dress was plain and simple, yet exactly fitted to her form, which was remarkably fine. Without any preamble she made known the motive of her call.

"I am going," said she, "to learn a dress-maker's trade of Miss Hilton, and having heard that you lodged and boarded one of her girls last summer, I have called to see if you would accommodate me in the same way."

"For my own part I should be very glad to," replied Miss Lanson, "for, as the house is large, it would make it seem less lonely; but what my brother will think about it I cannot tell."

"If he should be willing," said the young girl, "I shall consider it as a favor, as I know of no house where I can obtain accommodations such as I should like, which is not too distant from the shop. If convenient I should prefer to have my meals in my own room."

"It will be perfectly convenient," said Miss Lanson. "Even if it did put me to a little extra trouble I should not value it, for the sake of having one more human being live and breathe under the same roof."

"If it should cause you *any* additional trouble," said the girl, "I shall be willing to satisfy you for it."

"I will speak to my brother about it," said Miss Lanson, "when he comes home to dinner."

"And I will call again in the morning to ascertain the result. My name is Eldon, and if you wish to make any inquiries respecting me, I can refer you to several respectable persons who reside in a neighboring town."

When Lanson came home to dinner, his sister's first care was to study his countenance, that she might "fashion her demeanor by his looks." She imagined that he appeared in better humor than usual, and she felt sure that he was, when he voluntarily informed her that he had recently several times met with a lady with whom he was so much pleased, that he had serious thoughts of marrying her.

"She is of course very handsome and very accomplished, or you would not think of such a thing."

"She is in every respect superior to any lady I have ever met with. The last time I saw her I thought she seemed more distant and reserved than

usual; but I suspect her object was to increase my ardor, by making me doubtful as to my success."

"As it will probably be several months before you are married," said his sister, hesitating, after awhile, "I thought I should like, that is if you are perfectly willing, for I am sure I shouldn't think of such a thing if you are not, to have a young lady who called here this morning board here a short time."

"Another dress-maker's apprentice, I suppose."

"Yes, but she says she shall be willing to pay for any extra trouble she may give."

"I cannot say that I feel much flattered at the idea of having a person of her class as a boarder, yet if she is willing to give five dollars a week, as we have several rooms which are entirely useless to us, I will not object to her coming, provided she on all occasions takes her meals in her room."

"That is a condition she seemed particularly anxious about, though she has a face, if she is nothing but a dress-maker's apprentice, which for my part I should like to see at the table."

"What kind of a face has she?"

"I don't know that I can give you a correct idea of it, for I am not good at description—but I know that she has a very handsome nose, beautiful red lips, and the brightest blue eyes I ever saw. They made me think of the deep, clear spring I used to love when I was a child. I often amused myself by looking into it, but I could never see to the bottom of the sunshine that was poured into it from overhead—that was always unfathomable."

"What colored hair has she?" said Lanson, the description which his sister gave of her making him think of Edith.

"Black, and it struck me that her skin was a little darkish for person with blue eyes."

"Dark skinned ladies are not to my taste," said Lanson, as he left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

EDITH did not fail to call on Miss Lanson the following morning according to promise. She immediately closed with Miss Lanson's offer to board her for five dollars a week, somewhat to that lady's surprise, who had felt afraid that a person in her station would think it more than she could afford.

"Won't you look at the rooms, and select the one you think will suit you best?" said Miss Lanson, wondering as she spoke why she should appear so indifferent about it.

"It will be as well," replied Edith, and she followed Miss Lanson up stairs, who showed her three rooms, all of which were large and airy, though very scantily furnished.

Edith selected the only one which had a carpet on the floor; and Miss Lanson said she would do her best to supply the other deficiencies with articles of furniture belonging to the other chambers.

"I forgot to mention," said Edith, "that I shall always spend Sunday with a friend who lives in a distant part of the city. I shall always go in season to take tea with her Saturday, and shall not return here till dinner-time on Monday."

"Then there ought to be some reduction in the price," said Miss Lanson.

"By no means. I am perfectly willingly to give five dollars a week, even if I am absent one, or even two days each week, which may frequently happen to be the case."

Edith now rose to go, saying that she should be back in season for dinner.

"Don't be *too* early," said Miss Lanson, "for I cannot send your dinner up to you till after my brother has dined, as he is particular to have the first choice of whatever may be put upon the table. There is always enough left, however, which is very good, and I shall be careful to select the best for you."

"I am not difficult," said Edith, "and I beg that you will give yourself no unnecessary trouble on my account."

"I shall not consider it any trouble," said Miss Lanson, "but rather a pleasure to see that your meals are of good quality and properly served."

Edith now bid her good morning, and after giving directions to a porter to go for her baggage and convey it to her new lodging, she proceeded to the shop where she was to take her first lesson in the art of dress-making.

Everything went on quite smoothly for more than a week. Edith had been absent one night, for the purpose of attending a party, where she as usual met Lanson. Miss Lanson, when she found that she was preparing to go, very much regretted her intended absence, and tried to persuade her to remain at home, as she said her brother was going to one of the grand parties he was in the habit of attending, where he expected to see a lady he was so much pleased with that she shouldn't wonder if he married her, she should, therefore, be quite alone till a late hour. Edith excused herself by saying that she had promised her friend to spend the night with her.

"I wish you could see our boarder," said Miss Lanson, one morning to her brother. "If you should, you would say that you never saw a person that was really beautiful before; and if there was ever a lady in the world she is one. And then she is so gay and so lively, and sometimes so funny that—"

"That," said her brother, taking up the word, "you are so amused that you neglect many things which you ought to attend to. Now I should much rather see my boots and shoes properly blacked than forty pretty milliners, and it appears to me that if you should attend to it as you ought, that Hannah could be made to do them so that they would look a little more decent."

"I am sure I am sorry that I didn't mind that she did them so badly—I will do them myself for the future," merrily replied his sister.

"I should be very glad if you would," said he, "and I wish you would also be a little more particular about ironing my shirt bosoms and collars—I don't think you take much pains with them."

"I will do my best," said she, "and I always have done. Miss Eldon saw me ironing some yesterday, and said she never saw any look nicer."

"Then Miss Eldon's ideas of niceness differ from mine," he replied. "It would not be amiss either if

you should trust more to yourself and less to Hannah in preparing dinner. I have not been remarkably well pleased of late, but have foreborne to say any thing, thinking that perhaps matters might be mended. The dress-maker's lively and funny apprentice I suppose though must be attended to whether I am or not."

"Indeed, Robert," said Miss Lanson, "I never trust Hannah to prepare dinner or any other meal. It was not my fault that those chickens were not good yesterday. I knew the moment I saw them that they would not be good roasted, and had not your orders respecting the manner you wished to have them cooked been peremptory, I should have done them some other way."

"Well, all I have to say is, that if you have any judgment, I wish you would have the goodness to exercise it for the future. I shall send some green peas home for dinner to-day—only a very few, as they as yet sell at a very high price, so you needn't think of sending any up to your boarder. The remainder of those strawberries I purchased yesterday will do for the dessert."

"There is not a single strawberry left."

"Not a single one left?"

"No," replied his sister, looking a good deal frightened.

"You gave them to your boarder, I suppose; but remember if she wishes for any fruit she will for the future supply herself."

"I thought as she is absent a good deal, we could afford to let her have a little of what is left."

"You for *once* happened to think wrong then, and I will thank you to remember that I strictly prohibit you from offering her any more. Another thing I have minded too, and that is, the piece of ice on the butter is much larger than there is any need of. All that is left is of course wasted."

"It is almost always about all melted by the time Miss Eldon finishes her dinner."

"Eldon did you say? I thought your boarder's name was Alden."

"No, her name is Eldon."

"Rather a singular coincidence," said he. "I did not think that there was another person in town by that name. Where is Hannah? Let her go and get my other hat—this is too heavy for this warm morning."

"Hannah is gone of an errand," she replied, "I will go for your hat myself."

"Why didn't you bring the gloves you saw lying on the table when you were about it?" said he, when she returned.

"I didn't know that you wished for them," she replied. "I will go back and get them."

"I wish you would," said he, and his sister, unconscious of fatigue from the stimulus afforded by fear joined with a desire to please, again ascended the stairs in order to procure his gloves.

Lanson took them and left the house.

Edith, the evening previous, had taken a piece of work home with her to finish, so that instead of going to the shop as usual, directly after breakfast, she had remained in her room. What little air there was, was not in a direction to come in at the windows, and as

the morning was oppressively warm, she had in order to make herself comfortable, been obliged to leave open her chamber door. It might have been proper for her to have closed it when Lanson commenced finding fault with his sister: she did not, however, and consequently heard all that was said. Soon after his departure, having finished her sewing, she prepared to go to the shop.

"Miss Eldon, do step this way one minute," said Miss Lanson, who heard her passing through the hall.

Edith entered a small, back apartment, where her hostess with a sad, care-worn countenance stood by a table, on which were lying a number of very fine linen shirts.

"Do, Miss Eldon," said she, "if you possibly can, tell me what I can do to make these look better. My brother feels dissatisfied with them, and says they are not starched and ironed as they ought to be."

"I cannot tell you what to do," said Miss Eldon, "for they are already as nice as it is in the power of human hands to make them. Had I a brother so hard to please as yours is, I should give up the attempt in despair."

"Robert seems more difficult about his things than he used to," said Miss Lanson. "The truth is, he is anxious to appear uncommonly well, on account of the lady I mentioned to you a few days ago that he has in his eye."

"Could the truth be known," said Edith, "I dare say that the lady in question would value a smooth temper much more highly than a smooth dickey. Ah, here are a pair of boots—the ones, I suppose, that you are to have the privilege of blacking for him. You have so many things to attend to, and look so worried and fatigued, let me see if I cannot succeed."

"Oh! not for the world."

"And why not? I am always pretty sure to succeed in whatever I undertake, and I have no doubt but that I can black Mr. Lanson's boots in a manner which will prove entirely satisfactory to him. Just lend me this apron, and I will polish them so well that no person will suspect they were not done by a regular shoe-black."

Heedless of Miss Lanson's remonstrances, she commenced blacking the boots, and did not leave them till she could see her face in them.

"There," said she, placing them in a conspicuous place, and assuming an air of mock triumph, "I knew that I could do them as well as if I had done nothing but black shoes all my life time. I think that even the lady you mentioned, who it seems is the innocent cause of his fastidiousness in shirt-bosoms and boots, should she chance to see them will give him credit for employing as pains-taking a shoe-black as there is in the city."

"What would my brother think if he should know that you did them?"

"He would probably think that a dress-maker's apprentice ought not to feel degraded by performing such a little menial office for the handsome, accomplished and *amiable* Mr. Lanson, especially when it would otherwise have devolved on his sister."

"He don't in a general way expect me to do them,"

said Miss Lanson. "Hannah can almost always suit him, but he sometimes has a good deal to perplex him relative to his business, and is always obliged to treat his clients with courtesy, let them be tedious and troublesome as they will, or he will lose their custom, so it is not to be wondered at if he is a little out of humor when he comes home."

"By no means," replied Edith. "I have heard of many persons whose ill-humor by dint of careful nursing, often rises to so high a pitch that there might be a dangerous explosion were they not able to let it off at home occasionally. Mr. Lanson seems obliged on account of a paucity of servants to select his sister as a safety valve, who will doubtless be succeeded by his wife whenever he obtains one."

"Oh! no," said Miss Lanson, "for he has always been so used to finding fault with me that it will seem a great deal more natural to him than to find fault with his wife. I have no doubt but that he will be very indulgent to his wife, especially if he is so fortunate as to obtain the lady he is so much pleased with."

"How happens it?" said Edith, as she poured a little cologne water upon her hands, after having subjected them to a more thorough ablution than usual, even though they had been encased in a pair of thick gloves while performing what was to them a very novel employment—"how happens it that you have never seen the lady you speak of? Don't you ever attend any parties?"

"No, indeed, Robert says my manners are too much out of date for me to mix in fashionable society. I received a few invitations when I first presided over his establishment, but there is a general understanding now that I never go out, so people have ceased to invite me."

"I shall be absent again to-night," said Edith, as she put on her bonnet.

"How strange that you should always be absent the same evenings that my brother is. He is going to a party this evening, I can tell by his appearance."

And Miss Lanson was right. Her brother did attend a party, and so did Edith. Lanson thought he had never seen her look and appear so well, but she received his attentions with a coldness which he could not possibly misconstrue, for that which is sometimes assumed as a mask to cover the real feelings of the heart. He could have borne this with a better grace had she treated all with similar indifference. It was impossible, however, for him not to perceive that Frank Ashton, the gentleman who had paid her particular attention the first evening he ever saw her, and who had since modestly kept somewhat in the back-ground, had more than regained his original place in her favor. To be supplanted by Frank Ashton was in his estimation too humiliating, for though he was well educated and possessed talents of the highest order, he was poor. Neither could he, thought Lanson, compare with himself in personal advantages. In this he was right as respected those which generally pass for such in the eyes of the multitude; but persons who prefer an intellectual expression of countenance to a brilliant complexion, and some other advantages of a showy nature, would have been better pleased with the looks of Ashton.

That which added to Lanson's chagrin was, he had within a few days purchased a high priced piano, which was that very moment standing in silent dignity in one of the parlors, with Miss Eldon's favorite songs and airs reposing on the top of it. He began now seriously to apprehend that the roll of bank-bills he paid the manufacturer of the instrument, would have been more judiciously employed in purchasing stock.

CHAPTER V.

"It is a delightful morning," said Edith to Miss Lanson, "and if I were you I would walk out, if it were for nothing but the novelty of breathing a little air, which has not first been enclosed within four walls."

"I would," replied Miss Lanson, "if Hannah had not gone to make her sister a visit to-day."

"If that is the only thing that prevents you," said Edith, "I will take Hannah's place—I can easily apologize to Miss Hilton for being absent from the shop."

After some hesitation, Miss Lanson concluded to go.

"You will be in no danger of being disturbed," said she, when she was ready for her walk, "for except the boy my brother sometimes sends with the meat and vegetables for dinner, no person enters the house half a dozen times a year that does not belong to the family."

"I shall enjoy myself very well, I dare say," said Edith, "so don't be in a hurry to return."

"I should like to call on Miss Hinckley," said Miss Lanson, "if she did not live so far from here. She is all the friend I have in the city. We used to be school-girls together, and we have grown old and out of date together; but then, you know, it isn't natural for us to seem out of date to each other."

"Why don't she call on you?" inquired Edith.

"Her health is delicate, so that she is not able to walk the mile which separates us, and she can seldom afford to pay for a seat in an omnibus."

"Make her a good, long visit now," said Edith, "and talk over everything that has happened since you last met."

"I can spend an hour with her," said Miss Lanson, looking at the time-piece, "and then be back in season to prepare dinner," and as she spoke, her countenance brightened up with quite a holiday look.

"I cannot imagine what makes Miss Lanson think you are so handsome in this horrid black wig," said Edith, looking into the glass and addressing the light sylph-like figure which it reflected. As she spoke, she playfully entwined her fingers with the curling locks and cast it upon the floor. "Worse still," she continued—"such sunny hair and such a dingy skin," and running into the kitchen and pouring some water into a basin, her nut-brown complexion soon took the hue of a snow-wreath bathed in the beams of a rosy twilight.

She returned to the parlor and amused herself by looking at the music lying on the piano.

"Oh! here is the song I love above all others," said

she, "I have half a mind to sing it—besides I do so want to know if Lanson was cheated in this piano."

The next minute she was seated before it with her fingers lightly running over its keys.

"It is certainly a very tolerable instrument," thought she, as she finished the song and turned to another.

She then went on playing and singing till she began to think that it was nearly time for Miss Lanson to return. She gave a glance at the time-piece and concluded that she might venture on one song more. She was in the midst of the second stanzas when Lanson, who had returned home to procure some papers which he needed, ascended the front door-steps and was about to pull the bell, when the sound of music caused him to hesitate. He imagined that his sister had invited some person who had called on her to play upon the piano, a liberty which he felt disposed to highly resent, and one he was quite sure she would not presume to repeat. He suspected there would be a slipping out at side-doors the moment he rang the bell, but finding that he fortunately had his latch-key in his pocket, he admitted himself without noise and stole softly into the room containing the piano. He had proceeded only a few steps when he stumbled over something which he took to be the cat, but which on looking down proved to be a lady's wig. The noise thus produced, though slight, as it happened during a momentary pause in the music, reached the ear of Edith. She turned her head, and when she saw who it was quickly rose from her seat.

"Do I see Miss Eldon?" said Lanson.

"Yes, my name is Eldon, and I board with Miss Lanson."

"I am unable to comprehend what the meaning of this can be," said he.

"One very plain meaning is," she replied, "I wished to learn the dress-maker's trade of Miss Hilton, and there was no other place where I could board that was within a convenient distance."

"Can I then have been deceived? I thought, and others thought with me that you were the heiress of half a million."

"You have not been deceived in that respect," said Edith, "but as every person is liable to a reverse of fortune, I some time since came to a determination to prepare myself to meet any reverse that might happen to me."

"This is one meaning, you say—may I presume to inquire the others."

"Certainly. You must know without my confessing it that I was not—to say the least—displeased with your appearance. I, however, by a circumstance which is not worth repeating, was led to suspect that there was a false and a real side to your character—a rough and smooth side to your temper. Now as the noble, or rather apparently noble side of your character, and the smooth side of your temper were always presented when you were abroad, I naturally concluded that the mean side of the one, and the rough side of the other were kept for home use. I wished to prove the truth of my suspicions, and I have."

"Espionage is not mean, I suppose."

"I have been guilty of none," she replied. "The knowledge I have obtained will be converted to my

own benefit—I shall not report it for the benefit of others. Good morning, sir," and curtseying, she retired to her own room.

"Poor Lanson!" she thought, as she turned the key of her door, "you have been tested by a rather severe ordeal—there are few I suspect who would pass it without a slight singe, yet while I pity you I have much reason to congratulate myself, for so infatuated had I become that nothing short of hearing and seeing could satisfy me that you were not as estimable as you appeared. The fury of the storm will, I am afraid, burst upon his sister, but I will find a way, and that soon, to indemnify her for all that she has so meekly suffered."

And she did indemnify her. In less than a week afterward Miss Lanson received a letter, informing her that ten thousand dollars, not transferable during her life-time, had been placed at her disposal. Lanson's reasons were too good for not wishing to identify Miss Eldon the heiress as Miss Eldon the dress-maker's apprentice, to permit him to gratify his revenge by disclosing what he did not fail, when no person was within ear-shot, to call mean, unlady-like and bold.

In three months afterward he was married to a rich widow, ten years older than himself, who did not hesitate to tell him that it would be more agreeable to her for his sister to find a home elsewhere. Fortunately Miss Lanson thought that she should prefer to go, and within a few days after her brother's marriage she was comfortably settled with her old friend, Miss Hinckley, the handsome sum given her by Edith being ample for the maintenance of them both, in as much comfort as they desired at the small and neat establishment owned by Miss Hinckley.

Among the ladies who attracted the most attention at one of the fashionable watering-places, the next season, were Mrs. Ashton and Mrs. Gilmore, formerly Edith Eldon, and Mary Arnott. Miss Lanson and Miss Hinckley were present at Edith's bridal party, and the young bride's eyes never rested on the happy and tranquil countenance of the former without a thrill of pleasure visiting her heart. Removed from the chilling and depressing atmosphere which surrounded her when her home was with her brother, Miss Lanson did not feel herself to be out of date, nor was she considered so by others.

TO —————. ON THE LOSS OF A DEAR RELATIVE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

THY joyous smiles, my pretty friend, have flown!
Dark is the wreath that's braided in thy hair!
Oh! why should pallid scowr make her throne
Upon a brow so pure and passing fair?
Thy sweet eyes only beam with mournful light,
And misty love is trembling on their fringe,
Whilst o'er thy wasted cheeks a sudden blight
Hath passed, and borne away the rose-leaf tinge.

Thy poor heart, dirge-like, beateth notes of woe
Above the mem'ries buried in the tomb;
And thoughts like gliding shadows come and go,
And gaze from thy deep eyes with spirit gloom;
The hand I press seems cold unto my own,
And to my bosom sends a painful chill;
And thy low voice, once bird-like in its tone,
Now only sweeps the chords that sadly thrill.

Ah! ever in this clouded, tearful vale,
Hath Death the power to wring the loving heart—
To stifle notes of joy with funeral wail,
And pierce the soul with agonizing smart.
And ever must we raise our drooping eye,
And strive through clouds to see the golden throne,
The streets of pearl, the streams of Paradise,
Where on their angel wings ~~can~~ lost have flown.

Then shall its radiance our dark paths illumine;
And from yon Heaven's boundless arching blue
Soft gleams of light shall play about the tomb,
Gilding the cypress and the darksome yew.
Thus turn thy earnest gaze unto the skies,
And on thy brow serene this light shall glow,
The tears shall vanish from thy misty eyes,
And from thy breast this melancholy woe.

TRUST IN GOD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELIZA V. D. RECKE.

I TRUST in God with dauntless mood,
Strong help He's ever giving;
And where He leads, I go. 'T is good
For He is all my living:
Or sends He hours of woe and pain,
He soon restores my peace again,
And helps me in o'ercoming.

True, oft my soul is faint and weak
When heavy griefs are pressing,
When Pleasure seems but vain to seek,
And blight what once was blessing;

Oh, then I sigh, my God! to Thee,
And Thou dost hear my whispered plea,
Dear comforter of sorrow?

Though I have left Thy narrow track
For many a youthful pleasure,
Thy love, unerring, brought me back,
And now 'tis all my treasure,
Therefore I'll trust in Thee alone,
Though all earth's ill to me be known,
In living or in dying.

X. H.

A D V E R T I S I N G F O R A W I F E .

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

"MARRIED! Are you really in earnest, Jones?"

"Oh, yes. I've got a wife; and a good one too. Though I must own that she's not what would be called a beauty. But pretty is that pretty does. I thought her exceedingly plain at first, but that impression has worn off, and to my eyes her person is now quite agreeable."

"But Jones, how were you ever able to muster up courage enough to ask a woman to have you?"

"That was the great point of difficulty," replied Jones. "I would have taken a wife ten or fifteen years earlier than I did, if it hadn't been for that confounded 'popping the question.' But I never could do that. More than a dozen times have I been on the point of offering my heart to some charming fair one, who already had it in full possession, notwithstanding she, strangely enough, would not discover the fact; but it was no use; I couldn't do it. My knees would begin to tremble, my breast to heave, my heart to rise upward, and my tongue to cleave to the roof of my mouth. More than once in my life, I got to the point of essaying to speak; but I had no utterance. The vocal organs were suffering under a temporary nervous paralysis.

"Once I was more desperately in love than usual; and I believe the sweet, young creature who was the object of this passion felt for me a reciprocating tenderness. I visited her for upward of a year, and if I could have said the word, I believe she would have fallen into my arms at almost any time during that period; but I had not the courage. She was a beautiful being—a very poet's dream of loveliness. But I lost her because my faint heart would not let me win her. It was leap year, when I visited this sweet maiden, and I lived in the daily hope that she would assert her privilege, and speak the words of love herself. I even alluded to the Bissextile fact, but my meaning was not understood. While I yet lingered, resolving every day that on the morrow I would know my fate, a bolder man, and less worthy I would fain believe, stepped in and carried off the prize.

"It took me a year or two to get over this. My heart had been deeply touched. But, I was a marrying man. A wife I had always intended to have, and a wife I was fully resolved that I would have so, as a last resort, I advertised."

"What!"

"I advertised for a wife."

"Oh, dear!"

"It's true. And what is more I was successful. Let me tell you the story."

"Do. I have seen a good many matrimonial advertisements, but set them all down as pieces of pleasantry. And you really got your wife by advertising."

"I did, without doubt. I had become desperate on the subject, when the thought of advertising popped into my head. After turning it over for a while, I said to myself, 'that will do,' and, forthwith set to work upon the form of announcement. This I found almost as hard a task as the one I was seeking to escape. 'I'd rather write a book,' said I, throwing down my pen, after the tenth trial. But, I went at it again, and finally hammered out something that I thought would answer the purpose. To prevent being caught by a tartar, an ugly old maid, or a too loving widow, I included a proviso in the advertisement to the effect, that either party, at the interview, might decline a matrimonial contract, without assigning any reason therefor.

"In due time the advertisement appeared. I read it over in print a hundred times during the day it saw the light, and detected in it almost a hundred defects. But, it was too late for a change. My next concern was, the probability that tricks would be played upon me. There was no way to guard against them, and I saw that I must run my chance. Twice a day, for three days, I went to the office of the paper in which the announcement of my matrimonial intentions had appeared, but not until the afternoon of the third day did I receive any response. The note that bore in superscription, the initials I had selected, was neatly penned, and set forth, in well selected language, the writer's desire to enter into a marriage contract with a man of good principles and suitable age and condition. She mentioned a place of interview; described the dress she would wear, and gave a name by which I was to address her, in order that there should be no mistake.

"I was on the spot to a minute, you may be sure. The time was sun down, and the place a beautiful cemetery near the city. Leaning, in a pensive attitude, upon the iron railing that enclosed an exquisitely designed monument, I saw a well dressed, well formed, but deeply veiled lady. Passing close to her, I said, 'Anna.' Instantly she turned toward me, and we both stood almost motionless. Then, the stranger slowly drew aside the veil, while my heart throbbed heavily with its burden of expectation. The face was very plain, and showed the lines of at least thirty-five or forty years. In a word, she was old and ugly. There was a pause of embarrassment, as we stood for a few moments, looking intently at each other.

"'Enough,' I at length said, in a respectful tone, for there was an expression in the woman's face that inspired an instant respect; but I, at the same time, bowed low, and, turning away, left the place of meeting, feeling severely disappointed.

"This had also proved a failure. No other answer

came to my advertisement. A few months elapsed, when I resolved to try the experiment again. It was my only hope. So, after great labor, I prepared another advertisement, couching it in different terms, and sending it to another paper. On the morning after its appearance, I found a billet at the printer's. The fair respondent said that she had read my announcement, and, from my description of the person I was desirous of drawing into a tender alliance, did not in the least doubt that she would suit me. She said that she was well educated, moved in good society, was of a calm, affectionate temper, with a good deal more to the like purpose. I thought, from all this, that I had found the right person at last; and, you may be sure, was at the appointed place of meeting within a second of the time.

"The lady was there, and with her veil down. The proper sign given, she drew the thick covering from her face. I started, and uttered an exclamation of surprise; while a flush stained the lady's face. Again I bowed low, and without uttering a word, turned away; as I did so, my ear caught a sigh, and I was touched with a feeling of regret for having twice disappointed the same individual. But, her age and her features were against her."

"The same lady, Jones?"

"The very same."

"Possible!"

"Well, after this I concluded to go to another city and try my luck there. Having begun to advertise, and feeling that it was my only chance, I could but persevere, hoping for a good result in the end. To New York I made a pilgrimage, and there, in the columns of the Sun newspaper set forth an account of my wants and wishes. Two or three answers came, but they bore, to my eyes, strong internal evidence of being traps laid to catch me, and I did not, therefore, reply to them, or give the interviews that were proposed. At last, after many days had elapsed, I found, at the office, a neat, gilt edged perfumed note, written in delicate characters, and with great propriety and modesty. The writer expressed a desire to meet me, and said that I would find her, dressed in a certain way, walking upon the Battery at five o'clock on the next afternoon. She said, that having lost by death, some years before, her last relative, and desiring, for many reasons, to have a home and a friend, she had thought well of answering my advertisement. But, she would frankly state, that she was not disposed to marry, just for the sake of getting married; and would, therefore, say, that, while she left me perfectly free to decline an alliance if the proposed interview were not satisfactory, she would feel herself just as free to act in a similar manner.

"All that, I thought very well. To the Battery I wended my way at the time appointed. The note of my fair correspondent had been consulted I don't know how many times; and each time the impression in her favor became more decided. As to my being pleased with her, no doubt remained. The fear was, that I might not find favor in her eyes.

"Five o'clock came, and one of the great iron doors of the Battery swung open to admit your humble servant. Repressing my impatience, I walked as

leisurely as possible down one of the main avenues toward the particular spot where the lady was to be. A woman of medium stature, with form of faultless symmetry, dressed in exquisite taste, awaited me. I was quickly by her side, and, with palpitating heart, uttered, in a low voice, the name she had given me. She started as she turned toward me, but did not withdraw her veil. Then she moved on, and I walked by her side. It was some moments before I could get sufficient command over my voice to break the silence with which we were both oppressed.

"'The purpose of this meeting,' I at length said, 'need not to be mentioned. You see me, fair stranger, and are, doubtless, impressed, already, favorably or unfavorably. Let me see your face, that I, likewise, may be no longer in suspense. If we are suited to each other, let it be known as quickly as possible.'

"But the lady kept her hand tightly upon her veil.

"'I fear that we are not suited,' she replied, half sadly.

"'Why so?' I asked, quickly. 'Is my person disagreeable? Does my face present an index of character that is repulsive?'

"'No,' she replied, in a low, sweet, thrilling voice. 'I am disappointed, I own; but my heart feels no repulsion; my mind perceives nothing in you that offends.'

"Then why express a doubt?" I asked.

"I will not be agreeable to you," she replied.

"How do you know? What reason have you for assuming this?"

"The lady was silent.

"Let me see your face," I urged.

"It will disappoint you," she said. "I am not what we call beautiful."

"But true and permanent beauty is of the mind," I replied.

"All say that, but few are willing to take for a wife one as plain as I am, no matter what may be her virtues."

"Years and sorrow ~~mar the most lovely countenance~~ age plucks the roses from the fairest face. But a lovely mind progresses even toward the spring time of eternal beauty."

"All that I know," she answered, "and such sentiments men gravely utter as truths. But, after all, they are won by a pretty face. I am not beautiful, sir, nor am I very young."

"What care I for youth or beauty," was my enthusiastic reply. "Give me, in a wife, one whose mind is matured by experience, well balanced by just principles, and softened by unselfish affections. Such a woman, if I can find her, will I take to my home and heart as a priceless treasure. Fear not to let me see your countenance. Your words and tones have filled my mind with approval, and my heart with tender sympathy."

"Slowly was the veil drawn aside. I looked eagerly, and a pale, anxious, and certainly not beautiful face, met my earnest gaze. A slight exclamation fell involuntarily from my lips; and I stepped a step backward. The veil fell, and a deep sigh was poured upon the air.

"The lady was turning away, as I laid my hand gently upon her arm, and said—

"It is enough! The matter is decreed. We are made for each other. I will not disregard coincidences so remarkable. Draw your hand within my own, and let us prolong this strange interview."

"The lady did as I desired, and I felt her hand tremble as it was laid upon my arm.

"Now lift your veil, and let me see your face and grow familiar with it."

"She drew aside the dark screen. It was the same face I had twice before met, but now it did not seem half so repulsive as at first; and, before we had circled the Battery twice, it had become, through the radiance of thought and affection, agreeable to my eyes. Enough to say, that we were married that night, and a true and good wife she has made me."

"That's rather a strange story, Jones," said his friend. "'The doctor' tells one very much like it."

"Doctor who?"

"The doctor."

"Well, I don't care what doctor tells it, it happened just as I said."

"Perhaps he got hold of your story."

"Very likely," said Jones. "In fact, it must be so, for I am very certain a thing like that couldn't happen twice."

"Oh, no, certainly not," returned the friend with a shrug. "That would be stranger than the fact itself."

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

You may trace their path on the bending sky,
In the changing gleams of the rolling cloud,
In the liquid smile of the sun's great eye,
And the crumbling folds of the whirlwind's shroud,
They are written upon the clasping wave
That laughs and kisses the cozy strand,
In the green that blooms on the monarch's grave,
On the gem that burns in the frothy sand.

They are graved on the mountain's front sublime,
They are graved on the maiden's azure brow,
They are graved on the pride of manhood's prime,
They are graved on the infant's neck of snow;
They blot the lips of the bursting rose,
They are seen on the lily's bended head,
And the pilfering winds their track disclose
In the purple veins of the violet bed.

They are seen in the minster's solemn gloom,
In the ruby and gold of the Summer bow,
They are written upon the lordly dome
Where the hero sleeps in the dust below;
They loom in the chinks of the regal pile
Where the owl in the place of the Satrap sits,
In the mould that stains the lonely aisle
Where the night-gust grieves and laughs by fits.

They are written upon man's proudest hope,
On the trophies of his head and hand;
They meet at the brim of the foaming cup,
In all that is beautiful, bright and grand;

They meet where the ringing steel meets steel,
And the stout heart quails in the hour of dread,
And the fast earth rocks to the splitting peal,
And the war-horse tramples the plumed head.

They meet where the mother's pride lies low,
They meet where the voice of the bride is heard,
They meet where Love's warm accents flow,
And the ear by the light sweet lute is stirred;
There is change in the eyes we held most dear,
And the heart in a strife like this must bleed,
And he who hath hoarded his treasure here
Hath hung his hope on a broken reed.

It will come to this—it will come to this,
That, chain the soul to the glittering gold,
Or hang on the tones of love for bliss,
Or speak in dreams with the men of old;
Grim, bony fingers have scraped for thee
A bed all silent and dark and wide,
Down by the foot of the willow tree—
Down where the murmurless waters glide.

It will swell the heart, it will cloud the eye,
It will scatter, oh, many a golden dream;
It will cause the smile from the lip to die,
To give the thought to so sad a theme;
But it warms my love, and it chills my pride,
It greens and waters my natural earth,
To think that the vernal turf will hide
The pride of man and the splendor of earth.

LAKE SCENE IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

The mountains of our native land
So lordly and sublime!
All through its broad expanse they stand,
Defying storm and time.
Their feet are in the valleys green,
Among the flowers at play:
Their hoary, cloud-capt heads are seen
Far in the Heavens away.

We know a spot, so fresh and free,
So full of wildwood grace;
'Tis where a lake, all placidly,
Sleeps in their stern embrace.
The everlasting hills above,
The water calm and mild,
'Tis like a father, full of love,
Smiling upon his child.

B. F. T.

READ'S POEMS.*

A FRESH DRAUGHT FROM HELICON.

THIS new volume of poems awakens the same emotions as if we had found a bunch of violets unexpectedly on our table: it conjures up visions of the spring-time, the woodland, the waterfall, the new-mown hay. In imagination we are away in the country. We climb the breezy hill-side, or thread the fragrant meadow: we pause to listen to the morning birds, or walk quickly on inhaling large draughts of the bracing air; we hearken to the rustling leaves; we look at the free, blue sky overhead; and we feel the blood dancing briskly in our veins, keeping time to the music of our jocund thoughts. God bless the poet, whose delicate little volume has thus flooded our hearts with Heaven's sweet sunshine!

Two years ago Mr. Read made his *début*, in a book of fugitive verses, entitled "Christine and other Poems." It was a very meritorious collection for one so young; yet we scarcely knew how to characterize it. But it was full of images of rural beauty. It breathed, in a hundred places, the very soul of poetry. It glittered with fancy, and occasionally shone resplendent with imagination. But its great charm, and that indeed which disarmed analysis, was the wonderful rhythm of the poems. With Mr. Read, thought and its musical expression seemed to be synonymous:—every line, in some of his best pieces swam in melody; the idea and the word melted together, and the whole poem was either a lyric or an air, as you chose to consider it. We rose from the perusal of "Christine," the longest and best poem in the book, with the harmony of its verses recalling forcibly to mind those delicious lines in Christobel.

"A noise ~~as~~ of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June
That to the silent stars all night
Singeth its quiet tune."

The present volume gives us a better opinion of Mr. Read's powers than even his first. It is far more original. It displays matured ability and a higher range of thought. It evinces a greater share of ideality; a taste improved by reflection; and a wealth of illustration which could only have been derived from a close and constant study of nature. "The Alchymist's Daughter," a dramatic sketch, is much superior to anything in the former volume by Mr. Read; and shows as much masculine strength, as "Christine" did delicate fancy. But the finest poem in the book before us, and that which presents the best proof of Mr. R.'s improved powers, is the following poem, addressed to George Hammersley, Esq. Every stanza, almost every line is a picture.

* Lays and Ballads. By Thomas Buchanan Read. 1 vol. Philada: George S. Appleton & Co.

"Come thou, my friend;—the cool autumnal eves
About the hearth have drawn their magic rings;
There, while his song of peace the cricket weaves,
The simmering hickory sings.

The winds unkenelled round the casements whine,
The sheltered hound makes answer in his dream,
And in the hayloft, hark, the cock at nine
Crows from the dusty beam.

The leafless branches chafe the roof all night,
And through the house the troubled noises go,
While, like a ghostly presence, thin and white,
The frost foretells the snow.

The muffled owl within the swaying elm
Thrills all the air with sadness as he swings,
Till sorrow seems to spread her shadowy realm
About all outward things.

Come, then, my friend, and this shall seem no more—
Come when October walks his red domain,
Or when November from his windy floor
Winnows the snow and rain.

And when old Winter through his fingers numb
Blows till his breathings on the windows gleam;
And when the mill-wheel spiked with ice is dumb
Within the neighboring stream.

Then come, for nights like these have power to wake
The calm delight no others may impart,
When round the fire true souls communing make
A Summer in the heart.

And I will weave athwart the mystic gloom,
With hand grown weird in strange romance, for thee
Bright webs of fancy from the golden loom
Of charmed Poesy.

And let no censure in thy looks be shown,
That I, with hands adventurous and bold,
Should grasp the enchanted shuttle which was thrown
Through mightier warps of old.

The ideality displayed by Mr. Read is of a very high order. In "The Beggar of Naples," a romantic poem of some length, we find the following exquisite passages, which entitle him, we think, to rank among the very foremost of our poets in the walks of imagination. Was ever a reverie more poetically described than the following?

"And in the crowd he stood alone,
Alone with empty hanging hands,
And through his brain the idle dreams
Slid down like idle sands;
Or hung like mists o'er sleeping streams
In uninhabitable lands."

Here is a picture of cathedral music falling on the ear of an abstracted listener. What can be more imaginative!

"Upon the beggar's heart the matin hymn
Fell faint and dim,
As when upon some margin of the sea
The fisher breathes the briny air,
And hears the far waves sympathy,
But hears it unaware."

The following is an entirely new simile to us, and an exceedingly beautiful one.

"The pictures hung at intervals
Like windows, giving from the walls

Clear glimpses of the days agone,
From that blest hour when over Bethlehem shone
The shepherd's star, until that darker time
When groaned the earth aloud with agony sublime."

In the poem, quoted above, the reader is struck with the succession of fine pictures, produced, as it were, by a single dash of the pencil. This is one of the surest characteristics of genius a poet can exhibit; and it is, therefore, the one in which most writers are deficient. Everywhere through these poems, however, we are startled by some sudden picture, flashed upon the brain, as it were, by miraculous power. We might quote numerous instances of this, if we did not fear to anticipate much of the pleasure of our readers, in their perusal of the volume before us. We cannot, however, avoid citing a single example: it is from a poem without a title, but which should be called "The Deserted City."

"Hark, how the light winds flow and ebb
Along the open halls forlorn;
See how the spider's dusty web
Floats at the easement, tenantless and torn.

The old, old Sea, as one in tears,
Comes murmuring with its foamy lips,
And knocking at the vacant piers,
Calls for its long-lost multitude of ships.

Against the stone-ribbed wharf, one hull
Throbs to its ruin like a breaking heart;
Oh, come, my heart and brain are full
Of sad response—grim silence keeps the mart!"

Delicacy is a striking quality in Mr. Read's poems. He deals in the sweetest imagery when his subject allows it: no lady could be more dainty, or more happy in her selections. If he pays a compliment to the sex, it is in language which is elegance itself. Even extravagance becomes natural, so light is the touch of his pencil. We are forcibly reminded of Spenser's exquisite taste in this respect, when we

meet with such passages as the following, descriptive of Indian girls in their native haunts.

"Her dusky maidens roam through nature's bowers,
Mating with fawns along the pathless ways,
Blithe as birds, as sinless as the flowers,
Wild as the brook, and wandering where it strays,
Pouring to Heaven their sweet, unconscious praise;
The foliage bends to greet them as they pass,
And birds unfold to court their tender gaze;
The daisies kiss their foot-falls in the grass,
And little streams stand still to paint them in their glass."

Through most of these poems there runs a moral meaning, and that without any cant. This is especially to be noticed in "The Maid of Linden Line," "A Butterfly in the City," "The Beggar of Naples," "The Deserter Road," and various poems, which, though without any reference of the kind in the book, we suspect to be addressed to his wife and child. As an example we quote the concluding stanzas of "The Withering Leaves," one of the most beautiful poems in the volume.

"And I sigh for the time when the reapers at morn
Came down from the hill at the sound of the horn;
Or when dragging the rake, I followed them out
While they tossed the light sheaves with their laughter
about;
Through the field, with boy-daring, barefooted I ran;
But the stubbles foreshadowed the path of the man.
Now the uplands of life lie all barren of sheaves—
While my footsteps are loud in the withering leaves!"

We close this volume with regret. But it is a regret softened by pleasure, for we feel assured that we shall hear from Mr. Read again, if he lives, and that his next collection of poems will be even better than this. He has the true genius, and he is on the right path. His course, therefore, will be upward and onward, until he stands on the summit of the hill of fame, with his garments resplendent with the dews, and his brow bathed in the glorious light of immortality.

C.

THE RIVER AND THE SEA.

BY C. C. VAN ZANDT.

I saw a river flowing
On, onward toward the sea,
In the world's clime
They called it Time,
Its goal Eternity.

A little boat was rocking
Upon its gentle swell,
And wind and tide
Together vied
To bear it swift and well.

A child was in it sporting
With the sunbeams and the spray,
And gaily he laughed
While the little craft
Sped swiftly on its way.

I watched the tiny sailor
Till night fell dark and dim,
And I heard the blast
Come rushing past
With a wail like a funeral hymn.

The breakers loud were roaring
Upon the stormy beach,
And I heard a cry
As the boat flew by,
And went out from human reach.

Far out upon the ocean
The great unmeasured sea,
The river wild
Had borne the child,
'T was in Eternity.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Concluded from Page 179.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XIX.

"It is an old tale and often told."—MARMION.

"WELL, Clarkson, who waits without?" demanded King Charles, pausing in his walk up and down the royal cabinet, as a gentleman of the chambers presented himself.

"Your highness, many whom I denied admission—having your majesty's command to that effect. But here is the young Earl of Bowdon just come in: will it please your highness to see him now?"

"Yes—send the earl in; and hark ye, dismiss the others to my Lord Clarendon. I am in no mood for petitions."

The gentlemen of the chambers bowed and withdrew, wondering at the clouded countenance and emphatic manner, so unlike the usual indifference of the good natured monarch.

"I misdoubt that you will have a stormy reception, my lord," said the man, as he marshaled Lord Bowdon to the royal closet. "I have seldom seen the king's countenance so fiercely dark."

"Indeed," answered the young earl, with a grave smile, "that might be unfortunate had I favors to ask—but now—"

The sad smile died on Lord Bowdon's countenance: he did not finish the sentence, for they were close to the royal closet. The door opened, and King Charles came forward as if eager to abbreviate the formal ceremonials of reception, and enter upon the business that brought the young earl before him.

"My lord," he said, scarcely giving the earl an opportunity to bend his knee, "at another time we might find just reason for offence that you have so long absented yourself from the court, but now—having as we gravely suspect deeper cause of displeasure—we let that subject pass."

"I am at a loss—I cannot even conjecture any cause for displeasure that your highness can have against me!" answered Lord Bowdon, with modest firmness.

Charles turned and looked keenly in the young earl's face. The gravity and confusion which he found there served partially to dispel the frown from his own dark brow.

"My lord," he said, somewhat less sternly than he had spoken before, "you will remember that on recovering the estates of Bowdon at our hands, you were informed that there had been pledges given and conditions made between your noble father and

his king, which you, my lord, would be expected to redeem. Need I recall to your mind what these obligations were?"

"No, your highness, they have never for a moment left my memory. Sacred as the love I bore my noble father—as the fealty due my king do I hold every pledge given by his dying breath. I only wonder that your majesty can for a moment speak as if there existed a doubt of this!"

"And yet, my lord, knowing your hand and affections pledged to a lady of your father's choice, methinks you held that pledge in little respect when Bowdon Castle is made the place of refuge to every demoiselle who may seek shelter there in order to evade the king's wishes."

"I do not understand your highness," answered Lord Bowdon, with a look of profound surprise.

"There may be a mistake in this, though it scarcely seems possible!" said Charles, fixing his black eyes searchingly upon the earl. "Last night, my lord, a young lady who has been for sometime placed near the queen's person, and in whom her majesty has much affectionate interest, left privately the court. With her went a young lad, her brother, who had been placed in the service of Lady Castlemain. These young persons at one time, we learn, were inmates of Bowdon: it is but reasonable to suppose that they have sought shelter with its lord."

Lord Bowdon mastered the emotions these words excited, and his reply, save to a very nice ear, might have sounded perfectly composed.

"No, your highness, the poor young creatures have neither sought shelter at Bowdon nor with its lord, and if they had, still must my honor stand unimpeached, since I come this morning only to desire leave to travel for a time."

"But your engagement, Lord Bowdon."

"That would I fulfil at once with the permission of your highness and the lady."

Again the king's brow was clouded: he bent his eyes on the floor, and over his swarthy cheek the blood glowed dusky. Some inward perplexity was at work within him.

"I know not how this can well be, my lord. The lady, you know, is of foreign birth. She should have been in England months ago, and ready to fulfil the contract of marriage existing between you."

"I was led so to expect!"

"The delay is unaccountable; for months no tidings either of the lady or her family have reached England.

A few weeks since I sent a favorite and special messenger to learn the cause of this delay. Until his return we must be content to wait, my lord."

Lord Bowdon drew a deep breath, and for an instant the color came brightly to his cheeks. The king looked at him again with that keen, searching glance.

"Methinks you do not seem greatly distressed by this necessary postponement," he said, somewhat sternly.

"Sire, I have never seen the lady!"

"But when you have seen her, unless her womanhood belies the promise of a more tender age, this coldness will give way. It must not be a marriage of hands without hearts, my lord."

"Sire," answered Lord Bowdon, with gentle dignity, "I have but now expressed my readiness to fulfil every claim upon my honor—every shadow of a promise given by my father will I redeem; but hearts are stubborn things, I may not pledge myself to love the lady to whom, unseen, my hand was plighted!"

The king bent his brow and turned away with an impatient gesture, very unusual to him, then as suddenly confronting the earl again, he said—

"You love another, sir!—else why this certainty that your bride cannot possess your heart?"

The blood slowly mounted to Lord Bowdon's forehead. He answered steadily and without hesitation,

"I will deceive neither the lady nor those who have an interest in her welfare—I do love another!"

"And that other?"

"Sire, the humblest of your subjects has a right to the uncontrolled secrets of his own heart. All that is incumbent on an honorable man to say I have said, more you will not desire of me!"

"Sir earl, this lady is not one to content herself with half a heart."

"Your majesty, of all men on earth, should know that our affections are not to be controlled by state policy or family compact."

Charles knit his brow, but instantly the frown gave way to his usual good humored smile.

"Odsfish, but there is more truth than courtesy in what you say. Still on one point we would be satisfied—at least you can answer us that this pretty foreign girl, this runaway demoiselle has nothing—ha! my lord, that blush answers for you."

"It admits nothing that an honorable man should shrink from acknowledging," answered Lord Bowdon, greatly hurt.

"It is strange," muttered the king, as if speaking to himself, "this pretty creature so humble, without family, fortune—in short, a lonely beggar, has made more havoc among our nobles than the most beautiful and high born lady of our court. One day Payton is on his knees beseeching for her hand. The next—well, my lord, you will have time to conquer this plebeian caprice before your bride arrives—meantime—"

The king was interrupted by a gentleman of the household, who knocked timidly at the door.

"Sire," said the usherer, "there is a young woman and a strange looking man in the court, who refuse to go away until I have given their message to your

majesty. The woman insists that she has business of the greatest importance, which nothing shall prevent her placing before your highness!"

"Is the dame young?" inquired Charles, with a careless laugh.

"Not more than twenty, or perhaps a year or two added to that, sire."

"And is her face presentable?"

"Comely and bright as a rose, your highness."

"Nay, we cannot send her to Clarendon then—after my Lord of Bowdon passes out you may bring her hither. We were neither king nor gentlemen to keep youth and beauty waiting in our palace court."

"And the man, sire?"

"Odsfish! let him stay where he is!"

The gentleman withdrew quietly and grave as he had presented himself, but as he crossed the ante-chamber a broad smile, which court etiquette had checked till then, stole over his face.

Charles saw him depart, and then turned to Lord Bowdon, who had listened to this dialogue with a beating heart, for something told him that his own fate was interested in the words so carelessly spoken. He saw that the king with characteristic agitation had become impatient for his departure, and prepared quietly to withdraw.

"Another time," said Charles, as he carelessly surrendered his hand to the young noble, "another time we must talk further of this matter, for rest assured it touches the affections of your king more nearly than you can imagine."

As Lord Bowdon crossed the ante-chamber he met the man Clarkson, and in his company Eunice Bruce. She gave a little start on seeing him, and the color came more brightly into her face; but though he paused to give her an opportunity of speaking, she passed on with a smile, and entered the royal closet.

Charles, never careless of his personal appearance where women were concerned, had with a sort of masculine coquetry occupied the moments after Lord Bowdon's departure, in arranging the glossy curls of his periuke a little more over his shoulders, and had settled the ruffles of rich point around his hands that the gossamer shadows might draw attention from their size, and temper the too glowing brilliancy of several magnificent jewels that burned upon his fingers. He sat down too in a large, easy chair away from the slanting light, and thus in an attitude at once graceful and imposing, received Eunice Bruce as she entered the closet.

"Ha! the little rose-bud from Cornwall as I am a crowned king," exclaimed Charles, in tone of well pleased surprise, as Eunice paused by the door trembling, and with her cheeks all in a glow of crimson, for she had not anticipated the entire solitude which surrounded the gallant monarch. Charles, who was really kind-hearted in trifles, took compassion on her confusion, though there was something so fresh and naive in it that he was half tempted to prolong the scene. He arose, however, and taking the little hand that still rested on the door-latch as if she half meditated a flight, led her respectfully toward his chair.

Without relinquishing her hand Charles sat down,

and Eunice, trembling and with tears in her eyes, sunk quietly to her knees at his feet.

"Nay, my pretty dame, what cause can there be for tears? Is there anything so terrible about the king that it should bring drops of terror into the eyes of a beautiful woman when she finds herself at his feet?"

"Sire—sire, do not speak to me thus: do not call me beautiful, I did not come for that. Indeed—indeed it does not please me, though you are a great monarch, and I a simple, country dame."

Charles smiled, nay, almost laughed outright. There was something so natural, so purely earnest in the tone and look with which the little woman deprecated his gallant compliments, that he was both amused and flattered by it.

"Nay, pretty one, it were depriving the king of his sweetest prerogative were he forbidden to admire and love beauty wherever it is found."

Charles bent his large, black eyes upon the face of Eunice Bruce as he spoke, and in their flashing glance the young woman might have read how deep and ardent was his admiration of her beauty. She met the glance, but it only checked the tears in her eyes, and sent every vestige of color from her face.

"Sire!" she said, trembling from head to foot, but not with confusion now—"sire, it was words like these that won poor Lady Alice to her ruin!"

Had a bullet passed into the bosom of Charles Stewart he could not have turned more deathly pale. He dropped the little hand that was growing cold in his, and half starting from his chair fell back again with his eyes fixed upon that pale and drooping face, for Eunice was terrified by the effect of her words, and dared not look up. For the duration of a minute, perhaps, the two remained thus, he gazing upon her with a startled, half wild look, she trembling beneath his glance.

"And who told you? What know you of the Lady Alice?" said the king, at length forcing himself to speak.

Eunice put aside her mantle, and drew from beneath its folds a casket of coral veined and clasped with gold.

"Sire!" she said, in a low, but steady voice, "it is now many months since a vessel was wrecked upon the coast of Cornwall, close by Bowdon Castle. Two persons only were saved from the wreck, a youth and a young maiden who proved to be brother and sister."

"I know," said the king, "but what then? What had these persons to do with Lady Alice?"

"Nothing—nothing, for then the Lady Alice was dead. Lady Alice, the mother of these two children, was cast on shore by the storm—she was lifeless, but to her person this casket was lashed. Open it, sire, for in it there is a letter under your own hand, requiring the unhappy lady to embark for England with her children. In it there is a picture of your highness, and one of a lady so beautiful that it makes me weep to look upon it. There are many letters too, all going to prove that the poor lady cast dead upon the cold rocks of Cornwall, was the Lady Alice whom you wronged, the mother of your children. Oh! look

upon these things, sire, they will make you weep, and it seems to me that tears would be good for you now."

Eunice pressed the casket into one of the nerveless hands that had fallen upon the king's lap, the other was raised to his eyes, and she saw that all the lower part of his face was of that cold, dusky white, which gives to the pallor of a dark hued person a peculiar gloom that few can bear to contemplate.

Eunice was awe-stricken with these marks of terrible anguish, and rising to her feet she stood beside the king, trembling and pale with generous compassion.

"Oh! sire, if you could but bring yourself to look on the picture—I would give the world to see you cry!"

She knelt down once more and kissed the hand which held the casket, and her tears dropped upon the coral. Good, generous Eunice Bruce, she was not afraid to kiss that pale hand. It was not the king, the gallant Charles Stewart, but the suffering man that she pitied. In her compassion the noble-hearted little woman forgot everything.

Charles felt the kiss on his hand, and the tears that fell from the eyes of Eunice Bruce seemed to flow directly on his heart. A large drop gathered in his aching eyes, and rolled slowly from beneath his hand. Eunice saw it.

"Oh, this will do him good," she said, inly to herself, and a smile flashed through her tears. "Dear, dear, but it was dreadful to see him so still and pale, now I will go away—he will be better alone."

Eunice arose softly and glided toward the door.

"Not now: do not leave me yet," said Charles, aroused from his grief by the slight noise that she made. "I have some questions to ask: wait patiently till I can remember what they are."

Eunice drew gently back, and retiring to a distant part of the room, waited for the king to address her again—but for a time he seemed forgetful of her presence, so profound was his grief, so bitter the reflections that crowded upon his memory. Thus minute after minute went by, leaving those two persons so strangely thrown together in profound silence, interrupted only by a sharp breath that now and then broke from the bosom of Charles Stewart, bespeaking more keen suffering than a sob or groan could have done.

At length the king arose, and placing the casket on a table, touched the spring and drew forth its contents. His hands shook as he unfolded one or two of the papers, and after a hasty and painful glance at the miniatures, he crowded the whole into the casket again, and thrusting it into the bosom of his dress, turned toward Eunice.

"Come hither," he said, in a low and gentle voice, "come hither and tell me all that you know of this unhappy lady: and yet I know already she perished in the storm. The delicate lady was cast ashore, torn by the rocks, tangled over with coarse sea weeds—she, so beautiful, so rich in womanly love. Tell me—where did they bury her?"

"There is an old stone cross near Bowdon planted beneath an oak tree on the shore, how and when no

one alive can remember. They buried the lady there as her poor children desired. When I saw it the grave was blue with violets, which they had planted."

"And was this all the grave England could give to thee, my poor Alice?" murmured the king, bending his face that Eunice might not see the anguish too visible upon it.

"Lord Bowdon would have laid her in the family vault, but her children prayed that it might be otherwise, and he would thwart their wishes in nothing," she said.

"Lord Bowdon—oh! I remember—these poor children were his guests," said Charles, and the grief-stricken expression of his face gradually changed to one of keen, almost passionate interest. "Did he know aught of this?—was it from him you obtained the casket?"

"Lord Bowdon, up to this moment, does not even guess at the secret that casket contains. He never saw, never dreamed of its existence. With his own arm, and at the peril of his life, he rescued Francesca from the waters that had devoured so many souls that night. But for that good, that noble young man, she and the beautiful boy would have perished with the rest."

"He is good—he is noble—and he loves her!"—the last words were uttered only in thought, but they shed a luminous and noble expression to the face of Charles Stewart. But doubt and curiosity soon took possession of him again. Francesca, Guilo, where might they be found? They had fled, and he had no clue by which to trace their retreat—he thought of all the indignity that had been heaped upon that poor girl by the haughty Castlemain. He remembered that Guilo, his own son, had been degraded into the menial of that base and ignoble woman, and that by his own consent and connivance. Then wrath and humiliation mingled with his grief. The high-born and self-sacrificing Lady Alice seemed mingling reproaches in his ear for the ignominy he had allowed that woman—base in birth, and base in nature—to heap upon her children. From that moment the imperious power of Lady Castlemain over Charles Stewart was at an end. He grew calm and resolute, but with this calmness came a sensation almost of loathing for the woman who had forced him to outrage the memory of the dead—who had cajoled him into degrading his own children into her menials.

"My children—my poor children, was it thus you were received in a country where I was king?" cried Charles, with a burst of sudden anguish—"and now where can I seek for them? Even now they may be dead!"

"No, sire, no, they are safe and well. They left Hampton Court only to find shelter and friends with John Bruce and his wife. It was a humble refuge, but safe and honest!" said Eunice, eagerly coming forward. "In a few hours time they can be within the palace walls—only, sire, do not force the poor lady to wed the man her heart loathes—do not again urge her union with Sir John Payton."

"Sir John Payton," repeated Charles—"oh, yes, I remember, but he will hardly expect to match himself with my—with Francesca now."

"In all but that, I am sure the sweet lady will be obedient," said Eunice.

"She is in truth a lovely and gentle child—but is she aware—knows she ought of this?"

"Nothing, sire. Since this secret came into my possession I have mentioned it to no one, not even to John Bruce."

"But it is many months since—how came you alone to possess this knowledge? The casket could not have fallen into your hands at the time!"

"Sire," answered Eunice, with a firm but gentle manner, "if I have given you pleasure in this—if the knowledge contained in the casket is of value, I pray you in return let me remain silent! I cannot tell how the casket came into my hands, but it surely was taken from the arm of the dead lady as I have related."

"This is strange!" murmured Charles.

"Sire, grant me this privilege of silence; believe me I conceal nothing which would throw any new light upon the history of these young persons! Do not question me further!"

"Be it so," said the king: "surely we should not make harsh exactions on a day like this."

"And you are satisfied, sire?"

"Both satisfied and grateful!"

"Now, your highness, may I take leave? Only think, honest John Bruce has been waiting in the court all this time."

Charles drew one of the most valuable rings from his finger.

"Take this to the good man, it may reward his patience."

Eunice shook her head, and put back the ring with her hand.

"Nay, sire, John seeketh not ungodly ornaments," she said, with a demure look that, spite of his concern, brought a smile to the lips of King Charles. "He is a God fearing man, and it would not be well to arouse the spirit of mammon within him by the sight of kingly gauds. Besides John is naturally very patient, it costs him but little effort to wait."

"Then shall his reward be something more substantial," said Charles, replacing the ring on his finger.

"To-morrow he will escort Francesca and Guilo to the palace again, that will be reward enough for us!" answered Eunice, and with her face all radiant once more, the little dame went forth to join her husband.

Eunice was crossing the court hanging upon the sturdy arm of John Bruce. She was bright with the joy that follows a good action, and striving like an over gleeful child to subdue her pace to his long and measured footsteps, when they met Sir John Payton. The young baronet had just dismounted from his horse, and was walking over to that side of the palace occupied by the Countess of Castlemain, when he almost ran against the Puritan and his pretty wife. He stopped short with a look of the most profound surprise, and was about to express his astonishment at seeing them at Hampton Court, but Eunice anticipated him, and with a gravity of manner quite unusual to her, relinquished her husband's arm.

"John Bruce, will you walk forward and see that the boat is in readiness—while I crave the escort of Sir John to the river side. It is a quiet walk, Sir John, and we shall scarcely meet courtiers enough on the way to make you blush for my country bearing."

John Bruce walked on, though it would seem by his tardy step, a little reluctant to relinquish the charm of his wife's society without a protest; and Sir John, still lost in surprise, turned mechanically and retraced his steps with Eunice at his side.

"In the name of all that is wonderful how came you here, Eunice, and with him?" was the first abrupt question.

"I come with him," answered Eunice, gravely, "because a husband is the natural and most proper companion of every honest wife. My business was with the king."

"With the king!"

"About an hour since I placed in his majesty's hand the casket with which you entrusted me on our last interview." This reply fell upon the startled ear of the baronet the more powerfully that it was uttered in a calm voice.

The baronet turned deathly pale.

"Eunice, Eunice Bruce, you have not done this!"

"Sir John, I have saved you from an act of villainy which would have made you very unhappy all the rest of your life. Some day you will thank me, but not yet—I do not expect it yet."

"Eunice Bruce, have you given that casket to the king?"

"Indeed, and in solemn truth I have."

"And with it the knowledge that will blast me forever in his eyes? You told him that Sir John Payton rifled the dead—concealed his prize like a thief, and and—" The unhappy man grasped for breath, an overwhelming sense of disgrace seemed crushing him to the earth. He could not finish the sentence.

"No, I told him nothing of this," answered Eunice, filled with generous compassion of his anguish: "that you ever saw the casket is known only to yourself and to me. Did I not say your honor was safe in my hands?"

"And you have not betrayed me to the king?"

"Did you think me capable of it, Sir John?"

"I did not—I could not anticipate anything that you have done, strange, lovely woman!" said Sir John, with a ghastly smile, but drawing a deep breath that bespoke the inward relief her assurance had given.

"Oh, Sir John, you will thank me—on your knees you ought to thank me for this day's act. It has saved you from memories that make honest men shrink—you were on the verge of a great crime. You were about to stain an honorable and ancient name—to break a pure heart with a union urged only by a thirst for gold and power. By your passions you would have carried shame to the hearth of an honest man, who never wronged you or yours. Sir John, I have saved you from this! Look up to Heaven and thank God that I am not the weak, wicked woman your importunities would have made me! Thank God that instead of sharing your designs I have saved you from their consequences!"

Eunice Bruce was something more than beautiful

then. In her angelic strength, in her honest truth, she became absolutely sublime. She stood still, her eyes beaming with sweet compassion, were bent upon his face; one little hand was extended toward him: her lips grew red and trembled with the energy of her words.

"Woman—woman, I never loved you till now," exclaimed Sir John Payton, trembling with the sublime admiration her beauty and her noble enthusiasm excited.

"And now—now your love would not harm me—it would bring no shame beneath that honest man's roof," said Eunice, extending her hand toward the heavy figure of her husband, who was moving slowly away in the distance. Tears rolled over the crimson of her cheeks like jewels flashing up from the waters of a heart never thoroughly stirred till then. Sir John scarcely knew her, so bright, so changed was the character of her beauty; he felt like one who had been playing with an infant, and all at once saw it unfurl the wings of an archangel. Eunice had told the truth, Sir John Payton would not have wronged her then.

She reached forth her hand, smiling through her tears.

"Sir John, farewell; let us part in kindness!"

He took her hand, his trembled like an aspen.

"In kindness, yes—I shall be a happier, a better man from the remembrance of this hour. Eunice Bruce, farewell!" He bent his head, touched his lips to the little hand so frankly surrendered to his grasp, and turned away.

CHAPTER XX.

Hour after hour went by, and King Charles remained alone in his cabinet—alone with that casket of papers with the gifts that the dead seemed to have brought up to him from her watery grave, when at length he opened the door of his cabinet and looked out; the man in waiting was startled by the change in his countenance.

"Clarkson!" said the king, "does any one know if Lord Rochley is at his house in London?"

"He was but two days ago," was the reply.

"Let a courier be sent off at once; say that the king desires his presence without loss of time!"

"Yes, sire."

Charles drew back and closed the door again. Everything was quiet in the cabinet; no one entered, no one came forth. Any person to have looked into that room would have deemed the title of "merry monarch" a sad mockery then; the pale and working forehead bent over those discolored papers; the tears that rolled one after another down that dark cheek; the eyes surcharged with bitter, bitter grief. Was that the merry monarch of old England?

Hours and hours went by; then a single horseman rode into the palace court, and the old Earl of Rochley, with a quicker tread than usual, and some anxiety in his countenance, passed up to the king's cabinet.

Charles was still alone, sitting with his elbows planted on a table, and bearing evident traces of the anguish that had not yet ceased to wring his heart.

As the monarch lifted his face, the old earl paused in astonishment at its haggard expression, and when Charles spoke he was yet more startled by the huskiness of his voice.

Like most men who have led an existence of great anxiety and constant vacillation, Charles, though naturally more than brave, shrank from the excitement of a scene which was to renew the agitations that had rendered his precarious life one of turbulent anxiety; but all his better nature had been fully aroused that day, and though he turned pale and shrank from the first presence of Lord Rochley, these symptoms of wavering soon gave place to a firm and grave demeanor. He arose, and waving his hand to prevent all unnecessary ceremony, desired the old earl to be seated.

Lord Rochley sat down and waited in silence for the king to speak. He was too old a courtier for any expression of the astonishment he felt, and would not even testify the curiosity that was consuming him, by more than a casual glance at the monarch. His seat was near the table, and as he cast his eyes downward they fell upon a miniature which lay huddled among some papers at the king's elbow. Instantly his cool and studied composure gave way. He started from his seat, and reaching over the table drew the miniature toward him.

At first Charles lifted his hand as if to prevent the act, but, checking the coward impulse, he let the hand fall heavily on the table again, and bent his eyes upon the earl. He saw the sharp change that swept over the old man's countenance, and marked that the hand which held the miniature grew more and more unsteady, till the glittering chain attached to it quivered in every link. Keenly, and as one nerved to a painful task, Charles watched these signs of emotion, and when the old man lifted his eyes from the miniature, they met the fixed and steady gaze of the king.

"Sire,"

"Yes," said Charles, with a degree of unnatural firmness that betrayed how severe had been the struggle to attain power over himself, "it is the picture of your daughter Alice."

The earl laid down the miniature and half arose.

"Stay," said Charles; "tell me, I beseech you, the history of this poor lady. Since my return to England you have never mentioned her name in my presence."

"Because," answered Lord Rochley, with a white and quivering lip—"because it was a disgraced and forbidden thing this wretched girl's name. Because no man has dared to mention the name of an only child, for many a long year before the father she abandoned and disgraced."

"The story has never in its details reached me," said Charles, in a low and husky voice.

"And yet, sire, it was after your last sad defeat in England that she disappeared. You remember spending some weeks at my castle, with several gay nobles that followed you from the Continent before that disastrous conflict commenced."

"I remember!" said the king.

"After the battle of Worcester, when your majesty had escaped over sea, my daughter became greatly

changed: from a bright and joyous maiden, proud in her high birth and matchless beauty, she began to droop as if some hidden sorrow lay at her heart. I was busy among the royal adherents, and forgot to mark these changes as others did. I only saw that she was sad, and that her beauty had lost its freshness. We were all too deeply anxious regarding the safety of your highness for much thought of domestic concerns. A short time after the news of your safe arrival on the Continent reached us, Alice disappeared. One of the young nobles who had followed your fortunes, I afterward learned had been concealed in our neighborhood—I traced him to the coast. There I learned that my daughter had too surely been his companion. She was gone, leaving behind her bitterness and disgrace. She was no longer my child—from that day her name has never been mentioned in the dwelling she deserted."

"And you know nothing of her destiny since?" asked the king.

"Nothing. The man whom she fled with died a few months after; I had no wish to learn more."

"And yet," said Charles, with a terrible effort at self-control; "more you must know. My Lord of Rochley, this moment I would lay down half my kingdom to feel that I, your king, had never wronged you. It was for me, Charles Stewart, the Lady Alice left her home—my lord, put back your sword, its point could not sting my heart half so keenly as the remorse aroused by the memory of my own deed. I will not mock you by pleading youth, or any of those paltry excuses that have hitherto veiled the atrocity of the deed to my own conscience. I will not say in extenuation that I loved your daughter—though Heaven knows how truly this might be urged. Lord Rochley, Lady Alice is dead—she perished—she was shipwrecked on the coast of Cornwall more than a year since."

The earl did not speak, though his lips parted as if to make the effort. Slowly thrusting back his sword that he had half drawn from its sheath, he sunk to his chair. The truth, the painful, bitter truth was breaking upon him.

"And I—I saw her dragged up from the water—I did not know her. Great Heavens, how she must have suffered before she could have changed so much."

"She did suffer: even you would have pitied her."

"Doubtless—doubtless she was not one to bustle through life with the prodigies that composed your court abroad without feeling the degradation."

"She never saw them—not one of those who clung to my fortunes abroad ever dreamed of her residence in the quiet spot where she chose to bury her grief."

"Then she had some pride left—she did not degrade herself into an open follower of the court!"

"She lived alone, under a changed name, and even I, who had wronged her, never saw her face. She fled from disgrace—from the terrible fear of a parent's wrath that awaited the exposure of her shame in England, not to the arms of her unworthy lover. In Italy she lived alone, receiving only from the resources of a beggared king, enough to keep herself and her children from absolute want. She refused to leave

her solitude, even when the crown of England was mine in undisputed possession. I tell you, sir earl, I would have wedded her in the face of all England, but she refused my messages to that effect. The glitter of a crown she persisted would but serve to light up her shame—she asked but to die as she had lived alone with her children. At last she consented to visit England long enough to place her children under my protection before she died—for her health was failing, and she seemed to have a dark presentiment of the death that awaited her—not death in that form—she could not have anticipated anything so dreadful. Her visit was to have been secret and brief—it was secret! It was brief, my lord, you saw the end of it."

"Yes," answered Lord Rochley, with all the bitterness of self-reproach environing his voice, "I brought these poor children here, the children of my own lost daughter—and for what?"

Charles did not understand him: he knew nothing of the hidden hopes of court aggrandizement—the wily designs—built upon his own character—with which the old courtier had introduced Francesca into his palace. But the earl knew them, and his very soul sickened within him. How could he condemn the man who had brought ruin into his own family, when he had been so ready to provide new victims only that his own court interest might be served. All at once a sudden and sharp dread came upon him—had these designs indeed proved futile? Francesca, his grand-daughter, where was she? had she escaped the snares his own hands had woven around her? Stung with the agony of these bitter thoughts, the old man started up.

"Sire, these children—these poor, ill-used children—tell me, in mercy tell me, that no evil has chanced to them beneath this roof!"

"They are safe—they are well, my lord. Thank Heaven, toward them no irreparable wrong has been done."

"Thank God!" burst from the lips of that grey-headed old courtier, and, sinking back in his chair, he laughed a low, hysterical laugh, that told more painfully than tears could have done the terrible nature of his apprehensions.

To King Charles this singular excitement seemed but the result of his own confession. He drew close to the old man, and taking a folded paper from those that had filled the casket, laid it reverently before him.

"This," he said, "is addressed to you: she had evidently written it to leave behind on her departure from England; read, my lord, and for her sake pardon your king for his unkindly wrong, and give to these poor twins the love Alice dared not ask for herself."

Lord Rochley took the letter. His hand trembled, and a tear stood in that proud, hard eye.

"Not here, I cannot read it here," he said, rising feebly to his feet.

"My lord, go not forth till all that a king—nay, a man has power to do, is offered in atonement for the evil I have brought upon your house," said the king, and Charles Stewart bent his knee before the man he had wronged.

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"Sire," said the old man, touched and subdued by this act of humiliation. "In this thing I am not without blame: let us make atonement for the past by acts of kindness to these unhappy children. Let us unite in protecting them from the stigma which rests upon their birth."

It was strange to see how a common sense of wrong had equalized these two men. Charles could no more assume the form and ceremonials of his station before the man he had injured, than the earl could sustain the stern and sublime resentment for the injury which a sense of inward integrity could have given. Each was subdued by a consciousness of evil acts and evil intentions; and they parted, if not in forgiveness, at least humbled with a sense that neither was strong enough in his own integrity to extend forgiveness to the other. If the station and power of King Charles had any share in subduing the earl's resentment, the old man was unconscious of it—but education is powerful, and long before Lord Rochley entered his own residence he was building castles in the air, all founded on the close connection which his grandchildren held with the royalty of England.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SINGULAR group was assembled in the oratory, which we have once described as the favorite retreat of Queen Catharine. The apartment held almost sacred from any presence but that of the royal devotee, was now brilliant with lights, and alive with the sweet hum of happy voices. Some ten or twelve persons were present, all arrayed as if for a festival, and in that half nervous, half happy tremor of expectation which is sure to attend the approach of any momentous event.

Queen Catharine, happy in the presence of her husband, and arrayed in all that splendor which gave brilliancy to the sparkling blackness of her eyes, and depth to a smile more joyous than had brightened her lip for many a day, was leaning back in her chair, and addressing question after question in a sweet, half whisper to a young girl who bent over her, glad to hide the warm blushes that came and went upon her cheek by a semblance of deep attention. A little on her right stood King Charles, talking in a low voice to our pretty acquaintance, Eunice Bruce, who leaned with the graceful bend of a flower upon the arm of her husband. She answered pleasantly to the king, now and then quite unconscious of the breach of etiquette, speaking a word to honest John in order to keep him in countenance. But he, poor fellow, completely bewildered by all the courtly splendor, only parted his lips in reply without the courage to utter a word.

A little further off stood a group of females, all sparkling with smiles, and radiant with a starlight of jewels, evidently in a flutter of excitement, and yet puzzled to know why they were assembled in that unusual place.

These were the favorite ladies of Queen Catharine, and she seemed to remark the suspense with no little enjoyment. Here also was the Earl of Rochley, and by his side the boy Guilo, who kept his large eyes bent

upon the face of his sister with an unquiet glance, as if he did not quite comprehend the change that had come over her.

At length a page entered and whispered a word to the king, who spoke in a low tone to Queen Catherine, and, smiling on Francesca, went out.

Crossing several rooms that lay between the queen's oratory and his own private apartments, Charles entered his cabinet, where he found Lord Bowdon, waiting. Marks of haste and strong excitement were visible in the young earl's look and manner as he met the king.

"So our messenger found you, my lord," said Charles, with a degree of sparkling cheerfulness that contrasted painfully with the constraint evidently endured by the earl. "Our letter, we trust, brought nothing but the most pleasing intelligence?"

"It informed me," answered Lord Bowdon, "that the lady to whom I am betrothed has at length reached England; that this evening I am to meet her."

"My lord, you are a happy man. It is seldom that we who find our hands linked by others, are rewarded for our submission by so much beauty as awaits you."

Lord Bowdon answered only by a constrained smile.

"I never have, and never shall dispute the wisdom of my noble father, in thus, upon his death-bed, fixing the destiny of his son. But, sire, is it your pleasure that I be presented to the lady this evening?"

"Presented!" exclaimed the king, with a light laugh. "Why, everything is prepared for the marriage."

"My marriage, sire? This is sudden—it is impossible!" cried Bowdon, recoiling in utter astonishment. "I have not seen the lady; even her name, her family are unknown to me."

"Both were such as secured the approval of your father, my lord."

"I know, I know, but he did not intend this. Sire, I cannot be forced even by your highness into this abrupt union—I must have time."

"Time!" answered Charles, still preserving his gaiety. "Why, before another week is gone her majesty has settled that ourselves and half the court shall hold a carouse over this marriage in your old castle of Bowdon. So there is no time to be lost."

Lord Bowdon had learned from Eunice the single fact that Francesca had taken refuge with her, and he knew that Bethna would shelter the helpless girl. Bethna was in the neighborhood of his own castle—he recoiled at the thought of taking a bride there; the revels, the heartless rejoicings could not fail to reach the humble retreat of that noble, helpless girl.

"Sire, sire, any thing but that! I cannot take this strange lady to Bowdon," he cried, unmindful that he thus declined, almost rudely, the honor of a royal visit.

"Odsfish, my lord, but you seem willing to do anything save that which we most desire and have a right to expect. But we can fling away no more time in argument upon a stubborn man. Wait here awhile."

Charles went out as he spoke, leaving Lord Bowdon

alone and painfully agitated. He was surprised to find how much of hope had, till that moment, lingered in his heart. Now that he was called upon suddenly to seal the fate prepared for him on the death-bed of his father, every high and strong feeling of his nature rose up in rebellion against what he knew to be a terrible sacrifice, yet which he felt bound to perform by obligations the most binding and sacred. Still he had not the courage to consummate his own misery, thus without an hour of preparation. He wanted yet more time to cast the image of Francesca from his soul. He would kneel to the king—he would confess his love more fully for this gentle girl. Surely, surely, Charles could not force on these hated nuptials after that. He should at least gain time. Filled with these thoughts, Lord Bowdon became eager for the king's return. His face grew pale with intense excitement—his eyes were bent upon the door, and he drew nearer to it, as if that would hasten the monarch's approach.

A faint, a very faint noise struck his ear from the outside. It was the rustle of silk, blended with a quick, panting sound, as if some one had paused on the threshold to take breath. Lord Bowdon's cheek flushed and his heart beat audibly. A wild, magnetic thrill, indescribably sweet, ran through his frame. The door swung gently upon its hinges, and, for the first time since they parted in Cornwall, Lord Bowdon and Francesca stood face to face.

Trembling and pale, but not with grief, the young girl stood before her benefactor, beautiful, more beautiful than even his vivid memory had painted her. She appeared before him—the robes of snowy silk, studded with pearls and damasked with buds of silver, the pearls gleaming in the raven blackness of her hair, and rising with the white swell of her symmetrical throat. Why was she, the wandering minstrel girl, in those queenly and bridal robes? Why was she there alone with him, and in the king's palace? He asked none of these questions—the thrilling consciousness of her beloved presence was all that he felt.

"Francesca, beloved Francesca!" burst from his lips—few and passionate were the words, but with them went forth the wealth of a noble heart. Enough, they told that trembling girl how truly she was loved. They brought the blood, warm and bright, into that delicate cheek. Francesca held out her hands.

"My lord, the king sent me hither, and bade me ask if—if—but I cannot say it"—and, covered with burning blushes, the young girl bowed her head in a shower of blissful shame.

"Francesca, Francesca, speak to me. Tell me again, did the king send you hither?"

"Else had I not dared to come, but I could not disobey him. Lord Bowdon, he is my father!"

"Francesca!"

"My benefactor!" Never had Francesca's broken English sounded so sweet as then. Never had Lord Bowdon's ear drank in her words so greedily. It seemed like a dream—a vision of delirious happiness. Even after he had listened to the whole, the reality appeared so wild he could not quite believe it. But Francesca was by his side—her hand, he

never knew how it came there, lay trembling in his. With her every movement the gleam and rustle of her bridal garments sent a fresh glow to his heart.

Again the door opened and Guilo entered the cabinet in search of his sister. A low cry of delight broke from the beautiful mute as his eyes fell on Lord Bowdon. Again and again he kissed the hand extended toward him, and smiled when he saw that the delicate fingers of his sister were clasped by that hand again the moment his own lips were removed. Guilo had obtained generosity and strength from affection. He no longer shrunk from the contemplation of love so true and noble, as that which existed between Francesca and Lord Bowdon.

The court of King Charles had glorious subjects for gossip during the next week. The marriage of Lord Bowdon and Francesca in the oratory of the queen—the quiet and graceful carelessness with which Charles, without any formal announcement, acknowledged the bride to be his daughter, and her brother his son, as if it had been the most proper and natural thing in the world—the issuing of letters patent by which Guilo was made the heir of his grandfather, the old Earl of Rochley—all these things were splendid subjects for court gossip. But to this was added the abrupt dismissal of Lady Castlemain

from the station in the royal household, and the disappearance of Sir John Payton, who, amid all this tumult of singular events, took a fancy to visit Paris, much to the astonishment of every one who thought about his movements. And thus for a matter of three weeks Hampton Court was kept in a state of brilliant excitement.

The merry monarch never held his threatened carouse at Bowdon Castle, but he sometimes visited his daughter at the old mansion with a few of his gravest counsellors. At such times he would steal away unattended to wander upon the shore. Those who remarked this observed that the monarch's rambles always terminated at an old oak tree not far removed from the water. A stone cross, ancient and moss-grown, marked the spot, and its shadow waving slanted over a hillock covered with rich turf, and in the blossom season flushed with violets. Those who knew that this hillock was a grave, never wondered to see the king look sad and troubled on his return from these walks; but to the courtiers that accompanied King Charles on these quiet visits to his daughter, it was only a pretty mound on which the wild flowers grew thriftily, and they marveled that anything so simple could cloud for a moment the gay spirits of "England's merry monarch."

THE HEART'S APOSTLES.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Not through the Bishops of Eternal Rome
Wearing their purple in the Vatican,
Not through elaborate scroll and costly tome
Has the bright boon of faith come down to man;
Not through the great Reformers, who so long
Their fiery bolts against corruption hurled,
Oh! not through one of all this mighty throng
Has flowed the best religion of the world.

But in the gentle heart of woman kind,
Through the long ages has the truth been brought,
Their kindness has the world's rough hearts refined,
Their words to mercy moulded human thought;

In the fond soul of woman never more
Has the eternal faith forgot to beat
Since the first Mary's arms the Saviour bore,
And Martha's sister worshipped at his feet.

Most faithful of the ministers of God,
Types of the angels as their shapes we dream,
Sisters of Mercy in the earth abroad,
The heart's apostles of a faith supreme;
Still keep, oh! woman, that most glorious mark,
Teach back to man his long forgotten prayer,
And when our spirit's star grown dim and dark,
Point to the Heaven above and win us there!

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

BY D. W. BELISLE.

The Autumn winds are sighing,
Sighing through the trees;
And, scattered leaves are flying
On the passing breeze—
The meek-eyed flowers are fading,
Fading on the plain,
And gloomy skies are shading
Earth's loveliness again—
While age, in its declining stage,
Beholds such scenes with pain.

Thus youth and beauty meet along
The path of life so brief,
A smile, a tear, a sigh, a song,
A song of joy and grief!
And, like the flowers which bloom to-day,
Swept by stern Autumn's breath,
They sink from earth's turmoil away,
Into the arms of death—
To be transformed, like them, again
In fairer climes—a fadeless train.

M O D E S T M E R I T .

BY MARY DAVENTANT.

"DEPEND upon it, my dear, merit, modest merit like yours will not always be overlooked, though it may be so at a ball," was the reply Mrs. Arlington made to a remark of her daughter's, a sweetly, pretty young girl, who with a languid, desponding air was gazing into the fire.

"What is that you are saying, aunt, about modest merit?" said a voice from the opposite end of the room, and a handsome, brilliant looking girl rose from the piano, at which she had been seated, and came forward repeating her question, "what was that you were saying about such an old fashioned article? and who is blessed with it besides my little cousin here, who has enough for a whole ball-room of belles?"

"I was merely comforting her for the want of pleasure she experienced last evening," replied Mrs. Arlington, "by telling her she will not always be so overlooked, and that her merit will sooner or later be acknowledged."

"Not while she is so very modest and shy, my dearest aunt; not all the merit of all the Howards would be appreciated in such a place as a ball-room, with such a superabundant stock of modesty as Ellen has. No, no, you must put your merit in a candlestick and elevate it, and not hide it under a bushel if you want it to shine there, and a little gilding added to it will do the merit no harm. Either gold or brass will do the business, the latter often answers as well or better than the former."

"You have great pleasure in talking in this way I know, Cecelia," said her aunt, "and, as a great belle, I suppose I ought not to controvert what you are saying, but I do not think you have much reason, from your own experience, to advocate such doctrines. Your merit has not been overlooked, and yet we all know it has not been elevated by yourself."

"That is true, aunt, that I have not elevated it myself; but then I have done what is pretty much the same thing in the way of success, I have not allowed myself to be put down; as observation if not experience has taught me, that once submit to that and you are a nobody."

"I never saw any one who wanted to, or at least had the hardihood to try to do so," replied Mrs. Arlington—"your claims, my dear Cecelia, are too well known and acknowledged to attempt treating you as they would my daughter, with no claims to either wealth or fashion."

"But at the same time of the same blood as myself," said Cecelia, stooping down and kissing her cousin, "and quite as pretty and a great deal better than I am, only overstocked with diffidence and a want of confidence in herself. I saw how uncomfortable she was last night; but no persuasions of mine could draw

her out of the corner she had ensconced herself in, and I had too much respect for her dignity to ask any of the beau's to be introduced to her."

"I should have died with mortification if you had done so, cousin," said Ellen, her face flushing with indignation. "I was very unhappy I won't deny while sitting, dance after dance, and seeing other girls no better looking, nor better dressed than myself, and that I knew were perfect dunces in their wits, with as many partners as they wanted. And I was angry with myself for being so vexed at it; and like Miss Bremer's poor Petrea Franks, I tried to philosophize upon the folly of the thing with about the same success. But I would rather have been sitting there until now than have had any one dance with me from charity, or have exposed myself to be remarked upon as those Miss Finches' are, one of whom I actually heard asking to be introduced to a gentleman, who, when the request was made to him, declined it with a shocking grimace, and left the ball-room immediately. Now was not that too bad to see one of your own sex do?"

"Shocking indeed," laughed Cecelia, "and aunt here looks as if she thought it a fabrication. But there is a wide difference, my dear little Nelly, between such brazen vulgarity as this, and the dignified, self-respecting composure of manner that I want to see in you. You could no more do as they do than you could be as awkward, ugly, square shouldered, and red-handed as they are. It is their nature to be vulgar to an extreme, and yours to be too refined and sensitive. I do not want you to be pushing, only do not be shrinking—you shake your head as if it were impossible to be otherwise, but I nod mine, and say it must be altered, and when I do so, 'not Jove's nod of old that shook the spears,' as Mrs. Malaprop would say, has more decision in it."

"That I know from past experience," said her aunt, smiling; "I shall never forget the scene in your old uncle's room, Cecelia, when he pushed over that little meek cousin of yours, who was so patiently and softly rubbing his gouty feet, because you had beaten him at chess; and you insisting upon it he should ask her pardon, when the poor, timid little thing had gathered herself up from the corner where she had rolled, without a word of complaint. Every one was frightened at your boldness; but to their astonishment he did it, though evidently very much provoked. Your decision there certainly gained its end."

"And is a case in point for my argument about modest merit. You know that old uncle, whom every one was afraid to contradict or oppose in any way, who was always to be conqueror in every thing from a game of chess upward; would bear

contradiction quietly from me because I would not submit to his unreasonable whims; and that very scene that all thought would cost me my fortune, doubled it, as the date of the codicil showed, by which he left me so much more than the others; and poor Sally who got the kick, and has been his patient slave for more than a year, was rewarded with but a small legacy. And now look at her and at me—with forty times my merit, greatly more beautiful and accomplished, and I do not know how with many more bushels full of that inward worth that passeth show—look at her, she is working her life out in her country parsonage, shut out from all society but that of her young ones and her clergyman husband; his merit overlooked as well as hers, a mere domestic drudge. While I am sought after and made much of—because I make much of myself."

"Too true," replied Mrs. Arlington, "though I believe your cousin is very happy in her way. Not as happy as you are, for she has not the same buoyant temperament that makes sunshine for yourself and all around you. Her tastes are different—more like my Ellen's here."

"Pardon me, aunt—Ellen is not like Sally in her disposition in any way, but in being very dissident and not thinking enough of herself, two traits that have been fostered by her own dear mother's mistaken notions on female education. As you see, Ellen was mortified at not being attended to last night, ergo, she would like to be a belle, which Sally never would—then she would rather die than have a beau dance from charity with her—while Sally would have thought only of his kindness and not of her own dignity. No—Ellen is of firmer stuff, and when I have her at home with me, see if I do not bring all her shining qualities to light, and make a great belle of her."

"Add to that," said her aunt, "making a match for her with some dashing beau, and I shall say the age of miracles has not passed, for one is as feasible as the other. I am not afraid, however, of trusting her with you, Cecelia, for all you have such a wild way of talking—you always contrive to bewitch people into letting you have your own will from your old uncle downward. I only wonder you have not long ago been tormented into marrying some one of your galaxy of beaux, for if I were a man I would never rest until I had tormented you into having me."

"Thank you, my dear, complimentary aunt," said Cecelia; "and now I must go and dress for a walk with one of my galaxy, as you call those bachelor butterflies that profess to find me so charming, and after all I dare say they think with the old song—

'Tis not her sense, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her wit is only chat
Like any other woman.'

I humbly put some of their devotion down to the score of my being a fortune, but the most of it I owe to my own assumption of superiority, which it amuses me to play off upon them. I am very sad, ain't I, aunt?—but there is my gentleman in waiting, and I must go."

Well might Mrs. Arlington say that her niece was

a bewitching creature. Cecelia was one of those favored individuals upon whom fortune seemed to have lavished all her gifts—a beauty both in form and face, with eyes that sparkled with intelligence, and a conversation at once piquant and sensible. She was a charm in everything she said or did. Whether in a gay and sportive mood she flung the bright sparkles of her wit around her—or whether in a more sober strain she talked with the grave and sedate, it was all done with such grace that young and old alike owned the fascination, and felt the influence. An orphan from her earliest youth, she had never known the loneliness of an orphan's lot, as a mother's love had been supplied by an aunt, who, childless herself, doted on Cecelia with an intensity of love that knew no bounds, and that was fully repaid by her niece in return; that she was not spoiled, utterly ruined by the indulgence she met with, was owing to her having a fund of good sense that nothing could warp, and a temper of uncommon sweetness. At the time we introduce her to our readers she had been on a visit to some of her Southern relations, and, on her way to her home, had stayed some time in Philadelphia, with her aunt, Mrs. Arlington, where as usual her career of belleship had been a brilliant one; and presented a marked contrast to that of her cousin Ellen, who though a beautiful girl, was, from want of confidence in herself, constantly pushed into the back-ground by those far her inferiors in every qualification of mind and manners, and was fast acquiring the horrid name of a *forsornity*, when her more fortunate cousin came to her rescue.

"Ellen," said Cecelia to her, on her return from the walk we left her preparing for, "I have been thinking about you all this morning, even while my handsome beau, Dr. Guest, thought I was listening to his brilliant nothings with the deepest attention."

"Ah, Cecelia," said Ellen, "I think the doctor's brilliant nothings, as you call them, all have a meaning in them, when addressed to you, backed as they are by those insinuating looks he so often gives with them."

"My innocent little cousin," said Cecelia, laughing heartily, "do you think I am to be deceived by the chaff this general flirt offers up as incense to each new divinity? Do you not see him making the same speeches, giving the same looks to one girl after the other, if they chance to be the fashion? No, no, I am not to be satisfied with the *debris* of a heart of ten years flirtation. If he does mean to be in earnest now, he must take the consequences of his previous bad style of manners. But enough of him, and now let me tell you what I mean to do with you."

"That is a very cool way of talking about me, Cecelia," said Ellen, brightly; "I am a mere machine I see in your estimation—so let me know what is to be done to and with me."

"In the first place, you know I presume that your mother has promised that I shall take you home with me, and once there I mean you to be guided by my motives. I shall play Lady Paramount over you, which here I cannot do, as my dear, good aunt, with her old fashioned, over sensitive feelings of modesty, delicacy, etc., is always pulling down in you what I

build up. I shall make a belle of you—see if I do not."

"Thank you," said Ellen, curteeing with mock gravity, "you can work miracles then!"

"You may laugh," said Cecelia, "but I will do it, and as I am going home in a week, you had better begin to make ready."

Helen was not at all sorry to acquiesce in her mother's decision, that she should accompany her cousin to Boston. She had never been from home, and she anticipated with girlish delight the new scenes of pleasure that awaited there. Further than this she did not look, except to laugh heartily at Cecelia's plans for making her a belle, and turning the grub she persisted in thinking herself into the butterfly her cousin wished to make of her. Before they left home, however, Ellen proved that if she was dissident, she was not wanting in penetration in some matters, for to Cecelia's great chagrin, and Ellen's infinite delight, Dr. Guest, the hitherto invincible flirt, proposed to Cecelia in good set terms, and to his deep mortification, consternation, astonishment and horror was refused—the young lady giving as her reasons for so doing, that from his well known flirting character she had not supposed him for an instant to be serious in his attentions to her, and had, therefore, never given him a thought as a lover. A bitter truth which the gentleman had to ponder on, and which it is hoped made him a wiser if not a sadder man in his next wooing.

We must now follow our young friends to Boston and see how the modest merit of the one, and the acknowledged merit of the other sped. So Cecelia coming as she did to her own home, after several months absence, all was delightful, as troops of friends and admirers were there to welcome her back again, and to complain of her long stay. To Ellen it was also delightful, for strengthened by Cecelia's example, and most anxious to please and gratify her, she exerted herself to the utmost to shake off her natural diffidence, and was consequently able to appear as she was, a lively, intelligent and agreeable girl. As a stranger she was talked of and commented on, and sharing all the advantages of the wealth, luxury and popularity of her cousin, she became at once the fashion, and was pronounced very lovely. Fashion! that omnipotent goddess, whose fads and taste are so capricious, and yet before whom most mortals bow in lowly submission, and wanting whose sanction, as Miss Edgeworth says in *Patronage*, "not even Venus with her Cestus would be pronounced lovely." Our little Ellen then was the fashion, and was very much caressed. Her modest and retiring manners were pronounced the most charming in the world—so lady-like—her diffidence was dignity—her accomplishments were great but hidden, so said those favored few before whom she had ventured (consented they called it) to sing, and who boasted of the honor to those who had not been so fortunate. And her small hands and feet, which at home few knew she possessed, or thought them worth speaking of if they did, were here celebrated for their beauty, and extolled as miracles of beauty and grace.

Cecelia was in ecstasies at her cousin's success, and at her own share in producing it. No young lady dislikes being admired and making conquests, no matter how well stored and well balanced her mind may be, and to love and to be loved is one of her privileges and happinesses. This too was added to Ellen's triumphs.

But before we go further with our story, we must take a peep at Cecelia's heart and see how all went on there. Ellen had long suspected that one of the most attentive and devoted of her beaux, and who was one of the most agreeable and intelligent among them, was in reality devoted to her cousin, and that Cecelia in her heart of hearts preferred him to every other. She had noticed that under all her gaiety of manner, and with all her apparent lightness of heart, she concealed some trouble that she was either too proud or too sensitive to allow to be seen; and she strongly suspected that a preference for this gentleman was the cause. She determined to watch them well when together to be sure of his sentiments, and then to try and win her cousin's confidence, and be a comforter to her. That Mr. Marsdale cared nothing for herself she was sure, as he was ever introducing the most agreeable men to her, and those most dangerous as rivals, which was not at all like a lover; and seemed to take the greatest interest in the courtship of his own most particular friend, who was now Ellen's devoted. She was not long doubtful as to the sentiments Mr. Marsdale entertained for her cousin, and after many tears from Cecelia she found her suspicions were right, and that she did like one who was every way worthy of her, but who was poor in this world's goods, "and whose modest opinion of his own merit like yours, dear Ellen," said Cecelia, "he allows to stand between his happiness and mine. He thinks I am too good for him, and that it would not be high-minded and honorable in him, who has what the world calls nothing, to offer to one who happens to have plenty of this world's gear. Meantime he could not help letting me see he loved me, and I cannot help loving him, and so we stand—he will not offer to me from principle, and I must pretend not to care for him from pride; and his too humble opinion of his own merit will wreck the happiness of both."

"Do not say so, dear Cecelia," replied Ellen: "you say his opinion of himself like mine is too humble, and yet see how that same quality you so deplore my possessing, has been my greatest gain—for Mr. Seymour told me yesterday when he made me so very, very happy, by begging for that love which was already his, that one of my greatest charms in his eyes was that modest merit which had to be sought out and discovered before it can be known, and which you always laughed at as the greatest bar to my success in life. Mr. Marsdale is not half as much wanting in anything that makes him unequal to you as I am to Mr. Seymour; and I am sure with a little more encouragement on your part than you now give him, he will be unable to keep silence much longer, for any one may see how desperately he is in love with you."

That evening a small but gay party had assembled in Cecelia's drawing-rooms. Ellen, gayer and

happier than she ever thought it possible her lot on earth could make her, was conversing with her lover, or rather listening to his raptures, and to the surprise of many the exclusive, dignified, fastidious and extremely wealthy Mr. Seymour seemed to be transformed under the influence of his love into a most amusing and gay companion, and to be full of mirth and spirits. He had with mock solemnity been telling the fortune of all the company at cards, and as they accused him of cheating at that, he turned to Cecelia and begged her to try her fate by the fanciful and classical method of the sortes vergiliæ. A happy thought darted into Ellen's brain as he proposed this, and taking from the table a small volume, she eagerly exclaimed—

"Oh, do, Cecelia, and here is the very book for the purpose—the beauties of Shakspeare."

With these words she placed the volume in her cousin's hands. Cecelia took it, but said with a gay laugh—

"I am too superstitious to try my fate myself, and, therefore, depute you to do it for me, Mr. Seymour."

As she spoke, she gave him a sprig of jessamine with which to part the leaves of the book: and it was finally decided that all who felt nervous on the subject should have the same privilege and appoint a proxy.

This was agreed to, and Mr. Seymour proceeded to divide the leaves for Cecelia's fate with the stalk of the jessamine sprig. The book opened with the point of the divider on the passage, "she never told her love, but let concealment like a worm in the bud feed on her damask cheek." A gay laugh followed this quotation, as the most absurd of fates to give to the bright young lady of the mansion. But a single glance from Cecelia spoke volumes to her cousin. Again and again with various success was the magic volume tried, and great was the mirth that it produced—at last when Ellen had tried hers, and all sorts of devotion from her lover had been improvised by Mr. Seymour for her fate, the book was passed to Marsdale, who immediately handed it to Cecelia, begging her with a look of great and intense feeling for once to be his fate. Helen stood by her side, and declaring that in such a momentous affair two wise heads must be better than one, slipped the jessamine stalk in a place she had previously marked, and then leaving the book to be given back by her cousin, she turned away. One glance Cecelia cast on it, and then with a burning blush she handed it to her lover, who read as follows—

"Hope is a lover's staff, walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts."

As he finished it their eyes met for an instant, and then the lady turned hers on the ground.

This was the last fate to be tried, and immediately after the company departed—all but one. Need it be said who it was? It was one who had entered the house a most despairing, self-tormenting lover, but who seizing the hope presented to him to manage it against "despairing thoughts," that he left it an exulting, happy, successful one—blessing Shakspeare and all fate—trying fooleries, and all but worshipping the ready witted woman who had helped him to his happiness. Had not our Ellen profited by her sojourn with strangers?

She returned home greatly improved in beauty and manners, and radiant with happiness—and not long afterward Cecelia as a bride made her aunt another visit, not to carry off Ellen, but to see her carried off by a worshipping, devoted husband. The day after the wedding, as Mrs. Arlington was expressing her thankfulness at Ellen's brilliant prospects of happiness, Cecelia laughingly reminded her aunt of their conversation the preceding winter, on the day after Ellen's unhappy ball.

"Do you remember your reply to me when I said I would make Ellen a belle?"

"Yes," said her aunt, "I do, and I acknowledge you have worked a miracle in my eyes. But you must acknowledge, Cecelia, that I was right in my opinion, that modest merit would sooner or later be recognized. Hers has been so, and so has that of your husband, which you tell me was so near interfering in your happiness."

"No, I acknowledge no such thing, aunt," said Cecelia, laughing—"it was Mr. Seymour's modest impudence that would not be denied that gained him Ellen, and it was my modest assurance that overcame Marsdale's diffidence, was it not, Edward?" turning to her husband, who had just then entered the room.

"Ah!" said Edward, "I should have gone to Mexico I do believe, and thrown away my wretched life if the blessed angel of hope had not come to my rescue just then."

"But I had to hold out my anchor pretty conspicuously before you condescended to see it," said Cecelia. "So, aunt, I still hold to my opinion that it is the assuming ones that have the best of it in the world, and the modest ones are pushed in the back-ground."

"And to mine," said Mrs. Arlington, "that modest merit will be rewarded—only it must be patient and wait."

SONG OF LE VERRIER ON DISCOVERING A NEW PLANET.

CIRCLING the Cyclic-chorus of the spheres,
Sphering the Epicycle of his song—
He sings his anthems through th' eternal years
Outside the orb-paths of the Empyreal throng.

Floating in chariot of celestial fire,
Sphered Heaven-ward through th' Empyreal Ether-Sea,
He rays his sphere-tones out unto the choir
Of God until they fill Eternity.

Tempestuous whirlwinds of deep melody
Dash from his orb-prow on his spheric road—
Rolling in mountain-billows on Heaven's sea
Against the white shore of the feet of God.

Shouting Excelsior to the starry choir
Flooded with rapture, now he Heaven-ward rolls,
Glinting those golden tones of lightning-fire
Proceeding swiftly from the angels' souls.

T. H. C.

EDITORS' TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Our plate for December gives two very fashionable costumes, and is quite a beautiful affair.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS of rich deep pink, or crimson, made high in the neck, with long sleeves, and the skirt perfectly plain. A cardinal of deep blue velvet, cut pointed behind, with a deep collar, both trimmed with very wide black lace. A bonnet of light blue velvet, trimmed with lace and small flowers.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS of deep green cashmere, embroidered with sewing silk of the same color down the front. Over this is worn a cloak of purple velvet, formed in two deep capes, each embroidered around the edges, and trimmed with deep fringe. A bonnet of lilac beaver, velvet, or straw, trimmed simply with flowers.

We annex the following general remarks, relating to the winter fashions of Philadelphia.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses are now generally made high in the neck, except for evening and ball dresses. Bonnets are usually of a deep rich velvet, trimmed with folds of the same edged with rich lace, or with a knot of plumes the same shade, are the most suitable, and in our eyes the most elegant. Maroon, mazarine blue, deep green and blue blacks are the favorite colors. Plumes of ostrich feathers, with marabout tips, are very light and elegant. They will be worn as head-dresses the ensuing season, and nothing can be more elegant, or better suited to a matronly chaperone. Satin casings, with bands of strong velvet are worn as the past two seasons, the principal alteration being the shape of the brim and crown. The crowns are smaller than the past winter, and are round. The Marie Stewart crown is a general favorite, and differs from the common form principally by the point which overlaps it in the centre, and is trimmed with a narrow edge of blonde, or whatever folds may be the general trimming of the bonnet. There is a graceful style of satin hats, covered with fine crape *lisso*, which can only be detected on close examination, having the appearance of an entirely new material at a little distance. We recommend them for young ladies and delicate complexions.

Cloaks are principally of French merino and *cashmere de baize*. They are the most suitable materials for climates where cloaks are really needed. Many are made with three capes, varying in size, the highest commencing about the waist. The capes are pointed behind and also on the shoulders. A small, short sleeve comes in on the shoulder. Cloaks, saques, etc., are now edged almost entirely with narrow velvet ribbon, or braid, or worsted, or silk. They have a pretty effect when in good contrast—as a stone-colored merino cloak, with green velvet ribbon, and closely quilted lining of Florence silk of the same color, or fawn and blue, stone and cherry, dark green and cherry. Two and sometimes three rows of ribbon are worn. Saques will be fashionable made of cloak materials, and lined warmly. The only difference in shape is that there is no seam on the shoulder, it coming on the under part of the sleeve, and the side of the skirt. A small, square collar stands up about the throat. A small, unlined saque, of plain mouseline de laine or cashmere, is a graceful morning costume worn over any kind of a wrapper. Long shawls of cashmere, or tartan plaids will be worn by many through the winter; the plaids are of infinite variety in color and pattern, and range from five

to sixteen dollars in price. Cashmeres are little changed in pattern—the centres are very small, and the borders rather more closely woven.

Ruffs for the throat are still in vogue, the technical term of "stand-upper," describes them admirably.

PUBLISHER'S CARD.

With this number closes the fourteenth volume of our Magazine. Every succeeding year, as it becomes more known, its subscription list has increased; and this where the other Magazines have been subjected to the greatest fluctuations. We attribute this fact to the steady improvement made with each volume, and to the absence of all the usual meretricious arts to secure popularity.

Our illustrations are an example. Instead of seeking to dazzle the public for awhile by the number of them, we labor to maintain a constant interest in the Magazine by their high character. Our mezzotints cost us twice as much as plates of a different kind. Many of them are engraved from original pictures, and all are from subjects of superior merit. If we would lower our standard of illustrations, or crowd in wood-cuts, we might, like other Magazines, boast of having four, five, or a dozen illustrations monthly.

With Mrs. Ann S. Stephens as our co-editor, we are able to make our literary contents second to none, and in some respects superior to all. Was, for instance, such a story as "Lost and Found" ever before published in an American Magazine? Our list of regular contributors comprised the best writers of fiction in the United States. To this list we have lately made some additions, so that, for 1819, our reading matter will be altogether the freshest and best.

In our fashion department we shall still maintain our old supremacy. Every lady is desirous of knowing the changes in dress, and therefore we have adopted this department. Other Magazines, in following our plan, render it useless by neglect, but we hold that "whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well;"—and hence the unequalled expense and trouble we bestow on this department.

The price of our Magazine is one-third lower than the others. We are enabled to offer it at this low price chiefly in consequence of vigorously following the *cash system*. No subscriber is kept on our books after his term has expired, unless he remits for another year. What other periodicals suffer by losses, we put into the book, and so can furnish it cheaper.

All we ask is, that every old subscriber would, when renewing, send us another. This would double our list to start with.

Meantime, look out for the January number. It will really be up to our annuals.

REMIT EARLY.—Our January number will be ready about the first of December, in other words two weeks in advance of the usual time. Those who remit first will receive the earliest impressions of that great mezzotint number.

